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THE ARENA.

EDITED BY B. O. FLOWER.

VOL. IV.

OCT 8 1964

PUBLISHED BY
THE ARENA PUBLISHING CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.
1891.

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vol. 4

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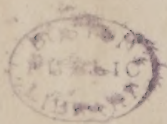
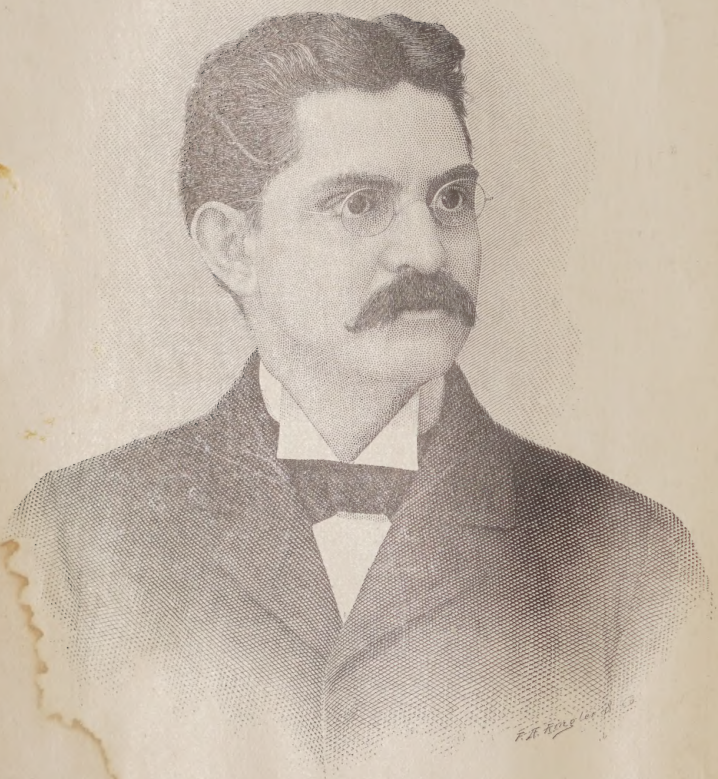
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Cordially Yours
B. O. Flower

THE ARENA.

No. XIX.

JUNE, 1891.

THE NEW COLUMBUS.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

lea
HISTORY repeats itself, but on new planes. Often, a symbol appears in one age, and the spirit of which it is the expression is revealed in another. Each answers the need of its own time. From the creative standpoint, which is out of time, spirit and symbol are one; but to us, who see things successively, they seem as prior and posterior.

If this be so, it should be possible for a thoughtful and believing mind in some measure to forecast the future from the record of the past. No doubt, past and present contain the germs of all that is to be, were the analyst omniscient. But it needs not omniscience roughly to body-forth the contours of coming events. It is done daily, on a smaller or larger scale, with more or less plausibility. All theories are grounded in this principle. And it is noticeable that, at this moment, such tentative prophesies are more than frequent, and more comprehensive than usual in their scope.

The condition of mankind, during the last quarter of the fifteenth century, bore some curious analogies to its state at present. A certain stage or epoch of human life seemed to have run its course and come to a stop. The impulses which had started it were exhausted. In the political field, feudalism, originally beneficent, had become tyrannous and stifling; and monarchy, at first an austere necessity, had grown to be, beyond measure, arrogant, selfish, and luxurious. In science, the old methods had proved themselves puerile and inefficient, and the leading scientists were magicians and

witches; in literature, no poet had arisen worthy to strike the lyre that Chaucer tuned to music. As for religion, the corruptions of the papacy, and the corresponding degradation of the monasteries and of the priesthood generally, had brought it down from a region of sublime and self-abnegating faith, to a commodity for raising money, and a cloak to hide profligacy. Martin Luther was still in the womb of the future; and so were Shakespeare, Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, and Oliver Cromwell. Pessimists were declaring, according to their invariable custom, that what was bad would get worse, and that what was good would disappear. But there were, scattered here and there throughout Christendom, a number of men of the profounder, optimistic tendency, who saw in existing abuses but the misuse or misapprehension of elements intrinsically good; who knew that evils bear in themselves the seeds of their own extirpation; and who believed that Providence, far from having failed in its design to secure the ultimate happiness of the human race, was bringing the old order of things to a close in order to provide place for something new and higher.

But that obstacle in the way of improvement which was apparently the most immovable, was the geographical one. The habitable earth was used up. Outside of Europe there was nothing, save inaccessible wilderness, and barren, boundless seas. There was nothing for the mass of men to do, and yet their energy and desire were as great as ever; there was nowhere for them to go, and yet they were steadily increasing in numbers. The Crusades had amused them for a while, but they were done with; the plague had thinned them out, and war had helped the plague; but the birth-rate was more than a match for both. A new planet, with all the fresh interests and possibilities which that would involve, seemed absolutely necessary. But who should erect a ladder to the stars, or draw them down from the sky within man's reach? The one indispensable thing was also the one thing impossible.

If, next year, we were to learn that some miraculous Ericsson or Edison had established a practicable route to the planet Mars, and that this neighbor of ours in the solar system was found to be replete with all the things that we most want and can least easily get, — were such news to reach us, we might comprehend the sensation created in the Europe of

1492, four centuries ago, when it received the information that a certain Christopher Columbus had discovered a brand new continent, overflowing with gold and jewels, on the other side of the Atlantic. The impossible had happened. Our globe was not the petty sphere that it had been assumed to be. There was room in it for everybody, and a fortune for the picking up. And all the world, with Spain in the van, prepared to move on El Dorado. A whiff of the fresh Western air blew in all nostrils, and re-animated the moribund body of civilization. The stimulus of Columbus' achievement was felt in every condition of human life and phase of human activity. Mankind once more saw a future, and bound up its loins to take advantage of it. Literature felt the electric touch, and blossomed in the unmatched geniuses of the Elizabethan age. Science ceased to reason *à priori*, and began to investigate and classify facts. Human liberty began to be conscious of thews and sinews, soon to be tested in the struggle of the Netherlands against Philip II. of Spain, and, later, in that of the people of England against their own Charles Stuart. Religion was heard to mutter something about the rights of private conscience, and anon the muttering took form in the heroic protest of the man of Eisleben. It was like the awakening in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, in the fairy-tale. Columbus had kissed the lips of the Princess America, and at once the long-pent stream of old-world life dashed onward like a cataract.

A new world! Four hundred years have passed, and the New World is less a novelty than it was. We have begun to suspect that no given number of square miles of land, no eloquence and sagacity of paper preambles and declarations, no swiftness of travel nor instantaneousness of communication, no invincibility of ironclads nor refinement of society, no logic in religion, no gospel of political economy, — none of these and a hundred other things will read us the Riddle of the Sphinx. *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis!* The elements of true life lie deeper and are simpler. Once more, it seems, we have reached the limits of a dispensation, and are halted by a blank wall. There is no visible way over it, nor around it. We cannot stand still; still less can we turn back. What is to happen? What happens when an irresistible force encounters an impenetrable barrier?

That was the question asked in Columbus' day; and he

found an answer to it. Are we to expect the appearance of a new Columbus to answer it again? To unimaginative minds it looks as if there were no career for a new Columbus. In the first place, population is increasing so fast that soon even the steppes of Russia and the western American plains will be overcrowded. Again, land, and the control of industries, are falling into the possession of a comparative handful of persons, to whom the rest of the population must inevitably become subject; or, should the latter rebel, the ensuing period of chaos would be followed, at best, by a return of the old conditions. Religion is a lifeless letter, a school of good-breeding, a philosophical amusement; the old unreasoning faith that moved mountains can never revive. Science advances with ever more and yet more caution, but each new step only confirms the conviction that the really commanding secrets of existence will forever elude discovery. Literature, rendered uncreative by the scientific influence, has fallen to refining upon itself, and photographing a narrow conception of facts. The exhausting heats of Equatorial Africa, and the paralyzing cold of the Poles, forbid the hope of successful colonization of those regions. Social life is an elaborate apeing of behavior which has no root in the real impulses of the human heart; its true underlying spirit is made up of hatred, covetousness, and self-indulgence. There are no illusions left to us, no high, inspiring sentiment. We have reached our limit, and the best thing to be hoped for now is some vast cataclysmal event, which, by destroying us out-of-hand, may save us the slow misery of extinction by disease, despair, and the enmity of every man against every other. What Columbus can help us out of such a predicament?

Such is the refrain of the nineteenth century pessimist. But, as before, the sprouting of new thought and belief is visible to the attentive eye all over the surface of the sordid field of a decaying civilization. The time has come when the spirit of Columbus' symbol shall avouch itself, vindicating the patient purpose of Him who brings the flower from the seed. Great discoveries come when they are needed; never too early nor too late. When nothing else will serve the turn, then, and not till then, the rock opens, and the spring gushes forth. Who that has considered the philosophy of the infinitely great and of the infinitely minute

can doubt the inexhaustibleness of nature? And what is nature but the characteristic echo, in sense, of the spirit of man?

Even on the material plane, there are numberless opportunities for the new Columbus. Ever and anon a canard appears in a newspaper, or a romance is published, reporting or describing some imaginary invention which is to revolutionize the economical situation. The problem of air-navigation is among the more familiar of these suggestions, though by no means the most important of them. No doubt we shall fly before long, but that mode of travel will be, after all, nothing more than an improvement upon existing means of intercommunication. After the principle has been generally adopted, and the novelty has worn off, we shall find ourselves not much better, nor much worse off than we were before. Flying will be but another illustration of the truth that competition is only intensified by the perfecting of its instruments. Men will still be poor and rich, happy and unhappy, as formerly. If I can go from New York to London in a day, instead of in a week, so also can those against whom I am competing. The idea that there is any real gain of time is an illusion; the day will still contain its four-and-twenty hours, and I shall, as before, sleep so many, play so many, and work so many. Relatively, my state will be unchanged.

More promising is the idea of the transformation of matter. Science is now nearly ready to affirm that substances of all kinds are specific conditions of etheric vortices. Vibration is the law of existence, and if we could control vibrations, we could create substances, either directly from the etheric base, or, mediately, by inducing the atoms of any given substance so to modify their mutual arrangement, or characteristic vibration, as to produce another substance. It is evident that if this feat is ever performed, it must be by some process of elemental simplicity, readily available for every tyro. A prophet has arisen, during these latter days, in Philadelphia, who somewhat obscurely professes to be on the track of this discovery. He is commonly regarded as a charlatan; but men cognizant of the latest advances of science admit themselves unable to explain upon any known principles the effects he produces. It need not be pointed out that if Mr. Keely, or any one else, has found a way to metamorphose

one substance into another, the consequences to the world must be profound. Labor for one's daily bread will be a thing of the past, when bread may be made out of stones by the mere setting-up of a particular vibration. The race for wealth will cease, when every one is equally able to command all the resources of the globe. The whole point of view regarding the material aspects of life will be vitally altered; leisure (so far as necessary physical effort is concerned) will inevitably be universal. For when we consider what have been the true motives of civilization and its appurtenances during the greater part of the historical period, we find it to be the desire to better our physical condition. It is commerce that has built cities, made railroads, laws, and wars, maintained the boundaries of nations, and kept up the human contact which we are accustomed to call society. When commerce ceases—as it will cease, when there is no longer any reason for its existence—all the results of it that we have mentioned will cease also. In other words, civilization and society, as we now know them, will disappear. Human beings will stay where they are born, and live as the birds do. There will be no work except creative or artistic work, done for the mere pleasure of the doing, voluntarily. Society will no longer be based upon mutual rivalries and the gain of personal advantage. Science will not be pursued on its present lines, or for its present ends; for when the human race has attained leisure and the gratification of its material wants, it would have no motives for further merely physical investigation.

This would seem to involve a new kind of barbarism. And so, no doubt, it would, were the discoveries of our Columbus to be limited to the material plane. But it is far more probable that material transubstantiation will be merely the corollary or accompaniment of an infinitely more important revelation and expansion in the spiritual sphere. What we are to expect is an awakening of the soul; the re-discovery and re-habilitation of the genuine and indestructible religious instinct. Such a religious revival will be something very different from what we have hitherto known under that name. It will be a spontaneous and joyful realization by the soul of its vital relations with its Creator. Ecclesiastical forms and dogmas will vanish, and nature will be recognized as a language whereby God converses with man. The

interpretation of this language, based as it is upon an eternal and living symbolism, containing infinite depths beyond depths of meaning, will be a sufficient study and employment for mankind forever. Art will receive an inconceivable stimulus, from the recognition of its true significance as a re-humanization of nature, and from the perception of its scope and possibilities. Science will become, in truth, the handmaid of religion, in that it will be devoted to reporting the physical analogies of spiritual truths, and following them out in their subtler details. Hitherto, the progress of science has been slow, and subject to constant error and revision, because it would not accept the inevitable dependence of body on soul, as of effect on cause. But as soon as physical research begins to go hand-in-hand with moral or psychical, it will advance with a rapidity hitherto unimagined, each assisting and classifying the other. The study of human nature will give direction to the study of the nature that is not human; and the latter will illustrate and confirm the conclusions of the former. More than half the difficulties of science as now practised is due to ignorance of what to look for; but when it can refer at each step to the truths of the mind and heart, this obstacle will disappear, and certainty take the place of experiment.

The attitude of men towards one another will undergo a corresponding change. It is already become evident that selfishness is a colossal failure. Viewed as to its logical results, it requires that each individual should possess all things and all power. Hostile collision thus becomes inevitable, and more is lost by it than can ever be gained. Recent social theorists propose a universal co-operation, to save the waste of personal competition. But competition is a wholesome and vital law; it is only the direction of it that requires alteration. When the cessation of working for one's livelihood takes place, human energy and love of production will not cease with it, but will persist, and must find their channels. But competition to outdo each in the service of all is free from collisions, and its range is limitless. Not to support life, but to make life more lovely, will be the effort; and not to make it more lovely for one's self, but for one's neighbor. Nor is this all. The love of the neighbor will be a true act of Divine worship, since it will then be acknowledged that mankind, though multiplied to

human sense, is in essence one; and that in that universal one, which can have no self-consciousness, God is present or incarnate. The divine humanity is the only real and possible object of mortal adoration, and no genuine sentiment of human brotherhood is conceivable apart from its recognition. But, with it, the stature of our common manhood will grow towards the celestial.

Obviously, with thoughts and pursuits of this calibre to engage our attention, we shall be very far from regretting those which harass and enslave us to-day. Leaving out of account the extension of psychical faculties, which will enable the antipodes to commune together at will, and even give us the means of conversing with the inhabitants of other planets, and which will so simplify and deepen language that audible speech, other than the musical sounds indicative of emotion, will be regarded as a comic and clumsy archaism,—apart from all this, the fathomless riches of wisdom to be gathered from the commonest daily objects and outwardly most trivial occurrences, will put an end to all craving for merely physical change of place and excitement. Gradually the human race will become stationary, each family occupying its own place, and living in patriarchal simplicity, though endowed with power and wisdom that we should now consider god-like. The sons and daughters will go forth whither youthful love calls them; but, with the perfecting of society, those whose spiritual sympathies are closest will never be spatially remote; lovers will not then, as now, seek one another in the ends of the earth, and probably miss one another after all. Each member of the great community will spontaneously enlist himself in the service of that use which he is best qualified to promote; and, as in the human body, all the various parts, in fulfilling their function, will serve one another and the whole.

Perhaps the most legitimately interesting phase of this speculation relates to the future of these qualities and instincts in human nature which we now call evil and vicious. Since these qualities are innate, they can never be eradicated, nor even modified in intensity or activity. They belong with us, nay, they are all there is of us, and with their disappearance, we ourselves should disappear. Are we, then, to be wicked forever? Hardly so; but, on the

contrary, what we have known as wickedness will show itself to be the only possible basis and energy of goodness. These tremendous appetites and passions of ours were not given us to be extinguished, but to be applied aright.

They are like fire, which is the chief of destroyers when it escapes bounds, or is misused; but, in its right place and function, is among the most indispensable of blessings. But to enlarge upon this thought would carry us too far from the immediate topic; nor is it desirable to follow with the feeble flight of our imagination the heaven-embracing orbit of this theme. A hint is all that can be given, which each must follow out for himself. We have only attempted to indicate what regions await the genius of the new Columbus; nor does the conjecture seem too bold that perhaps they are not so distant from us in time as they appear to be in quality. They are with us now, if we would but know it.

THE UNKNOWN.

PART I.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

*Translated from the author's manuscript, by G. A. H. Meyer
and J. H. Wiggin.*

Croire tout découvert est une erreur profonde:
C'est prendre l'horizon pour les bornes du monde.

(To fancy all known is an error profound,—
The sky-line mistaking for earth's utmost bound.)

THE idea expressed in this distich is so self-evident that we might almost characterize it as trite. Yet the history of every science marks many eminent men, of superior intelligence, who have been arrested in the way of progress by a wholly contrary opinion, and have very innocently supposed that science had uttered to them her last word. In astronomy, in physics, in chemistry, in optics, in natural history, in physiology, in anatomy, in medicine, in botany, in geology, in all branches of human knowledge, it would be easy to fill several pages with the names of celebrated men who believed science would never pass the limits reached in their own time, and that nothing remained to be discovered thereafter. In the army of wise men now living it would not be difficult to name many distinguished scholars who imagine that, in the spheres whereof they are masters, it is needless to search for anything new.

It may be unbecoming to talk about one's self, but as, on the one side, some have done me the honor to ask what I think of certain problems,—while, on the other side, I have been more than once accused of busying myself, in a rather unscientific way, with certain vague investigations,—I will begin by acknowledging that the maxim contained in the two verses of my motto has been the conviction of my whole life; and if, from my callow youth until this very day, I have been interested in the study of phenomena pertaining

to the domain of inquiries called occult, such as magnetism, spiritualism, hypnotism, telepathy, ghost-seeing, it is because I believe we know next to nothing of what may be known, and that nearly everything still remains to be apprehended; for I believe the thirst for knowledge is one of our best faculties, the one most prolific, without which we should still be dwelling in an Age of Stone, inasmuch as it is our right, if not our duty, to seek the truth by all the methods accessible to our intellectual powers.

It is for this reason that I published among other things, in the course of the year 1865,—now a quarter-century past,—a treatise entitled *Unknown Natural Forces*, and touching certain questions analogous to those which are to occupy our attention in this paper; and so I ask my readers to note the following quotations therefrom, as an introduction to our present investigation:

It is foolish to suppose that all things are known to us.

True wisdom involves continual study.

In the month of June, 1776, a young man, the Marquis de Jouffroy, was experimenting upon the Doubs,* with a steamboat forty feet long by six feet wide. For two years he had been inviting scientific attention to his invention; for two years he had insisted that steam was a powerful force, heretofore unappreciated. All ears remained deaf to his voice. Complete isolation was his sole recompense. When he walked through the streets of Beaume-les-Dames, a thousand jests greeted his appearance. They nicknamed him Jouffroy the Pump. Ten years later, having constructed a *pyroscaphe* [steamboat] which voyaged along the Saone, from Lyons to Isle Barbe, Jouffroy presented a petition to Cabinet Minister Calonne and to the Academy of Sciences. They refused even to look at his invention.

On August 9, 1803, Robert Fulton, the American, ascended the Seine in a novel steamboat, at a speed of six kilometers per hour. The Academy of Sciences and the government officials witnessed the experiment. On the tenth they had forgotten him, and Fulton departed to try his fortunes with his own countrymen.

In 1791 an Italian, named Galvani, suspended from the bars of his window at Bologna some flayed frogs, which he that morning had seen in motion on a table, although they had been killed the night before. This incident seemed incredible, and was unanimously rejected by those to whom he related it. Learned men would have considered it below their dignity to take any pains to verify his story, so sure were they of its impossibility. Galvani, however, had noticed that the maximum effect was produced when a metallic arc, of tin and copper, was brought into contact with the lumbar nerves and pedal extremities of a frog. Then the animal would be violently convulsed. The observer believed this came from a nervous fluid, and so he lost the advantage of his observations. It was reserved for Volta to really discover electricity.

Yet already Europe is furrowed by wagons drawn by flame-mouthed

*The Doubs is a stream after which one of the Eastern Departments of France is named. Its principal city is Besançon, the birthplace of Victor Hugo.

dragons. Distances have vanished before the patience of the humble workers of the world, which is reduced to pettiness by the genius of man. The longest journeys have become well-trodden promenades; the most gigantic tasks are accomplished under the potential and tireless hand of this unseen force; a telegraphic despatch flies, in the twinkling of an eye, from one continent to the other; without leaving our arm-chairs, we converse with the inhabitants of London and Saint Petersburg; yet these miracles pass unnoticed. We do not dream to what struggles, to what mortifications, to what persecutions, these wonders are due; and we do not reflect that the impossible of yesterday has become the actual of to-day.

There are men who call to us: "Halt, ye small scientists! We do not understand you! Consequently, you cannot yourselves comprehend what you are talking about!" We may reply: However narrow your judgment, your myopia does not afflict all mankind. It must be declared to you, gentlemen, that in spite of yourselves, despite your ravings, the chariot of human knowledge advances further than ever before, and will continue its triumphal march towards the conquest of new powers.

Like the spasms of Galvani's frog, certain crude facts, about which you are skeptical, reveal the existence of natural forces as yet unknown. There is no effect without a cause. The human being is the least known of all beings within our ken. We have learned how to measure the sun, to traverse celestial distances, to analyze starlight; yet we are ignorant as to what we ourselves are. Man is a double being, *homo duplex*; and this double nature remains a mystery to himself. We think; but what is thought? Nobody can say. We walk; but what is this organic action? Nobody knows. My will is an immaterial force; all the faculties of my soul are immaterial; nevertheless, if I will to raise my arm, this volition overcomes matter. How does this power act? What mediation serves for the conveyance of the mental command, in order to produce a physical effect? As yet no one can answer.

Tell me how the optic nerve transmits to our mentality a vision of external objects! Tell me how thought conceives and where it resides, and of what nature is cerebral activity! Tell me . . . ! But no! I could question you for ten years, without the greatest among you being able to solve the least of my riddles.

In this, as in the cases before adduced, we have the unknown for our problem. I am far from saying that the force brought into play in these phenomena can some day be employed like electricity or steam. Such a notion would be neither more nor less than absurd! Nevertheless, though differing essentially from those, occult force is not the less real.

Several years ago I designated this unknown force by the title *psychical*. This designation may well be retained.

Can we not find the happy medium between absolute negation and dangerous credulity? Is it reasonable either to deny everything we do not comprehend, or to accept all the fantasies engendered in the vortex of disordered imaginations? Can we not achieve at the same time the humility which becomes the weak and the dignity which befits the strong?

I conclude this statement as I began it, by declaring that it is not in favor of the Davenport Brothers that I plead; nor do I take up the gauntlet for any sect, for any group of people, or for any person whatsoever; but I contend in behalf of certain facts, of whose validity I was convinced years ago, though without understanding their cause.

I beg the reader to excuse the length of this citation; but it seems to me to serve so naturally as an introduction to this present inquiry that even to-day, after a lapse of a quarter-century, I really see no important changes to be made in this old declaration, except to add that it now appears to me to have been rather audacious on the part of a man so very young, and that it forthwith won him many hearty enemies among the elect of science.

The experimental method is bound to conquer here, as everywhere. Let us, then, without partisanship, study the question under its divers aspects.

1.

“The immortality of the soul is a matter so important,” writes Pascal, “that one must have lost all moral sensibility if he remains indifferent as to its nature.”

Why should we give up the hope of ever arriving at a knowledge of the nature of the thinking principle which animates us, and of ascertaining whether or not it outlives the destruction of the body? It must be admitted that hitherto science has taught us nothing on this fundamental subject. Is this any reason for renouncing the study of the problem? On this, as on many other points, we are not of the same mind as those material Positivists who declare themselves satisfied with not knowing anything. We think, on the contrary, that we should attack the problem by all methods, and not neglect a single hint which may aid the solution.

Personally, I declare that I have not yet discovered for myself one fact which proves with certainty the existence of soul as separate from body. Otherwise, however sublime astronomical science may be,—though it stand at the head of human researches, as the first, the most important, and the most widespread of all sciences,—I avow that, if the inductive method had permitted me to penetrate secrets of existence, I should inevitably have abandoned the science of the firmament, for that which would have dethroned the other through its prime and unequalled importance; since it would be superfluous for us to evade the fact that the gravest and most interesting of all questions, to ourselves, is that of our continuous personal existence. The existence of God, of the entire universe, touches us far less intimately. If we ever cease to live (for what is the span of a human life

in the light of eternity !) it is a matter of utter indifference to us whether other things exist or not. Doubtless this reasoning is severely egotistic ! Ah, how can it be otherwise ?

If we have no clear and irrefutable proofs, we have still the aid of a goodly number of observations, establishing the conclusion that we are compassed about by a set of phenomena, and by powers differing from the physical order commonly observed day by day ; and these phenomena urge us to pursue every line of investigation, having for its end a psychical acquaintance with human nature.

Let us begin at the beginning, with a recital of observations which, from their very nature, have the disadvantage of being very personal.

2

At the age of sixteen, on my way home one day from the Paris Observatory, I noticed, on the bookseller's stand in the Galeries de l'Odeon, a green-covered volume entitled *Le Livre des Esprits* (Book of Spirits), by Allan-Kardec. I bought it, and read it through at a sitting. There was in it something unexpected, original, curious. Were they true, the phenomena therein recounted ? Did they solve the great problem of futurity, as the author contended ? In my anxiety to ascertain this I made the acquaintance of the high-priest, for Allan-Kardec had made of Spiritism a veritable religion. I assisted at the séances. I experimented and became myself a medium. In one of Allan-Kardec's works, called *Genesis*, over the signature of Galilee, may be read a whole chapter on *Cosmogony*, which I wrote in a mediumistic condition.

I was at that time connected with the principal circles in Paris where these experiments were tried, and for two years I even filled the exacting position of secretary to one of these circles, an office which morally bound me not to be absent from a single séance.

Communications were received in three different ways : by writing with our own hands ; by placing our hands upon planchette, in which a pencil was placed which did the writing ; by raps beneath the table, or by movements which indicated certain letters, when the alphabet was repeated aloud by one of the sitters.

The first method was the only one in use in the Society for

Spiritualist Study presided over by Allan-Kardec; but it is the method leaving the widest margin for doubt. Indeed, at the end of several years of experimenting in this fashion, the result was that I became skeptical even of myself, and for the reasons following.

It cannot be denied that, under mediumistic conditions, one does not write in his usual fashion. In the normal state, when we wish to write a sentence, we mentally construct that sentence—if not the whole of it, at least a part of it—before writing the words. The pen and hand obey the creative thought. It is not so when one writes mediumistically. One rests one's hand, motionless but docile, on a sheet of paper, and then waits. After a little while the hand begins to move, and to form letters, words, and phrases. One does not create these sentences, as in the normal state, but waits for them to produce themselves. Yet the mind is nevertheless associated therewith. The subject treated is in unison with one's ordinary ideas. The written language is one's own. If one is deficient in orthography, the composition will betray this fault. Moreover, the mind is so intimately connected with what is written, that if it ponders something else, if the thoughts are allowed to wander from the immediate subject, then the hand will pause, or trace incoherent signs.

Such is the state of the writing-medium,—at least, so far as I have observed it in myself. It is a sort of auto-suggestive state. We are assured there are mediums who write so mechanically that they know not what they are writing, and record theses in strange tongues, on subjects concerning which they are ignorant; but this I have never been able to verify with any certainty.

A few years previous to my commencement of these studies, my illustrious friend Victorien Sardou had undergone similar experiences. As a medium he wrote descriptions of divers planets in our system, principally of Jupiter, and drew very odd pictures, representing the habitations of that planet. One of these pictures depicted the house of Mozart, while others represented the dwellings of Zoroaster and of Bernard Palissy, who seemed to be country neighbors in that immense planet. These habitations appeared to be aerial and of marvellous lightness. The first of them, Mozart's, was essentially formed of musical instruments and indications, such as the staff, notes, and clefs. The second was

principally bucolic. There were to be seen flowers, hammocks, swings, flying men; while underneath were intelligent animals, engaged in playing a novel game of tenpins, in which the sport did not lie in bowling the pins over, but in crowning their heads, as in the childish game of cup-and-ball. I reproduced this last design in the work entitled, *Les Terres du Ciel* (Heavenly Globes), page 180.

These curious drawings prove, beyond a peradventure, that the signature, *Bernard Palissy in Jupiter*, is apocryphal, and that it was not a spirit inhabitant of Jupiter who guided Victorien Sardou's hand. Neither did the gifted author conceive these sketches beforehand, and execute them in pursuance of a deliberate purpose; but at that time he found himself in a mental condition similar to that above described. We may neither be magnetized nor hypnotized, nor put to sleep in any fashion, and yet the brain may remain alien to our mechanical productions. Its cells are functionally agitated, and doubtless act by a reflex impulsion on the motor nerves. We all then believed that Jupiter was inhabited by a superior race. These communications were the reflections of opinions generally held. In these days, however, nobody imagines anything of the kind about Jupiter. Moreover, spirit séances have never taught us the least thing in astronomy. Such manifestations in nowise prove the intervention of spirits. Have writing-mediums given us other proofs, more convincing? This question we will examine later.

3

The second method, planchette, is more independent. This little wooden writer became the fashion chiefly through Madame de Girardin. Its communications soothed her last days, and prepared her for a death fragrant with hope. She believed she was in communication with the spirits of Sappho, Shakespeare, Madame de Sévigné, and Molière; and amidst these convictions she died, without disquietude, without rebellion, without regret. She had introduced a taste for such experiments into the home of Victor Hugo, in Jersey. Nine years later, Auguste Vacquerie, in *Les Miettes de l'Histoire* (Crumbs of History), wrote as follows:

Madame de Girardin's departure [from Jersey] did not abate my desire for experimenting with the tables. I pressed eagerly forward into this great marvel,—the half-opened door of death.

No longer did I wait for the evening. At midday I began my investigations, and forsook them only with the dawn. If I interrupted myself at all during that time, it was only to dine. Personally I had no effect upon the table, and did not touch it; but I asked questions. The mode of communication was always the same, and I had accustomed myself to it. Madame de Girardin sent me two tablets from Paris,—a little tablet, one of whose legs was a pencil, for writing and drawing. A few trials proved that this tablet designed poorly and wrote badly. The other was larger, and consisted of a disk, or dial, whereon was inscribed the alphabet, the letters being designated by a movable pointer. This apparatus also was rejected after an unsuccessful trial, and I finally resumed the primitive process, which—simplified by familiarity and sundry convenient abbreviations—soon afforded all desirable rapidity. I talked fluently with the table, the murmur of the sea mingling with our conversation, whose mysteriousness was increased by the winter, at night, amidst storms, and through isolation. The table no longer responded by a few words merely, but by sentences and pages. It was usually grave and magisterial, but at times it would be witty and even comical. Sometimes it had an access of choler. More than once I was insolently reproved for speaking to it irreverently, and I confess to not feeling at ease until I had obtained forgiveness. The table made certain exactions. It chose the interlocutors it preferred. It wished sometimes to be questioned in verse, and was obeyed; and then it would answer in verse. All these dialogues were collected, not at the close of the séance, but at the moment, and under the dictation of the table. They will some day be published, and will propound an imperious problem to all intelligent minds thirsting for new truths.

If now asked for my explanation of all this, I hesitate to reply. I should not have hesitated in Jersey. I should have unhesitatingly affirmed the presence of spirits. It is not the opinion of Paris which now retards me. I know what respect is due to the opinion of the Paris of to-day, of that Paris so wise, so practical, and so positive, which believes in nothing but dancing skirts and brokers' bulletins; but the capital's shrugging shoulders would not compel me to lower my voice. I am even happy to say, in the face of Paris, that as to the existence of what are called *spirits*, I have no doubts. I have never had that fatuous vanity as to our race, which declares that the ascending ladder of being ends with man. I am persuaded that we have at least as many rounds above us as there are beneath our feet, and I believe as firmly in spirits above as I do in donkeys beneath. The existence of spirits once admitted, their intervention becomes merely a question of details. Why could they not communicate with man by some means, and why may not that means be a table? Because immaterial beings cannot move a table? But who can say these beings *are* immaterial? They also may have bodies, but more subtle than ours,—bodies as imperceptible to our sight, as light is to our touch. It is fairly presumable that there are transitional states between the human condition and the immaterial. Death comes after life, as man supersedes the animal. The inferior animals are men, with less soul. Man is an animal with more equipoise and self-direction. Death brings a condition of less materiality, but still with some matter left. I know therefore no reasonable argument against the reality of the table phenomena.

Nine years, however, have passed away since all this occurred. I gave up my daily interviews after a few months, for the sake of a friend whose insufficient mind could not bear these breaths from the unknown. I have never reperused the sheets whereon sleep the words which moved me so profoundly. I am no longer in Jersey, upon that rock lost among the waves, where the exile was torn from his native soil, away

from life. Myself a living corpse, it did not astonish me to encounter the dead alive; and so little is certainty natural to man, that one may doubt even the things he has seen with his eyes and touched with his hands.

Finally, Victor Hugo, who assisted at these experiments, has said: "The moving and speaking table has been greatly ridiculed. Let us speak plainly! This ridicule is misplaced. It is the bounden duty of science to sound the depths of all phenomena. To ignore spiritualistic phenomena, to leave them bankrupt by inattention, is to make a bankrupt of truth itself." (Les Genies [The Geniuses] : Shakespeare.)

It is table movements which are here spoken of, dictations by tipping or rapping; that is to say, by the third method heretofore referred to. This method has always appeared to be the most independent. In placing our fingers on a planchette, armed with a pencil, and in aiding its motions, we are brought into direct personal association with the results. We may be under the illusion that an outside spirit is guiding the hand, when we are unintentionally controlling it ourselves. We put questions relating to subjects which specially interest us. Passively we write things which we already know more or less about, and unconsciously inspire ourselves with the name of the personage invoked. Far more reliable are the answers given by a table.

4.

Several persons place themselves around a table, their hands resting thereupon and await results. After a given time, if the required conditions for the production of the phenomena have been complied with, raps are heard, apparently within the table, and there are certain motions of the furniture. Sometimes the table tips on one or two legs, and slowly oscillates. Sometimes it rises entirely from the floor, and remains suspended, as if adhering to the palms lying upon it; and this lasts during ten, twenty, thirty seconds. Sometimes the table fastens itself to the floor with such tenacity that its weight seems to be doubled or tripled. At other times, and almost always when so requested by one of the sitters, a noise is heard like that of a saw, a hatchet, or a pencil at work. These are physical effects, which have been observed, and prove undeniably the existence of an unknown force.

This force is physical. If one perceived only movements devoid of purpose, blind and irrelevant, or movements only in sympathy with the will of the assistant, one might rest in

the conclusion that there is a new and unknown force, which, mayhap, is a transmutation of one's own nervous energy, derived from organic electricity, and this fact in itself would be important; but the blows are apparently struck inside the wooden substance of the table, and the movements are in response to questions put to invisible beings.

In this way did the phenomena begin in 1848, in the United States, when the Misses Fox heard, in their chamber, the noise of raps within the walls and furniture. When their father, after several months of vexatious inquiry, at last bethought himself of old ghost stories, and appealed to the cause of these noises, the cause answered the questions asked, by means of certain raps agreed upon, and declared itself to be the soul of a former proprietor, killed in that very house. This soul asked for their prayers, and for the burial of its former body.

Is this invisible cause within us, or is it outside of ourselves? Are we capable of doubling ourselves in some way, yet without knowing it,—of unconsciously giving, by mental suggestion, the answers to our own questions, and of so producing certain physical effects without being aware of it? Again, is there around us an intelligent atmosphere, a sort of spiritual cosmos? or are there invisible beings, who are not human, but so many gnomes, hobgoblins, or imps?—for such an invisible world may exist around us. Finally can these effects really come from the souls of the departed, who are able to return from the other world? And where is this other world? Four hypotheses thus present themselves.

The lifting of a table, the displacement of an object, might be attributed to an unknown force, developed by our nervous systems, or by some other means; at any rate, these movements do not prove the existence of an outside spirit. But when — by naming the letters of the alphabet or by pointing to them on a tablet — the table, by certain sounds in the wood, or by certain tips, composes an intelligent paragraph, we are compelled to attribute this intelligent effect to an intelligent cause. The medium himself may be the cause; and the easiest way would evidently be to admit that he is tricking us, either by simply striking the leg of the table with his foot, if he operates by raps, or by directing the movements of the table, through bearing upon it more or less heavily.

This, indeed, happens very often, and is what discourages so many inquirers.

There are conditions, however, in which fraud is not supposable. The fact that phenomena can be counterfeited is no reason for concluding they do not exist. In experiments with magnetism and hypnotic suggestion, many delusions beset the experimenters, and there is more or less intentional foolery on the part of the subjects. Thus have I seen, at the prison-hospital of Salpêtrière and elsewhere, young women outrageously deceiving the most serious investigators, who did not in the least suspect such insincerity. At market fairs there may often be seen booths where sleep-walkers are exhibited, who simulate genuine somnambulism more or less cleverly. Yet one would palpably err who should deny the existence of real magnetism, somnambulism, or hypnotic suggestion, because of these humbugs and mockeries.

Let us, therefore, pass by fraud, and examine cases where all the experimenters knew one another, and did not knowingly deceive, and thus let us consider a series of observed facts. Here are some communications for which I can vouch. They are sentences, dictated by raps:

God does not enlighten the world with thunder and meteors. He controls peacefully the stars which shine. Thus do divine revelations follow one another, with order, reason, and harmony.

Religion and Friendship are two companions, who help us along life's painful road.

My brother: in the Law [this communication was addressed to an Israelite] revive thy memory! Saul came to the Pythoness of Endor, and begged her to raise the spirit of Samuel; and the spirit of Samuel appeared, announcing to the King the nation's destiny and his own. (1 Samuel xxviii.) "The spirit [wind] bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." (John iii. 8.)

This New Testament text was the more remarkable because it was written in Latin. Here, therefore, are intelligible sentences and accurate quotations. Could blind chance have composed them? Without forgetting possible imposition, our hypotheses still await explication.

Here are other specimens which demand a certain astuteness and decided mental struggle for their dictation. One paragraph begins thus: *Suon imrap engèr*. The other: *Are-*

vèlé suov neib. It is necessary to spell these two phrases backward, commencing at the end. Here the hypothesis of mental suggestion becomes very complicated, as also the theory of environment, and would imply special adroitness in the medium. Someone asked: "Why have you dictated thus?" The power replied: "In order to give you marvelous and unexpected evidence."

Here is another communication of a different kind, beginning, *Aimairs vn oo uu ssevt.* To the demand what this bizarre assemblage of letters signified, the answer came: "Read every alternate letter!" This arrangement brought out these four lines:—

Amis, nous vous aimons bien tous,
Car vous êtes bons et fidèles.
Soyez unis en Dieu; sur vous
L'Esprit Saint étendra ses ailes.

This stanza may be translated thus:

You one and all, oh friends, we love,
For you are good, and faithful tread.
Be one in God; and then above
The Holy Ghost his wings will spread.

Surely this is sufficiently innocent of poetic pretension; but the mode of dictation was decidedly difficult. This somewhat reduced, as it seemed to us, the supposition of fraud, but did not altogether destroy it.

A communication of a yet different kind is an imitation of Rabelais, which is not so badly done, but cannot be well translated into English, because of its grotesque and idiomatic character.

As to the identity of spirits, even if it could be demonstrated that the preceding quotations emanated from disembodied minds, this would not be a sufficient reason for admitting that the signatures are not entirely apocryphal.

5

In a great many cases, too long to be reported in this essay, where the communicating cause has declared itself to be the soul of a certain dead person, — of a father, a mother, a child, or a kinsman, — names, dates, and details were given, which were absolutely in accordance with facts whereof the medium was ignorant; but in the cases where the identity appeared to be best indicated, the questioner had his

hands resting on the table, repeated the alphabet, and might have unconsciously induced the result. You try to invoke a man who bore, let us suppose, the name of Charles. When the letter *c* is pronounced, you exercise your influence without knowing it. If the experiment is made by rocking the table, you exercise a different pressure at that particular moment. If the communication is by raps, and the letter passes without the expected sound, you naturally allow it to be seen that there is a mistake. We deceive ourselves without being aware of it. This frequently happened to me during two years with this word Charles, which was the name of my mother's brother, living in New Orleans. During those two years he told me how he died; yet at that very time he was in the vigor of life. This was in 1860 and 1861, and he did not pass away till 1864. We had, therefore, been the dupes of an illusion.

Auto-suggestion, or self-suggestion, is also extremely frequent in these experiments, as well as with writing mediums. I have before my eyes some charming fables, published by Monsieur Jaubert, President of the Civil Tribunal of Carcassonne, and some delicate poems, obtained through planchette, by P. F. Mathieu,—besides some historic and philosophical works,—all leading to the conclusion that these mediums have written under their own influence; or, at best, affording no scientific proof of a foreign influence.

There remain still unexplained the raps, and the motion of objects more or less heavy. On this point I fully share the opinion of the great chemist, Mr. Crookes, who says :

When manifestations of this kind are exhibited, this remark is generally made: "Why do tables and chairs alone show these effects? Why is this the peculiar property of furniture?"

I might reply that I am simply observing and reporting facts, and that I need not enter into the *whys* and *wherefores*. Nevertheless it seems clear that if, in an ordinary dining-room, any heavy inanimate body is to be lifted from the floor, it cannot very well be anything except a table or a chair. I have numerous proofs that this property does not appertain alone to articles of furniture; but in this, as in other experimental demonstrations, the intelligence or force—whichever it be that produces these phenomena,—cannot choose but use objects appropriate to its ends.

At different times during my researches I have heard delicate raps, which sounded as if produced by a pin's point; a cascade of piercing sounds, like those of a machine in full motion; detonations in the air; light and acute metallic taps; cracking noises, like those produced by a floor-polishing machine; sounds which resembled scratching; warbling, like that of birds.

Each of these noises, which I have tested through different mediums, had its special peculiarity. With Mr. Home they were more varied; but, in strength and regularity, I have heard no sounds which could approach those which came through Miss Kate Fox. During several months I had the pleasure, on almost innumerable occasions, of testing the varying phenomena which took place in the presence of this lady, and it was the sounds which I specially studied. It is usually necessary with other mediums, in a regular séance, to sit awhile before anything is heard; but with Miss Fox it seems to be merely necessary to place her hand on something, no matter what, for the sounds to manifest themselves like a triplicated echo, and sometimes loud enough to be noticeable across several intervening rooms.

I have heard some of these noises produced in a living tree, in a large pane of glass, on a stretched wire, on a tambourine, on the roof of a cab, and in the box of a theatre. Moreover, immediate contact is not always necessary. I have heard these noises proceeding from the flooring and walls, when the medium's hands and feet were tied, when he was standing on a chair, when he was in a swing suspended from the ceiling, when he was imprisoned in an iron cage, and when he lay in a swoon on a sofa. I have heard them proceed from musical glasses. I have felt them on my own shoulders, and under my own hands. I have heard them on a piece of paper, fastened between the fingers by a string through the corner of the sheet. With a full knowledge of the numerous theories which have been brought forward to explain these sounds, especially in America, I have tested them in every way I could devise, until it was no longer possible to escape the conviction that these sounds were real, and produced neither by fraud nor by mechanical means.

An important question forces itself upon our attention: Are these movements and noises governed by intelligence? From the very beginning of my investigations I have satisfied myself that the power producing these phenomena was not simply blind force, but that some intelligence directed it, or at least was associated with it. The noises, whereof I have spoken, were repeated a determinate number of times. They became either strong or feeble, at my request, and came from different places. By a vocabulary of signals previously agreed upon, the power answered questions, and gave messages with more or less accuracy.

The intelligence governing these phenomena is sometimes obviously inferior to that of the medium, and is often in direct opposition to his wishes. When a determination has been reached to do something which could not be regarded as quite reasonable, I have seen communications urging a reconsideration of the matter. This intelligence is at times of such a character that one is forced to believe it does not emanate from any person present. (Researches in Spiritualism, by William Crookes.)

This last sentence might be slightly modified, and the words *forced to believe* might be replaced by the words *disposed to believe*; for human nature is complex, and we are not perpetually the same, even to ourselves. What uncertainty we often find in our own opinions, upon points not yet elucidated; and this we feel, even when called upon to judge actions or events! Are we not sometimes contradictions to ourselves?

Among the experiments made with these physical and psychical manifestations of the tables, I will mention, as among the best, those of Count de Gasparin, and of my sympathetic friend, Eugene Nus. The Count has obtained rotations, upliftings, raps, revelations of numbers previously thought of, movements without any human contact, and so on. He concludes that human beings are endowed with a fluid, with an unknown force, with an agency capable of impressing objects with the action determined by our wills. (On Table-turning, Supernaturalism in General, and Spirits.)

Eugene Nus has obtained, besides sentences dictated by the table, certain philosophic definitions given almost invariably in exactly a dozen words each. Here are some of them:

Geology: Studies in the transformation of the planets in their periods of revolution.

Astronomy: Order and harmony of the external life of worlds, individually and collectively.

Love: The pivot of mortal passion; attractive sexual force; the element of continuity.

Death: Cessation of individuality, disintegration of its elements, a return to universal life.

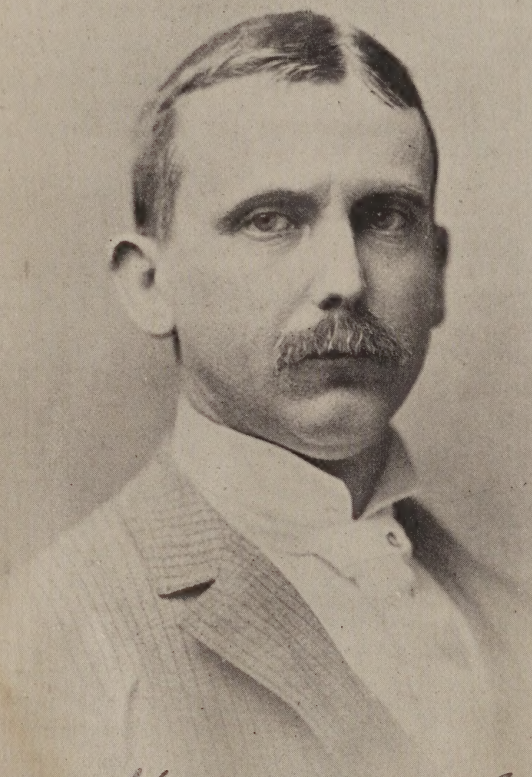
Let us note, in passing, the strangely singular fact of a departed soul declaring that death is always the cessation of individuality!

There are whole pages of this kind. Eugene Nus had, as companions in his experiments, Antony Méray, Toussenel, Franchot, Courbebaisse, a whole group of transcendental socialists. Well, this is absolutely the language of Fourier. The words *aroma*, *passional*, *solidarity*, *clavier*, *composite*, *association*, *harmony*, *pivotal force*, are in the vocabulary of the table. The author therefore inclines towards the following explanation, as given in his *Choses de l'Outre Monde* (Things of the Other World), Volume I. Paris, 1887.

Mysterious forces residing in human nature; emanations from inmost potentiality, unknown till our day; the duplication of our experimental power, which gives ability to think and act outside ourselves.

(To be concluded in July Arena.)





Yours sincerely:

Julius Chambers

For



THE CHIVALRY OF THE PRESS.

BY JULIUS CHAMBERS.

IN the splendid days of Rome, the editor was he who introduced the gladiators as they entered the arena to fight the tigers.

To-day, the editor directs the newspaper and he often affects to believe that his mission on earth is to fight the tiger himself.

The editor of this class is a barbarian who forgets that Rome is only a memory.

The successful editor of to-day recognizes the fact that the newspaper exists to amuse and instruct, to uphold public honor and private virtue quite as much as to denounce fraud or expose official corruption. The newspaper is powerful exactly in proportion as it is successful in representing the people who read it; in following, rather than dictating, their line of policy; and, whether it exists for the people or not, it certainly endures only by their sufferance and good-will. Therefore, it is well that we consider the relations of the people at large to the newspaper; then, the editor's relation to his neighbors, the public; and, finally, the chivalry of editors toward each other.

The newspaper is so large a part of our modern life that it would be trivial to argue the question whether it can be dispensed with. Men who live abreast of the age cannot consent to miss a single day's communion with the news of the world. The non-arrival of the mail will render an active man absent from town utterly miserable. The purchaser of the daily newspaper of to-day receives for the price of a half yard of calico a manufactured article that has required the employment of millions of capital to produce,—to say nothing of genius to sustain.

And he is often somewhat grateful.

But the chivalry of the public toward the newspaper is peculiar. The public would appear to believe that anything

it can coax, wheedle, or extort from the newspaper is fair salvage from the necessary expenditures of life.

Recently I listened in amazement to the Rev. Robert Collyer boast at a Cornell University dinner of having beguiled the newspapers of the country. He told how he had schemed and got money to build a new church after the Chicago fire. He did not make it very clear that the civilized members of his race clamored for the new edifice, but he made painfully apparent his ideas of chivalry to the press.

"In this matter," he began, "I have always been proud of the way in which I 'worked the newspapers.' I succeeded in raising the money, because I coaxed the editors into coöperating with me. I wrote long puffs about the congregation and its pastor, and got them printed. Then I hurried 'round with the subscription list and a copy of the paper."

Of course, this was all said good-naturedly, was meant to be funny, and was uttered from a public rostrum with an utter obliviousness to the mental obliquity that a moment's thought will disclose. It left upon my mind much the same impression as that once made by hearing an apparently respectable man boast of having stolen an umbrella out of a hotel rack.

Later in the evening, when the reverend gentleman occupied a seat near mine, I asked, with as much naiveté as I could command, if he had "worked" the plumbers, the architects, the masons, the carpenters, and the bell-founders? To each of these questions he returned a regretful, "No."

Despite his apparent innocence regarding the purport of my inquiry, I doubt if this gentleman would have boasted that he secured his clothes for nothing, that he wheedled his chops from his butcher, or coaxed his groceries from the shop-keeper at the corner of his street.

And yet, he spoke with condescension of the editor and his means of livelihood!

Theoretically, the editor is the public's mutton. Men who know him boast of their influence with him, and over him. They dictate his policy for him — or say they do, which, of course, is the same thing. Men who never saw him claim to own him. Strangers, casually introduced, ask him questions about his personal affairs that would be instantly resented in any other walk of life.

An experience of my own will illustrate what I mean.

At a country house, near Philadelphia, I was introduced to a respectable-looking old man. In the period following dinner, as we sat on the porch to enjoy a smoke, this stranger interrogated me in the most offensive way. When he had paused for breath I gave him a dose of his own medicine. "The deadly parallel" column will tell the story.

WHAT HE ASKED.

I hear you are an editor?
Do most newspapers pay?
How much do editors earn?

You began as a reporter?
Does it require any education to be a reporter?

Do you write shorthand?

Eh? used to?

Please write some: let's see how it looks?

Curious-looking characters, aren't they?

How many columns can you write a day?

Do you write by the column?

What? Don't write at all?
How strange!—and so on.

WHAT I ASKED.

I am told you are a hatter?

Is hat-making profitable?

How much does your business net you yearly?

Grew up in the trade?

You can "block a hat while I wait"?

You can handle a hot goose?

Could once?

Please take this hat and show me how it is put together.

Have seen a great many queerly shaped hats in your time, no doubt?

How many hats can you make in a day?

Do you work by the piece?

Ah? Don't work any longer?

Supposed every hatter made his own hats!—and so on.

The editor may be to blame for this state of things; but if so, his good-nature is responsible. He endures more than other men. He is often worried by the troubles of other people; but he never has been weaned from the milk of human kindness. He may be over-persuaded, he may be deceived, and editors have been fooled, like judge and jurors, by the perjured affidavit of apparently honorable men—but he still continues to believe in mankind.

The chivalry of the politician toward the press is comprehended to a nicety by every man who has served as a newspaper correspondent at Washington.

The average congressman thinks it clever to deceive a newspaper editor or correspondent. He believes they are to be "used," whenever possible, for the congressman's advantage. A correspondent is to be tricked or cajoled into

praising the statesman, revising the bad English in his speeches, "saving the country and — the appropriations." All the charities require and demand his aid, and, I am ashamed to say (knowing as I do what a hollow mockery some of the alleged charities really are), generally get the assistance they ask.

The chivalry of the press toward the public is unquestionable. The editor keeps awake nearly all night to serve it, and the facts are not altered because in best serving the public he serves himself.

Journalism, I regret to say, is often spoken of as a "profession," and while we may accept the plebeian word "journalism," as describing a daily labor, I sincerely desire to enter a protest against its designation as a profession. It seems entirely proper to me that this word be relegated to the pedagogue, the chiropodist, and the barn-storming actor who so boldly assert a right to its use.

The making of the newspaper is a mechanical art. It matters very little how much intelligence — or genius, if you prefer the word — enters into its production, the inter-dependence of the so-called "intellectual" branch of the paper upon its mechanical adjuncts is so great that it cannot be maintained that the manufactured article offered to purchasers in the shape of a newspaper is the product of any one lobe of brain tissue. Of what value are a hundred thousand copies of the best newspaper in this land, edited, revised and printed, if its circulation department break down at the critical moment? And what about the newsman? Who shall say that he does not belong to journalism? He's to the service what the Don Cossack is to the Russian hosts. He's the Cossack of journalism — our Cossack of the dawn!

While it is easy to determine the point at which the newspaper begins its existence, it would be very difficult indeed to decide exactly where it receives its finishing touches. For years, geographers wrangled regarding the point at which the day began. In other words, this being Monday, they quarrelled regarding the point at which the sun ceased to shine on Monday, and began to shine on Tuesday.

Philosophers who have discussed the nice points of the daily newspapers have claimed that it dates its origin from the paper mill; but I fail to see why, if we are to go back to the paper mill, we shall not go much further and seek the com-

ponent parts from which the paper is originally made, showing at once the absurdity of any such an assumption. While not inclined to argue this point, it is my humble judgment that the newspaper begins its existence the moment the managing editor opens his desk for the day's work. He is its main-spring! Whatever of distinctive character it possesses in methods of handling the news of the day it owes to him, and it is these very features that render one journal better or worse than others. He it is, as a rule, who establishes the chivalry of the press toward the public. It is he who decides the line of attack or defense when the vast interests which he represents are assailed.

The peculiar kind of mind required for such a post is probably not developed in any other known business. The longer a man has served the art, the more confidently he trusts to intuition and distrusts a decision based wholly upon experience. Several of the worst blunders ever made in American journalism have been committed after a careful study of the historical precedents. Throughout all his troubles, however, all his anxieties by day and by night — because his responsibilities never end — the managing editor's thoughts are constantly dwelling upon the public service that may be rendered to the reading constituency behind him.

The executive head of a newspaper, great or small, lives in a glass house, with all the world for critics. Every act, no matter how suddenly forced upon him, no matter how careful his judgment, is open to the criticism of every person who reads his paper. The columns of printed matter are the windows of his soul.

These thoughts are all in the line of duty, somewhat selfish in their character, perhaps (because fidelity to the public is the only secret of success); but the sense of chivalry is there, — should be there and seen of all men, on every page of the printed sheet.

This idea of the newspaper's duty to the public is a comparatively new phase of the journalistic art. It has arisen since the brilliant Round Table days of Bennett, Greeley, Webb, Prentice, and Raymond. Their standards were high. Their energy was tremendous. And when they came to blows the combat was terrific. But Greeley, the last survivor, found his Camlan in 1872. He was ambushed and came to his end much as King Arthur from a race that he

had trusted and defended. In Greeley's defeat for the Presidency all theorists who had dwelt upon the so-called "Power of the Press" received a shuddering blow. The men who had affected to believe that the press could make and unmake destinies began to count on their fingers the few newspapers that had opposed Horace Greeley. To their amazement they found that, excepting one journal in the metropolis, every daily paper in the land whose editor or chief stockholder did not hold a public office was marshalled in his support. The echoes of their enthusiasm can be heard even to this day. Some of those editors ranted and roared like Sir Toby Belch; but the professional politicians, serene and complacent as gulligut friars, saw their editorial antagonists routed—cakes, ale, and wine-coolers.

To the believers in printer's ink, that presidential campaign was a revelation. Mr. Greeley was the most thoroughly defeated candidate this country has ever known.

I remember the period well, for I was a reporter on the *Tribune*, and as a correspondent travelled from Minnesota to Louisiana. It seemed utterly impossible in May that Mr. Greeley could fail of election; in September, his defeat was assured. That revolt of the people against the dictation of the newspapers was momentous in its results. The independent voter thoroughly asserted himself, and those editors who could be taught by the incident knew that the people resented their leadership. The one sad and pitiful thing about the affair was the ingratitude of the negro race. They deserted their apostle and champion. (I speak frankly, for I was born an abolitionist.)

Throughout the Civil War, the newspapers had harangued, badgered, and dictated; had bolstered up or destroyed men, character, and measures. It was well, perhaps, that the men who directed these same newspapers should be taught a severe lesson.

Without doubt, the stormy period in which Greeley, Bennett, Prentice, Webb, and Raymond tilted, was necessary as a preparatory era to the more brilliant age of chivalry that succeeded! We as a people were younger in journalism than in any other intellectual or mechanical art. Great statesmen had been grown in plenty—the very birth of the nation had found them full-fledged. A constellation of brilliant preachers of the Gospel and expounders of the

law are remembered. We can all name them over from Jonathan Edwards to Theodore Parker and from John Marshall to Rufus Choate. Great mercantile families had been created, such as the Astors, the Grinells, the Bakers, Howlands, Aspinwalls, and Claflins.

Large fortunes had been amassed in commerce; but not an editor had been able to accumulate money enough to keep his own carriage!

Journalism languished until about 1840. The great public did not seem to require editors. The people of New York, possibly, persisted in remembering that the first man in this country to write an editorial article had been hanged in the City Hall Park. He had died heroically, immortalizing the occasion when he said: "I regret that I have only one life to give for my country." But some people believed he had suffered death because he wrote editorial articles.

The art of making the newspaper steadily gained in public appreciation. To employ the simile chivalric, its young squires were changed into full-fledged knights by the propagation of a new idea, a new aim—the rendering of public service! True enough, the motto of the noblest English principedom, "*Ich dien!*" acknowledges the high duty of service; but, when proclaimed as a journalistic duty it took the form of a new tender of fidelity from the best men at court to the people at large. It was so accepted, and has drawn the people and the press closer together. It was as if these true knights drew their weapons before the public eye and offered a new pledge of fidelity in the thrilling old Norman usage of the word "*Service!*"

A gleam of something higher and nobler than mere swash-buckling was in every editorial eye. The idea developed, as did the nobility and purity of Chivalry under Godfrey, the Agamemnon of Tasso. In all truly representative editorial minds the feeling grew that any power which their arms or training gave them should be exercised in the defense of the weak and oppressed. They renewed the old vow: "To maintain the just rights of such as are unable to defend themselves." It was a great step—as far-reaching in its results as was the promulgation of that oath in the age of Chivalry.

At this point rose the reporter. He had been recognized for years as the coming servitor of the press. But a few of him in the early days had been dissolute, had written without

proper regard to facts, and had brought discredit not only on himself but the chivalry which others believed in. He began to brace up, to pull himself together, to be better educated, to dress in excellent taste, and, above all, to write better copy. Henry Murger had published a series of sketches under the title "*Scenes de La Vie de Bohême*." These few pictures described the Paris life of that period, beyond a doubt; but here in New York a few bright men sought to revive the spirit and the *couleur de rose* of the Quartier Latin. It was a clever idea, but it didn't last.

In one of the bleakest corners of the old graveyard at Nantucket stands a monument to Henry Clapp, the presiding genius of the Bohemian Club that sat for so many years in Phaff's cellar on Broadway. Its roll contained many of the brightest names known in the history of the American press. They were true Bohemians,—once defined by George William Curtis as the "literary men who had a divine contempt for to-morrow." How cleverly those choice spirits wrote and talked about their lives away back in the fifties. Get a file of the New York *Figaro*, or some of the Easy Chair papers in *Harper's* of that period, and enjoy their cloud-land life! I only quote one sentence and it is from "the Chair," though I half suspect Fitz James O'Brien, rather than George William Curtis, penned it:—

"Bohemia is a roving kingdom—a realm in the air, like Arthur's England. It sometimes happens that, as a gipsy's child turns out to be a prince's child, who, perforce, dwells in a palace, so the Bohemian is found in a fine house and high society. Bohemia is a fairyland on this hard earth. It is Arcadia in New York."

Ah! yes, this is all very beautiful, but rent had to be paid; and the literary workers of to-day never forget that journalism is the only branch of literature that from the outset enables a man to live and pay his way. And yet when we remember Henry Clapp, Fitz James O'Brien, N. G. Shepherd, and Ned Wilkins, we feel that every working newspaper man is better to-day because they struggled and starved; because they lived in the free air of Bohemia.

With the worker in the art, "the struggle for existence" begins with his first day's apprentice task as a reporter. No man ever became a journalist who did not serve that

apprenticeship. There is no hope for him outside of complete success. It requires several years for him to learn to get news and to properly write it. One failure will blight his entire career. Unlike any other commercial commodity, news once lost cannot be recouped.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was the first Parliamentary reporter. He got a list of the speakers, then went to his lodgings in a dingy court off Fleet Street and wrote out speeches for the Lords and the Commons. He did this for years and not one of the men so honored is on record as having denied the accuracy of the report (?). Dr. Johnson made the reputations of half a dozen men who are to-day mentioned among the great English orators. They were honorable men, as the world goes, but not one of them, except Edmund Burke, ever acknowledged his indebtedness to Samuel Johnson. I never have known a senator or congressman to thank a Washington correspondent for making his speech presentable to educated eyes. He has been known to grow warm in praise of all classes of humanity, from Tipperary to Muscovy, but never a word of commendation escapes his lips for a newspaper man. He believes in philanthropy, but as Napoleon said to Talleyrand, he "wants it to be a long way off!" (*Je veux seulement que ce soit de la philanthropie lointaine.*)

With the rise of journalistic chivalry came the search for news. It became a precious prize. The special correspondent and reporter sought it. Truth was to be rescued from oblivion! Facts began to be hunted for like the ambergris and ivory of commerce. At first the search resembled the quest for the Oracle of the Holy Bottle,—a test as to the public's opinion of news. What kind of service did the public want? Adventure followed, as a matter of course, but love of adventure was not the impelling motive.

The American newspaper, like the American railroad, developed along new lines. Girardin, who had created all that is worth considering in the French press, had pinned his faith to the *feuilleton* and the snappy editorial article, with its "one idea only." News was of no account. In the English journal, the supremacy of the editorial page was asserted and maintained. News was desirable but secondary; and there was no hurry about obtaining it. In the Spanish press blossomed—and has ever since bloomed—the paragraph.

News was a good thing, if it could be told in a few lines, but generally, alas, dangerous. A paragraph must only be long enough to allow a cigarette to go out while you were reading it. Wax matches cost only a cuarta per box, but cigarettes were expensive. Beaumarchais understood the Spanish press when he put the famous epigram into "Figaro's" lips: "So long as you print nothing, you may print anything."

The chivalry of the editor toward his "esteemed contemporary" is a sad and solemn phase of this true commentary.

After you have carefully reread the "editorial" pages of two metropolitan journals from 1841 to date, and remember that the contemporaries of Guttenberg called printing "the black art," you will marvel that public opinion has ever changed. If the contemporaries of the old Nuremberg printer had lived in 1882, and taken in the *Tribune* of February 25th, they would have gone out to gather faggots to roast an editor. The excuse for one of the most savage attacks ever made by one American editor upon another was that a rival had printed a private telegram, sent by an editor to the chief magistrate of the nation, which had found its way into wrong hands or had been "taken off the wires," as many other messages had been before. And yet, young as I am, I remember that in 1871, the treaty of Washington was "acquired" by means even more questionable and printed entire, to the confusion and indignation of the United States Senators. The very same editor laid down a dictum that was thought to be very clever at the time: "It is the duty of our correspondents to get the news; it is the business of other people to keep their own secrets." This was all very well in 1871, but in 1882, the moral "lay in the application on it."

From the very moment in which the American newspaper attained a definite policy and impulse, its direction has been forward, and it has daily grown in wealth and popular respect.

I have called the special correspondent the knight errant of the newspaper. Let me prove it. The greatest, noblest of them all was J. A. MacGahan, of Khiva and San Stefano. He was an American, born in Perry County, Ohio. I can sketch his career in a few brief sentences: He was at law-school in Brussels when the Franco-Prussian war burst upon Europe, in 1870. Having had some experience as a writer

for the press, he entered the field at once. Danger and suffering were his, though he did not achieve renown in that brief campaign. He then made his memorable ride to Khiva, and wrote the best book on Central Asia known to our language. Another turn of the wheel found him in Cuba describing the Virginius complications. There I first met him. Thence he returned to England, and sailed with Captain Young in the Pandora to the Arctic regions, making the last search undertaken for the lost crew of Sir John Franklin's expedition. MacGahan returned to London in the spring of 1876 in time to read in the newspapers brief despatches from Turkey recounting the reported atrocities of the Bashi-Bazouks. He determined at once to go to Bulgaria. In a month's time, he had put a new face on the "Eastern Question." The great trouble between Christian and Turk was no longer confined to "the petty quarrel of a few monks over a key and a silver star," as defined by the late Mr. Kinglake, but assumed proportions that could be discerned in every club and in every drawing-room of Imperial London. MacGahan had begun his memorable ride, the results of which will endure as long as Christianity! He visited Batak and painted in cold type what he saw. He caused the shrieks of the dying girls in the pillaged towns of Bulgaria to be heard throughout Christian Europe. A Tory minister, stanch in his fidelity to the "unspeakable Turk," sent its fleet to the Dardanelles, but dared not land a man or fire a single gun. Popular England repudiated its old ally. And MacGahan rode onward and wrote sheaves of letters. In every hamlet he passed through, he said: "The Czar will avenge this! Courage, people; he will come!"

From that time history was made as by a cyclone. The Russian hosts were mobilized at Kischeneff, and the Czar of all the Russias reviewed them. Then the order to cross the Pruth was given, as MacGahan had foretold; our Knight Errant rode with the advanced guard. Through the changing fortune of the war, grave and gay, he passed. Much of his work, now preserved in permanent form, is the best of its kind in our language. The assault of Skobelev on the Gravitz redoubt was immortalized by MacGahan's pen. When Plevna fell, our hero was in the van during the mad rush toward the Bosphorus. The triumphant advance was never checked until the spires and minarets of Constantinople were

in sight. Bulgaria was redeemed, the power of the Turk in Europe was broken, the aggrandizement of Russia was complete — and all because J. A. MacGahan had lived and striven.

At San Stefano, a suburb of the capital, on the Sea of Marmora, our hero died of fever. Skobelev, whose friendship dated back to the Kirgitz Steppe and the Khivan conquest, closed his eyes and was chief mourner at his grave. To-day on the anniversary of his death, prayers for the repose of his soul are said in every hamlet throughout Bulgaria. His service to the newspaper and to the civilized world extended over less than eight years, but he accomplished for the public the work of a lifetime.

Hail to his memory! His was the chivalry of the press!

For years the name of Latour d'Auvergne, "first grenadier of France," was called at nightfall in every regiment of the Imperial Grenadier Guard. When the name was heard, the first grenadier in the rank would answer, "*Mort — sur le champ de bataille.*"

So, when the roll is called of those that have added to the chivalry and glory of the American press, every fellow-laborer who knew "MacGahan of Kiva and San Stefano" will salute and answer: "Dead — and glorious!"

Philogeny, the new and brilliant science that treats of the development of the human race from the animal kingdom, teaches that the history of the germ is an epitome of the history of the descent. It is equally true in journalism, that the various forms of discouragement, hope, and final success through which the individual worker in the art passes, during his progress from the reportorial egg-cell to the fully developed executive-editorial organism, is a compressed reproduction of the long series of misfortunes and interferences through which the ancestors of the American newspaper of to-day have passed. The simile is true, aye, to the supreme part played by "the struggle for existence!" Under its influence, through the "natural selection" of the public, a new and nobler species of journalism has arisen and now exists. The newspaper of to-day, evolved from rudimentary forms, is a splendid and heroic organism; and the last upholder of the dogma of its miraculous creation and infallible power is dead.





OUT OF WORK (SEE NOTE).



INVALID IN CHAIR (SEE NOTE).

SOCIETY'S EXILES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

It is difficult to over-estimate the gravity of the problem presented by those compelled to exist in the slums of our populous cities, even when considered from a purely economic point of view. From the midst of this commonwealth of degradation there goes forth a moral contagion, scourging society in all its ramifications, coupled with an atmosphere of physical decay — an atmosphere reeking with filth, heavy with foul odors, laden with disease. In time of any contagion the social cellar becomes the hotbed of death, sending forth myriads of fatal germs which permeate the air for miles around, causing thousands to die because society is too short-sighted to understand that the interest of its humblest member is the interest of all. The slums of our cities are the reservoirs of physical and moral death, an enormous expense to the State, a constant menace to society, a reality whose shadow is at once colossal and portentous. In time of social upheavals they will prove magazines of destruction; for while revolution will not originate in them, once let a popular uprising take form and the cellars will reinforce it in a manner more terrible than words can portray. Considered ethically, the problem is even more embarrassing and deplorable; here, as nowhere else in civilized society, thousands of our fellowmen are exiled from the enjoyments of civilization, forced into life's lowest strata of existence, branded with that fatal word scum. If they aspire to rise, society shrinks from them; they seem of another world; they are of another world; driven into the darkness of a hopeless existence, viewed much as were lepers in olden times. Over their heads perpetually rests the dread of eviction, of sickness, and of failure to obtain sufficient work to keep life in the forms of their loved ones, making existence a perpetual nightmare, from which death alone brings release. Say not that they do not feel this; I have talked with them; I have seen the agony born of a fear that rests heavy on their

souls stamped in their wrinkled faces and peering forth from great pathetic eyes. For them winter has real terror, for they possess neither clothes to keep comfortable the body, nor means with which to properly warm their miserable tenements. Summer is scarcely less frightful in their quarters, with the heat at once stifling, suffocating, almost intolerable; heat which acting on the myriad germs of disease produces fever, often ending in death, or, what is still more dreaded, chronic invalidism. Starvation, misery, and vice, trinity of despair, haunt their every step. The Golden Rule,—the foundation of true civilization, the keynote of human happiness,—reaches not their wretched quarters. Placed by society under the ban, life is one long and terrible night. But tragic as is the fate of the present generation, still more appalling is the picture when we contemplate the thousands of little waves of life yearly washed into the cellar of being; fragile, helpless innocents, responsible in no way for their presence or environment, yet condemned to a fate more frightful than the beasts of the field; human beings wandering in the dark, existing in the sewer, ever feeling the crushing weight of the gay world above, which thinks little and cares less for them. Infinitely pathetic is their lot.

The causes that have operated to produce these conditions are numerous and complex, the most apparent being the immense influx of immigration from the crowded centres of the old world; the glamor of city life, which has allured thousands from the country, fascinating them from afar much as the gaudy colors and tinsel before the footlights dazzle the vision of a child; the rapid growth of the saloon, rendered well-nigh impregnable by the wealth of the liquor power; the wonderful labor-saving inventions, which in the hands of greed and avarice, instead of mitigating the burdens of the people, have greatly augmented them, by glutting the market with labor; the opportunities given by the government through grants, special privileges, and protective measures for rapid accumulation of wealth by the few; the power which this wealth has given its possessors over the less fortunate; the spread of that fevered mental condition which subjects all finer feelings and holier aspirations to the acquisition of gold and the gratification of carnal appetites, and which is manifest in such a startling degree in the gambler's world,

which to dignify we call the realm of speculation; the desire for vulgar ostentation and luxurious indulgence, in a word the fatal fever for gold which has infested the social atmosphere, and taken possession of hundreds of thousands of our people, chilling their hearts, benumbing their conscience, choking all divine impulses and refined sensibilities; the cowardice and lethargy of the Church, which has grown rich in gold and poor in the possession of moral energy, which no longer dares to denounce the money changers, or alarm those who day by day are anæsthetizing their own souls, while adding to the misery of the world. The church has become, to a great extent, subsidized by gold, saying in effect, "I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing," apparently ignorant of the fact that she "is wretched, poor, blind, and naked," that she has signally failed in her mission of establishing on earth an ideal brotherhood. Instead of lifting her children into that lofty spiritual realm where each feels the misery of his brother, she has so far surrendered to the mammon of unrighteousness that, without the slightest fear of having their consciences disturbed, men find comfort in her soft-cushioned pews, who are wringing from ten to thirty per cent. profit from their fellowmen in the wretched tenement districts, or who refuse to pay more than twelve cents a pair for the making of pants, forty-five cents a dozen for flannel shirts, seventy-five cents a dozen for knee pants, and twenty-five cents a dozen for neckties. I refer not to the many noble exceptions, but I indict the great body of wealthy and fashionable churches, whose ministers do not know and take no steps to find out the misery that is dependent upon the avarice of their parishioners. Then again back of all this is the defective education which has developed all save character in man; education which has trained the brain but shriveled the soul. Last but by no means least is land speculation which has resulted in keeping large tracts of land idle which otherwise would have blossomed with happy homes. To these influences we must add the general ignorance of the people regarding the nature, extent, and growing proportions of the misery and want in the New World which is spreading as an Eastern plague in the filth of an oriental city.

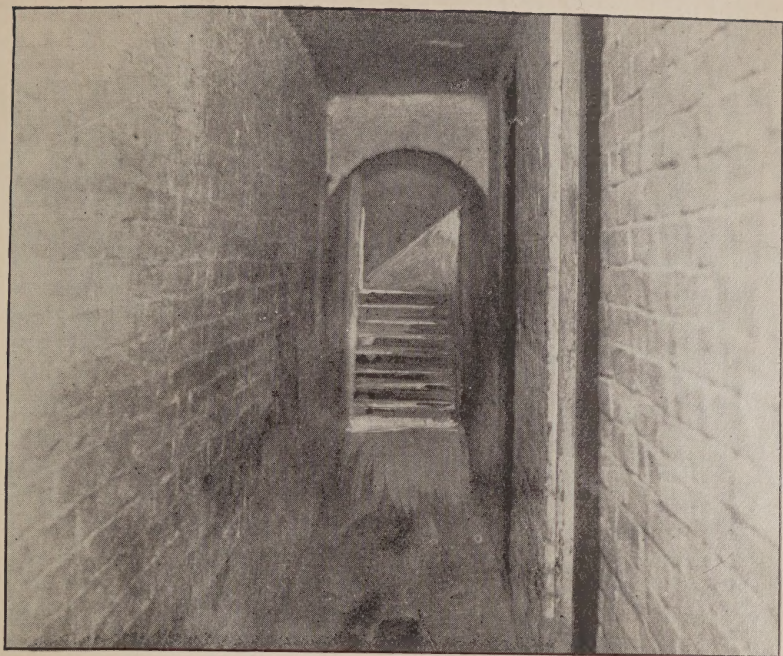
It is not my present purpose to dwell further on the causes which have produced these conditions. I wish to bring

home to the mind and heart of the reader a true conception of life in the slums, by citing typical cases illustrating a condition prevalent in every great city of the Union and increasing in its extent every year. I shall confine myself to uninvited want as found in civilized Boston, because I am personally acquainted with the condition of affairs here, and because Boston has long claimed the proud distinction of being practically free from poverty.

I shall briefly describe scenes which fell under my personal observation during an afternoon tour through the slums of the North End, confining myself to a few typical cases which fairly represent the condition of numbers of families who are suffering through uninvited poverty, a fact which I have fully verified by subsequent visits to the wretched homes of our very poor. I purposely omit in this paper describing any members of that terrible commonwealth where misery, vice, degradation, and crime are inseparably interwoven. This class belongs to a lower stratum; they have graduated downward. Feeling that society's hand is against them, Ishmael-like they raise their hand against society. They complement the uninvited poor; both are largely a product of unjust and inequitable social conditions.

The scenes I am about to describe were witnessed one afternoon in April. The day was sunless and dreary, strangely in keeping with the environment of the exiles of society who dwell in the slums. The sobbing rain, the sad, low murmur of the wind under the eaves and through the narrow alleys, the cheerless frowning sky above, were in perfect harmony with the pathetic drama of life I was witnessing. Everything seemed pitched in a minor key, save now and then there swelled forth splendid notes of manly heroism and womanly courage, as boldly contrasting with the dead level of life as do the full rich notes of Wagner's grandest strains with the plaintive melody of a simple ballad sung by a shepherd lad. I was accompanied in this instance by the Rev. Walter Swaffield, of the Bethel Mission, and his assistant, Rev. W. J. English.

The first building we entered faced a narrow street. The hallway was as dark as the air was foul or the walls filthy. Not a ray or shimmer of light fell through transoms or skylight. The stairs were narrow and worn. By the aid of matches we were able to grope our way along, and also to



CELLARWAY LEADING TO UNDER-GROUND APARTMENTS (SEE NOTE).



SICK MAN IN UNDER-GROUND APARTMENT (SEE NOTE).

NEW
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observe more than was pleasant to behold. It was apparent that the hallways or stairs were seldom surprised by water, while pure, fresh air was evidently as much a stranger as fresh paint. After ascending several flights, we entered a room of undreamed-of wretchedness. On the floor lay a sick man.* He was rather fine-looking, with an intelligent face, bright eyes, and countenance indicative of force of character. No sign of dissipation, but an expression of sadness, or rather a look of dumb resignation peered from his expressive eyes. For more than two years he has been paralyzed in his lower limbs, and also affected with dropsy. The spectacle of a strong man, with the organs of locomotion dead, is always pathetic; but when the victim of such misfortune is in the depths of abject poverty, his case assumes a tragic hue. There for two years he had lain on a wretched pallet of rags, seeing day by day and hour by hour his faithful wife tirelessly sewing, and knowing full well that health, life, and hope were hourly slipping from her. This poor woman supports the invalid husband, her two children, and herself, by making pants at twelve cents a pair. No rest, no surcease, a perpetual grind from early dawn often till far into the night; and what is more appalling, outraged nature has rebelled; the long months of semi-starvation and lack of sleep have brought on rheumatism, which has settled in the joints of her fingers, so that every stitch means a throb of pain. The afternoon we called, she was completing an enormous pair of *custom-made* pants of very fine blue cloth, for one of the largest clothing houses in Boston. The suit would probably bring sixty or sixty-five dollars, yet her employer graciously informed his poor white slave that as the garment was so large, he would give her an *extra cent*. Thirteen cents for fine custom-made pants, manufactured for a wealthy firm, which repeatedly asserts that its clothing is not made in tenement houses! Thus with one of the most painful diseases enthroned in that part of the body which must move

*NOTE ON PICTURE OF INVALID IN CHAIR. The picture given in this issue of this apartment represents the poor invalid placed by some friends on a chair while his bed could be made. Our artist preferred to take it this way, knowing that it would bring out the strong face better than if taken on his pallet on the floor, where for two years he has lain. Through The Arena Relief Fund, we have been enabled to greatly relieve the hard lot of this as well as many other families of unfortunates. Now the invalid is provided with a comfortable bedstead, with a deep, soft mattress, and furnished with many other things which contribute to life's comfort. When the bed, mattress, and other articles were being brought into this apartment, the tears of gratitude and joy flowed almost in rivers from the eyes of the patient wife, who felt that even in their obscure den some one in the great world yet cared for them.

incessantly from dawn till midnight, with two small dependent children and a husband who is utterly powerless to help her, this poor woman struggles bravely and uncomplainingly, confronted ever by a nameless dread of impending misfortune. Eviction, sickness, starvation,—such are the ever-present spectres, while every year marks the steady encroachment of disease, and the lowering of the register of vitality. Moreover, from the window of her soul falls the light of no star athwart the pathway of life.

The next place we visited was in the attic of a tenement building even more wretched than the one just described. The general aspects of these houses, however, are all much the same, the chief difference being in degrees of filth and squalor present. Here in an attic lives a poor widow with three children, a little boy and two little girls, Constance and Maggie.* They live by making pants at twelve cents a pair. Since the youngest child was two and a half years old she has been daily engaged in overcasting the long seams of the garments made by her mother. When we first called she had just passed her fourth birthday, and now overcasts from three to four pairs of pants every day. There seated on a little stool she sat, her fingers moving as rapidly and in as unerring manner as an old experienced needlewoman. These three children are fine looking, as are most of the little Portuguese I visited. Their large heads and brilliant eyes seem to indicate capacity to enjoy in an unusual degree the matchless delight springing from intellectual and spiritual development. Yet the wretched walls of their little apartment practically mark the limit of their world; the needle their inseparable companion; their moral and mental natures hopelessly dwarfed; a world of wonderful possibilities denied them by an inexorable fate over which they have no control and for which they are in no way responsible. We often hear it said that these children of the slums are perfectly happy; that not knowing what they miss life is as enjoyable to them as the young in more favorable

*NOTE ON PICTURE OF CONSTANCE AND MAGGIE. When Mr. Swaffield first visited this little family he found them in the most abject want; a pot of boiling water, in which the mother was stirring a handful of meal, constituting their only food. Their clothing was thin and worn almost to shreds; their apartment but slightly heated; half of all they could earn, even when all were well and work good, had to go for their rent, leaving only one dollar and twenty-five cents a week to feed and clothe four persons. The day we first called they were poorly clothed, with sorry apologies for dresses and shoes laughing at the toes. In the picture we reproduce, they are neatly dressed and well shod from money contributed by liberal-hearted friends to The Arena Relief Fund.

quarters. I am satisfied, however, that this is true only in a limited sense. The little children I have just described are already practically machines; day by day they engage in the same work with much the monotony of an automatic instrument propelled by a blind force. When given oranges and cakes, a momentary smile illumined their countenances, a liquid brightness shot from their eyes, only to be replaced by the solemn, almost stolid, expression which has become habitual even on faces so young. This conclusion was still more impressively emphasized by the following touching remark of a child of twelve years in another apartment, who was with her mother busily sewing. "I am forty-three years old to-day," remarked the mother, and said Mr. English, "I shall be forty-two next week." "*Oh, dear,*" broke in the child, "*I should think people would grow so TIRED of living so MANY YEARS.*" Was utterance ever more pathetic? She spoke in tones of mingled sadness and weariness, revealing in one breath all the pent-up bitterness of a young life condemned to a slavery intolerable to any refined or sensitive nature. Is it strange that people here take to drink? To me it is far more surprising that so many are sober. I am convinced that, in the slums, far more drunkenness is caused by abject poverty and inability to obtain work, than want is produced by drink. Here the physical system, half starved and often chilled, calls for stimulants. Here the horrors of nightmare, which we sometimes suffer during our sleep, are present during every waking hour. An oppressive fear weighs forever on the mind. Drink offers a temporary relief and satisfies the craving of the system, besides the environment invites dissipation and human nature at best is frail. I marvel that there is not more drunkenness exhibited in the poverty spots of our cities.

Among the places we visited were a number of cellars or burrows. We descended several steps into dark, narrow passage-ways,* leading to cold, damp rooms, in many of

*NOTE ON ILLUSTRATION OF CELLARWAY LEADING INTO PARTIALLY UNDERGROUND APARTMENT. This passage-way is several steps down from the court or alley-way, and leads to the apartment seen in accompanying picture. There are many of these dark cellarways leading to underground tenements.

NOTE ON PICTURE OF A SICK MAN IN UNDERGROUND TENEMENT. Leading off the cellar-way shown above, is a tenement shown in this illustration. It consists of one room, over the bed the ceiling slants toward the street, and above the ceiling are the steps leading to the tenements above. In this one room lives the sick man, who for a long time, has been confined to his bed with rheumatism; his wife and a daughter are compelled to occupy the one bed with him, while the small sunless room is their only kitchen, laundry, living room, parlor, and bedroom.

NOTE ON PORTUGUESE FAMILY, WIDOW, TWO DAUGHTERS, AND LITTLE BOY. This

which no direct ray of sunshine ever creeps. We entered a room filled with a bed, cooking stove, rack of dirty clothes and numerous chairs, of which the most one could say was that their backs were still sound and which probably had been donated by persons who could no longer use them. On the bed lay a man who has been ill for three months with rheumatism. This family consists of father, mother, and a large daughter, all of whom are compelled to occupy one bed. They eat, cook, live, and sleep in this wretched cellar and pay over fifty dollars a year rent. This is a typical illustration of life in this underground world.

In another similar cellar or burrow* we found a mother and seven boys and girls, some of them quite large, all sleeping in two medium-sized beds in one room; this room is also their kitchen. The other room is a storehouse for kindling wood the children gather and sell, a little store and living room combined. Their rent is two dollars a week. The cellar was damp and cold; the air stifling. Nothing can be imagined more favorable to contagion both physical and moral than such dens as these. Ethical exaltation or spiritual growth is impossible with such environment. It is not strange that the slums breed criminals, which require vast sums yearly to punish after evil has been accomplished; but to me it is an ever-increasing source of wonder that society should be so short-sighted and

illustration is a fair type of a number of lodgings. The photograph does not begin to reveal the extent of the wretchedness of the tenement. A little cubby-hole leads off from this room, large enough for a three quarters bed, in which the entire family of four sleep. The girls are remarkably bright and lady-like in their behavior, carrying with them an air of refinement one would not expect to find in such a place. They make their living by sewing; their rent is two dollars a week.

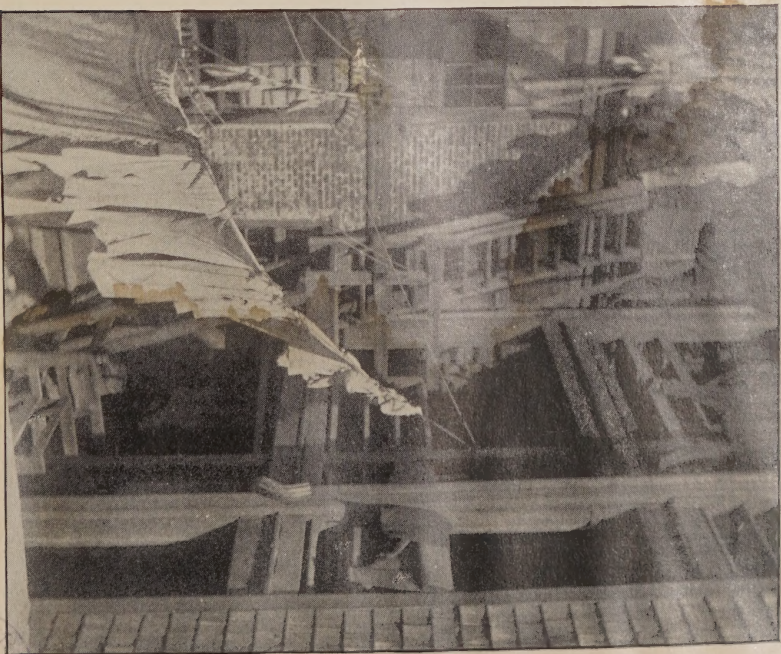
NOTE ON WIDOW AND TWO CHILDREN IN UNDERGROUND TENEMENT. This picture of a squalid underground apartment is typical of numbers of tenements in this part of the city. The widow sews and does any other kind of work she can to meet rent and living expenses; the children sew on pants.

NOTE ON PICTURE OF EXTERIOR OF TENEMENT HOUSE. This picture is from a photograph of one of the many tenements in the North End which front upon blind alleys. The illustration gives the front of the house and the only entrance to it. In this building dwell twenty families. The interior is even more dilapidated and horrible than the entrance. Here children are born, and here characters are moulded; here the fate of future members of the Commonwealth is stamped. Taxes on such a building are relatively low under our present system, so the landlord realizes a princely revenue, and while such a condition remains, it is not probable that he will tear down the wretched old and erect a commodious new building, on which he would be compelled to pay double or triple the present taxes, merely for the comfort and moral and physical health of his tenants.

*NOTE ON ILLUSTRATION OF UNDERGROUND TENEMENT WITH TWO BEDS. These miserable quarters are four steps down from the street. There are two small rooms, one a shop in which kindling wood is stowed, which is gathered up by the children, split and tied in bundles. The mother also sells peanuts and candy. The back room contains a range and two beds which take almost the entire area of the room. In these two rooms several people sleep. One can readily see how unfortunate such a life is from an ethical, no less than social point of view.



CONSTANCE AND MAGGIE (SEE NOTE).



EXTERIOR OF A NORTH END TENEMENT HOUSE (SEE NOTE).



neglectful of the condition of its exiles, when an outlay of a much smaller sum would ensure a prevention of a large proportion of the crime that emanates from the slums; while at the same time it would mean a new world of life, happiness, and measureless possibilities for the thousands who now exist in hopeless gloom.

In a small room fronting an interior court we found a man* whose face bore the stamp of that "hope long deferred which maketh the heart sick." He is, I am informed, a strictly temperate, honest, and industrious workman. Up to the time of his wife's illness and death, which occurred last summer, the family lived in a reasonably comfortable manner, as the husband found no difficulty in securing work on the sea. When the wife died, however, circumstances changed. She left six little children, one almost an infant. The father could not go to sea, leaving his little flock without a protector, to fall the victims of starvation, and since then he has worked whenever he could get employment loading vessels, or at anything he could find. For the past six weeks he has been practically without work, and the numerous family of little ones have suffered for life's necessities. His rent is two dollars and a quarter a week.

In the attic in another tenement we found a widow† weeping and working by the side of a little cradle where lay a sick child, whose large luminous eyes shone with almost phosphorescent brilliancy from great cavernous sockets, as they wandered from one to another, with a wistful, soul-quarrying gaze. Its forehead was large and prominent, so much so that looking at the upper part of the head one would little imagine how terrible the emaciation of the body, which

*NOTE ON ILLUSTRATION OUT OF WORK. The young man photographed in his dismal lodging is a widower with six small children; he is strictly sober, an American by birth, but parents were Scotch and Irish. Until the illness and death of the wife last summer, everything went reasonably well. The husband and father followed the sea and managed to provide for his family, even saving a little. The wife's sickness and burial expenses ate up all and more than he had saved, while being left with so many little children and no one to look after them, he found it impossible to engage in sea voyages; he was compelled to seek work which would enable him to be home at night. This winter, work has been very slack; for six weeks he has only been able to obtain employment for a few days; meantime his rent, which is two dollars and a quarter a week, has eaten up almost all the man could earn. Through the aid of the Baptist Bethel Mission and The Arena Relief Fund, this family has been provided with food and clothes.

†NOTE ON ILLUSTRATION OF PORTUGUESE WIDOW IN ATTIC. In an attic with slanting roof and skylight window lives a poor widow with her little family of four, a full description of which is given elsewhere. The long-continued sickness of the little child has made the struggle for rent and bread very terrible, and had it not been for assistance rendered at intervals, eviction or starvation, or both, must have resulted. This woman and her children are sober, industrious, and intelligent. Cases like this are by no means rare in this city which claims to be practically free from poverty.

was little more than skin and bones, speaking more eloquently than words of the ravages of slow starvation and wasting disease. The immediate cause of the poor woman's tears was explained to us in broken English, substantially as follows: She had just returned from the dispensary where she had been unsuccessful in her effort to have a physician visit her child, owing to her inability to pay the quarter of a dollar demanded for the visit. After describing as best she could the condition of the invalid, the doctor had given her two bottles of medicine and a prescription blank on which he had written directions for her to get a truss that would cost her two dollars and a half at the drug store. She had explained to the physician that owing to the illness of her child she had fallen a week and a half in arrears in rent; that the agent for the tenement had notified her that if one week's rent was not paid on Saturday she would be evicted, which meant death to her child, so she could not buy the truss. To which the doctor replied, "You must get the truss and put it on before giving anything from either bottle, or the medicine will kill your child." "If I give the medicine," she repeated showing us the bottles, "before I put the truss on, he says it will kill my child," and the tears ran swiftly down her sad but intelligent face. The child was so emaciated that the support would inevitably have produced terrible sores in a short time. I am satisfied that had the physician seen its condition, he would not have had a heart to order it.

I thought as I studied the anxious and sorrowful countenance of that mother, how hard, indeed, is the lot of the very poor. They have to buy coal by the basketful and pay almost double price, likewise food and all life's necessities. They are compelled to live in frightful disease-fostering quarters, and pay exorbitant rents for the accommodations they receive. When sick they are not always free from imposition, even when they receive aid in the name of charity, and sometimes theology under the cloak of religion oppresses them. This last thought had been suggested by seeing in our rounds some half-starved women dropping pennies into the hands of Sisters of Charity, who were even here in the midst of terrible want, exacting from the starving money for a church whose coffers groan with wealth. O religion, ineffably radiant and exalting in thy pure influence, how thou art often debased by thy professed followers! How much injustice is meted



UNDER-GROUND TENEMENT WITH TWO BEDS (SEE NOTE).



WIDOW AND TWO CHILDREN IN UNDER-GROUND TENEMENT (SEE NOTE).



out to the very poor, and how many crimes are still committed under thy cloak and in thy holy name! Even this poor widow had bitterly suffered through priests who belong to a great communion, claiming to follow Him who cried, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," as will be seen by the following, related to me by Rev. Walter Swaffield, who was personally cognizant of the facts. The husband of this widow was out of work for a time; being too ill to engage in steady work, he found it impossible to pay the required ten cents for seats in the church to which he belonged, and was consequently excluded from his sitting. Shortly after he fell sick, his wife sought the priest, imploring him to administer the sacrament, and later extreme unction, which he positively refused, leaving the poor man to die without the consolation of the Church he had from infancy been taught to love and revere.

It is not strange that many in this world of misery become embittered against society; that they sometimes learn to hate all who live in comfort, and who represent the established order of things, and from the rank of the patient, uncomplaining struggler descend to a lower zone, where the moral nature is eclipsed by degradation and crime, and life takes on a deeper shade of horror. This class of people exist on the brink of a precipice. Socially, they may be likened to the physical condition of Victor Hugo's Claude Frollo after Quasimodo had hurled him from the tower of Notre Dame. You remember the sickening sensation produced by that wonderful piece of descriptive work, depicting the false priest hanging to the eaves, vainly striving to ascend, feeling the leaden gutter to which he was holding slowly giving away. His hands send momentary messages to the brain, warning it that endurance is almost exhausted. Below he sees the sharp formidable spires of Saint-Jean-de-Ronde, and immediately under him, two hundred feet from where he hangs, are the hard pavement, where men appear like pigmies. Above stands the avenging hunchback ready to hurl him back if he succeed in climbing over the eaves. So these poor people have ever below them starvation, eviction, and sickness. Above stands Quasimodo in the form of a three-headed monster: a soulless landlord, the slave master who pays only starvation wages, and disease, the natural complement of the wretched squalor permitted by

the one, and the slow starvation necessarily incident to the prices paid by the other. Their lot is even more terrible when it is remembered that their fall carries with it the fate of their loved ones. In addition to the multitude who are condemned to suffer through uninvited poverty, with no hopeful outlook before them, there is another class who are constantly on the brink of real distress, and who are liable at any time, to suffer bitterly because they are proud-spirited and will almost starve to death before they ask for aid. Space prevents me from citing more than one illustration of this character. In an apartment house we found an American woman with a babe two weeks old and a little girl. The place was scrupulously clean, something very rare in this zone of life. The woman, of course, was weak from illness and, as yet, unable to take in any work to speak of. Her husband has been out of employment for a few weeks, but had just shipped on board a sailing vessel for a cruise of several months. The woman did not intimate that they were in great need, as she hoped to soon be enabled to make some money, and the portion of her husband's wages she was allowed to draw, paid the rent. A week ago, however, the little girl came to the Bethel Mission asking for a loaf of bread. "We have had nothing to eat since Monday morning," she said, "and the little baby cries all the time because mamma can give it no milk." It was Wednesday evening when the child visited the Mission. An investigation substantiated the truth of the child's words. The mother, too proud to beg, struggled with fate, hoping and praying to be able to succeed without asking for aid, but seeing her babe starving to death, she yielded. This case finds many counterparts where a little aid bridges over a period of frightful want, after which the unfortunate are able, in a measure, to take care of themselves.

I find it impossible in this paper to touch upon other cases I desired to describe. The above illustrations however, typical of the life and environment of hundreds of families, are sufficient to emphasize a condition which exists in our midst and which is yearly growing, both in extent and in intensity of bitterness; a condition that is little understood by those who are not actually brought in contact with the circumstances as they exist, a condition at once revolting and appalling to every sense of humanity and justice. We can-



PORTUGUESE WIDOW IN ATTIC (SEE NOTE).



PORTUGUESE WIDOW AND THREE CHILDREN (SEE NOTE).



not afford to remain ignorant of the real status of life in our midst, any more than we can afford to sacrifice truth to optimism. It has become a habit with some to make light of these grim and terrible facts, to minify the suffering experienced, or to try and impute the terrible condition to drink. This may be pleasant but it will never alter conditions or aid the cause of reform. It is our duty to honestly face the deplorable conditions, and courageously set to work to ameliorate the suffering, and bring about radical reformatory measures calculated to invest life with a rich, new significance for this multitude so long exiles from joy, gladness, and comfort.

We now come to the practical question, What is to be done? But before viewing the problem in its larger and more far-reaching aspects, I wish to say a word in regard to the direct measures for immediate relief which it is fashionable among many reformers to dismiss as unworthy of consideration. It is very necessary in a discussion of this character to view the problem in all its bearings, and adjust the mental vision so as to recognize the utility of the various plans advanced by sincere reformers. I have frequently heard it urged that these palliative measures tend to retard the great radical reformatory movements, which are now taking hold of the public mind. This view, however comfortable to those who prefer theorizing and agitation to putting their shoulder to the wheel in a practical way, is, nevertheless, erroneous. There is no way in which people can be so thoroughly aroused to the urgent necessity of radical economic changes as by bringing them into such intimate relations with the submerged millions that they hear the throbbing of misery's heart. The lethargy of the moral instincts of the people is unquestionably due to lack of knowledge more than anything else. The people do not begin to realize the true condition of life in the ever-widening field of abject want. When they know and are sufficiently interested to personally investigate the problem and aid the suffering, they will appreciate as never before the absolute necessity for radical economic changes, which contemplate a greater meed of justice and happiness than any measures yet devised. But aside from this we must not forget the fact that we have a duty to perform to the living no less than to the generations yet unborn. The commonwealth of to-day as well as that of to-morrow demands our aid. Millions are in the quicksands;

yearly, monthly, daily, hourly they are sinking deeper and deeper. We can save them while the bridges are being built. To withhold the planks upon which life and happiness depend is no less criminal than to refuse to face the question in its broader aspects and labor for fundamental economic changes. A great work of real, practical, and enduring value, however, is being wrought each year by those in charge of local missions work in the slums and by individuals who mingle with and study the actual condition of the very poor. The extent of good accomplished by these few who are giving their lives to uplifting society's exiles is little understood, because it is quiet and unostentatious; yet through the instrumentality of the silent workers, thousands of persons are annually kept from starvation and crime, while for many of them new, broad, and hopeful horizons are constantly coming in view.*

Let us now examine a broader aspect of this problem. So long as the wretched, filthy dens of dirt, vermin, and disease stand as the only shelter for the children of the scum, so long will moral and physical contagion flourish and send

* The extent and character of this work will be more readily understood by noting the labor accomplished by the Bethel Mission in the North End, which is doing more than any other single organization in that section of the city for the dwellers of the slums. Here under the efficient management of the Rev. Walter Swaffield, assisted by Rev. W. J. English, work is intelligently pushed with untiring zeal, and in a perfectly systematic manner. From a social and humanitarian point of view, their work may be principally summed up in the following classifications: [1.] *Looking after the temporal and immediate wants of those who are really suffering.* Here cases are quietly and sympathetically investigated. Food is often purchased; the rents are sometimes paid; old clothes are distributed where they are most needed, and in many ways the temporal wants are looked after while kind, friendly visitation of between one and two hundred very needy families comprise a portion of each month's work. [2.] *The sailors' boarding house.* A large, clean, homelike building is fitted up for sailors. Every American vessel that comes into port is visited by a member of the Mission, who invites the sailors to remain at this model home for seamen. In this way hundreds yearly escape the dreadful atmosphere of the wretched sailors' boarding houses of this part of the city, or, what is still more important, avoid undreamed-of vice, degradation, and disease by going with companions to vile dens of infamy. [3.] *Securing comfortable homes and good positions for the young who are thus enabled to rise out of the night and oppression of this terrible existence.* This, it is needless to add, is a very difficult task, owing to the fact that society shrinks from its exiles; few persons will give any one a chance who is known to have belonged to the slums. Nevertheless good positions are yearly secured for several of these children of adversity. [4.] *The children's free industrial school in which the young are taught useful trades, occupations, and means of employment.* In this training school the little girls are taught to make themselves garments. The material is furnished them free and when they have completed the garment it is given them. [5.] *Summer vacations in the country for the little ones* are provided for several hundred children; some for a day, some a week, some two weeks as the exigencies of the case require and the limited funds permit. These little oases in the children's dreary routine life are looked forward to with even greater anticipations of joy than is Christmas in the homes of the rich. I have cited the work of this Mission because I have personally investigated its work, and have seen the immense good that is being done with the very limited funds at the command of the Mission, and also to show by an illustration how much may be accomplished for the immediate relief of the sufferers. A grand palliative work requiring labor and money. It is not enough for those who live in our great cities to contribute to such work, they should visit these quarters and see for themselves. This would change many who to-day are indifferent into active missionaries.

forth death-dealing germs; so long will crime and degradation increase, demanding more policemen, more numerous judiciary, and larger prisons. No great permanent or far-reaching reformation can be brought about until the habitations of the people are radically improved. The recognition of this fact has already led to a practical palliative measure for relief that must challenge the admiration of all thoughtful persons interested in the welfare of society's exiles. It is a step in the direction of justice. It is not merely a work of charity; it is, I think, the most feasible immediate measure that can be employed which will change the whole aspect of life for tens of thousands, making existence mean something, and giving a wonderful significance to the now meaningless word home. I refer to the erection of model tenement apartments in our overcrowded sections, such, for example, as the Victoria Square dwelling of Liverpool. Here, on the former site of miserable tenement houses, sheltering more than a thousand people, stands to-day a palatial structure built around a hollow square, the major part of which is utilized as a large shrub-encircled playground for the children. The halls and stairways of the building are broad, light, and airy; the ventilation and sanitary arrangements perfect. The apartments are divided into one, two, and three rooms each. No room is smaller than 13 x 8 feet 6 inches; most of them are 12 x 13 feet 4 inches. All the ceilings are 9 feet high. A superintendent looks after the building. The tenants are expected to be orderly, and to keep their apartments clean. The roomy character of halls and chambers may be inferred from the fact that there are only two hundred and seventy-five apartments in the entire building. The returns on the total expenditure of the building, which was \$338,800.00, it is estimated will be at least 4½ per cent, while the rents are as follows: \$1.44 per week for the three-room tenement, \$1.08 per week for those containing two large rooms, and 54 cents for the one-room quarters. In Boston, the rents for the dreadful one-room cellar are \$1.00 a week; for the two-room tenements above the cellars, the rent, so far as I heard, ranged from \$1.50 to \$2.50; three rooms were, of course, much higher. The rooms also are far smaller here than those in the beautiful, healthful, and inviting Victoria Square apartments. Yet it will be observed that the Shylock landlords receive *more than*

double the rental paid in this building for dens which would be a disgrace to barbarism. A similar experiment, in many respects even more remarkable than that recently inaugurated by the Liverpool co-operation, is exhibited in the Peabody dwellings in London. These apartments have been in successful operation for so many years, while the results attending them have been so marked and salutary, that no discussion of this subject would be complete that failed to give some of the most important facts relating to them. I know of no single act of philanthropy that towers so nobly above the sordid greed of the struggling multitude of millionnaires, as does this splendid work of George Peabody, by which to-day twenty thousand people, who but for him would be in the depths of the slums, are fronting a bright future, and with souls full of hope are struggling into a higher civilization. It will be remembered that Mr. Peabody donated at intervals extending over a period of eleven years, or from 1862 to 1873, £500,000 or \$2,500,000 to this project of relieving the poor. He specified that his purpose was to ameliorate the condition of the poor and needy of London, and promote their comfort and happiness, making only the following conditions:—

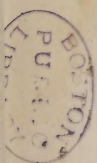
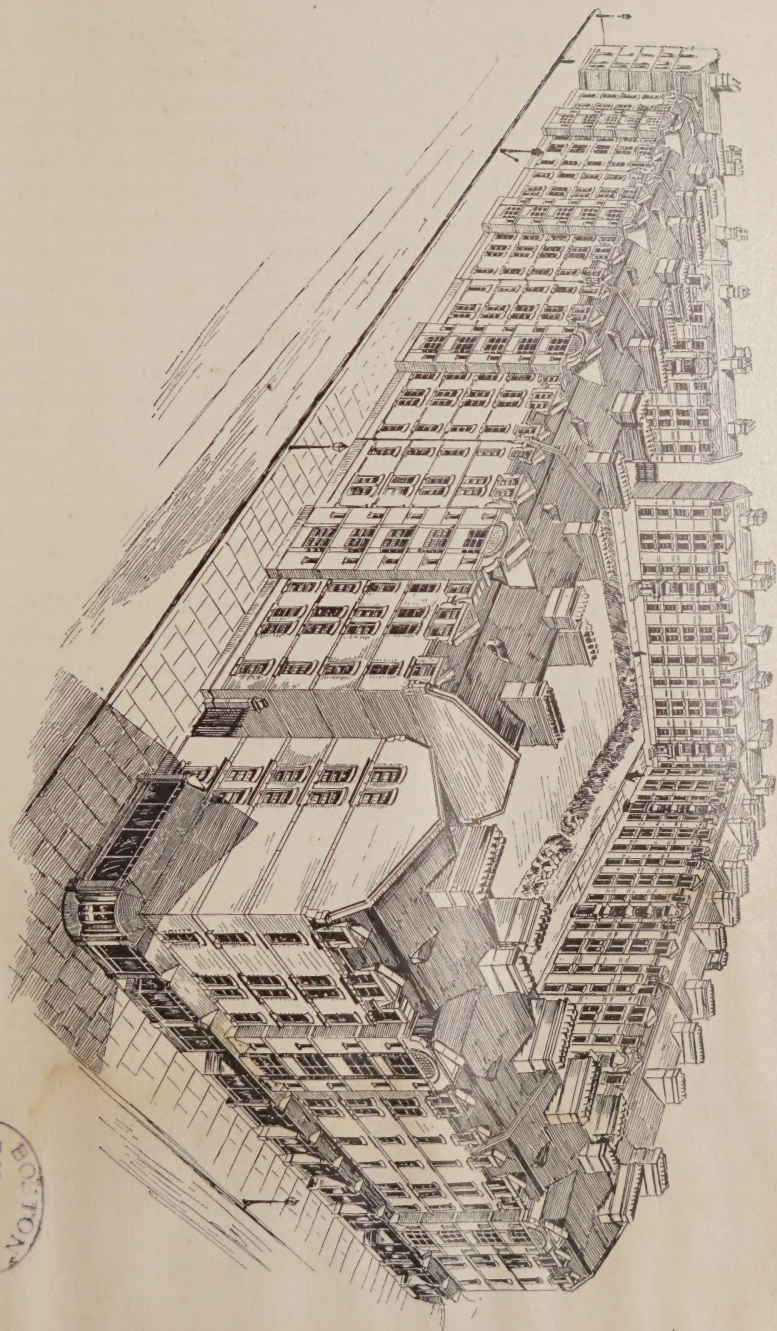
“*First* and foremost amongst them is the limitation of its uses, absolutely and exclusively, to such purposes as may be calculated directly to ameliorate the condition and augment the comforts of the poor, who, either by birth or established residence, form a recognized portion of the population of London.

“*Secondly*, it is my intention that now, and for all time, there shall be a rigid exclusion from the management of this fund, of any influences calculated to impart to it a character either sectarian as regards religion, or exclusive in relation to party politics.

“*Thirdly*, it is my wish that the sole qualification for a participation in the benefits of the fund shall be an ascertained and continued condition of life, such as brings the individual within the description (in the ordinary sense of the word) of the poor of London: combined with moral character, and good conduct as a member of society.”

Realizing that little could be hoped for from individuals or their offspring, who were condemned to a life in vile dens, where the squalor and wretchedness was only equalled by the poisonous, disease-breeding atmosphere and the general filth which characterized the tenement districts, the trustees

THE VICTORIA SQUARE APARTMENT HOUSE, LIVERPOOL, ENG.



Mr. Peabody selected to carry forward his work, engaged in the erection of a large building accommodating over two hundred, at a cost of \$136,500. This apartment house, which is substantially uniform with the seventeen additional buildings since constructed from the Peabody fund, is five stories high, built around a hollow square, thus giving plenty of fresh air and sunshine to the rear as well as the front of the entire building. The square affords a large playground for the children where they are in no danger of being run over by vehicles, and where they are under the immediate eye of many of the parents. The building is divided into tenements of one, two, and three room apartments, according to the requirements of the occupant. There are also nine stores on the ground floor, which bring a rental of something over \$1,500 a year for each of the buildings. By careful, honest, and conscientious business management, the original sum of \$2,500,000 has been almost doubled, while comfortable, healthful homes have been procured for an army of over 20,000 persons. Some of the apartments contain four rooms, many three, some two, others one. The average rent is about \$1.15 for an apartment. The average price for three-room apartments in the wretched tenements of London, is from \$1.45 a week. In the Peabody dwellings, the death rate is .96 per one thousand below the average in London. Thus it will be seen that while large, healthful, airy, and cheerful homes have been provided for over 20,000 at a lower figure than the wretched disease-fostering and crime-breeding tenements of soulless Shylocks, the Peabody fund has, since 1862, grown to nearly \$5,000,000, or almost twice the sum given for the work by the great philanthropist. No words can adequately describe the magnitude of this splendid work, any more than we can measure the good it has accomplished, the crime prevented, or the lives that through it have grown to ornament and bless society. In the Liverpool experiment, the work has been prosecuted by the municipal government. In the Peabody dwellings, it has, of course, been the work of an individual, carried on by a board of high-minded, honorable, and philanthropic gentlemen. To my mind, it seems far more practicable for philanthropic, monied men to prosecute this work as a business investment, specifying in their wills that rents shall not rise above a figure necessary to insure a fair interest on the money,

rather than leave it for city governments, as in the latter case it would be in great danger of becoming an additional stronghold for unscrupulous city officials to use for political purposes. I know of no field where men with millions can so bless the race as by following Mr. Peabody's example in our great cities. If, instead of willing every year princely sums to old, rich, and conservative educational institutions, which already possess far more money than they require, — wealthy persons would bequeath sums for the erection of buildings after the manner of the Victoria Square or the Peabody Dwellings, a wonderful transformation would soon appear in our cities. Crime would diminish, life would rise to a higher level, and from the hearts and brains of tens of thousands, a great and terrible load would be lifted. Yet noble and praiseworthy as is this work, we must not lose sight of the fact, that at best it is only a palliative measure: a grand, noble, beneficent work which challenges our admiration, and should receive our cordial support; still it is only a palliative.

There is a broader aspect still, a nobler work to be accomplished. As long as speculation continues in that great gift of God to man, *land*, the problem will be unsettled. So long as the landlords find that the more wretched, filthy, rickety, and loathsome a building is, the lower will be the taxes, he will continue to make some of the ever-increasing army of bread winners dwell in his foul, disease-impregnated dens.

The present economic system is being rapidly outgrown. Man's increasing intelligence, sense of justice, and the humanitarian spirit of the age, demand radical changes, which will come immeasurably nearer securing equal opportunities for all persons than the past dreamed possible. No sudden or rash measure calculated to convulse business and work great suffering should be entertained, but our future action should rest on a broad, settled policy founded upon justice, tempered by moderation, keeping in view the great work of banishing uninvited poverty, and elevating to a higher level the great struggling millions without for a moment sacrificing individualism. Indeed, a truer democracy in which a higher interpretation of justice, and a broader conception of individual freedom, and a more sacred regard for liberty, should be the watchword of the future.

EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY PROF. JAS. T. BIXBY, PH. D.

IN the life and letters of Charles Darwin there is a memorandum, copied from his pocket note-book of 1837, to this effect: — “In July, opened first notebook on Transmutation of Species. Had been greatly struck with the character of the South American fossils and the species on Galapagos Archipelago.”

These facts, he says, were the origin of all his epoch-making views as to the development of life and the work of natural selection in evolving species.

His suspicions that species were not immutable and made at one cast, directly by the fiat of the Creator, seemed to him, at first, he says, almost like murder.

To the greater part of the church, when in 1859, after twenty years of work in accumulating the proofs of his theory, he at last gave it to the world, it seemed quite as bad as murder.

It is very interesting now to look back upon the history and career of the Darwinian theory in the last thirty years; to recall, first the fierce outcry and denunciation it elicited, then the gradual accumulation of corroboratory evidence from all quarters in its favor; the accession of one scientific authority after another to the new views; the softening, little by little, of ecclesiastical opposition; its gradual acceptance by the broad-minded alike in theological and scientific circles; then, in these recent years, the exaltation of the new theory into a scientific and philosophic creed, wherein matter, force, and evolution constitute the new trinity, which, unless the modern man piously believes, he becomes anathematized and excommunicated by all the priests of the new dogmatism.

In the field of science, undoubtedly, evolution has won the day. Nevertheless, in religious circles, old time prejudices and slow conservatism, clinging to its creeds, as the hermit crab clings to the cast-off shell of oyster or clam,

still resist it. The great body of the Christian laity looks askance on it. And even in progressive America, one of the largest and most liberal of American denominations has recently formally tried and condemned one of its clergy for heresy, for the publication of a book in which the principles of Evolution are frankly adopted and applied to Christianity. For a man to call himself a Christian Evolutionist is (we have been told by high Orthodox authority) a contradiction in terms.

I think it is safe to say to-day that Evolution has come to stay. It is too late to turn it out of the mansions of modern thought. And it is, therefore, a vital question, "Can belief in God, and the soul, and divine revelation abide under the same roof with evolution in peace? Or must Christianity vacate the realm of modern thought and leave it to the chilling frosts of materialism and scepticism?"

Now, if I have been able to understand the issue and its grounds, there is no such alternative, no such incompatibility between Evolution and Christianity.

There is, I know, a form of Evolution and a form of Christianity, which are mutually contradictory.

There is a form of Evolution which is narrowly materialistic. It dogmatically asserts that there is nothing in existence but matter and physical forces, and the iron laws according to which they develop. Life, according to this school, is only a product of the happy combination of the atoms; feeling and thought are but the iridescence of the brain tissues; conscience but a transmuted form of ancestral fears and expediences. Soul, revelation, providence, nothing but illusions of the childish fancy of humanity's infancy. Opposed to it, fighting with all the intensity of those who fight for their very life, stands a school of Christians who maintain that unless the special creation of species by divine fiat and the frequent intervention of God and His angels in the world be admitted, religion has received its death wound. According to this school, unless the world was created in six days, and Joshua commanded the sun to stand still and it obeyed, and Hezekiah turned the solar shadow back on the dial, and Jesus was born without human father, and unless some new miracle will interfere with the regular course of law, of rain and dew, of sickness and health, of cause and effect, whenever a believer lifts up his voice in prayer, why then, the very foundations of religion are destroyed.

Now, of course, between a Christianity and an Evolutionism of this sort, there is an irreconcilable conflict. But it is because neither of them is a fair, rational, or true form of thought.

When the principle of Evolution is properly comprehended and expounded; when Christianity is interpreted in the light that history and philosophy require, — the two will be found to have no difficulty in joining hands.

Though a purely naturalistic Evolutionism may ignore God; and a purely supernatural religion may leave no room for Evolution, a natural religion and a rational Evolutionism may yet harmoniously unite in a higher and more fruitful marriage.

Let us only recognize *Evolution by the divine spirit, as the process of God's working in the world*, and we have then a theory which has a place and a function, at once for all that the newest science has to teach and the most venerable faith needs to retain.

In the first place, Evolution is not itself a cause. It is no force in itself. It has no originating power. It is simply a method and law of the occurrence of things. Evolution shows that all things proceed, little by little, without breach of continuity; that the higher ever proceeds from the lower; the more complex ever unfolds from the more simple. For every species or form, it points out some ancestor or natural antecedent, from which by gradual modification, it has been derived. And in natural selection, the influence of the environment, sexual selection, use and disuse, sterility, and the variability of the organism, Science shows us some of the secondary factors or conditions of this development. But none of these are supposed by it to be first causes or originating powers. What these are, science itself does not claim the right as yet to declare.

Now, it is true that this unbroken course of development, this omnipresent reign of law, is inconsistent with the theological theories of supernatural intervention that have so often claimed a monopoly of faith. But independent of all scientific reasons, on religious and philosophical grounds themselves, this dogmatic view is no longer to be accepted. For if God be the God of all-seeing wisdom and foresight that reverence conceives him to be, his work should be too perfect from the outset to demand such changes of plan and

order of working. The great miracle of miracles, as Isaac Taylor used to say, is that Providence needs no miracles to carry out its all-perfect plans.

But if, I hear it asked, the huge machine of the universe thus grinds on and has ever ground on, without interruption; if every event is closely bound to its physical antecedent, life to the cell, mind to brain, man to his animal ancestry and bodily conditions,—what other result will there be than an inevitable surrender to materialism? When Laplace was asked by Napoleon, on presenting to him his famous essay on the nebular hypothesis of the origin of the stellar universe, “Why do I see here no mention of the Deity?” the French astronomer proudly replied: “Sire, I have no need of that hypothesis.”

Is not that the natural lesson of Evolutionism, to say that God is a hypothesis, no longer needed by science and which progressive thought, therefore, better dismiss?

I do not think so. Old time materialism dismissed the idea of God because it dismissed the idea of a beginning. The forces and phenomena of the world were supposed eternal; and therefore a Creator was unnecessary. But the conception of Evolution is radically different. It is a movement that demands a motor force behind it. It is a movement, moreover, that according to the testimony of modern science cannot have been eternal. The modern theory of heat and the dissipation of energy requires that our solar system and the nebula from which it sprang should have had a beginning in some finite period of time. The evolutionary process cannot have been going on forever; for the amount of heat and the number of degrees of temperature and the rate of cooling, are all finite, calculable quantities, and therefore the process cannot have been going on for more than a certain finite number of years, more or less millions, say. Moreover, if the original fire-mist was perfectly homogeneous, and not impelled into motion by any external force, it would never have begun to rotate and evolve into planets and worlds. If perfectly homogeneous, it would have remained, always balanced and always immobile. To start it on its course of rotation and evolution, there must have been either some external impelling power, or else some original differentiation of forces or conditions; for which, again, some other cause than itself must be supposed. For the well-known

law of inertia forbids that any material system that is in absolute equilibrium should spontaneously start itself into motion. As John Stuart Mill has admitted, "the laws of nature can give no account of their own origin."

In the second place, notice that the materialistic interpretation of Evolution fails to account for that which is most characteristic in the process, the steady progress it reveals. Were Evolution an aimless, fruitless motion, rising and falling alternately, or moving round and round in an endless circle, the reference of these motions to the blind forces of matter might have, perhaps, a certain plausibility. But the movements of the evolution process are of quite a different character. They are not chaotic; no barren, useless circlings back to the same point, again and again; but they are progressive; and if often they seem to return to their point of departure, we see, on close examination, that the return is always on a higher plane. The motion is a spiral one, ever advancing to loftier and loftier ranges. Now this progressive motion is something that no accidental play of the atoms will account for. For chance builds no such rational structures. Chance writes no such intelligent dramas, with orderly beginning, crescendo, and climax. Or if some day, chance builds a structure with some show of order in it, to-morrow it pulls it down. It does not move steadily forward with permanent constructiveness.

The further Science penetrates into the secrets of the universe the more regular seems the march of thought presented there; the more harmonious the various parts; the more rational the grand system that is discovered. "How the one force of the universe should have pursued the pathway of Evolution through the lapse of millions of ages, leaving traces so legible by intelligence to-day, unless from beginning to end the whole process had been dominated by intelligence," this is something, as Francis Abbot well says, that passes the limits of conjecture. The all-luminous intelligibility of the universe is the all-sufficient proof of the intelligence of the cause that produced it. In the annals of science there is nothing more curious than the prophetic power which those savans have gained who have grasped this secret of nature—the rationality of the universe. It was by this confidence in finding in the hitherto unexplored domains of nature what reason demanded, that

Goethe, from the analogies of the mammalian skeleton, discovered the intermaxillary bone in man; and Sir William Hamilton, from the mathematical consequences of the undulation of light, led the way to the discovery of conical refraction. A similar story is told of Prof. Agassiz and Prof. Pierce, the one the great zoölogist, the other the great mathematician, of Cambridge. Agassiz, having studied the formation of radiate animals, and having found them all referable to three different plans of structure, asked Prof. Pierce, without informing him of his discovery, how to execute all the variations possible, conformed to the fundamental idea of a radiated structure around a central axis. Prof. Pierce, although quite ignorant of natural history, at once devised the very three plans discovered by Agassiz, as the only fundamental plans which could be framed in accordance with the given elements. How significantly do such correspondences speak of the working of mind in nature, moulding it in conformity with ideas of reason. Thus to see the laws of thought exhibiting themselves as also the laws of being seems to me a fact sufficient of itself to prove the presence of an over-ruling mind in nature.

Is there any way of escaping this obvious conclusion? The only method that has been suggested has been to refer these harmonies of nature back to the original regularity of the atoms. As the drops of frozen moisture on the window pane build up the symmetrical frost-forms without design or reason, by virtue of the original similarity of the component parts, so do the similar atoms, without any more reason or plan, build up the harmonious forms of nature.

But this answer brings us face to face with a third still more significant problem, a still greater obstacle to materialism. Why are the atoms of nature thus regular, thus similar, one to another? Here are millions on millions of atoms of gold, each like its fellow atom. Millions and millions atoms of oxygen, each with the same velocity of movement, same weight and chemical properties. All the millions on millions on millions of atoms on the globe are not of infinitely varied shape, weight, size, quality; but there are only some seventy different kinds, and all the millions of one kind, just as like one another as bullets out of the same mould, so that each new atom of oxygen that comes to a burning

flame does the same work and acts in precisely the same way as its fellows. Did you ever think of that? If you have ever realized what it means, you must recognize this uniformity of the atoms, billions and billions of them as like one another as if run out of the same mould — as the most astonishing thing in nature.

Now, among the atoms, there can have been no birth, no death, no struggle for existence, no natural selection to account for this. What other explanation, then, in reason is there, than to say, as those great men of science, Sir John Herschel and Clerk Maxwell, who have, in our day, most deeply pondered this curious fact, have said, that this division of all the infinity of atoms in nature into a very limited number of groups, all the billions of members in each group substantially alike in their mechanical and chemical properties, “gives to each of the atoms the essential characters at once of a manufactured article and a subordinate agent.”

Evolution cannot, then, be justly charged with materialism. On the contrary, it especially demands a divine creative force as the starter of its processes and the endower of the atoms with their peculiar properties. The foundation of that scientific system which the greatest of modern expositors of Evolution has built up about that principle (Herbert Spencer's synthetic philosophy) is the persistence of an infinite, eternal, and indestructible force, of which all things that we see are the manifestations.

To suppose, as many of the camp-followers of the evolution philosophy do, that the processes of successive change and gradual modification, which have been so clearly traced out in nature, relieve us from the need or right of asking for any anterior and higher cause of these processes; or that because the higher and finer always unfolds from the lower and coarser, therefore there was really nothing else in existence, either at the beginning or at present, than these crude elements which alone disclose themselves at first; and that these gross, sensuous facts are the only source and explanation of all that has followed them,—this is a most superficial and inadequate view. For this explanation, as we have already noticed, furnishes no fountain-head of power to maintain the constant upward-mounting of the waters in the world's conduits. It furnishes no intelligent directions of these streams into ever wise and ordered channels. To explain the higher life

that comes out of these low beginnings, we must suppose the existence of spiritual powers, unseen at first, and disclosing themselves only in the fuller, later results, the moral and spiritual phenomena that are the crowning flower and fruit of the long process. When a thing has grown from a lower to a higher form, its real rank in nature is not shown by what it began in, but by what it has become. Though chemistry has grown out of alchemy, and astronomy out of astrology, this does not empty them of present truth or impair at all their authority and trustworthiness to-day. Though man's mind has grown out of the sensations of brutish ancestors, that does not take away the fact that he has now risen to a height from which he overlooks all these mists and sees the light which never was on sea or land. The real beginning of a statue is not in the rough outline in which it first appears, but in the creative idea of the perfect work which regulates its whole progress. The real nature of a tree is not to be discovered in the first swellings of the acorn, or the first out-pushing of its rootlets, but rather are acorn and rootlet themselves parts of that generic idea, that *evolutive potentiality*, which is only to be understood when manifested in its completer form in the full-grown monarch of the forest. So to discern the real character and motor-power of the world's evolution, we must look, not to its beginnings, but to its end, and see in the latest stages, and its highest moral and spiritual forms and forces, not disguises of its earlier stages, but ampler manifestations of that Divine power and purpose which is the ever-active agent, working through all the varied levels of creation.

The evolution theory is, also, it must be acknowledged, hostile to that phase of theology which conceives of God as a being outside of nature; which regarded the universe as a dead lump, a mechanical fabric where the Creator once worked, at the immensely remote dawn of creation; and to which again, for a few short moments, this transcendental Power stooped from His celestial throne, when the successive species of living beings were called into being in brief exertions of supernatural energy. But this mechanical view of God who, as Goethe said, "only from without should drive and twirl the universe about," what a poor conception of God, after all, was that; not undeserving the ridicule of the great German.

Certainly, the idea of God which Wordsworth has given us, as a Power not indefinitely remote, but ever present and infinitely near,

“A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things,”

is a much more inspiring and venerable thought. This is the conception of God that Paul has given us, “the God in whom we live and move and have our being;” this is the conception that the book of Wisdom gives us, “as the Divine Spirit who filleth the world.”

And to this conception of God, Evolution has no antagonism, but on the contrary, throws its immense weight in its favor. Evolution, in fact, instead of removing the Deity from us, brings him close about us; sets us face to face with his daily activities. The universe is but the body of which God is the soul; “the Interior Artist,” as Giordano Bruno used to say, who from within moulds his living shapes of beauty and power. What else, in fact, is Evolution but the secular name for the Divine Indwelling; the scientific alias for the growth and progressive revelation of the Holy Spirit, daily putting off the old and putting on the new; constantly busy from the beginning of time to this very day moulding and forwarding his work?

Not long ago I came across the mental experience of a working geologist which well illustrates this. “Once in early boyhood,” says Mr. James E. Mills, “I left a lumberman’s camp at night to go to the brook for water. It was a clear, cold, moonlight night and very still, except the distant murmuring of the Penobscot at some falls. A sense of the grandeur of the forest and rivers, the hills, and sky, and stars came over the boy, and he stood and looked around. An owl hooted, and the hooting was not a cheerful sound. The men were all asleep, and the conditions were lonely enough. But there was no feeling of loneliness; for with the sense of the grandeur of creation, came the sense, very real and strong, of the Creator’s presence. In boyish imagination, I could see His almighty hand shaping the hills and scooping out the valleys, spreading the sky overhead, and making trees, animals, and men. Thirty years later I camped alone in the open air on the bank of the Gila. It was a clear, cold, moonlight night. The camp-fire was low, for the Apaches were on the war-

path. An owl again hooted ; but again all loneliness was dispelled by a sense of the Creator's presence, and the night of long ago by the Penobscot came into my mind, and with it the question : What is the difference to my mind between the Creator's presence now and then ? To the heart, it was very like, but to the mind very different. Now, no great hand was shaping things from without. But God was everywhere, reaching down through long lines of forces, and shaping and sustaining things from within. I had been travelling all day by mountains of lava which had cooled long ages ago, and over grounds which the sea, now far off, had left on its beaches ; and with the geologist's habit recalled the lava still glowing and flowing, and the sea still rolling its pebbles on the beaches. But now I knew it was by forces within the earth that the lava was poured out, and that the waves which rolled the pebbles were driven by the wind and the wind by the sun's heat. And the forces within the earth and the heat within the sun come from still further within. Inward, always inward, the search for the original energy and law carried my mind, for He whose will is the source of all force, and whose thought is the source of all law is on the inside of the universe. The kingdom of God is within you."

"Now this change from the boyish idea of God creating things from without, to the manhood's view of God creating and sustaining all things from within," is indeed as this working geologist so well says, "the essential change which modern science has wrought in the habit of religious thought. From Copernicus to Darwin, every important step in the development of science has cost the giving up of some idea of a God creating things as man shapes them from without, and has illustrated the higher idea of God reaching His works from within. Every step has led toward the truth that life and force come to the forms in which they are clothed from God by the inner way ; and by the same way, their law comes with them ; and that the forms are the effects of the force and life, acting according to the law."

This is certainly a most noble, uplifting conception of the world. But how, perhaps it will be asked, can we find justification for such a view of the Divine Spirit as indwelling in nature ? It is a question worth dwelling upon, and when we carefully ponder it, we find that one of the phases

of the evolution philosophy that has been a chief source of alarm is precisely the one that lends signal support to this doctrine of Divine Indwelling.

Evolution is especially shrunk from, because it connects man so closely with nature; our souls are traced back to an animal origin; consciousness to instinct, instinct to sensibility, and this to lower laws and properties of force. By the law of the correlation of forces, our mental and spiritual powers are regarded as but transformed phases of physical forces, conditioned as they are on our bodily states and changes; and the soul, it is said, is but a child of nature, who is most literally its mother.

To many minds this is appalling. But let us look it candidly in the face and see its full bearing. We will recall in the first place, the scientific law, no life but from proceeding life. Let us recollect next the dictum of mechanics, no fountain can rise higher than its source. The natural corollary and consequence of this is "no evolution without preceding involution." If mind and consciousness come out of nature, they must first have been enveloped in nature, resident within its depths. If the spirit within our hearts is one with the force that stirs the sense and grows in the plant, then that sea of energy that envelops us is also spirit.

When we come to examine the idea of force, we find that there is only one form in which we get any direct knowledge of it, only one place in which we come into contact with it, and that is, in our own conscious experiences, in the efforts of our own will. According to the scientific rule, always to interpret the unknown by the known, not the known by the unknown, it is only the rational conclusion that force elsewhere is also will. Through this personal experience of energy, we get, just once, an inside view of the universal energy, and we find it to be spiritual; the will-force of the Infinite Spirit dwelling in all things. That the encircling force of the universe can best be understood through the analogy of our own sense of effort, and therefore is a form of will, of Spirit, is a conclusion endorsed by the most eminent men of science,—Huxley, Herschel, Carpenter, and Le Conte. There is, therefore, no real efficient force but Spirit. The various energies of nature are but different forms or special currents of this Omnipresent Divine Power; the laws of nature, but the wise and regular habits of this

active Divine will; physical phenomena but projections of God's thought on the screen of space; and Evolution but the slow, gradual unrolling of the panorama on the great stage of time.

In geology and paleontology, as is admitted, Evolution is not directly observed, but only inferred. The process is too slow; the stage too grand for direct observation. There is one field and only one where it has been directly observed. This is in the case of domestic animals and plants under man's charge. Now as here, where alone we see Evolution going on, it is under the guidance of superintending mind, it is a justifiable inference that in nature, also, it goes on under similar intelligent guidance. Now, it is the observation of distinguished men of science that we see precisely such guidance in nature. There is nothing in the Darwinian theory, as I said, that would conduct species upward rather than downward. To account for the steady upward progress we must resort to a higher Cause. We must say with Asa Gray, "Variation has been led along certain beneficial lines, like a stream along definite and useful lines of irrigation." We must say with Prof. Owen, "A purposive route of development and change, of correllation and inter-dependence, manifesting intelligent will, is as determinable in the succession of races as in the development and organization of the individual. Generations do not vary accidentally in any and every direction, but in pre-ordained, definite, and correllated courses." This judgment is one which Prof. Carpenter has also substantially agreed with, declaring that the history of Evolution is that of a consistent advance along definite lines of progress, and can only be explained as the work of a mind in nature.

The old argument from Design, it has been frequently said of late, is quite overthrown by Evolution. In one sense it is: *i. e.* the old idea of a special purpose and a separate creation of each part of nature. But the divine agency is not dispensed with, by Evolution; only shifted to a different point of application; transferred from the particular to the general; from the fact to the law. Paley compared the eye to a watch; and said it must have been made by a divine hand. The modern scientist objects that the eye has been found to be no hand-work; it is the last result of a complicated combination of forces; the mighty machine of nature,

which has been grinding at the work for thousands of years. Very well; but the modern watch is not made by hand, either, but by a score of different machines. But does it require less, or not more intelligence to make the watch in this way? Or if some watch should be discovered that was not put together by human hand, but formed by another watch, not quite so perfect as itself, and this by another watch, further back, would the wonder, the demand for a superior intelligence as the origin of the process be any the less? It strikes me that it would be but the greater. The farther back you go, and the more general, and invariable, and simple the fundamental laws that brought all things into their present form, then, it seems to me, the more marvellous becomes the miracle of the eye, the ear, each bodily organ, when recognized as a climax to whose consummation each successive stage of the world has contributed. How much more significant of purposive intelligence than any special creation is this related whole, this host of co-ordinated molecules, this complex system of countless interwoven laws and movements, all driven forward, straight to their mark, down the vistas of the ages, to the grand world consummation of to-day? What else but omniscience is equal to this?

All law, then, we should regard as a divine operation; and all divine operation, conversely, obeys law. Whatever phenomena we consider as specially divine ought, then, to be most orderly and true to nature. Religion, as far as it is genuine, must, therefore, be natural. It should be no exotic, no foreign graft, as it is often regarded, but the normal outgrowth of our native instincts. Evolution does not banish revelation from our belief. Recognizing in man's spirit a spark of the divine energy, "individuated to the power of self-consciousness and recognition of God," as Le Conte aptly phrases it; tracing the development of the spirit-embryo through all geologic time till it came to birth and independent life in man, and humanity recognized itself as a child of God, the communion of the finite spirit with the infinite is perfectly natural. This direct influence of the spirit of God on the spirit of man, in conscience speaking to him of the moral law, through prophet and apostle declaring to us the great laws of spiritual life and the beauty of holiness,—this is what we call revelation. The laws which it observes are superior laws, quite above the plane of material

things. But the work of revelation is not, therefore, infallible or outside the sphere of Evolution. On the contrary, one of the most noticeable features of revelation is its progressive character. In the beginning, it is imperfect, dim in its vision of truth, often gross in its forms of expression. But from age to age it gains in clearness and elevation. In religion, as in secular matters,—it is the lesson of the ages, that “the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”

How short-sighted, then, are they who seek to compress the broadening vision of modern days within the narrow loopholes of mediæval creeds. “There is still more light to break from the words of Scripture,” was the brave protest of Robinson to the bigots of his day. And as we say Amen to that, we may add: “Yes, and more light still to come from the whole heavens and the whole earth.” If we wish to see that light and receive the richest rewards of God’s revealing word, we must face the sun of truth and follow bravely forward.

As we look back upon the long path of Evolution up which God’s hand has already led humanity; as we see from what lowliness and imperfection, from what darkness and grossness God has led us to our present heritage of truth and spiritual life, can we doubt, that, if we go forward obediently, loyal to reason, we shall not find a new heavens and more glorious, above our head, a new earth and a nobler field of work beneath our feet?

THE IRRIGATION PROBLEM IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

UNLESS artesian irrigation is introduced extensively in the central part of both Dakotas, their future, unlike their skies, will be heavily clouded. True, the valley of the Sioux, a strip about seventy-five miles wide from the eastern border, of which Sioux Falls is the chief city, and the valley of the lower Missouri about the same extent south of this, of which Yankton is the metropolis, have never had a crop failure. Also, the Red River Valley in North Dakota, about ten thousand square miles, which contains the famous Dalmryple farm and produces the best wheat in the world, has the same unblemished record as an agricultural area. But these fertile and fortunate sections suffer from the general effect on the country of the drouths in the Jim Valley adjacent, which have been severe for four years and are increasing in severity. In the James or Jim Valley, as it is generally called, the year 1887 showed a partial crop failure, 1888 a little more, 1889 and 1890, a total loss.

Of course, every country is liable to crop failure at times, and must be till man makes his own weather, which will, no doubt, some day be done to an extent now unguessed. Nor is the record of three grievous years out of ten in the agricultural history of a section so very bad, except just in the way it has happened here, with a continuous and cumulative effect. But the central Dakotans have been disheartened, and the cumulative and often, perhaps, exaggerative, reports of their condition spread over the country have checked immigration into the States for the past two years, and thus retarded the growth of the fortunate valleys.

This deplorable condition lately attracted the attention of a young Yale graduate, who is editing an evening paper in Sioux Falls, and he began to collect the views of experts on the question of artesian irrigation.

Mr. Tomlinson, of the *Argus Leader*, had, probably, no idea of the mass of literature with which the theme was potential, and the way the papers, even outside the State, have followed his lead must be flattering to him both as an editor and public-spirited citizen. My indebtedness to Mr. Tomlinson for some of my facts being thus cheerfully acknowledged, let me plunge *in medias res* into the turbid waters of the irrigation problem.

Shall we make it "rain from the earth, when the sky fails"? is now, thanks to an editor, the great Dakotan question. It is a question of many facets. What does it cost, will it pay, is it safe, or must it ultimately poison the ground by sowing the land with salt like a vandal conqueror, and creating a Sahara for immediate posterity? Finally, if it is to be done on a proper scale, how shall the burden of the introduction be borne; by the township, the county, the State, the nation, or by private enterprise? Let us take up these points *seriatum*. Professor Upham, of the United States Geologic Survey, a man of unquestionable honesty and no mean authority generally, thinks that the cost alone demonstrates the futility of attempting the artesian system. He bases his opinion on the Jamestown well, which cost \$7,000. Yet if, as there seems to be no doubt, irrigation will increase the wheat crop by at least ten bushels an acre, even this large expense would be warranted by the increase in land value. But it is probably not known to Professor Upham that wells between Jamestown and Huron are being sunk now for half, in some cases one-third, and in a few cases one-tenth of his reckoning. So with this change of former figures, the question of cost may be said to cut no figure. But will it pay permanently, and to what extent? Prof. G. E. Culver answers this question with great ability. He says positively that it will not materially change climate nor by attraction increase appreciably the annual rainfall, though he thinks it may tend to equalize the distribution of the rainfall. As to climate one might be inclined to disagree with him. There has certainly been a great change in the climate of Utah since irrigation was begun there, and an appreciable change in some parts of Southern California, though not in Colorado, as far as can be learned. It is a well-known fact that rain storms follow the course of streams, and as a system of irrigation multiplies universally

the evaporation of a region, besides multiplying small streams and enlarging others, and as hollows would often be ponded by the waste water, an increase in the area watered by local showers is naturally to be expected. Moreover, the burning winds that so often scorch the crops will be somewhat softened by traversing so much moist ground and so many streams. Trees, too, grow more readily in the moistened land, and in turn protect the land from the hot winds. Given a proper system of irrigation in operation for twenty-five years, and the epithet, treeless, need not be applied to Dakota.

Let us consider irrigation a moment historically. Certainly half of the world's population depend on it to-day. Modern Egypt has the most extensive system ever known, except the one recently unearthed in India, so massive in construction and vast in stretch that one writer has declared it would take the entire wealth of the British Empire to put it again in order. The Egyptian system cost \$200,000,000, and two, sometimes three crops, are raised for one of former times.

No division of the United States has a better credit in commercial circles than Utah, and this is not due to the peculiar institution of polygamy, but to the perfect system of irrigation. The careful husbanding of the waters that come down the Wahsatch Range on mountains, has transmuted a dreary desert of sand and sage brush into what most travellers regard as a garden, and what possibly to the faithful appears symbolically a Paradise.

Senator Stewart, of the United States Irrigation Committee, stated that he had inspected nearly every irrigated region of the world, and knew of no place supplied by so vast a reservoir of water, with either the volume or the pressure of the artesian belt of Dakota. Much of the land in the Jim River Valley is comparatively level and susceptible of sub soil irrigation. It would take from two to three years to put the land in prime condition and to make each acre that is now valued at from three to ten dollars, worth fifty, at least, and probably seventy-five.

Now, \$5,000,000 would more than cover the cost of the suggested irrigation in the Northwest—a mere trifle, if the certainty of crops is thereby guaranteed. Nor is the certainty of crops the only object to be considered. Accord-

ing to dealers in Sioux City, Iowa, the quality of cattle, shipped from some places in Clay and Yankton Counties since the introduction of irrigation, has increased twenty-five per cent., which appears not improbable when we note the difference between the warm, sweet flow of artesian water and the icy, brackish stuff of a prairie slough.

The next and really the most important question—for man should not work for the present and immediate future without the keenest regard to the rights of posterity—is whether, under Dakotan conditions, artesian irrigation is safe; whether there is not danger of its poisoning the ground. Professor Upham unhesitatingly declares that on account of the alkaline and saline properties in these artesian waters a continued use of them for many years would render the land worthless. The assertion is a rounder one than scientific men generally make, and must be received with caution, though emanating from so high a source, for many samples of South Dakotan waters, tested at Brookings, have shown no alkaline reaction at all, and the professor's reasoning seems to rest chiefly upon the North Dakotan waters, which for some reason show larger saline percentages than the South. Then, too, he proceeds on the theory that a yearly supply of one foot of water is necessary, whereas half that amount during the driest year, supplied through the five growing months, would insure good crops. Four inches last July would have saved the harvest. But anyway the entire amount of saline matter in South Dakotan waters, according to Prof. Lewis McLouth, does not, on the average, exceed one fifth of one per cent. after subtracting all inert substances, such as sand, clay, limestone, and iron ores; so that, if six inches of water were applied to the lands, and all evaporated on the surface, the salty crust would be one 1-160 of an inch thick. But as a part of the water would run off into the streams, and much of it, diluted with rain-water, would soak into the ground, the salty ingredients would be mixed at once with at least a foot of the surface earth, and would form less than one fifteenth of one per cent. of the weight of that soil. These ingredients are salts of lime, magnesia, potash, and soda. Now Dr. Bruckner, in an analysis of some soil in Holland, which he pronounces remarkably rich, says that it contains over fifteen per cent. of these same ingredients, or two hundred and twenty-five times as much as six inches of

artesian water would give to a foot of Dakotan soil within a year. So it would take two hundred and twenty-five years for this soil to acquire as much of these saline ingredients as the rich soil of Holland already possesses.

We might go further into this subject and show that every ingredient of these artesian well salts is a necessary food for many plant tissues; but even if the accumulation of salty substances were thought dangerous, it is to be remembered that during five of the ten years since the settlement of the Jim Valley, the rainfall has been ample, and if this average should continue, the land could be allowed to rest from irrigation for one half of the time so that the floods of rain-water would wash away the surplus saline matter.

Enough has now been said to show that in South Dakota, at least, no harm is likely to accrue to the soil under five hundred years, if South Dakota chemists are to be trusted. By that time chemistry will have advanced from an analytic to a creative science, and if what was once ignorantly termed "The Great American Desert" should suddenly lapse into a saline state, a speedy cure for that condition may be counted on with confidence.

Dismissing, then, this danger as something too dim in the distance to be regarded even as ultimately certain, we are confronted with a really grave question — a question fraught with serious immediate peril, if answered practically in the way it seems likely to be, unless patriotic Dakotans co-operate to prevent it. How shall the burden of the cost be borne? The farmers individually are mostly too poor, and in the Northwest, which the oppressions of the railroads and the teachings of Donnelly have honeycombed with tendencies to State socialism, the first answer is, "By the State, of course." But the need of action in this matter is pressing, and the State of South Dakota certainly is too poor at present, for her debt-limit, under her constitution, is already reached.

For the counties to attempt it would be equally difficult, for many persons not directly benefited would be forced to share the expense, and under the pressure of continued hard times an irrigation rebellion might result and most certainly dissatisfaction as to the location of the wells would ensue. There is another plan against which none of these objections can be raised. A bill has been introduced in the legis-

lature, providing that when thirty voters shall so petition, the State engineer of irrigation shall select proper sites for nine six-inch or sixteen four and one half inch wells. An election shall then be held to vote bonds of the township. If they carry, the supervisors shall have these wells sunk, and shall rent the water to such farmers as wish it, at a sum in no case exceeding a *pro-rata* share of seven per cent. of the value of the bonds, the title to the water to go with the title to the land so long as the rent is paid.

The details of the bill are carefully worked out, and it would seem that this plan is feasible. It will enable the present owners to retain their land, and to water it at reasonable cost, while those benefited will bear the expense.

But the great danger is that what is known as private enterprise, which in the West has been as a rule simply the legal twin of highway robbery, will seize the situation which this irrigation problem so temptingly presents. Some of the investment companies are already becoming aware of the possibilities, and are taking advantage of the farmers by buying their land at a nominal price, and it is not improbable that speculators within a year will appropriate ("convey" the wise it call) vast stretches in the Jim Valley, crowding out the present owners and keeping the land comparatively idle for years. This is the peculiar peril of the Dakotas, and the Farmers' Alliance would do well to spend some of their superfluous energy on a co-operative plan of introducing irrigation, else they will be at the mercy of a greedy crowd of embryo Jay Goulds. There is, indeed, no reason why the nation, if it can appropriate money for river and harbor bills, should not appropriate so small a sum as \$5,000,000 to an enterprise of such moment as this, and if the Republican party had a dying glimmer of their olden shrewdness, they would have tightened their relaxing hold on the affections of the Dakotans by a measure of this kind. But so cumbersome is our present system of republican government, that it would take too long in this case to set governmental aid in motion. So, as it is, the Dakotas are between the devil of drouth and the deep sea of further capitalistic oppression, their only hope of a fair solution lying in the township scheme.

Before parting with this theme, as indicative of what might be done with the drouth belt of the Dakotas, the fol-

lowing table deserves a comparative glance. It consists of the tax lists of several California counties before and after the application of irrigation.

COUNTIES.	1879.	1889.
Fresno	\$6,354,596	\$25,387,173
Los Angeles	16,368,649	84,376,310
Merced	5,208,245	14,146,845
Orange	2,817,700	9,270,767
San Bernardino	2,576,973	23,267,955
San Diego	8,525,253	31,560,918
Stanislaus	6,232,368	15,594,003
Solano	2,651,367	6,966,007
Tulare	5,204,777	24,343,013
Total	\$55,939,928	\$234,912,991

A few words more on the first question of cost, which is one a practical mind is always asking and re-asking. The *Aberdeen Daily News*, which ought to know, for there are several wells in its neighborhood easy to study, states that a six-inch well can be put down for less than \$2,300, and that any of the principal wells at Aberdeen, Hitchcock, Redfield, Woonsocket, Huron, or Yankton will irrigate six hundred and forty acres, which would bring the cost to less than \$4.00 per acre for twelve inches of depth during the growing season. Mr. Hinds, of the Hinds ranch, has been charging adjacent farmers, however, only \$1.00 per acre for water from his well, and considers it a paying investment. I cannot resist the temptation of closing this brief inquiry into and commentary upon this most important question by citing a picturesque passage from the *Aberdeen Daily News*:—

“The power of these wells is almost inconceivable. An iron bar eight feet long and two inches in diameter was accidentally dropped into the tubing of one of them, decreasing the flow for a short time, but it was soon ejected by the water with such force as to break the elbow of a strong iron pipe. When the well at Huron was first put down, no make of water mains was strong enough to withstand the full pressure of the water. The same may be said of nearly all the wells. The fact is that the artesian wells of this valley furnish *the mechanical power of the world*. This power requires no fuel, no engines, no repairs, no extra insurance. It never freezes up, nor blows up, nor dries up. *It can be*

managed by a girl baby; \$1,500 will furnish everlasting fifty horse-power. The wonder is that all the woolen, cotton, silk, and linen mills of the world do not rush to take possession of it. It is a Niagara Falls already harnessed for use. All the textile fabrics could be manufactured here cheaper than in any other part of the universe. The time will come when this will be recognized, and natural gas will be extinguished by the giant gushing wells in Dakota."

This vivid writing, this rhetoric of artesian force, may be the result of an editorial fancy that has long bestridden a western boom, instead of tame old Pegasus; but, leaving out the manufacturing prospectus, there can be no gainsay of the statement that, with a million acres of the opulent Dakotan soil under the brilliant Dakotan sun, tended by two thousand artesian wells, the great drouth belt of the Northwest would be the richest agricultural area in the world.

REVOLUTIONARY MEASURES AND NEGLECTED CRIMES.

BY PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

THERE is a crime which has run in wild unbridled career around the globe, from the most ancient recorded time, beginning in barbaric tyranny and robbery of the toiler, advancing with the power and wealth of nations, and flourishing unchecked in modern civilization, sapping the strength of nations, paralyzing the conscience of humanity, impoverishing the spirit and power of benevolence, stimulating with alcoholic energy the mad rush for wealth and power, and making abortive the greater part of what saints, heroes, and martyrs might achieve for human redemption. But alas! such has been its insinuating and blinding power, that it has never been opposed by legislation, and never arrested by the Church, which assumes to obey the sinless martyr of Jerusalem, and to war against all sins, yet has never made war upon this giant sin, but has fondled and caressed it so kindly that the pious and conscientious, believing it no sin or crime, have lost all conception of its enormity, and may never realize it until an enlightened people shall pour their hot indignation upon the crime and the unconscious criminals.

This crime which the world's dazzled intellect and torpid conscience has so long tolerated without resistance, and which antiquity admired in its despotic rulers, splendid in proportion to the people's misery, is that misleading form of intense and heartless selfishness, which grasps the elements of life and happiness, the wealth of a nation, to squander and destroy it in that OSTENTATION which has no other purpose than to uplift the man of wealth and humiliate his humbler brother. That purpose is a *crime*; a crime incompatible with genuine Christianity; a crime which was once checked by the religious fervor of Wesley, but checked only for a time. Its criminality is not so much in the heartless

motive as in its *wanton destruction of happiness and life* to achieve a selfish purpose.

This feature of social ostentation, its *absolute cruelty*, has not attracted the investigation of moralists and pietists. On the contrary, the crime is cherished in the *higher* ranks of the clergy, and an eminent divine in Cincinnati occupying an absurdly expensive church, actually preached a sermon in vindication of LUXURY—defending it on the audacious assumption that it was right because some men had very expensive tastes and it was proper that such tastes should be gratified. A private interview with John Wesley would have been very edifying to that clergyman, as the more remote example of the founder of Christianity had been forgotten.

That squandering wealth in ostentation and luxury is a crime becomes very apparent by a close examination of the act. There would be no harm in building a \$700,000 stable for his horses, like a Syracuse millionaire, or in placing a \$50,000 service on the dinner table, like a New York Astor, if money were as free as air and water; but every dollar represents an average day's labor, for there are more toilers who receive less than a dollar than there are who receive more.* Hence the \$700,000 stable represents the labor of a thousand men for two years and four months. It also represents seven hundred lives; for a thousand dollars would meet the cost of the first ten years of a child, and the cost of the second ten years would be fully repaid by his labor. The fancy stable, therefore, represents the physical basis of seven hundred lives, and affirms that the owner values it more highly, or is willing that seven hundred should die, that his vanity may be gratified.

This is not an imaginative estimate. A thousand dollars would save not one but many lives in the Irish famine. It would save more than a score of lives in New York, if diligently used among those who are approaching the Potter's Field, which annually receives eight thousand of the dead of New York. It would establish, if invested at seven per cent., an institution that would permanently sustain educating to a virtuous manhood, two hundred and fifty of the waifs gathered in from the pollution of the streets, sending

* According to J. R. Dodge, there are five million agricultural laborers in this country whose wages do not average over \$194 a year.

forth fifty redeemed ones every year. When \$700,000 is squandered, such is the amount of human life destroyed, by destroying that for want of which the benevolent are unable to stay the march of disease, of crime, and of death.

The thought of snatching food from the starving, or turning out half-clad men and women to perish in the wintry snow, excites our horror, but which is the greater criminal, he who for avarice thus destroys one family, or he who in riotous ostentation destroys the means that would save a hundred lives? Does the fact that they are not in his presence, or may be a mile or two away, change the nature or results of his act? And does his accidental possession of the basis of life authorize him to destroy it?

It is not unreasonable to say that every thousand dollars wantonly wasted, represents the destruction of the one human life that it would have saved, and while this slaughter of the innocents proceeds, society is cursed with the presence of over 100,000 criminals, paupers, tramps, and vagrants in the State of New York, who might have been reared into respectable citizenship with a small fragment of the wealth that is squandered in the hurtful ostentation that panders to a vicious taste. While poor women in New York are fighting hunger at arm's length, or looking through ash barrels and offal buckets, their wealthy sisters think nothing of spending ten, twenty, or thirty thousand dollars on their toilet, or wearing a \$130,000 necklace, or half a million in diamonds in a Washington court circle,—all of which I hope to see in time condemned by a purer taste as *tawdry and offensive vulgarity*, even if it were not done in the presence of misery as it is. “Twenty-four hours in the slums” (says Julia H. Percy, in the *New York World*)—“just a night and a day—yet into them were crowded such revelations of misery, and depravity, and degradation as having once been gazed upon, life can never be the same afterwards.” Such is life in New York. What it is in “Darkest England,” as portrayed by General Booth, is too wretched and loathsome to be reproduced here. But we must not fail to understand that five sixths of the people of the millionaire's metropolis, New York, live in the tenement-house region, a breeding centre of intemperance, pestilence, crime, and future mobs, where wretched life is crushed to deeper wretchedness by the avaricious exaction of unfeeling land-

lords* worse than those against whom the Irish rebel. Is not the splendor of such a city like the hectic flush on the consumptive's cheek? The statistics of the past year reveal the startling fact that New York is a decaying city; that its population has no natural growth, but had 853 more deaths than births.

The desire for ostentation as one of the great aims of life is invoven into the whole fabric of society to the exclusion of nobler motives, for ostentation is death to benevolence. How many bankruptcies, how many defalcations, and frauds, how many absconding criminals, how many struggles ending in broken-down constitutions, how many social wrecks and embittered lives are due to its seductive influence, because the Church and the moral sentiment of society have not taken a stand against it, and education has never checked it, for it runs riot at the universities patronized by the wealthy.

New York has been said to spend five millions annually on flowers, which is far more a matter of ostentation than of taste, for as a rule "whatever is most costly is most fashionable." Nor is the cost the only evil, for the costly dinners and parties of the ostentatious are not only characterized by an absence of serious and elevated sentiment, but by intellectual poverty and frivolous chatter. To waste \$5,000 for an evening's lavish display of flowers to a thoughtless and crowded throng, almost within hearing of the never-ending moan of misfortune in a city in which police stations shelter 150,000 of the *utterly destitute* every year, is a picturesque way of ignoring that brotherhood of humanity, which is gently and inoffensively referred to on Sunday.

Moralists and pietists have been so utterly blind to the nature of CRIMINAL OSTENTATION, that society is not shocked to read in parallel columns the crushing agonies of famine and pestilence, and the costly revels of aristocracy, or the

* Fifteen to forty per cent. is the usual profit exacted on tenement-house property, according to witnesses before a Senate Committee,— forty per cent. being common. Is not this the plunder of poverty by wealth? Has Ireland anything approaching this or resembling the horrid conditions in New York? "All previous accounts and descriptions" (says Ballington Booth) "became obliterated from my memory by the surprise and horror I experienced when passing through some of the foul haunts and vicious hotbeds which make up the labyrinth of this modern Sodom." "How powerless" (said Mr. Booth) "are lips to describe or pens to write scenes which baffle description, and which no ink is black enough to show in their true colors."

millions wasted on royal families, that manifest about as much concern for the suffering million as a farmer feels for the squealing of his pigs in cold weather. No one is surprised or shocked to hear that in India, a land famed for poverty, famine, and pestilence, the maharajah of Baroda could offer a pearly and jewelled carpet, ten feet by six, costing a million of dollars, as a present to the woman who had pleased his fancy.* How many lives and how much of agony did that carpet represent in a country where five cents pays for a day's labor? Twenty million days' labor is a small matter to a petty prince.

CRIMINAL OSTENTATION stands ever in the way of man's progress to a higher condition, like a wasting disease that comes in to arrest the recovery of a patient. All schemes of benevolence, all efforts to gain a greater mastery of nature's forces, and thus emancipate the race from poverty and pestilence, languish feebly, or totally fail, for want of the resources consumed in the blaze of ostentation. The resources of a Church that might abolish ignorance and pauperism must be given to uphold the royal state of lord bishops, who sit in parliament, and make a heavy incubus on all real progress, obstructing the measures which might uplift into comfort, decency, and intelligence, England's *three millions* of submerged classes who live in destitution and misery.†

The upward progress of humanity is foreign to their thoughts, and the grandest problems of human life and destiny that ever interested the mind of man are investigated not by the aid of the millions that ostentation wastes, but by the heroic labors of the impoverished scholar, thankless until his only reward can be but a monumental stone. How seldom do we hear from the pulpit so bright a remark as that of the Rev. S. R. Calthrop, "If the governments of the world

* This love of ostentation has much to do with the degradation of India. The silver money which should be in circulation is hoarded up or used for silver ornaments. A wedding in that country is not marked by proper preparation for the duties and expenses of conjugal life, but by a display of jewelry and silver. A thousand rupees' worth must be furnished by the bride, and two thousand by the bridegroom, if they are able to raise so much, and sometimes they raise it by going in debt beyond their ability to pay. This love of ostentation marks an inferior type of human development.

† These suggestions are not offered in a hostile spirit. The writer fully realizes the large amount of moral sentiment and fervent piety assembled in the Church to uplift society in this country, but he deeply regrets that it is not more enlightened in ethics and in doctrine, and that the Church has never got rid of its ancient taint, mentioned by the Apostle James, that the brethren paid more respect to the man with a gold ring than a man in cheap clothing.

would spend on scientific discovery a hundredth part of what they spend on killing men, or rather in making preparation for killing men and then not doing it, the secrets of the earth would be laid bare in a time inordinately short." But this very warlike ambition is a matter of CRIMINAL OSTENTATION, like that of the bullying pugilist, seeking the belt—the desperate determination to shine and boast as the master power in the field of war, which is to-day the insane ostentation fostered by the leading powers of Europe. Vanity, literally meaning emptiness, is the antithesis of wisdom, and military vanity is a half-way station on the road to insanity.

The profligacy of private ostentation extends in this country to public life, as was scandalously displayed in the twenty million State House job at Albany (which our arithmetic makes equivalent to twenty thousand lives) and renders all governmental affairs needlessly expensive* (except in that admirable republic Switzerland), nor is it arrested by the solemnity of death, for a prodigal funeral and a hundred thousand dollar tomb for an individual eminent only by wealth is but a fashionable matter of course to-day. Against this my moral sense revolts. Had I the wealth of Cræsus, or the power of Napoleon, I could not consent to the evil record that my last act in life, in ordering a funeral and monument, was the effort to destroy as much as possible, and take from the resources of benevolence that which might gladden a thousand lives. To look back from the enlightened upper world upon such, a monument of base selfishness, would be the hell of conscience; but a simple rose or hawthorn over the couch of the abandoned form would harmonize well with the sentiments of heaven.

What is it but a matter of course, and fashionably proper

* The salary that was sufficient for the commanding dignity and ability of Washington is not sufficient for the third-rate politician who occupies the White House to-day. The numerous allowances which are added to his \$50,000 salary raise it to \$114,865. But why should he have any salary at all? Would any man require the bribe of salary to induce him to accept the Presidency? The honor of the office would be more than sufficient pay for the third-rate men that are accidentally chosen to a far higher rank than nature gave them. We have too many ideas and fashions inherited from old-world kingdoms, and the ridiculous rules and etiquette of precedence and punctilio are as carefully enforced in the court circle of Washington as in the old world which still rules our fashions. But far worse than they, we have the criminal ostentation of a funeral for a Congressman, costing from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars, which is simply an unconstitutional and shameful robbery of the people to imitate the style of royalty.

for a minister representing the moneyless and homeless saint of Jerusalem, to spend in various ways ten or twenty times the average income of an American citizen. But *has any man a right to indulge in needless and therefore profligate expenditure for himself, while misery unrelieved surrounds him?* * Could he, if he had an occasional throb of the sentiment of brotherhood, the divine love enforced by Jesus? Suffering, intense suffering of mind and body, is ever present in society, and *we cannot ignore it* or disregard it. Has any human being a right to look on at human suffering, and turn away contemptuously? to see men drowning and refuse to throw them the plank which lies conveniently by? to pass by the chamber of dying, with loud, unseemly revels? to titter and laugh alongside of the grave where an unrecognized brother is being buried? to feast upon costly wines and far-fetched elaborate viands at tables overloaded with fresh flowers and artistic gold, while the pallid faces of a hundred hungry ones are looking on, and who are not even recognized so much as the dog that receives a bone? To know that the city is attacked by a powerful army and refuse either to enlist for its defence, or to contribute means to help the defenders, would not be tolerated; but to do such things is precisely what selfish and unfeeling wealth demands, and what the aroused conscience of humanity will, ere long, forbid. It refuses to establish the industrial and moral education for all which would protect society from the invading forces of pauperism, crime, and pestilence. It refuses to suspend its costly royal revels until the voices of hunger and despair are silenced. It refuses to moderate its giddy round of fashionable frivolity and ostentation in the very presence of death, in the tenements where human life is reduced to less than half its normal length, so that death and revelry confront each other in the city.

I can imagine the voice of the million which says to the millionaire, we do not ask you to be a hero and leap in to save the drowning; we do not even require you to be a manly man and bestir yourself before a life is lost; but we do say that the

* The writer once started a society upon this principle, to be called the BROTHERHOOD OF JUSTICE. Its principle was the abnegation of selfishness by strictly limiting the expenditure of every member to the amount really necessary to his comfort, dedicating the rest to humanity. It did not appear difficult to gather members, and an able apostle of this principle would be a world's benefactor.

drowning man shall not be doomed to drown by your indifference? but if there is a rope which may be thrown to him, or a plank to uphold him, that rope or that plank shall be used, even if you forbid and claim them as your vested rights. You have no vested rights paramount to the rights of the commonwealth. It can order you in times of danger to all to place your body for the protection of the city in the path of the cannon ball, and if the commonwealth can demand your life for the benefit of all, do you think it will allow its members to be slaughtered in order to sustain your revelry, and leave your piles of hoarded gold and silver to accumulate as a magazine of corruption and danger to society? No, Mr. Millionaire, poverty, pestilence, and crime, are making war upon society and tumbling their slaughtered thousands into Potter's Fields. And if the commonwealth does not demand your personal service, but simply demands that you shall not make perpetual for the sake of ostentation all of the present unnatural inequality, you are surely treated justly and kindly.

When the planter objected to General Jackson's using his cotton bales as a rampart for the defence of New Orleans, tradition says the General ordered him to take a musket and stand behind them as a common soldier. At present we ask only your *superfluous* cotton bales, and it would not be wise for you to oppose our demand. The people remember the unholy distinction of classes thirty years ago, which enabled a favored few patricians to flourish as vampires on the commonwealth, while the plebeians were giving it their sufferings, their blood, and their lives, and hence they seek justice through our enormous system of pensions.

Patricians would retain commanding superiority of wealth for power and ostentation, but the people object to this power and scorn the ostentation.

The immense concentration of wealth by syndicates, corporations, and trusts alarms us all, because we see in it a formidable danger to the republic.* Colonel Higginson

* It is not only in the strong language of many political meetings, conventions, and the independent press, that this danger is recognized, but in that wealthy and conservative body, the United States Senate, it is distinctly recognized and frequently expressed; the language of Senators Ingalls, Stewart, Call, Gorham, Vest, Berry, and others, shows that they are alarmed and would warn their colleagues.

Senator Call, of Florida, said:—"It is well for the people to form some idea of the extent to which the powers of the government are becoming sub-

admits the evil, but denies that any method of counteracting it is known, yet it may easily be shown that we have several effective methods.

Our wealthiest are beginning to have incomes of over \$5,000,000 a year, and it is very plain from the concentration of this wealth that a few wealthy men who could easily form themselves into close and secret corporation, will in time outweigh the entire republic, as Mr. Shearman says that 250,000 families are already a three fourths financial majority.

It was thought that this was impossible in our republic because we had no law of *primogeniture*, but we have another kind of geniture that is very effective. Recent statistics have shown that the very wealthy inhabitants of Fifth Ave-

ject to the control of a very small number of people, and the extent to which these powers are becoming absolute, despotic, monarchical, almost as much so as the Czar of Russia.

"The present system places the control of the wealth of this country in the hands of a very small number of persons, an almost infinitesimal portion of the people; gives them money to buy those who represent the people."

Senator Berry said:—"So much injustice has been done to the people, so many wrongs have been perpetrated in the interests of wealth and capital by the passage of unjust laws, that the people are in open revolt to-day, and they have a right to be; they have determined to have relief, and they are entitled to it."

Senator Stewart said:—"If there is no reason nor humanity in the possessors of accumulated capital there is power in revolution."

Senator Gorman, the Democratic leader in the Senate, said:—"We stand to-day, Mr. President, upon a financial volcano. The labor of the country appeals through every channel it can to this administration and this Congress to stay the awful wreck that is threatened."

The eloquent address of Senator Ingalls presented still more forcibly and fully the evils of plutocracy, which is "threatening the safety if it does not endanger the existence of the republic," by "the tyranny of combined, concentrated, centralized, and incorporated capital." "The conscience of the nation is shocked at the injustice of modern society. The moral sentiment of mankind has been aroused at the unequal distribution of wealth, at the unequal diffusion of the burdens, the benefits, and the privileges of society."

"At this time there are many scores of men, of estates, and of corporations, in this country, whose annual income exceeds, and there has been one man whose monthly revenue since that period exceeds the entire accumulations of the wealthiest citizen of the United States at the end of the last century."

"By some means, some device, some machination, some incantation, honest or otherwise, some process that cannot be defined, less than a two-thousandth part of our population have obtained possession and have kept out of the penitentiary, in spite of the means they have adopted to acquire it, of more than one half of the entire accumulated wealth of the country. That is not the worst, Mr. President. It has been chiefly acquired by men who have contributed little to the material welfare of the country, and by processes that I do not care in appropriate terms to describe." "The people of this country are generous and just, they are jealous also, and when discontent changes to resentment, and resentment passes into exasperation, one volume of a nation's history is closed and another will be opened."

This feeling of resentment must arise in a community which is deeply in debt, and is not prospering. The last census shows in Iowa a mortgage indebtedness equivalent to over five hundred dollars upon every head of a family.

nue, New York, have in one year but one eighteenth as many children as the same number of families in the poorer neighborhood of Cherry Hill. Thus poverty multiplies itself rapidly, while wealth concentrates and needs no primogeniture to hold it together, *because its numbers do not increase*; and a similar fact, but not so extreme, appears in the reference to our Back Bay region in our own statistics, and in the statistics of Philadelphia. Thus it seems that we are destined to have the richest aristocracy by far that the world has ever dreamed of.

We know that concentrated wealth is power—and that great power is always dangerous to its neighbors. Like the slumbering power of dynamite, we are unwilling to have it near us, no matter how well guarded. I hold, therefore, that a republic has a right to guard itself against such dangers as much as the city has a right to prohibit the establishment of powder magazines in the centre of its population.

The profound and prophetic mind of Abraham Lincoln presaged this, and he said: "I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of the war. God grant that my suspicion may prove groundless."

Wealth has a natural tendency to grow into an overwhelming power, for a million of dollars well managed will become \$1,000,000,000 in a century and a half, and there are millionnaires to-day who may become billionnaires in forty or fifty years. But this growth has always been kept down by a generous or prodigal consumption, by ostentatious luxury, by profligacy, by pestilence, and by war. Yet when these checks are diminished; when, as in our republic, the danger of war is removed; when the generous consumption is hindered by wide-spread poverty; when pestilence is checked by sanitary improvements, and industry is enforced on the millions by daily necessity, then that growth of wealth which has been interrupted every few years in the old

world by war, tyranny, taxation, standing armies, ignorance, and disease, will advance in our country as a mighty flood, impelled by the rains from heaven. The flood from heaven which is enriching us is the inspiration of genius in every form of science, art, and mechanical progress, which doubles and redoubles our productive power. We must look to human wisdom for the means of regulating the flow that it may act as a fertilizing rain, and not as a devastating flood, wasting the hillsides into barrenness, and sweeping away the bulwarks that the wise have erected.

It is no rhetorical exaggeration to speak of accumulated and unequal wealth as a dangerous flood. All ancient history proves it to be a danger. Rome, Greece, Egypt, Persia, and India, have shown by their terrible record how wealth in a few hands has ever proved a curse instead of a blessing to society. The pyramids of Egypt, an awful monument of the blood and toil of slaves, are a gloomy record of the senseless ostentation of despots, yet who ever speaks of the pyramids as the monuments of a crime?

Immense wealth for personal use is not a normal desire. It is an unsound, unhealthy appetite, resembling that of gluttony and darkness—an appetite that grows by what it feeds on and becomes insatiable.

It is an unsound appetite, for the increase of wealth already beyond all human wants, adds nothing to a man's comforts or happiness—it adds only to his cares, which it increases, to his selfishness, which it intensifies, and to his power of indulging arrogance and ostentation. It impairs his sympathy with his fellowman, and inflames his egotism.

The superfluous mass of wealth serves only to supply an overruling power destructive to the social rights of others, and a haughty ostentation that humiliates fellow-citizens. It is, therefore, a hostile and dangerous element in a republic, although a few may hold great wealth and resist its insidious influence.

Both extreme wealth and extreme poverty are injurious to man and injurious to society, and if it is the law of nature that the fittest shall survive, the extremely wealthy are not the fittest, for through the centuries they do not survive. The extremely wealthy are dying out, for they do not have children enough to maintain their numbers. It is our duty so to shape our policy as to relieve the commonwealth of

possible dangers from both extreme wealth and extreme poverty. They are twin evils; extreme wealth indicates extreme poverty, as mountains indicate valleys. Wealth, corruption, and despotism, are grouped together in history, as liberty has been grouped with equality, simplicity, hardihood, the mountain and the wilderness.

Great wealth is timid, narrow-minded, and opposed to reform, its method of opposition being corruption, and these characteristics are intensified in hereditary wealth. Wealth everywhere gives power to monopolize the face of the earth, and thus establish a hereditary nobility; for the landlords of millions of acres are the most substantial and formidable lords that society knows, and nowhere in the world have there been greater opportunities to establish such an aristocracy, which may be able to buy and sell the aristocracy of Europe. Our present national wealth, which is about one thousand dollars per capita, represents not the increased wealth of the masses but the enormous accumulations of a few. Our gain of about two thousand millions annually, does it represent the prosperity or the decline of the republic? If it is but aggregation of wealth, it is a decline, it is corpulence instead of strength.

Our social system has the elements of decay already as conspicuous as in the tuberculous patient. Invention increases the power of wealth instead of increasing the resources of manhood, for wealth absorbs and uses machinery and diminishes the relative value of the man by making him a machine attendant. In leather work he sinks from the independent shoemaker, safe in the patronage of his neighbors, to the mere tenth of a shoemaker who if dislodged from the factory is helpless. The independence of the hunter and the farmer is fast disappearing. Population is gathering in cities, and the country becoming the home of tenant farmers or day laborers on large estates. The middle class is declining, and society becoming slowly an aggregation of capitalists and employers, an unhealthy social condition, premonitory of struggles and conflicts that were not possible fifty years ago. At this moment a strike of 150,000 is threatened. But it is not merely the laboring classes, for all classes are threatened by our present dangerous system which is running on to sure destruction, like a locomotive let loose and flying wildly over the railroad. If there were

no other formidable danger, the trust or syndicate is in itself a fatality. When a thousand millions enter the field they enter as master, in the Standard Oil fashion. They can buy out or crush out, as they may choose, every competitor in the field they may seize. There is *not a single form of industry* which they cannot monopolize, and where the monopoly is established, demand what prices they please for that which they alone can supply. Can we imagine the conventional brother Jonathan held down by the throat with iron grip, and his pockets open to the holder, or will he rebel before the grip is fastened? He does not seem aware how well it is fastened upon him already; but something decisive will be done long before a syndicate senate can rule the entire country. Ten years more will introduce the struggle. The struggle must come, for plutocracy is advancing to universal absorption, and labor is becoming defiant, and well it may, for the COMMONWEALTH represents *not money but man*, and when plutocracy, absorbing ninety-five per cent. of the nation's wealth, assumes the practical government, the commonwealth with a firm hand will thrust it aside; but will it be a peaceful change, will the conquerors yield to the conquered? As the vampire bat fans its sleeping victims while absorbing their life blood, the advocates of capital deny that there is any such thing as plutocracy, or anything going on but the natural legitimate and healthful development of trade; and the medical corporations called colleges in seizing a stern monopoly of the healing art, assure us that it is only for the benefit and protection of the dear people who have not sense enough to distinguish between a successful and an unsuccessful doctor, and have so unpardonable a partiality for those who cure them cheaply without college permission. There is nothing too small for monopoly to grasp, not even the cheap dispensing of established remedies from the druggist's counter.

It is a just and patriotic sentiment which looks with apprehension upon the great and irresponsible power developed by extreme wealth, which lifts the wealthy far above society, enabling them to indulge in profligate luxury, and to squander in a single evening's pleasure (or display without pleasure) an amount that would make life prosperous to a hundred suffering families, or on a single piece of architectural splendor, enough to complete the education of the

entire youth of a city — wealth enabling them to rival the despots of Europe in social ostentation, while almost within hearing of their revelry, ten or twenty thousand are suffering from want of employment, want of health, want of education, want of industrial skill, which society did not give them, suffering the slow death that comes through debility, emaciation, and disease, from toil and poverty, the sufferer being sometimes a woman in whom all the virtues have blossomed only to perish in the chilling atmosphere of poverty.* This may be utterly senseless talk to those in whom the sentiment of brotherhood is dead, but it expresses sentiments to which millions respond, and it is refreshing to see that these statements, which at last have found free expression through THE ARENA, are also beginning to find a home in the minds of public leaders, whose voices will compel attention. I allude to the philanthropic expressions of the Emperor of Germany, and to the language of Mr. Gladstone, who shows that the necessity of philanthropic action on the part of the wealthy is increased by their changed attitude, as they are becoming more isolated from the people, and no longer take that friendly personal interest in their tenants and employes of every grade, which was formerly common. In this country, social ostentation is a great power to increase this separation of ranks, and the book of Jacob A. Riis, "How the Other Half Lives," ought to be studied by every wealthy citizen as well as by reformers. Herbert Spencer, in a recent thoughtful essay, refers to this increasing interest in social welfare thus: "He is struck, too, by the contrast between the small space which popular welfare then occupied in the public attention, and the large space it now occupies, with the result that outside and inside Parliament, plans to benefit the millions form the leading topics, and every one having means is expected to join in some philanthropic effort." This is because the millions demand it, and they who, like the writer, have for half a century been interested in behalf of the millions, may now be listened to.

The enormous wealth developed in our republic, in which

* And society is still organized to ensure the perpetuation of this poverty, no matter what the bounties of nature, or what the increase of wealth by art and invention. The army of the dissatisfied, the hungry, and the demoralized, continually grows and becomes more dangerous. The President of the National Home Association at Washington stated a few months since that there were *sixty thousand boy tramps* in the United States.

a single city holds a thousand millionaires, controls the press, controls legislation, and teaches the ambitious to sell themselves to the wealthy who are the controlling power. Under such influences arises that moral insensibility which, in New York, could squander twenty millions on one building, while half the children were out of school, and a large portion of the insane were left wallowing in indecent filth, worse than that of a hog pen, as shown in the Albany *Law Journal*.

In presenting these views, I am not assailing millionaires as men more objectionable or censurable than any other class. It is not true that the mere ability to gain wealth implies moral inferiority, for it implies many substantial and honorable qualities. Reverse the social ranks, give the wealth to the poor, and our condition would not be improved, perhaps it would be much worse. The fault lies in our social system of struggle and rivalry, and while that system generates, as it always has, extreme wealth and extreme poverty, we must combat these two evils, and to control them is the purpose of this essay. Whether a better social system is possible that would PREVENT them, is not now under consideration, but surely there must be a system which will make unlimited wealth and unlimited poverty impossible, for such conditions are incompatible with a permanent, peaceful, and prosperous republic. As well might we expect a successful voyage from a ship with four-fifths of its cargo on the upper deck, as from a republic top heavy with millionaire capital. Can we believe that republics are forbidden by the laws of progress and evolution; that they must, as Macaulay maintained, come to a fatal crisis? I trust not. But does not our social system, inherited from barbarism, built up on the hot ashes left where the fires of war have desolated, necessarily develop that inequality which has swept the great empires of antiquity to their doom. When all the wealth of the nation has fallen into the possession of two per cent. of the population, the period of danger has arrived. Five per cent. of our population had, in 1880, absorbed four fifths of the national wealth, and at present, according to the careful statistics of Mr. Shearman, less than two per cent. hold seven tenths of our wealth, and are rapidly advancing to nine tenths, their progress being assisted by the indirect taxation which places the burden of government on the shoulders of poverty. Popular ignorance of public affairs has tolerated

this, and has tolerated a financial system far worse, which has given capital all possible advantage of labor. We are drifting in the rapids; how far off is our Niagara? But labor is roused, and a change in our system of taxation is imminent.

Unlimited wealth and unlimited poverty are the necessary results of the warlike stage of progress, which develops the conquerors and the conquered in the great battle of life. Unnumbered centuries of tribal and international war have developed to high perfection the wolfish and tigerish instincts of humanity. What is called peace is a state of financial war. Beneath the smooth skin of the civilized man, we find the wolf in undiminished vigor. The triumphant wolf rides in his chariot; the conquered wolf sleeps in the open air along the alleys, wharves, and streets; but what cares the wolf triumphant for that? for the 30,000 homeless in London? The policeman's club, or the bayonet, is the only thing that keeps down riot and arson, and the uncertainty of the result is all that hinders the French, German, and Russian wolves from turning a continent into a pandemonium. Is Europe truly a civilized country? Not if tried by an ethical standard. VON MOLTKE, the great man of Germany, who has so recently passed away, considered war a *permanent* institution.

In this wolfish stage of human development, altruism is almost unknown, except as an eccentricity. It is safe to say, as a general rule to which there are not many exceptions, that *no man is fit to be entrusted with any more than he needs for his own comfortable existence*. Every dollar beyond that sum is wasted in his hands. He has not the faintest conception that he is a trustee of all such wealth, responsible to heaven for its use. As he cannot consume it, he can but squander it to gratify his vanity, and lift himself to a position from which he can, or thinks he can, look down upon his fellows. The leading idea of the average citizen is to construct a palace that will cost ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred times as much as the residence that would be amply sufficient and pleasant.* His talent for the destruction of wealth grows by indulgence, and thus the millions that the financial

* Nob Hill, in San Francisco, is crowned with five huge buildings in imitation of foreign palaces, utterly unfit for private residences, which may possibly sometime be utilized for public purposes. They but illustrate the crazy ostentation of selfish wealth. Can it be possible, as stated by the *St. Joseph Herald*, that "George Vanderbilt is building a genuine old-fashioned mediæval baronial castle at Asheville, N. C., at a cost of \$10,000,000"?

conquerors have won from the conquered are thrown into the blazing flame of ostentation, and might as well be thrown into a literal conflagration. Such is the humanity with which we have to deal at present. Wealth, no matter who holds it, does not restrain the destruction of the resources of the commonwealth, but the growl of the suffering millions may, and may lead to a recognition of the grand truth that everything beyond the demands of human comfort is a sacred trust for humanity, and with the millions thus aroused, I believe it may be possible to introduce laws which will gradually change the entire condition of society, and leave in this broad land neither an American prince nor an American beggar — a change which will be a greater forward movement than that of 1776.

The leading purpose of such legislation will be the controlling of that lawless selfishness, which wantonly destroys all in which the community is interested; which on the prairies exterminates the buffalo, in the mountains and forests destroys the timber, bringing on as a consequence the drouth, floods, and desolate barrenness, under which a large part of the old world is suffering; which would exterminate the seals if government did not interfere, and would infect every city with pestilential odors of offensive manufactories; which would destroy the people's national money for the benefit of private bankers, and pervert all the powers of government for the benefit of monopoly and organized speculation.

May we not look to that struggle for justice which to-day assumes the forms of Nationalism, Farmers' Alliance, People's Party, Knights of Labor, and Land Nationalization, to accomplish this purpose and emancipate the present from the barbarian ideas of the past?

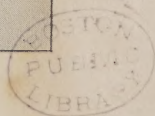
(*To be concluded in July Arena.*)

HAS SPENCER'S DOCTRINE OF INCONCEIVABILITY DRIVEN RELIGION INTO THE UNKNOWABLE?

BY REV. T. ERNEST ALLEN.

THE service rendered to humanity by Mr. Herbert Spencer in the elaboration of the Synthetic Philosophy, should command the admiration and gratitude of all broad-minded men. There are certain fallacies in the argument by which Religion is relegated into the "Unknowable," however, to which it will be the purpose of this essay to call the reader's attention. If Religion really be, by its very nature, unknowable, it follows that as man grows in intelligence, the extent to which it occupies his thought will tend to diminish towards final extinction. It is a thoroughly wholesome state of affairs that, like all things which claim our consideration, Religion should again and again be compelled to step into the arena to vindicate its right to hold sway over humanity. Nor is the attitude of many minds which places Religion upon the defensive, unreasonable, or the outgrowth of a perverse spirit, but, on the contrary, it results from the questionings of those eager to find the truth and anxious to "prove all things" and cast error aside. Let us see if Religion can withstand the fierce onslaught, threatening its very life, which Mr. Spencer makes in his "First Principles" (pp. 3-123).

Our author's first attempt is to "form something like a general theory of current opinions," so as neither to "over-estimate nor under-estimate their worth." As a special case from the examination of which he hopes to derive a general method, he traces the evolution of government from the beginning until now. It is held that no belief concerning government is wholly true or false; "each of them insists upon a certain subordination of individual actions to social requirements. . . . From the oldest and rudest idea of allegiance, down to the most advanced political theory of our



Cordially yours,
Ernest Allen

own day, there is on this point complete unanimity." He speaks of this subordination as a postulate "which is, indeed, of self-evident validity," as ranking "next in certainty to the postulates of exact science." As the result of his search for "a generalization which may habitually guide us when seeking for the soul of truth in things erroneous," he concludes: "This method is to compare all opinions of the same genus; to set aside as more or less discrediting one another those various special and concrete elements in which such opinions disagree; to observe what remains after the discordant constituents have been eliminated, and to find for the remaining constituent that abstract expression which holds true throughout its divergent modifications."

What did Mr. Spencer discover by the application of his method to government? A postulate which he announces to be of "self-evident validity," an "unquestionable fact" — that is all! His method is a statement of the process of abstraction. Very useful though it is in determining what one or more predicates may be affirmed of many objects of thought which differ widely otherwise or in revealing truths, as he points out, respecting which men can by no possibility disagree, it cannot assist us in discriminating between true and false "discordant constituents," for which purpose a simple method would be helpful. Certainly this is not the method which gave us the most "advanced political theory" of the day! The fact is, that when used, as Mr. Spencer suggests, it shrivels the total content of any subject under consideration, down to the one truth lying at the foundation of the most primitive theory. In the case of Religion, he alleges that the one point upon which there is entire unanimity between the most divergent creeds, between the lowest fetichism and the most enlightened Christianity, is this: "That there is something to be explained." An interesting piece of information, surely! Yes, but "the Power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable." Over against this, we have the magnificent superstructure of modern Science, erected by the employment of methods quite other than the one which he esteems competent to overthrow Religion.

The postulate, a straight line may be drawn between two points, while it makes a geometry possible, reveals nothing as to the properties of lines; so, in the present case, the

proposition resulting from the process of abstraction, "there is something to be explained," affirms that, at least *à priori*, Religion is possible, but decides nothing as to the truth or falsity of unnumbered statements which millions of people have believed for centuries to belong to the domain of Religion. This method does not and cannot discredit Religion.

"Religious ideas of one kind or another," says Mr. Spencer, "are almost universal. . . . We are obliged to admit that, if not supernaturally derived, as the majority contend, they must be derived out of human experiences, slowly accumulated and organized. . . . Considering all faculties," under the evolutionary hypothesis, "to result from accumulated modifications caused by the intercourse of the organism with its environment, we are obliged to admit that there exist in the environment certain phenomena or conditions which have determined the growth of the feeling in question, and so are obliged to admit that it is as normal as any other faculty. . . . We are also forced to infer that this feeling is in some way conducive to human welfare. . . . Positive knowledge does not and never can fill the whole region of possible thought. At the utmost reach of discovery there arises, and must ever arise, the question—what lies beyond? . . . Throughout all future time, as now, the human mind may occupy itself, not only with ascertained phenomena and their relations, but also with that unascertained something which phenomena and their relations imply. Hence if knowledge cannot monopolize consciousness—if it must always continue possible for the mind to dwell upon that which transcends knowledge; then there can never cease to be a place for something of the nature of Religion; since Religion under all its forms is distinguished from everything else in this, that its subject matter is that which passes the sphere of experience." Religion is "a constituent of the great whole; and being such must be treated as a subject of Science with no more prejudice than any other reality."

It will suit our present purpose to divide the cognitive faculties into intuitive and non-intuitive. If I rightly understand Mr. Spencer, when he says of the subject matter of Religion that it "passes the sphere of experience," he means that the content of Religion results from the action of the non-intuitive faculties upon material furnished by the intui-

tive faculties, and not from the immediate action of the latter upon environment. For the sake of the argument, I will grant this position. In order that mankind may build up sciences in which it reposes such confidence, the action of the non-intuitive faculties must be trusted, for it is only through such action that sciences can ever be constructed from the materials of experience. Granting, then, the general trustworthiness of mental operations, the mind cannot abstract *out of* human experiences what was not already in them; cannot evolve what was not involved. The separation of the true from the false in Religion, then, must be accomplished, as in the case of Science, by verifying the intuitions and going repeatedly over the chains of reasoning which lead to the conclusions farthest removed from intuitions, to guard as much as possible against error. Thus, because drawn out from given data, certain conclusions will embody to-day what is true in Religion, and later, with an enlarged experience, more or less modified conclusions will express what will then be seen to be true. This is in accord with the general law of evolution which holds for Science. From the present point of view, Mr. Spencer seems to concur in the above, since he says of religious ideas, that "to suppose these multiform conceptions" to "be one and all *absolutely* groundless, discredits too profoundly that average human intelligence from which all our individual intelligences are inherited."

To the statement that the mind cannot abstract *out of* human experiences what was not already in them, Mr. Spencer could make, I think, but one answer, to wit: that while the operations of the mind are generally reliable, and while there has been an element in human experience which seemed to warrant conclusions derived from them, nevertheless, mankind has egregiously erred in thinking that it had the power to build up a valid content to Religion, since the very nature of Religion is such, that the mental operations which are reliable in the realm of Science cannot be so in the realm of Religion. To answer this, we must consider the argument for conceivability as the touchstone which is to separate the "Knowable" from the "Unknowable." Corresponding to small objects, a piece of rock for example, where the sides, top, and bottom can be considered as practically all present in consciousness at once, and large ones, like the earth,

where they cannot, our author divides conceptions into complete and symbolic. Great magnitudes and classes of objects also produce symbolic conceptions which, while indispensable to reasoning, often lead us into error. "We habitually mistake our symbolic conceptions for real ones." The former "are legitimate, provided that by some cumulative or indirect process of thought, or by the fulfilment of predictions based upon them, we can assure ourselves that they stand for actualities," otherwise "they are altogether vicious and illusive" and "illegitimate" and here belong religious ideas.

The foregoing is applied by Mr. Spencer in his argument relative to the origin of the Universe respecting which, he asserts that "three verbally intelligible suppositions may be made": (1) that it is self-existent, (2) that it was self-created, (3) that it was created by an external agency. "Which of these suppositions is most credible it is not needful here to enquire. The deeper question, into which this finally merges, is, whether any one of these is even conceivable in the true sense of the word." He shows that, since the mind refuses to accept the transformation of absolute vacuity into the existent, the theory of self-creation forces us back to a potential Universe whose self-creation was transition to an actual Universe, and that then, we must explain the existence of the potential Universe and that, similarly, creation by an external agency demands that we account for the genesis of the Creator, so that both of these theories involve the self-existence of a something. Therefore, I shall analyze his presentation of the first theory only. "Self-existence necessarily means existence without a beginning; and to form a conception of self-existence is to form a conception of existence without a beginning. Now by no mental effort can we do this. To conceive existence through infinite past-time, implies the conception of infinite past-time, which is an impossibility. To this let us add, that even were self-existence conceivable, it would not in any sense be an explanation of the Universe. . . . It is not a question of probability, or credibility, but of conceivability."

In making conceivability the supreme test as to what is knowable, Mr. Spencer sets up a criterion which he himself violates. If it can be shown that he places at the very foundation of Science a postulate or, what is generally conceded

to be a demonstrated truth, which, equally with the conception of the Universe as self-existent, involves the conception of infinite past-time, it is evident that we shall have broken down the fundamental distinguishing characteristic which separates his "Knowable" from his "Unknowable," and thus leave Science and Religion standing upon the same level of validity in their relation to the human mind. In the second part of "First Principles," which treats of the "Knowable," Mr. Spencer says (p. 180): "The Indestructibility of Matter . . . is a proposition on the truth of which depends the possibility of exact Science. Could it be shown, or could it with any rationality be even supposed, that Matter, either in its aggregates or in its units, ever became non-existent, there would be need either to ascertain under what conditions it became non-existent, or else to confess that Science and Philosophy are impossible. For if, instead of having to deal with fixed quantities and weights, we had to deal with quantities and weights which were apt, wholly or in part, to be annihilated, there would be introduced an incalculable element, fatal to all positive conclusions" (p. 172). Considering that in times past men have believed in the creation of Matter out of nothing and in its annihilation, he points out that it is to quantitative Chemistry that we owe the empirical basis for our present belief.

Next he inquires "whether we have any higher warrant for this fundamental belief than the warrant of conscious induction," and writes as follows of logical necessity (pp. 172-179): "The consciousness of logical necessity, is the consciousness that a certain conclusion is implicitly contained in certain premises explicitly stated. If, contrasting a young child and an adult, we see that this consciousness of logical necessity, absent from the one is present in the other, we are taught that there is a *growing up* to the recognition of certain necessary truths, merely by the unfolding of the inherited intellectual forms and faculties. To state the case more specifically:—before a truth can be known as necessary, two conditions must be fulfilled. There must be a mental structure capable of grasping the terms of the proposition and the relation alleged between them; and there must be such definite and deliberate mental representation of these terms as makes possible a clear consciousness of this relation. . . . Along with acquirement of more complex

faculty and more vivid imagination, there comes a power of perceiving to be necessary truths, what were before not recognized as truths at all. . . . All this which holds of logical and mathematical truths, holds, with change of terms, of physical truths. There are necessary truths in Physics for the apprehension of which, also, a developed and disciplined intelligence is required; and before such intelligence arises, not only may there be failure to apprehend the necessity of them, but there may be vague beliefs in their contraries. . . . But though many are incapable of grasping physical axioms, it no more follows that physical axioms are not knowable *à priori* by a developed intelligence, than it follows that logical relations are not necessary, because undeveloped intellects cannot perceive their necessity.

"The terms '*à priori* truth' and 'necessary truth' . . . are to be interpreted," he continues, "not in the old sense, as implying cognitions wholly independent of experiences, but as implying cognitions that have been rendered organic by immense accumulations of experiences, received partly by the individual, but mainly by all ancestral individuals whose nervous systems he inherits. But when during mental evolution, the vague ideas arising in a nervous structure imperfectly organized, are replaced by clear ideas arising in a definite nervous structure; this definite structure, molded by experience into correspondence with external phenomena, makes necessary in thought the relations answering to absolute uniformities in things. Hence, among others, the conception of the Indestructibility of Matter. . . . Our inability to conceive Matter becoming non-existent, is immediately consequent upon the nature of thought. . . . It must be added, that no experimental verification of the truth that Matter is indestructible, is possible without a tacit assumption of it. For all such verification implies weighing, and weighing implies that the matter forming the weight remains the same. In other words, the proof that certain matter dealt with in certain ways is unchanged in quantity, depends on the assumption that other matter otherwise dealt with is unchanged in quantity."

In answer to the above it can be said:—

First. The current explanation of the existence of Matter is that it was created by an external agency. Mr. Spencer's lucid statement of the way in which Matter has been proved

indestructible does not go far enough. Where he stops, logic might justly pronounce the whole procedure a fallacious one, a begging of the whole question at issue. The binding force of the whole argument rests upon a rational principle here overlooked by Mr. Spencer, the principle of sufficient cause. The chemist in making the experiment found that certain substances counterbalanced a given weight; after combustion, the products counterbalanced the same weight. If the weight did not change during the experiment, then no matter had been destroyed. The weight is believed not to have changed, because it existed under ordinary and quiescent conditions: which, in view of past race experience, rendered it extremely improbable that any force sufficient to vitiate the result had come into play during the experiment. *The absence of a sufficient cause to change the weight*, is, then, the critical point of the argument, and the perfect trust of the mind in the principle of sufficient cause forces us to the conclusion that Matter is indestructible.

What has really been accomplished, however, by the experiment? I do not object to the statement that Matter is indestructible, but the meaning of this explicitly stated, is that in the light of the present knowledge of the race, we have experimented with Matter under certain extreme conditions—some chemical changes seeming, at first glance, to annihilate it—and have not been able to destroy it, therefore, Matter is indestructible. While this is true to an extent which preserves the integrity of the foundation for *our* Science and *our* Philosophy, it is at the same time consistent with the hypothesis that a Being surpassing man in intelligence and power, may be able to convert Matter into a not-matter—from the standpoint of present definitions of Matter and Space—quantitatively correlated with it, or *vice versa*; and this statement of the case harmonizes Science and Religion. Now, what from the point of view of Science Mr. Spencer accepts as indestructibility, is identical with what Religion means when it affirms self-existence, and as he has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that self-existence in the abstract is an illegitimate conception, a conception of what by its very nature is unknowable, because it involves the impossible conception of infinite past-time, he is logically bound by accepting one horn of the dilemma, to

admit the conception of self-existence into the realm of the Knowable, or by choosing the other, to transfer his "Indestructibility," his "possibility of exact Science" into the realm of the Unknowable! In either event, we place an ultimate religious idea and a scientific conception whose denial he admits to be the annihilation of exact Science, upon the same footing, and so reduce the distinguishing characteristic which he has set up to differentiate the Knowable from the Unknowable, to zero.

Second. We come now to the statement of some of the consequences which follow from Mr. Spencer's view—already explained—as to how the higher warrant, by which we know the Indestructibility of Matter to be an axiom, a self-evident truth, originated. In his chapter upon "Ultimate Scientific Ideas" he says that Space and Time are "wholly incomprehensible," and that "Matter . . . in its ultimate nature, is as absolutely incomprehensible as Space and Time." He affirms, as pointed out, that no experimental verification is possible without assuming what we set out to prove. If the chemical balance cannot demonstrate this truth, how, then, can we know it? It is, we are told, an *à priori* or necessary truth which arises in our consciousness through the "cognitions that have been rendered organic by immense accumulations of experiences, received partly by the individual, but mainly by all ancestral individuals whose nervous systems" we inherit. This is Mr. Spencer's answer. This commits us to the absurdity, that the truth of the doctrine of the Indestructibility of Matter has come to be accepted as axiomatic by the repetition of cognitions of an inconceivable "absolute uniformity" of things, by an indefinite series of ancestors, in the face of the fact that the present development of Science does not *now* permit us, with the aid of all its apparatus, to receive a single logically valid cognition from the same phenomenal world which supplied all the others; *ergo*, add together a sufficient number of cognitions of the inconceivable, and you arrive at an axiomatic truth! To lift a ton weight, apply a vast number of forces of one ounce intensity, acting *successively* in time, and the thing is done!

Mr. Spencer cannot point out the characteristics which separate those inconceivable things and qualities which may legitimately furnish the raw material for the development of

axioms, from those which cannot, since this would at once remove them to the category of the conceivable, and he cannot exhaustively catalogue the axioms, since the process of evolution which he puts forth as the sole and sufficient explanation of their origin and growth is still going on. We therefore see that we are justified in saying that conceivability is worthless as a test as to whether an object of thought lies within the domain of the Knowable or Unknowable. Further, should a theologian say to Mr. Spencer "To me, the existence of God and his Infinite Love, Wisdom, and Power rank as axioms," I do not see how, consistently with the above, he could deny that these truths were valid to the theologian, even if they were not so to his own mind. How completely we have placed Religion and Science upon the same level is evident from our author's statement that "a religious creed is definable as a theory of original causation" and from the fact that a self-existent Universe is one of the three possible hypotheses which he mentions in his argument.

Space forbids the criticism of Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the relativity of knowledge and of the speculations concerning the Infinite and Absolute based upon the writings of Hamilton and Mansel. I have been restricted, also, to the negative side of the question, but so far as inconceivability enters as a factor into the argument against Religion, I contend that it has broken down; that so far as that element affects the problem, Religion has as high credentials as Science.

THE BETTER PART.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

SOME barks there are that drift dreamily down stream, ever near to the shore where the waters are shallow. Some catch the current and go bounding on with sweep and swirl until the river, placid at last, slips into the tideless Everlasting. Some, alas! commanded by iron-hearted Fate, are headed *up* stream to fight — who dares call it Folly's battle? — against the current which yields only to the invincible will and the tireless arm. They lie who swear that life turns on mere accident. There are no accidents in fate. The end is but a gathering of the means; the means but by-ways to the end; and at the last fate is master still, and we its victims are, as was *she*, my Claudia.

I am an old woman, childless and loveless; I know what it is to stand alone with life's hollow corpses, — corpses of youth, and love, and hope. Perhaps this is why my heart turned to her in her sweet youth and guileless innocence. I used to fancy, when I saw her, a child under the old-fashioned locust's shade that fell about her father's modest place, that she was unlike other children. She had a thoughtful face — not beautiful, but soulful. I thank God now that the child was spared that curse. Fate set snares enough without that deadliest one of beauty. Yet she had soul; her eyes betrayed its strength and mirrored its deep passion, — that mightiest, holiest passion which men call *genius*. Her genius merely budded; fate set its heel against the plant and crushed it.

I knew her from her birth; knew her strong-hearted mother, and her gentle father, who slipped the noose of life when Claudia was a tiny thing, too young to more than lisp his name. Yet, with his last breath he blessed her, and blessed the man into whose arms he placed her, and left her to his care.

"You have said you owe me something," said the dying man; "if so, pay it to my child, my girl-babe, in fatherly advice and guidance."

That man had been a felon and would have met a felon's doom but for the friend whose child had been confided to his guidance. He had saved him by silence and by loans which had beggared him in lending. He was a strong man, and left his daughter something of his strength for heritage, and that was all. But from her mother, her great-souled mother, the child received enough of courage, and of hope, and faith, and energy, to make her life a *sure* thing at all events.

I lost her 'twixt the years of girl and womanhood, for both of us were poor, and I took such scanty living here and there as offered. But one day she found me out, and begged me to go with her to her old home under the locust trees. All were dead but her; she was alone; needed me for protection, and I, she argued, needed part of the old roof, too large for one small head.

"There's a mortgage on it, dear," she told me, "but I am young and strong, and have some education and some little energy; and,—” she laughed, "the note is held by that old boy-friend of my father who promised to look out for me, you know. So I have no fears of being turned out homeless, Gertie."

So I went, and tried to be to her a friend. Instead, I was her lover—her worshipper. Her soul, as it opened to me day after day, expanding under the *visé* of poverty, took on such strength, such grandeur, that I almost stood in awe of her. She was so young, too, yet strong—strong as God, I used to think—and full of hope, and courage, and ambition. Ambition! that isn't a word often applied to women; yet I say Claudia was ambitious. I upbraided her one day for this. She winced, and came and knelt down at my feet, her face upon her hands, her arms upon my knees, her sweet soul seeking mine through her eyes.

"Gertie," said she, "I wonder why God made me a woman and fixed no place for me in all the many niches of creation. There is no room for such women as I am; women with bodies moulded for womanhood, and souls measured for man's burdens."

The words had a solemn sound—a solemn meaning likewise. I had no answer for such awesome words, and so the child talked on.

"I had a mother once," she said, "who loved me, and who unfitted me—God rest her sainted memory—for my battle

with adversity. Nay, dear, don't look so shocked. I say that she unfitted me by instilling into my heart her own great grandeur, and her own grand courage. There is no room for such, I tell you. As a frail female weakling the slums would have cradled me; as a wife the world would have respected me; as a toiler for honest bread there is *no place* for me. My mother was to me a creature next to God, and I have sometimes dared to put her first when I have felt most deeply all her nobleness. My father died, then came our struggle, hers and mine. I was her idol, she my God. We clung as only child and parent can. I could have made good money in the shops or factories. The neighbors said so, and advised that I be 'put to work.'

" 'What need had paupers of such training as she was giving me? Poverty was no disgrace, so it be honest poverty.'

" 'Aye, that's it. How long will poverty be honest in children's untrained keeping? My mother understood, and knew my needs, as well.

" 'The child is what the mother makes it,' was her creed. And so she set her teeth against the factory and its damning influence, and she bade me look higher, teaching by her own life that hunger of body is better than a starved soul.

" 'Ambition was the food she gave my young life; that she declared the one rope thrown by God's hand to the rescue of poor women. At last my soul took fire with hers; my heart awoke.

" 'My struggles for opportunities tortured her. She sold her thimble once, — a pretty golden one, my father's gift — that I might have a book I needed. She did our household drudgery that the servant's wage might go for my tuition in a thorough school. Oh, how we labored, she and I together, cheating night of many hours o'er books and study that were to repay us at the last with decent independence.

" 'The school days ended, the neighbors urged again the *shops*. But 'no' again. She had not spent her strength to fit me for the yard-stick and the shop-girl's meagre living. She read the riddle of my being as only mothers can; saw the stamp upon my soul and fondly called it genius. Pinned her faith upon that slumbering curse, or blessing, as we choose each to interpret it.

" 'I had a little school some sixty miles from home. She

had agreed that I might teach; that was in the course in which she wished my life to go. The schoolhouse was a cabin in the wood, through which flowed a river. We cannot tell the route by which we run to fame, and mine lay through this cabin in the woods. I scribbled bits of rhyme and broken verse, constantly; and found it fame enough if in the hurried jingle my mother detected 'improvement,' 'promise.'

"But one day when the river burst its banks, the cabin, deluged, lay under water for ten days, and I became a temporary prisoner in my miserable boarding-house, I wrote a story, a simple, earnest little story. It sold, and more, it won a prize. Two hundred and fifty dollars, — it would take ten months of the little school to make so much. When it came — Gertie, I cannot tell you how I felt! — I thought that somehow in the darkness I had reached my hands out and found them clasped in God's; held tight and fast, and strong and safe. I kneeled down in that cabin schoolroom, with the awe-struck children gathered round me, and choked with sobs and happy tears, thanked God who sent the blessed treasure.

"I had but one thought — Mother. I sent the children home — my work with them was done. Now I could go to *her*, and with a sprig of laurel to lay upon my brow, could silence stinging tongues while I worked quietly on at home. Home! never would I leave its blessed roof again. Oh, how my longing heart hurried my laggard feet. I did not write; no pen should cheat my tongue of the blessed story. I wished to feel her arms, see her smile, catch her heart-beat while I told her. God! I whispered His name softly in gratitude and love. I planned my surprise well, but I was doomed to disappointment. It was midnight when I reached the town; the streets were silent and no one spoke to me. 'Some one must have told her,' I said, as the hack in which I rode drew up before the door, and I saw the house was lighted; every window was wide open; and her room, where I, a child, had learned my woman's lesson, was filled with people. Solemn, sitting folk; it was not a jubilee at all. 'She is sick,' I gasped, as my trembling fingers sought the gate latch. No, I saw her bed, the bed where I had nestled in her arms for eighteen years. It was white and stiff in its familiar drapings. I tore the gate ajar and bounded up the

steps. My youngest sister met me in the doorway, weeping. I brushed her aside and passed in among the friendly neighbors who had hurried out on my arrival. I felt, but scarcely saw them as I said: 'I want my mother.' Then some one burst in tears and pointed to the open parlor door. Merciless heaven! resting upon two chairs stood a long, brown box; a coffin. I gave one shriek, so wild, so full of agony that not one who heard it stayed to offer the hollow mockery of comfort. 'Merciful God! not my mother?'

"But it was. I never saw her face again. I would not look on it in death; that face which had been my life. But I love to think I have her presence with me here, together with her teaching, in my bosom. And with her help, for the dear dead always help us, I am working out my destiny after the pattern she set me. It is a *hard* task; grows harder every day; but I am young yet, and strong."

Poor child. She did not know the *dangers* of the road she travelled; she only knew its hardships. Day after day she toiled, hopeful even in failure. The bloom left her cheek; but faith still fired her eye. One day she put away her manuscript, and left the house. The next day she returned. She had been to ask for her old place in the cabin school-house. Too late; the place was filled. She sought one of her mother's friends and asked for work, copying. She returned with white face and set lip, and a look of horror in her eyes. I understood. God help the poor, the respectable poor, those starvelings who cannot rise to independence and cannot sink to vileness. And oh, I prayed, God pity her,—my Claudia.

I watched her struggles with my own power palsied by that same old curse, poverty. She did her best; her struggles were torture to me even when she smiled and met them with sweet faith in her own strength and God's goodness. She never once murmured, although I knew that many a night she had gone hungry to her desk, and rose from it, hungry still, at dawn.

And oh, when hope began to die, I saw it all; saw it in the weary eyes; heard it in the step that lagging past my door, climbed to its task, its hopeless task, again. I saw it in the cheek where hunger,—the hunger of the common herd—had set its fangs upon the delicate bloom. To ask for bread meant to receive a stone, a stone like unto the

stones cast at her, that one in old Jerusalem. Perhaps she hungered too; who dares judge, since Christ himself refused to condemn.

She tried at shops at last, but no man wanted modest Quaker maids to measure off their goods. The shop-girl's smile was part and parcel of the bargain, and if the smile beguiled a serpent in man's clothing, why the girl must look to that.

One night I sought her room, her tidy little nest—my poor solitary birdling—and found her at her work, her old task of writing. She had gone back to it. There were rings about the eyes where tears were forbidden visitors. I took the poor head in my arms.

"Don't, Claudia," I cried. "The youth is all gone from your face." "That's right," she said. "It left my heart long ago, and face and heart should have a common correspondence."

And then she laughed, as if to cheat my old ears with the sound of merriment.

"I needed stamps," she said. "The question rested, stamps *vs.* supper. Like a true artist I made my choice for art. But see here. That manuscript when it is finished, means *no more hunger*. Something tells me it will succeed, and save me. So I have called it *Refuge*, and on it I have staked my last hope."

She playfully tapped the tidy page, and laughed again. But her words had a solemn earnestness about them to which her pale pinched face lent something still of awe.

Day after day I watched her, as day after day the battle became too much for her. Too much? I spoke too quickly when I said so. She was a mystery to me. I felt but could not understand her life, and its grand, heart-breaking changes. She had planned for something which she could not reach. The doors to it were closed. Her starving woman's soul called for food; the husks were offered in its stead; the bestial, grovelling, brutish swine's husks. She refused them. Her soul would make no compromise with swine. She was so strong, and *had* been so full of hope I could not understand her. You who have studied the tricks of the human heart, you who have held your own while faith died in your bosom, or you who have felt it stabbed and crushed *refuse* to die, perhaps you can understand that strange and

fitful strength that came and went; that outburst of hope, that silence of despair which made, in turn, my dear one's torture.

One night I found her sitting in the moonlight with her face dropped forward on the windowsill. So pure, so white, so frail of body, and so strong of soul, she might have been some marble priestess waiting there for God's breath to move in passion through the pulseless stone.

"Claudia, dear, are you asleep?" I whispered.

"No, I was thinking if the moon would ever shine upon the night when I shall feel no more the pangs of hunger."

I took her in my arms and wept, although her eyes were strangely tearless. She put out her hand and stroked away my tears.

"Don't, dear," she begged. "It is all right. It is only that there is no place for me. The niche I wish to fill has never been chiseled in the wall of this world's matters. It is God's mistake if one is made, and God must look to it. I tell you, Gertie," and she rose up grandly in her pride and in her wrath, "there are but two niches made for woman in this world. There's but one choice, wife or harlot. The poor, who refuse still to be vile, must step aside, since honest poverty by man's decree is but a myth. There's no room in this world for such."

She was growing bitter, bitter, driving on, I thought, to that fatal rock from which the wrecks of lost women cry back to rail at God who would not save them from destruction, although they prayed aloud and shrieked their agony up heavenward, straight to His ears. I think sometimes I should not like to sit in God's stead when such women come to face His judgment. Women who called, and called, and never had an answer, and so went down, still calling.

It was thus *she* called.

One day I came upon her where she had thrown herself upon a little garden stool to rest. A book lay on her knee, her eyes upon the page; and as I listened, for she read aloud, slowly, as when one reads to his own heart, I caught the meaning of the poet's words as they had found interpretation by her:—

"For each man deems his own sand-house secure,
While life's wild waves are lulled; yet who can say,
If yet his faith's foundations do endure,
It is not that no wind hath blown that way?"

She was silent a moment, then repeated the first line of the stanza again, even more softly than before,

“‘For each man deems his own sand-house secure.’”

Then, tossing the book aside, she burst out wildly, all the pent-up patience, all the insulted and outraged womanhood within her, breaking bonds at last. She lifted up her hand as if calling down from God a curse, or offering at His register an oath. It might have been an oath, indeed; who knows? Thinking of her since I think it *was* an oath, made, in that moment of her frenzy, betwixt her soul and God, and registered with Him.

“Gertie,” she said, “to-day a man offered me money. Offered me all I asked, offered to make me his mistress. Do you hear? Do you? or has your soul gone deaf as mine has? His mistress! I meet it everywhere. Yet why? Because I am respectably poor. To-morrow the roof tumbles about my ears. The mortgage closes. You and I alike are homeless. I went to him, my father’s friend, to whom, in dying, he entrusted me for guidance. I begged of him that guidance, or, at the least, a little longer time upon the mortgage. He laughed. ‘Don’t worry,’ said he, ‘and don’t soil your pretty hands with ink stains any further. Leave that for the printer, or the devil. You and I will make an *easier* trade.’ Ease! ease! I tell you ’tis these flowery beds of ease on which poor suffocated women wake in hell. ‘Soil’ my soul and leave that for the ‘devil,’ too, his trade meant. He put it in plain words, that gray-haired *guardian* of a dead friend’s honor. Ease! *I* did not ask for ease, but work. I am strong, and young, and willing; but my ‘sand-house’ trembles with the lashing of the tide on its foundation. O my God! what fools we women be to kick against the pricks of fate.”

“Each man deems his own sand-house secure.”

I repeated the words when she had left me there with the echo of her bitter rebellious words still ringing in my ears. I felt no anger and no fear for her, only sorrow, sorrow. My poor, proud darling. Her father’s house had sheltered many; his hand had been open and his bounty free. And yet not one reached out a hand to her. She might have begged, or held a hireling’s place. She was ‘not too good for it,’ the

old friends said (so few are friends to poverty), but yet none found such a place for her.

Through my tears I saw her go down the garden walk, stopping to pluck a handful of the large Jack roses growing near the gate and tuck them in her belt, so that the dullish red blooms lay upon her heart, like blots of blood against her soft white dress. I shuddered, and drew my hand across my eyes. Blood! those old blood-roses rise before me now, in dreams at night. I heard the latch lift and click again into its place, and when I looked the child was gone.

She stayed a long while. Over all the garden and across the open windows, the moon was shining when I heard her step upon the doorway. It had a weary sound. Those feet which had begun so bravely were tired out already. Still had I no fear for her. She might have stayed until the gray dawn cleft the black of night and not one doubt of her could sting my faith. She climbed the stairs wearily, as if old age had of a sudden caught and cramped the young life in her feet; and listening thus I swore a mighty oath against the thing called Fate.

She so young, so strong, so willing, so full of aspiration, so loyal to faith and honor, with *every* door barred against her. O my God! was there none, not one human heart open to her cry? Was there but one resource—one opening for her pure soul and her proud heart—the harlot's door? O my God! my God! women are driven to it every day, every day. Is it, indeed, the only door that opens to their knock? And would she, too, seek it at last, when faith should be quite dead? No, never! not while my palsied fingers could find strength to draw a knife across her throat.

I arose, and went to find her in her room. The door stood slightly open, and I entered, softly. Why so softly, I never could have told; only it seemed the proper thing to do. She had thrown herself across the bed, near by the open window. The moonlight flooded the room, showing me the strong, pale face lying against the pillow. Her white dress fell about her like a silverish shroud; and on the table near the window where she had sat to finish her task lay a manuscript. The moonlight fell upon the title page with mocking splendor. I stooped and read:

“*Thou art our Refuge and our Strength.*”

Dear heart! dear, sad soul! She had sought her refuge and indeed found strength. Strength! I brand him liar who calls it other.

One hand lay on the coverlid beside her, and one upon her breast half hidden by the dark blood-roses covering her heart. And that heart when I placed my hand over it—was still.

Broken! who dares say *suicide*? I say it was the grandest blow that weakness struck for virtue,—her life, offered in the name of outraged womanhood. The choice lay open. Shame or suicide! and like the real woman that she was, she made her choice for virtue. Conquered by fate, overcome by adversity, those who should have been helpers turned tempters. Who dares meet God in his soul and say she did not choose the better part?

“‘Thou art our Refuge and our Strength.’”

I whispered it above her grave and left her there, under the stars and broken lily buds.

But when the grand Jack roses bloom, I always think of her, and thinking, I ponder again the same old riddle, *Fate*, whose edict swears, “No room for honest poverty; no niche for such as she.” And thinking thus I wonder,—where shall the blame rest? Whose shall the crime be?

THE HEIRESS OF THE RIDGE.

NO-NAME PAPER.

THE "Ridger" is quite a different person from the Mountaineer. He looks upon the latter individual as a sodden and benighted unfortunate, whose inaccessible habitation entitles him to the pity of the favored dwellers on the "Ridge."

That the Ridge is but a low out-put of the Mountain, that it is barren and isolated, does not disturb the comfortable theory of its inhabitants. To the people of the Valley the Ridger is a twin brother of the owner of the hut on the top-most peak of the range.

They look alike. Their bearing and habits are similar. To the Valley eye their clothes are of the same material and cut; but to the Ridger himself there is as wide a difference between him and his less favored brother on the "mounting" as that to be found by the stroller on Fifth Avenue when he gazes with profound contempt upon the egotistic biped who plainly hopes to deceive the elect into a belief that he, also, belongs to the charmed circle and has not simply "run over" from Jersey City, or St. Louis, or New Bedford.

The Mountaineer is frequently a Tunker, the Ridger rarely. Therefore the Ridger is likely to have a shaven face, and, for the younger contingent, a mustache is the rule, a "goatee" the fashion. To the Tunker none of these are permissible. The beard may not be cut, a mustache may not be worn, and, with the first of these propositions in force it will be seen at once that "a goatee" is quite out of the question.

When I say that the Ridger is likely to have a shaven face I do not intend to convey the impression that he ever uses a razor. He shaves his face with the scissors. His Tunker neighbor up the mountain performs the same feat on his own upper lip. The result is effective and satisfactory from both a religious and artistic outlook in the eyes of these sticklers for fashion and dogma, albeit, it might be looked upon as more or less disappointing by the habitués of the Union League Club or the devotees at St. Thomas.

If the rivet, which at some previous date had held the two halves of the scissors together, happens to be lost, or if it has worn so loose that these members "do not speak as they pass by," a jack knife or even a butcher's knife is no stranger to the tonsorial process of these followers of the elusive god of style.

I do not know that I have ever met a Tunker so lost to a deep sense of religious duty, or a Ridger sufficiently devoid of the pride of personal appearance, that he would "go to town" without having first performed this rite.

It is a serious business.

In the house of my old friend Jeb Hilson there had once been a "lookin' glass" of no mean proportions, if those of his neighbors may be taken as the standard, and how else do we measure elegance or style? It had occupied a black frame, and a position on the wall directly over a "toilet," which was the most conspicuous piece of furniture in the room. At the present time there was nothing to tell the tale but a large nail (from which hung a bunch of seed onions,) and the smoked outline of something which had been nearly fourteen inches long and not far from the same width. In front of this drab outline Jeb Hilson always stood to shave. His memory was so tenacious that I never observed that he noticed the absence of the glass. He gazed steadily at the wall and worked the scissors so deftly that the stubble rained in little showers upon the top of the "toilet" and within the open bosom of his tennis shirt. Not that Jeb Hilson ever heard of tennis, or knew that he was clad in a garment of so approved a metropolitan style and make; but that was the pattern he had worn for many years, and it was the one which his women folk were best able to reproduce. His flannel ones were gray, and his trousers were belted about with a leather strap. For full dress occasions he wore a white cotton shirt of the same pattern and a brown homespun vest. This latter garment was seldom buttoned. Why hide the glory of that shirt? If Jeb owned a coat I have never seen it. He appeared to think it a useless garment.

I believe I did not say that Jeb Hilson was the leader of those who eschewed all hair upon the face. Whether this was done to show a profounder contempt for the Tunker superstition, or whether Jeb had a secret pride in the outline of his mouth and chin, and a desire to give full expression to their best effects, it would be hard to say. It is certain,

however, that his motives must have been powerful, for he underwent untold torture to achieve his results. If the blades of the scissors clicked past each other or wobbled apart too far to even click, Jeb would resort to his knife and proceed to saw off the offending beard.

"Hit air saw off er chaw off," he would remark laconically, as he tried first one implement and then the other. "I wisht ter gracious thet theer scisser leg'd stay whar't war put; but Lide trum the grape vines with 'em las' week an' they is wus sprung then they wus befo'. But wimmen folks is all durn fools. I'd be right down glad ef the good Lord had a saw fit ter give 'em a mite er sense. Some folks sez it would er spilt 'em, but I'm blame ef I kin see how they could er been wus spilt than the way they is fixed now."

He gazed intently at the smoked image on the wall, and collecting, between his thumb and finger, a pinch of hair on his upper lip began to saw at it with his knife. His large yellow teeth were displayed, and the appearance of a beak was so effectively presented by the protruded lip that words came from behind it with the uncanny sound of a parrot; but it did not occur to him to cease talking.

"I fromised" (his upper lip was drawn too far out to form the letter p, or any with like requirements), "I fromised the young 'squire ter be at the cote house ter day, an' I tole him thet I'd ast the jedge fer ter 'fint a gyardeen fer thet theer demented widder uv Ike's."

He grasped a fresh bunch of stubble, shifted onto the other foot, turned the side of his face to the smoked image of the one time mirror, and rolled his eyes so that in case a glass had hung there he might have been able to see one inch from his left ear. The shaving went steadily on. So did the conversation.

"Ef I don't make consididable much hase I'm gwine ter be late, an' ef the jedge don't 'pint a gyardeen fer thet theer Sabriny she's goin' fer ter squander the hull uv her proppity. Thet theer wuthless Lige Tummun is goin' fer ter git the hull uv hit. Thet's thes persisely what he's a figgerin' fer in my erpinion. He hev thes persuaged her fer ter let him hev the han'lin uv hit, an' she air a goin' ter live thar fer the res'er her days; but I'd thes like ter know what's a goin' ter hinder him fum a bouncin' her thes es soon es he onct gits holt er the hull er thet theer proppity. An' then whose a goin' ter take keer uv her? Nobody air a hankerin'

fer ter take keer uv a *demented* widder woman onless she air got proppity. But I hain't a wantin' ter say much, fer they is folks mean enough ter up an' think I mout be a try'n ter git holt er thet proppity myse'f, an' have the han'lin uv hit; so I thes tole the young 'squire abouten hit, an' he thes rec'mended me fer ter thes go ter town nex' cote day an' erply ter the jedge fer ter 'pint a gyardeen over Sabriny."

The shaving was finished at last and the homespun "wes-kit" donned. He stood in front of the smoked reminder while he performed this latter feat, and, after staring intently at the wall, appeared to be perfectly content with the result. Then he trudged away and joined the innumerable host which would as soon think of staying away from town on court day as it would think of standing on its head to pray.

All Ridgers of the masculine gender went to town on court day, and as few Valley men failed to do the same—whether because they knew it would be a good chance to see everybody in the county and talk politics, or because few men were so destitute as to be without lawsuits of their own,—certain it is that they all went and that it furnished topics of conversation which lasted until court day rolled around again.

As I was a guest at the "young 'squire's" house I was privileged to hear on the following day some further conversation on the subject of Sabriny's guardian. I was sitting on the front porch with the sweet and simple-hearted mother of the young 'squire when Jeb Hilson's lithe form appeared.

Jeb was still in full dress. The fronts of his vest hung beneath his long arms as he walked, and he wore his white cotton shirt, somewhat the worse for its "Cote Day" experiences, it must be confessed. On his head was one of those delightfully soft straw hats which the young men of the valley buy by the dozen for fifty cents, wear until they get damp, or for some other reason droop about the face and head like a "Havelock," and then cast aside for a new one. But a Ridger does not pay out five cents recklessly. One of these straw coverings must last him all summer. But for all that a Ridger must see, and therefore the front of the drooping brim is sacrificed to stern necessity when it can no longer be kept off of the face. The effect is unique. A soft straw crown, run to a peak; a pendant wide brim touching the back and shoulders; a few "frazzles" of straw on

the forehead which tell where a brim once was; for the Ridger cuts the front out with the same scissors or knife with which he shaves, and with no more accuracy of outline. The young farmers wear these broad straw hats to protect their faces and eyes from the down-beating sun. The Ridger appears to wear them purely for ornament, since the only protection which they offer in their new shape is to the back of necks already so wrinkled and tanned that even a Virginia sun could hardly penetrate to a discomforting degree.

Jeb nodded to me. Then he took his straw ornament by the top of the peak and lifted it high above his head, so that he could bring it forward without scraping his hair, and "made his manners" to the young "'squire's" mother. He seated himself on the upper step of the wide gallery, crossed his long legs, placed his straw ornament carefully on his knee, with the pendant portion falling toward his foot, and began a bit of diplomatic manœuvring.

"Howdy, Miss Brady, howdy. I hope yo' health is tollible. I thes thought I'd like t' see the young 'squire. Air he in? Hit air thes a leetle bisness matter twixt him an' me, thes a leetle matter uv mo' er *less* intrust' t' us both."

But the young 'squire was not at home. His mother indicated a willingness to convey any message to him upon his return; but Jeb, always contemptuous of women, was in a state of elusive subtlety. Someone in town had lent wings to his already abnormally developed caution in the matter of the application for the appointment of the "gyardeen" for his weak-minded sister-in-law, and had hinted that he might have to swear to her mental condition if he became the sponsor for such a move. Jeb was wily. He had tasted of his brother's wife's wrath on more occasions than one, and whatever his opinion may have been of the strength of her mind, he entertained no doubts as to the vigor of her temper when it was aroused. Jeb wanted to be appointed her "gyardeen." He looked upon the "proppity" as a vast and important financial trust. If he asked the judge to appoint a guardian, and Sabriny knew that he had said that she was of defective intellect — well — Jeb would face much to be allowed to handle that \$134.92. (This was the "proppity" in question. It was a "back" pension and there was to be \$2.11 per month henceforth.) But Jeb was not foolhardy, and he had trudged back from town without

having done what the young "'squire" had advised, and Sabriny's "proppity" was in jeopardy still.

"No," he said, wagging his head and looking slyly at the young 'squire's mother. "No, I thes wanted ter see the young 'squire fer a leetle private talk. I thes promised him fer ter do sompin, an' then I never done it. Not as he'd *keer*; but I thes wanted ter make my part fa'r an' squar'."

He espied a straw that had straggled out from the ragged cut in the front of his hat. He took it firmly between thumb and finger and gave it a quick sidewise jerk, whereupon it parted company forever with its fellows. Jeb inserted this between two of his lower front teeth at their very base. When it was firmly established he continued his conversation, leaving his lower lip to struggle in vain to regain a position of horizontal dignity. The straw was tenacious, and the lip was held at bay. He did not want to tell his story to anyone but the young 'squire; but an opportunity to display his mental vigor and business acumen to the 'squire's mother did not present itself every day, and might he not tell the tale, and yet not tell it? Could he not give an outline and still conceal his own motives and desires? Certainly. Women were very weak minded at best, and even the young 'squire's mother would not be able to sound the depths of his subtle nature.

"The young 'squire, he tole me fer ter ast the jedge ter 'pint a gyardeen over the proppity o' Sabriny, along o' her beein' — thet is ter say — *wimmen* bein' incompetent ter — thet is, Miss Brady, *mose* wimmen not havin' the 'bility fer ter hannel a large proppity — even if they is —. I aint sayin' that Sabriny is diff'nt fum *mose* wimmen, you mine. They is folks thet say her mine is — thet she aint adzackly right in her head; but lawsy, *I* aint sayin' thet; an' you mus' know thet wimmin' aint in no way fit fer ter manage a proppity — a large proppity — more especial if they is any man a-tryin' fer ter git hit away frum 'em."

"Why, is anybody trying to get poor Sabriny's money, Jeb?" asked the young 'squire's mother in sympathetic wonder.

But Jeb had been warned that he would better not commit himself if he hoped for fair sailing. He turned his straw over and put the stiff end between his teeth again, glanced covertly about, concluded that the lady was not setting a trap for him, and began again.

"I aint a sayin' as they is, an' I aint a swarin' thet they aint. Mebby you mout o' heard uv Lige Tummun?"

"Yes, I have heard that he is a trifling fellow," said the young 'squire's mother. "I hope there is no way he can get Sabriny's little pension."

"I aint a sayin' nothin' agin' *Lige*," said Jeb, with wily inflection which said all things against that luckless wight. "I aint sayin' nothing' *agin'* Lige, an' I aint sayin' thet he wants ter git hole uv Sabriny fer ter git her proppity; but he hev drawed up a paper, an' she hev sign hit, fer ter live with him an' his ole 'oman the res' er her days fer, an' in consideration, uv the hull uv thet back pension *down*, en half — er as near half as \$2.11 kin be halft, — every month whilse she live; an' he bines hisself fer ter feed, an' cloth, an pervide fer her so long as they both do live, by an' accordin' ter the terms uv thet theer paper he hed draw'd up and Sabriny hev sign."

"Too bad, too bad," said the young 'squire's mother; "but the judge will appoint you, don't you think, since she is weak-minded, and Lige is so unreliable? Poor Sabriny would have very little comfort in that torn-down hut I'm afraid. Did the judge say he would see to it?"

Jeb took the straw from between his teeth, and his lip resumed its normal position. He turned and twisted, seated himself on the lower step, and readjusted his hat on his knee. Then he went on: —

"I aint sayin' I *want* ter be 'pinted her gyardeen. Thet air fer the jedge ter say, pervided somebody er other fetch the needcessity ter his mine befo' all thet proppity air squandered. I haint sayin' that Sabriny air weak-minded, nuther — thet is weakmindedder then thet she air a—she hev the mine uv a female, an' nachully not able ter hannel proppity. An' I haint sayin' she aint gettin' mighty well took keer uv by Lige, nuther. The last time I war theer she war roolin' the roost. She slep' in the bes' bed, an' et offen the bes' plate, an' had the bes' corn dodger an' shote; but what I air — that is what *some* air thinkin' about air whence Lige onct gits the hull er thet proppity in bulk, air hit goin' ter be thet away? Mine you, I aint asten this yer question; but they is them thet does, an' whilse they does hit do seem only right an' proper fer hit ter be looked inter by the proper 'thorities. Now I tole the young 'squire thet I'd lay the

hull caste befo' the jedge las' cote day, but the fack air that whence I git theer I met up with a few er my bisness erquaintances an' on reflection I made up my mine thet I bes' thes say nothin' to the jedge. Thet's what I kem ter tell the young 'squire so's he won't ercuse me in his mine er lyin' ter 'im whence he fine out thet I never tole the jedge. They was reasons — numbrous and ginerall reasons — fer me ter reflect an' retrack my plan."

He reflected for a moment now, and then lifting his hat by the peak, turned it around, raised it high over his head, carried it back and put it on; then from its mutilated front just above his eyebrow he snipped off, with a deft jerk, another straw and started down the steps.

"They is some thet say Sabriny hev a temper thet don't stop ter be lit up, Miss Brady, but lawsy, *I* haint sayin' nothing agin' Sabriny's temper, ner agin' Lige, ner nobody. Some folks will talk thet away. You can't stop 'em long es they's 'live en kickin'; but *I* got mighty little ter say."

There was a long pause. Then with studied indifference of inflection he continued: —

"I reckon my leetle bisness with the young 'squire kin wait without mouldin' over night. I thes reckon hit wouldn't be edzackly bes' fer ter discuss hit with nobody else," and he inserted the straw between his teeth with great care and precision, and took his high stepping way toward the Ridge, secure in his self-esteem and approbation in that not even the wiles of a lady of the position of the young squire's mother could betray him into divulging his secret. For, after all, she was but a woman, and — well — this whole matter was a question of "proppity," and therefore quite beyond her capacity.

As he disappeared over the hill, his straw havelock flapping gently in the wind, and his vest spread wide against his pendent arms, the young 'squire's mother laughed gently and said: —

"Poor Sabrina, she is a little weaker minded than Jeb, and Jeb is a kind soul in his way. We must let the judge know the trouble, and see if some honest and capable person cannot be found to handle that 'proppity' and not squander, too recklessly, the two dollars and eleven cents in the months that are to come. The life of an heiress is, indeed, beset with pitfalls even among the Ridgers."

THE BROOK.

BY P. H. S.

I LOVE the gentle music of the brook,
Its solitary, meditative song.
On every hill
Some stream has birth,
Some lyric rill,
To wake the selfish earth,
And smile and toss the heavens their shining look,
Repeat and every flash of life prolong.
In spite of play,
Along its cheerful way
It turns to rest beneath some sheltering tree
In richer beauty ;
Or at call of duty
Leaps forth into a cry of ecstacy,
And sings that work is best,
In brighter colors drest
Runs on its way,
Nor longer wills to stay
Than but to see itself that it is fair, —
Thou happy brook, true brother to the air.

I fear the steady death-roar of the sea,
Its sullen, never-changing undertone ;
Round all the land
It clasps its heavy strength,
A liquid band
Of world-unending length,
And ever chants a wild monotony,
A change between a low cry and a moan.
The earth is glad,
The sea alone is sad ;
Its swelling surge it rolls against the shore
In mammoth anger ;
Or, in weary languor,
Beaten, it whines that it can rage no more,
And sinks to treacherous rest,
While from the happy west

The sun is glad ;
The sea alone is sad.

Its voice has messages nor words for me,
All, all is pitched in one low minor key.

Then take my heart upon thy dancing stream,
O tiny brook, thou bearest my heart away.

Run gently past
The breaking of the stones,
Nor yet too fast ;

And on thy perfect tones
Bear thou my discord life that I may seem
A harmony for one short hour to-day.

Why wilt thou, brook,
Not check thy forward look ?
Why wilt thou, brook, not make my heart thine own ?
The wild commotion
Of the frantic ocean

Will madden thee and drown thy sorry moan,
And none will hear the cry ;
Then run more slowly by —
Nay, for this nook
Was made for thee, my brook,

Stay with me here beneath this silver shade
And think this day for thee and me was made.

Thy present sweetness will be turned to brine ;
Thou'lt hardly make one petty, paltry wave.
Lovest thou the sun ?

He will not know thee there.

Is't sweet to run,
Know thine own whence and where ?
'Tis here thy joy, thy love, thy life are thine ;
There thou wilt neither be, nor do, nor have.

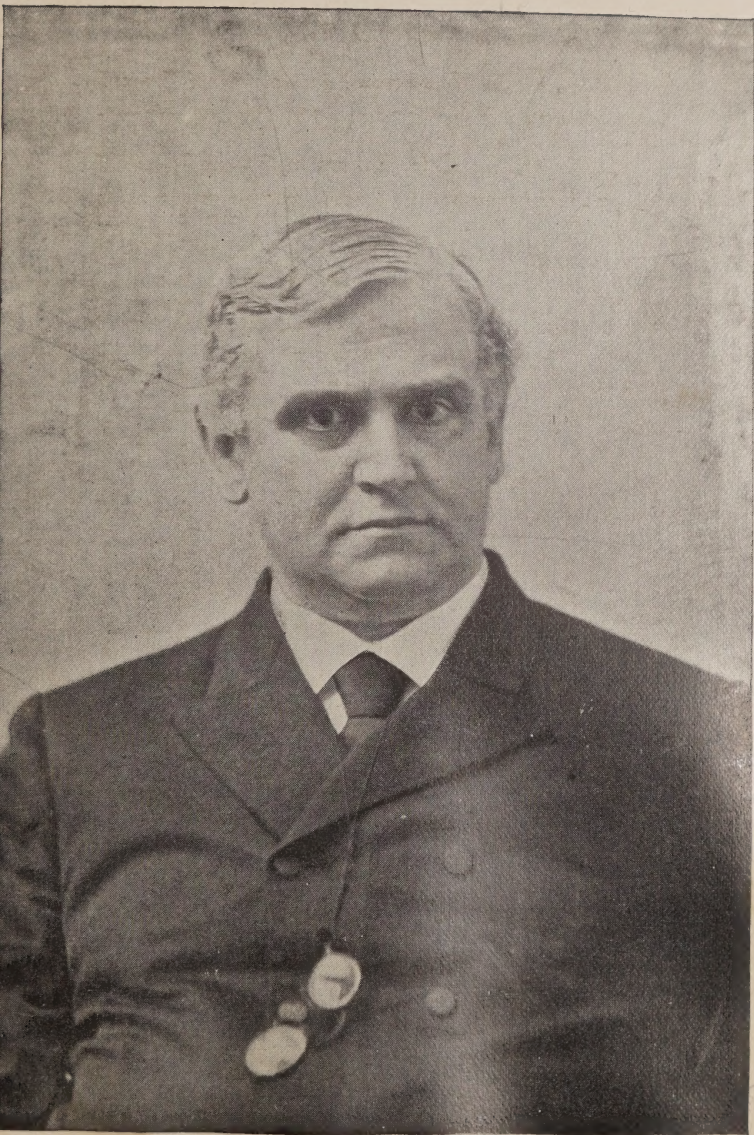
The mighty sea
Will blindly number thee
To bear the ships, send thee to shape the shore
That thou art scorning ;
Or some awful morning,

Set thee to pluck some sailor from his oar
And drink his weary life ;
O fear this chance of strife !
Or what may be
Else, dead monotony.

Give o'er thy headlong haste, dwell here with me,
Why lose thyself in the vast, hungry sea ?

These thoughts I cast into the wiser stream,
And lay and heard it run the hours away;
And then above
The beauty and the peace,
It sang of love;
And in that glad release
I knew my thoughts had run beyond my dream,
Had seen the laboring river and the bay.
"Tis joy to run!
Else life would ne'er be done,
I ne'er should know the triumphing of death,
Nor its revealing;
Nor the eager feeling
Of fuller life, the promise of the breath
That fleets the open sea:
All this was given to me
Once as I won
My first great leap; the sun
I knew my king, and laughed, and since that day
I run and sing; he wills, and I obey."

June no. The Arena



Yours truly,

Phillips Brooks

SUPPLEMENT TO THE JUNE ARENA.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

OPTIMISM, REAL AND FALSE.

MUCH has been written of late about the pessimistic spirit pervading modern reformatory literature. When an earnest writer presents a gloomy picture of life as it really is, he is frequently judged by that most shallow of all standards, "Is it pleasing or amusing? His fidelity to the ideal of truth is often overlooked or dismissed with a flippant word. We all know that great and dangerous evils exist and menace our civilization. They are growing under the fostering influence of the "conspiracy of silence"; yet we are seriously informed that we must not expose them to view; that there is so much tragedy in real life that society should not be annoyed by sombre pictures in fiction or the drama. "Prophecy to us smooth things or hold thy peace," is the tenor of much of the criticism of the hour. Optimism is at present a popular Shibboleth, hence many thoughtlessly echo the cry against every exposure of growing evils. Writers who are popularly known as optimists belong mainly to three classes. Those who after a general survey of life become thorough pessimists, believing that the social, economic, religious, and ethical problems can never be justly or equitably solved; that in the weary age long struggle of right against might, of justice against greed, of liberty against slavery, of truth against error, the baser will win the battle, because there is more evil than good present in the world, and therefore, it being useless to break with the established order, assume a cheerful tone, crying down all efforts to unmask the widespread and ever-increasing evils which are festering under the cover of silence, and in substance urge us to eat, drink, and be merry, taking no thought for the morrow or for the generations which are to follow us.

A second class, comparing the ignorance, superstition, brutality, and inhumanity of the past with life to-day, arrive at the conclusion that the nineteenth century is the flower of all the preceding ages, which is true. That the present, registering the high-tide water-mark of the centuries, is to be extolled rather than assaulted, and all efforts to create discontent are unwise, and should be frowned upon. The mistake of these individuals lies in the fact that they fail to see that the chief cause of humanity's triumphs is found in the works performed by those thinkers who in all ages have corresponded to the persons flippantly characterized pessimists at the present time: they who have assailed the existing order of things, who have thrown into the congregated people the shells of doubt; who have confronted the priests and potentates of conventionalism with a disturbing "Why"; *who have compelled the people to think.*

A third class of writers who pitch their thoughts in a hopeful key, appreciate the injustice of much that is accepted by conventional thought as right, or which is tolerated by virtue of its antiquity, but seeing the profound agitation which a thoughtful and earnest presentation of the evils of the hour produces in the public mind, they have become alarmed, fearing lest the rising tide of angry discontent sweep away much that is good, true, and beautiful, in its blind attempt to right existing wrongs, and inaugurate an era of justice. Old institutions, ancient and revered thought, accepted lines of policy, even when palpably unjust, are safer, they urge, than the sudden blinding light of justice, the instantaneous widening of the horizon of popular thought. The strong light of a new era thrown suddenly upon the foul, monstrous and iniquitous systems in vogue, the awakening of the public mind to the enormity of the injustice, hypocrisy, and immorality of respectable conservatism of to-day will turn the brain of the people—they will become mad; a second French Revolution will ensue—such is their fear, and from a superficial view their apprehensions seem reasonable. Their error lies in the fact that the horrors of the French Revolution were the legitimate result of a policy exactly analagous to what they are pursuing. It arose from *justice long deferred; from wrongs endured for generations. It was the concentrated wrath* of the people who for many decades had been oppressed by Church, by nobility, and by the crown. Though the motives are entirely different, these writers, in striving to procrastinate the feud of justice against entrenched power and established customs, are acting on the lines of Louis XV., who, when told that a revolution would burst forth in France, inquired, "How many years hence?" "Fifteen or twenty, sire," was the reply. "Well, I shall be dead then; let my successor look out for that." So in seeking to put off just and rightful demands, these short-sighted philosophers lose sight of the fact that the longer justice is exiled from the throne of power, the more terrible will be the reckoning when it comes. Yet history teaches no lesson more impressively, unless it be that a question involving justice once raised will never be settled until right has been vindicated.

Those reformers, on the other hand, who have been popularly credited with sounding a pessimistic note in all their writings, by virtue of their fidelity to actual conditions and prevailing customs, are chiefly optimists in the truest sense of the word. They are men and women who believe profoundly in the triumph of right, liberty, and justice. Their faces are set toward the morning. The glorious ideals that float before and beyond the present have beamed upon their earnest gaze. They have traced the ascent of humanity through the ages; they have noted the slow march, the weary struggle from age to age of the old against the new, of dawn against night, of progress against conservatism, but they have also seen that the trend has been onward and upward, and what is far more important, they have noted that the prophets, sages, and

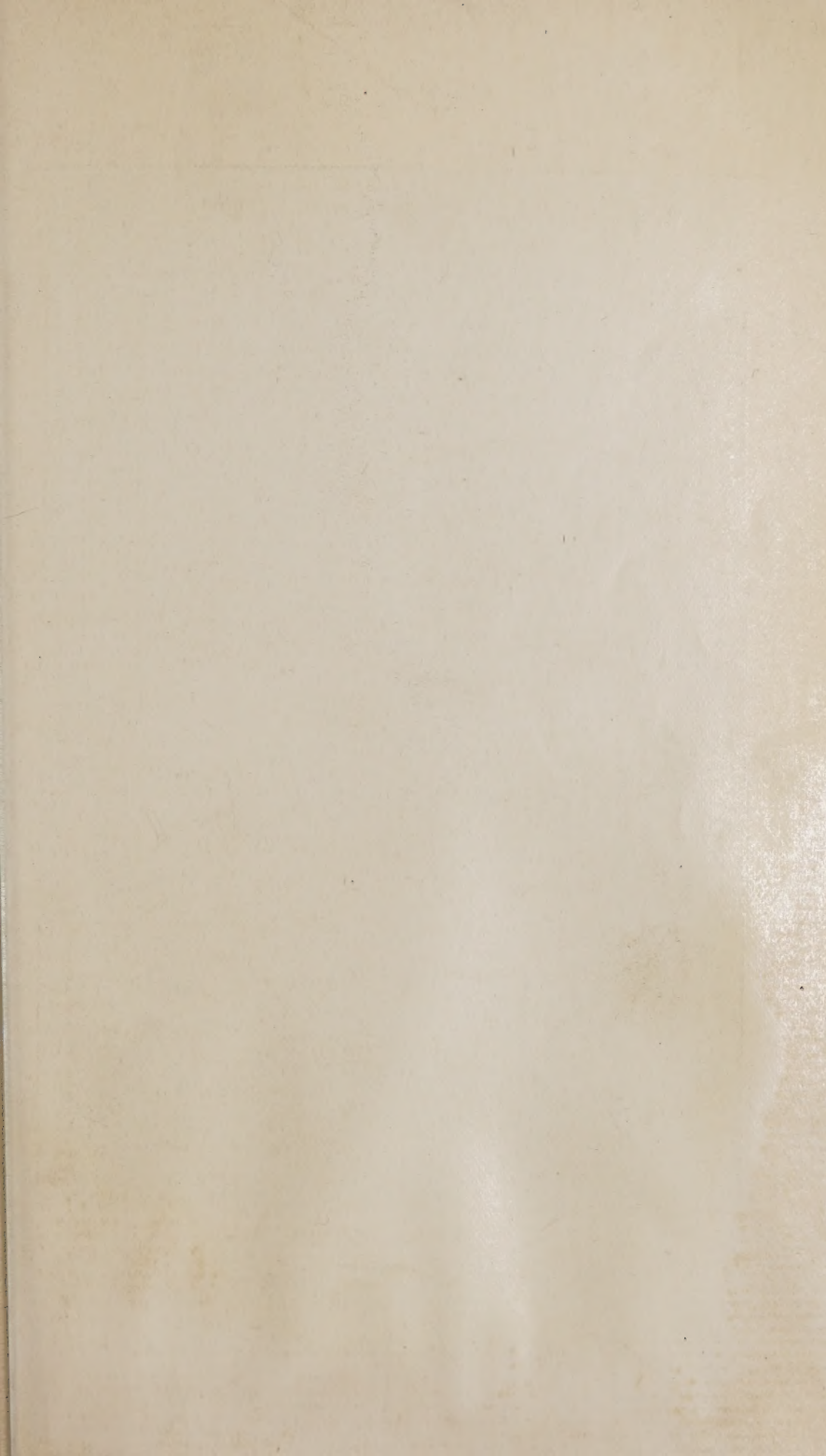
reformers,—in a word, the advance guard, who have blazed the pathway and opened the vista to broader and nobler conceptions of justice and liberty, have been those who have assailed the popular conventionality of their times; who have been denounced as enemies to social order, as dangerous pessimists and wreckers of civilization. But they have also observed that these honest and far-sighted spirits have set in motion the thought that has borne humanity upward into a more radiant estate. Furthermore, they realize that only by a fearless denunciation of existing evils, by faithful though gloomy pictures of life *as it is*, by raising the interrogation point after every wrong or unjust condition sanctioned by virtue of its antiquity and conservatism and by appealing to the reason and conscience of the people has humanity been elevated. They have studied the problem of human progress profoundly; they have strong faith in the triumph of justice, but they realize that victory can never be attained as long as conventionalism lulls to sleep the public conscience. They know that only by bringing the truth effectively before the people, only by raising questions and stimulating the mind can reforms be inaugurated. The present calls for honest thought, for true pictures, for brave and earnest agitators. Give us these, and humanity will soon take another of those great epoch making strides which at intervals have marked the ascent of man.

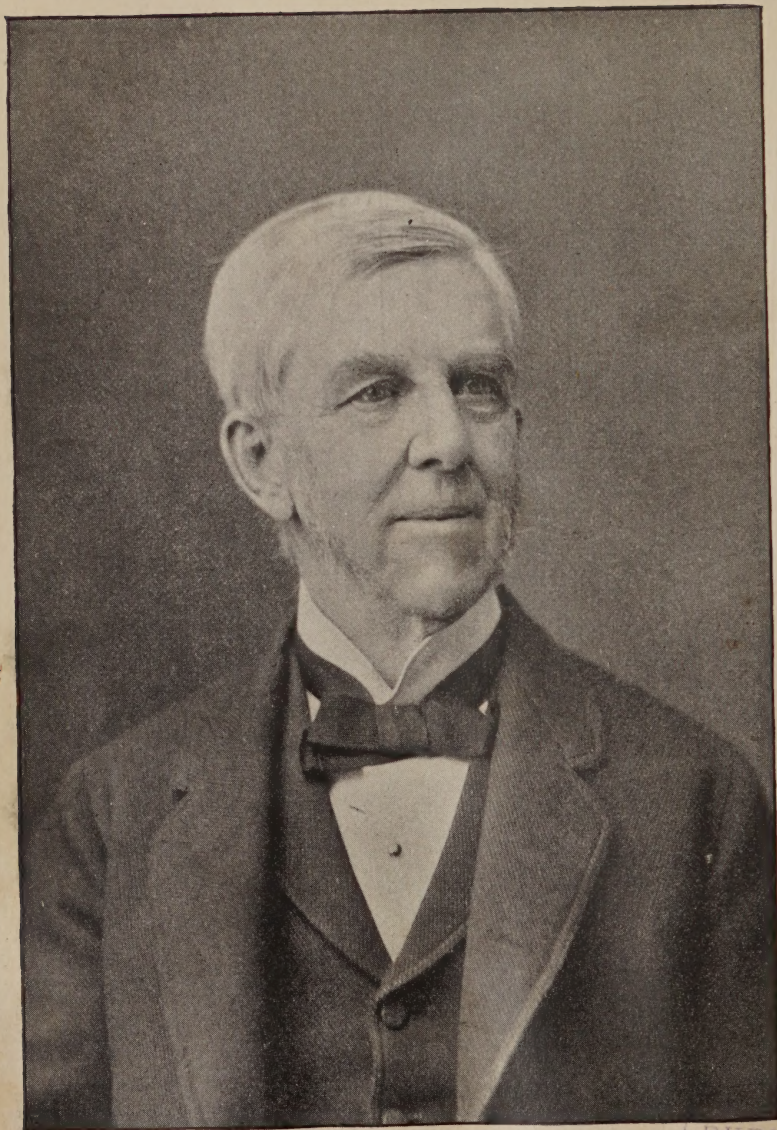
THE PESSIMISTIC
CAST OF MODERN
THOUGHT.

Much of the best thought of to-day necessarily takes on a gloomy cast, because the most wise and earnest reformers keenly realize the giant wrongs that oppress humanity. They see the splendid possibilities floating before mankind, even within the grasp of the rising generation, if the heralds of the coming day are courageous and persistent; if they sink all hope of popularity, all thought of self-interest; if they are loyal to their highest impulses, regardless of what may follow.

The era of the questioner has arrived. Soon mankind will refuse to accept anything simply because others believed it. Traditions and ancient thought, though weighed down with credentials of past ages or dead-civilizations, will be cast aside. All problems will be weighed in the scales of the broader conception of justice which is daily growing in the mind of man. The twilight is passing, the dawn is upon us, and to-morrow will be indebted chiefly to these true brave men and women whom the superficial call pessimists, for the glorious heritage which will fall to humanity; for they are related to the manifold reforms which crowd upon the present, as were Copernicus and Galileo related to the science of astronomy, as Luther was to the Reformation, Jefferson to modern Democracy, as Wilberforce in England and Garrison in America to the overthrow of black slavery. They denounce the iniquity of the present hour; they unmask the carefully concealed evils which are undermining public morals; they demand a higher standard

of life. If they aim to destroy the old wooden building, it is because they see around them not only the quarried stone, the mortar and iron beams, but a million hands waiting to erect upon the ruins of the old a nobler structure than humanity has yet beheld.





Very truly yours,
Oliver Wendell Holmes.



THE ARENA.

No. XX.

JULY, 1891.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY GEORGE STEWART, D. C. L., LL. D.

To the year 1809, the world is very much indebted for a band of notable recruits to the ranks of literature and science, statesmanship and military renown. One need mention only a few names to establish that fact, and grand names they are, for the list includes Darwin, Gladstone, Erastus Wilson, John Hill Burton, Manteuffel, Count Beust, Lord Houghton, Alfred Tennyson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Each of these has played an important part in the world's history, and impressed the age with a genius that marks an epoch in the great department of human activity and progress. The year was pretty well advanced, and the month of August had reached its 29th day, when the wife of Dr. Abiel Holmes presented the author of "The American Annals" with a son who was destined to take his place in the front line of poets, thinkers, and essayists. The babe was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the centre of a Puritan civilization, which could scarcely have been in touch and harmony with the emphasized Unitarianism emanating from Harvard. But Abiel Holmes was a genial, generous-hearted man, and despite the severity of his religious belief, contrived to live on terms of a most agreeable character with his neighbors. A Yale man himself, and the firm friend of his old professor, the president of that institution, who had given him his daughter Mary to wed (she died five years after her marriage), we may readily believe that for a time, Harvard University, then strongly under the sway of the Unitarians, had little fascination

for him. But his kindly nature conquered the repugnance he may have felt, and he soon got on well with all classes of the little community which surrounded him. By his first wife he had no children. But five, three daughters and two sons, blessed his union with Sarah Wendell, the accomplished daughter of the Hon. John Wendell, of Boston. We may pass briefly over the early years of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was educated at the Phillips Academy at Exeter, and subsequently entered Harvard University, where he was graduated, with high honors, in 1829, and belonged to that class of young fellows who, in after life, greatly distinguished themselves. Some of his noblest poems were written in memory of that class, such as "Bill and Joe," "A Song of Twenty-nine," "The Old Man Dreams," "Our Sweet Singer," and "Our Banker," all of them breathing love and respect for the boys with whom the poet studied and matriculated. Young Holmes was destined for the law, but Chitty and Blackstone apparently had little charm for him, for after a year's trial, he abandoned the field and took up medicine. His mind could not have been much impressed with statutes, for all the time that he was supposed to be conning over abstruse points in jurisprudence, he was sending to the printers some of the cleverest and most waggish contributions which have fallen from his pen. The *Collegian*,—the university journal of those days,—published most of these, and though no name was attached to the screeds, it was fairly well known that Holmes was the author. The companion writers in the *Collegian* were Simmons, who wrote over the signature of "Lockfast;" John O. Sargent, poet and essayist, whose *nom de plume* was "Charles Sherry"; Robert Habersham, the "Mr. Airy" of the group; and that clever young trifler, Theodore Snow, who delighted the readers of the periodical with the works of "Geoffrey La Touche." Of these, of course, Holmes was the life and soul, and though sixty years have passed away since he enriched the columns of the *Collegian* with the fruits of his muse, more than half of the pieces survive, and are deemed good enough to hold a place beside his maturer productions. "Evening of a Sailor," "The Meeting of the Dryads," and "The Spectre Pig,"—the latter in the vein of Tom Hood at his best,—will be remembered as among those in the collection which may be read to-day with the zest, appreciation,

and delight which they inspired more than half a century ago. Holmes' connection with the *Collegian* had a most inspiring effect on his fellow contributors, who found their wits sharpened by contact with a mind that was forever buoyant and overflowing with humor and good nature. In friendly rivalry, those kindred intellects vied with one another, and no more brilliant college paper was ever published than the *Collegian*, and this is more remarkable still, when we come to consider the fact, that at that time, literature in America was practically in its infancy. Nine years before, Sydney Smith had asked his famous question, "Who reads an American book? who goes to an American play?" And to that query there was really no answer. Six numbers of the *Collegian* were issued, and they must have proved a revelation to the men and women of that day, whose reading, hitherto, had almost been confined to the imported article from beyond the seas, for Washington Irving wrote with the pen of an English gentleman, Bryant and Dana had not yet made their mark in distinctively American authorship, and Cooper's "Prairie" was just becoming to be understood by the critics and people.

Shaking the dust of the law office from his shoes, Oliver Wendell Holmes, abandoning literature for a time, plunged boldly into the study of a profession for which he had always evinced a strong predilection. The art and practice of medical science had ever a fascination for him, and he made rapid progress at the university. Once or twice he yielded to impulse, and wrote a few bright things, anonymously, for the *Harbinger*, — the paper which Epes Sargent and Park Benjamin published for the benefit of a charitable institution, and dedicated as a May gift to the ladies who had aided the New England Institution for the Education of the Blind. In 1833, Holmes sailed for Paris, where he studied medicine and surgery, and walked the hospitals. Three years were spent abroad, and then the young student returned to Cambridge to take his medical degree at Harvard, and to deliver his metrical Essay on Poetry, before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society. In this year too, 1836, he published his first acknowledged book of poems, — a duodecimo volume of less than two hundred pages. In this collection his Essay on Poetry appeared. It describes the art in four stages, *viz.*, the Pastoral or Bucolic, the Martial, the Epic, and the Dramatic. In

illustration of his views, he furnished exemplars from his own prolific muse, and his striking poem of "Old Ironsides" was printed for the first time, and sprang at a bound into national esteem. And in this first book, there was included that little poem, "The Last Leaf," better work than which Holmes has never done. It is in a vein which he has developed much since then. Grace, humor, pathos, and happiness of phrase and idea, are all to be found in its delicious stanzas:—

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone!"

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;

But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

In 1838, Doctor Holmes accepted his first professorial position, and became professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth. Two years later, he married, and took up the practice of medicine in Boston. In 1847, he returned to his old love, accepting the Parkman professorship of anatomy and physiology, in the Medical School at Harvard. While engaged in teaching, he prepared for publication several important books and reports relating to his profession, and his papers in the various medical journals attracted great attention by their freshness, clearness, and originality. But it is not as a medical man that Doctor Holmes may be discussed in this paper. We have to deal altogether with his literary career, — a career, which for its brilliancy has not been surpassed on this side of the Atlantic.

As a poet he differs much from his contemporaries, but the standard he has reached is as high as that which has been attained by Lowell and Longfellow. In lofty verse he is strong and unconventional, writing always with a firm grasp on his subject, and emphasizing his perfect knowledge of melody and metre. As a writer of occasional verse he has not had an equal in our time, and his pen for threescore years has been put to frequent use in celebration of all sorts of events, whether military, literary, or scientific. Bayard Taylor said, "He lifted the 'occasional' into the 'classic,'" and the phrase happily expresses the truth. The vivacious character of his nature readily lends itself to work of this sort, and though the printed page gives the reader the sparkling epigram and the graceful lines, clear-cut always and full of soul, the pleasure is not quite the same as seeing and hearing him recite his own poems, in the company of congenial friends. His songs are full of sunshine and heart, and his literary manner wins by its simplicity and tenderness. Years ago, Miss Mitford said that she knew no one so thoroughly original. For him she could find no living pro-

totype. And so she went back to the time of John Dryden to find a man to whom she might compare him. And Lowell in his "Fable for Critics," describes Holmes as

"A Leyden-jar full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit."

His lyrical pieces are among the best of his compositions, and his ballads, too few in number, betray that love which he has always felt for the melodious minstrelsy of the ancient bards. Whittier thought that the "Chambered Nautilus" was "booked for immortality." In the same list may be put the "One-Hoss Shay," "Contentment," "Destination," "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," "The Broomstick Train," and that lovely family portrait, "Dorothy Q—," a poem with a history. Dorothy Quincy's picture, cold and hard, painted by an unknown artist, hangs on the wall of the poet's home in Beacon Street. A hole in the canvas marks the spot where one of King George's soldiers thrust his bayonet. The lady was Dr. Holmes' grandmother's mother, and she is represented as being about thirteen years of age, with

Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead, with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;
So they painted the little maid.

And the poet goes on:—

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered no,
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name,
And under the folds that look so still,
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill!
Should I be I, or would it be
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's yes,
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!
There were tones in the voice that whispered then,
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far
Your images hover, and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own,
A goodly record for time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago !
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid !
I will heal the stab of the red-coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnished frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright,
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

Dr. Holmes' coloring is invariably artistic. Nothing in his verse offends the eye or grates unpleasantly on the ear. He is a true musician, and his story, joke, or passing fancy is always joined to a measure which never halts. "The Voiceless," perhaps, as well as "Under the Violets," ought to be mentioned among the more tender verses which we have from his pen, in his higher mood.

His novels are object lessons, each one having been written with a well-defined purpose in view. But unlike most novels with a purpose, the three which he has written are nowise dull. The first of the set is "The Professor's Story ; or, Elsie Venner," the second is "The Guardian Angel," written when the author was in his prime, and the third is "A Mortal Antipathy," written only a few years ago. In no sense are these works commonplace. Their art is very superb, and while they amuse, they afford the reader much opportunity for reflection. Elsie Venner is a romance of destiny, and a strange physiological condition furnishes the key-note and marrow of the tale. It is Holmes' snake story, the taint of the serpent appearing in the daughter, whose mother was bitten by a rattle-snake before her babe was born. The traits inherited by this unfortunate offspring from the reptile, find rapid development. She becomes a creature of impulse, and her life spent in a New England village, at a ladies' academy, with its social and religious surroundings, is described and worked out with rare analytical skill, and by a hand accustomed to deal with curious scientific phenomena. The character drawing is admirable, the episodes are striking and original, and the scenery, carefully elaborated, is managed

with fine judgment. Despite the idea, which to some may at first blush appear revolting and startling, there is nothing sensational in the book. The reader observes only the growth and movement of the poison in the girl's system, its effect on her way of life, and its remarkable power over her mind. Horror or disgust at her condition is not for one moment evoked. The style is pure and ennobling, and while our sympathies may be touched, we are at the same time fascinated and entertained, from the first page to the last. Of quite different texture is "The Guardian Angel," a perhaps more readable story, so far as form is concerned, much lighter in character, and less of a study. There is more plot, but the range is not so lofty. It is less philosophical in tone than "Elsie Venner," and the events move quicker. The scene of "The Guardian Angel" is also laid in an ordinary New England village, and the object of the Doctor-Novelist was to write a tale in which the peculiarities and laws of hysteria should find expression and development. In carrying out his plan, Dr. Holmes has achieved a genuine success. He has taught a lesson, and at the same time has told a deeply interesting story, lightened up here and there with characteristic humor and wit. The characters of Myrtle Hazard and Byles Gridley are drawn with nice discrimination, while the sketch of the village poet, Mr. Gifted Hopkins, is so life-like and realistic, that he has only to be named to be instantly recognized. He is a type of the poet who haunts the newspaper office, and belongs to every town and hamlet. His lady-love is Miss Susan Posey, a delicious creation in Dr. Holmes' best manner. These two prove excellent foils for the stronger personages of the story, and afford much amusement. "A Mortal Antipathy" is less of a romance than the others. The reader will be interested in the description of a boat race which is exquisitely done.

In biographical writing, we have two books from Dr. Holmes, one a short life of Emerson, and the other a memoir of Motley. Though capable of writing a great biography like Trevelyan's Macaulay or Lockhart's Scott, the doctor has not yet done so. Of the two which he has written, the Motley is the better one. In neither, however, has the author arrived at his own standard of what a biography should be.

Mechanism in thought and morals,—a Phi-Beta-Kappa

address, delivered at Harvard in 1870, — is one of Dr. Holmes' most luminous contributions to popular science. It is ample in the way of suggestion and the presentation of facts, and though scientific in treatment, the captivating style of the essayist relieves the paper of all heaviness. A brief extract from this fine, thoughtful work may be given here: —

“We wish to remember something in the course of conversation. No effort of the will can reach it; but we say, ‘wait a minute, and it will come to me,’ and go on talking. Presently, perhaps some minutes later, the idea we are in search of comes all at once into the mind, delivered like a prepaid bundle, laid at the door of consciousness like a foundling in a basket. How it came there we know not. The mind must have been at work groping and feeling for it in the dark; it cannot have come of itself. Yet all the while, our consciousness was busy with other thoughts.”

The literary reputation of Dr. Holmes will rest on the three great books which have made his name famous on two continents. Thackeray had passed his fortieth year before he produced his magnificent novel. Holmes, too, was more than forty when he began that unique and original book, “The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,” one of the most thoughtful, graceful, and able investigations into philosophy and culture ever written. We have the author in every mood, playful and pathetic, witty and wise. Who can ever forget the young fellow called John, our Benjamin Franklin, the Divinity student, the school-mistress, the landlady's daughter, and the poor relation? What characterization is there here! The delightful talk of the autocrat, his humor, always infectious, his logic, his strong common sense, illumine every page. When he began to write, Dr. Holmes had no settled plan in his head. In November, 1831, he sent an article to the *New England Magazine*, published by Buckingham in Boston, followed by another paper in February, 1832. The idea next occurred to the author in 1857, — a quarter of a century afterwards, when the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, then starting on its career, begged him to write something for its pages. He thought of “The Autocrat,” and resolved, as he says, “to shake the same bough again, and see if the ripe fruit were better or worse than the early windfalls.” At a bound “The Autocrat” leaped into popular favor. The

reading public could hardly wait for the numbers. All sorts of topics are touched upon from nature to mankind. There is the talk about the trees, which one may read a dozen times and feel the better for it. And then comes that charming account of the walk with the school-mistress, when the lovers looked at the elms, and the roses came and went on the maiden's cheeks. And here is a paragraph or two which makes men think:

"Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

"If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought, and image after image, jarring through the overtired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gun-powder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest!—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos?—that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath?—that they take counsel of the grim friend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable and the restless machine is shivered as a vase that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building which we pass every day there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that,—the kind city fathers,—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself on the very plain and serviceable upholstery. If anybody would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?"

"The Autocrat" was followed by "The Professor at the

Breakfast Table,"—a book in every way equal to the first one, though, to be sure, there are critics who pretend to see diminished power in the author's pen. It is, however, full of the same gentle humor and keen analyses of the follies and foibles of human kind. It is a trifle graver, though some of the characters belonging to "The Autocrat" come to the front again. It is in this book that we find that lovely story of Iris,—a masterpiece in itself and one of the sweetest things that has come to us for a hundred years, rivalling to a degree the delicious manner and style of Goldsmith and Lamb. In 1873 the last of the series appeared, and "The Poet" came upon the scene to gladden the breakfasters. Every chapter sparkles with originality. "I have," says Dr. Holmes, "unburdened myself in this book, and in some other pages, of what I was born to say. Many things that I have said in my riper days have been aching in my soul since I was a mere child. I say aching, because they conflicted with many of my inherited beliefs, or rather traditions. I did not know then that two strains of blood were striving in me for the mastery—two! twenty, perhaps, twenty thousand, for aught I know—but represented to me by two—paternal and maternal. But I do know this: I have struck a good many chords, first and last, in the consciousness of other people. I confess to a tender feeling for my little brood of thoughts. When they have been welcomed and praised, it has pleased me, and if at any time they have been rudely handled and despitefully treated, it has cost me a little worry. I don't despise reputation, and I should like to be remembered as having said something worth lasting well enough to last."

There is much philosophy in "The Poet," and if it is less humorous than "The Autocrat," it is more profound than either of its fellows in the great trio. In it the doctor has said enough to make the reputations of half a dozen authors.

"One Hundred Days in Europe," if written by anyone else save Dr. Holmes, would, perhaps, go begging for a publisher. But he journeyed to the old land with his heart upon his sleeve. He met nearly every man and woman worth knowing, and the Court, Science, and Literature received him with open arms. He had not seen England for half a century. Fifty years before, he was an obscure young man, studying medicine, and known by scarcely half a dozen

persons. He returned in 1886, a man of world-wide fame, and every hand was stretched out to do him honor, and to pay him homage. Lord Houghton,—the famous breakfast giver of his time, certainly, the most successful since the princely Rogers,—had met him in Boston years before, and had begged him again and again to cross the ocean. Letters failing to move the poet, Houghton tried verse upon him, and sent these graceful lines:—

“When genius from the furthest West,
Sierra’s Wilds and Poker Flat,
Can seek our shores with filial zest,
Why not the genial Autocrat?”

“Why is this burden on us laid,
That friendly London never greets
The peer of Locker, Moore, and Praed
From Boston’s almost neighbor streets?”

“His earlier and maturer powers
His own dear land might well engage;
We only ask a few kind hours
Of his serene and vigorous age.

“Oh, for a glimpse of glorious Poe!
His raven grimly answers ‘never!’
Will Holmes’s milder muse say ‘no,’
And keep our hands apart forever?”

But he was not destined to see his friend. When Holmes arrived in England, Lord Houghton was in his grave, and so was Dean Stanley, whose sweetness of disposition had so charmed the autocrat, when the two men had met in Boston a few years before. Ruskin he failed to meet also, for the distinguished word-painter was ill. At a dinner, however, at Arch-Deacon Farrar’s, he spent some time with Sir John Millais and Prof. John Tyndall. Of course, he saw Gladstone, Tennyson, Robert Browning, Chief Justice Coleridge, Du Maurier, the illustrator of *Punch*, Prof. James Bryce who wrote “The American Commonwealth,” “Lord Wolseley,” Britain’s “Only General,” “His Grace of Argyll,” “Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise,”—one of the best amateur painters and sculptors in England,—and many others. Of all these noted ones, he has something bright and entertaining to say. The universities laid their highest honors at his feet. Edinburgh gave him the degree of LL.D., Cambridge that of Doctor of Letters, and Oxford conferred upon him her D. C. L., his companion on the last occasion, being

John Bright. It was at Oxford that he met Vice-Chancellor Benjamin Jowett, the Master of Balliol College, Prof. Max Müller, Lord and Lady Herschell, and Prof. James Russell Lowell, his old and unvarying friend. The account of his visit to Europe is told with most engaging directness and simplicity, and though the book has no permanent value, it affords much entertainment for the time.

The reader will experience a feeling of sadness, when he takes up Dr. Holmes' last book, "Over the Tea-cups," for there are indications in the work which warn the public that the genial pen will write hereafter less frequently than usual. It is a witty and delightful book, recalling the Autocrat, the Professor, and the Poet, and yet presenting features not to be found in either. The author dwells on his advancing years, but this he does not do in a querulous fashion. He speaks of his contemporaries, and compares the ages of old trees, and over the tea-cups a thousand quaint, curious, and splendid things are said. The work takes a wide range, but there is more sunshine than anything else, and that indefinable charm, peculiar to the author, enriches every page. One might wish that he would never grow old. As Lowell said, a few years ago, in a birthday verse to the doctor:—

"You keep your youth as yon Scotch firs,
Whose gaunt line my horizon hems,
Though twilight all the lowland blurs,
Hold sunset in their ruddy stems.

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"Master alike in speech and song
Of fame's great anti-septic—style,
You with the classic few belong
Who tempered wisdom with a smile.

Outlive us all! Who else like you
Could sift the seed corn from our chaff,
And make us, with the pen we knew,
Deathless at least in epitaph?"

PLUTOCRACY AND SNOBBERY IN NEW YORK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LET us imagine that a foreigner has entered a New York ball-room for the first time, and let us make that foreigner not merely an Englishman, but an Englishman of title. He would soon be charmed by the women who beamed on every side of him. Their refinement of manner would be obvious, though in some cases they might shock him by a shrillness and nasal harshness when speaking, while in other cases both their tone and accent might repel him through extreme affectation of "elegance." But for the most part he would pronounce these women bright, cultivated, and often remarkably handsome. They would not require to be amused or even entertained after the manner of his own countrywomen; they would appear before him amply capable of yielding rather than exacting diversion, and often through the mediums of nimble wit, engaging humor, or an audacity at once daring and picturesque. But after a little more time our titled stranger would begin to perceive that behind all this feminine sparkle and freshness, lurked a positive transport of humility. He would discover that he had swiftly become with these fashionable ladies an object of idolatry, and that all the single ones were thrilled with the idea of marrying him, while all the married ones felt pierced by the sad realization that destiny had disqualified them for so golden a bit of luck. He would find himself assailed by questions about his precise English rank and standing. Had he any other title besides the one by which he was currently known? How long ago was it since his family had been elevated to the peerage? Did he personally know the Queen or the Prince of Wales? Was his mother "Lady" anybody before she married his father? Did he own several places in the country, and if so, what was the name of each?

The men would naturally be less inquisitive; but then the men all would have their Burke or DeBrett to consult at their clubs, and could "look him up" there as if he had

been an unfamiliar word in the dictionary. And these male followers of fashion would, for the most part, distress and perplex him. He would be confronted with a mournful fact in our social life: the men who "go out" are nearly all silly striplings who, on reaching a sensible age, discreetly remain at home.

He would soon begin to perceive that New York society is a blending of the ludicrous and pathetic. The really charming women have two terrible faults, one which their fathers, husbands, and brothers have taught them, and one which they have apparently contracted without extraneous aid. The first is their worship of wealth, their devout genuflection before it as the sole choicest gift which fate can bestow, and the second is their merciless and metallic snobbery. They have made a god of caste, and in a country where, of all other cults, that of caste is the most preposterous. The men (the real grown-up men, who may hate the big balls, but are nevertheless a great deal in the movement as regards other gay pastimes) watch them with quiet approbation. Many a New York husband is quite willing that his wife shall cut her own grandmother if that relative be not "desirable." The men have not time to preen their social plumes quite so strenuously; they are too busy in money-getting, and of a sort which nearly always concerns the hazard of the Wall Street die. And yet quite a number of the men are arrant snobs, refusing to associate with, often even to notice, others whose dollars count fewer than their own. This form of plutocratic self-adulation is relatively modern. It is called by some people a very inferior state of things to that which existed in "the good old Knickerbocker days." But the truth is, odious though the millionaire's ascendancy may be at present, that of the Knickerbocker was once hardly less so. Vulgar, brassy, and intolerable the "I'm-better-than-you" strut and swagger of plutocracy surely is; but in the smug, pert provincialism of those former New York autocrats who defined as "family" their descent of two or three generations from raw Dutch immigrants, there was very little comfort indeed. The present writer has seen something of this element; in the decade from 1865 to 1875 it was still extremely active. Society was then governed by the Knickerbocker, as it is now governed by the plutocrat, and in either instance the rule has been wholly deplor-

able. Indeed, for one cogent reason, if no other, poor New York stands to-day as the least fortunate of all great cities. Her society, from the time she ceased to admit herself a village up to the date at which these lines are written, has never been even faintly worthy of the name. A few years ago the "old residents," with their ridiculous claims to pedigree, had everything their own way. A New York drawing-room was, in those days, parochial as a Boston or Philadelphia tea-party. There were modish metropolitan details, it is true, but the petty reign of the immigrant Hollanders' descendants would have put to shame the laborious freaks and foibles of a tiny German principality. Now, having changed all that, and having forced the Knickerbockers from their old places of vantage, the plutocrats reign supreme. To a mind capable of being saddened by human materialism, pretension, braggadocio, it is all very much the same sort of affair. Our republic should be ashamed of an aristocracy founded on either money or birth, and that thousands of its citizens are not only unashamed of such systems, but really glory in them, is merely another proof of how this country has broken almost every democratic promise which she once made to the Old World.

It is easy to sneer away statements like these. It is easy to laugh them off as "mere pessimism," and to talk of persons with "green spectacles" and "disordered livers." We have learned to know the glad ring of the optimist's patriotic voice. If we all believed this voice, we should all believe that America is the ideal polity of the world. And one never so keenly realizes that this is not true as when he watches the creeds and character of society in New York. Of Londoners we are apt to assert that they grovel obsequiously before their prince, with his attendant throng of dukes, earls, and minor gentlemen. This may be fact, but it is very far from being the whole fact. In London there is a large class of ladies and gentlemen who form a localized and centralized body, and whose assemblages are haunts of intelligence, refinement, and good taste. In a certain sense these are "mixed," but all noteworthy gatherings must be that, and the "smart" and "swagger" sets of every great European city are nowadays but a small, even a contemptible factor in its festivities.

Not long ago the present writer inquired of a well-known

Englishman whether people of literary and artistic note were not always bidden to large and important London receptions. "In nearly all cases, yes," he replied. "It has been the aim of my sister to invite, on such occasions, authors, artists, and actors of talent and distinction. They come, and are welcomed when they come." He did not mention the name of his sister, knowing, doubtless, that I knew it. She was an English duchess, magnificently housed in London, a beauty, and a star of fashion.

But our New York brummagem "duchesses" of yesterday are less liberal in their condescensions. An attractive New York woman once said to me: "I told a man the other day that I was tired of meeting him incessantly at dinner, and that we met each other so often in this way as to make conversation a bore." Could any remark have more pungently expressed the unhappy narrowness of New York reunions? How many times has the dainty Mr. Amsterdam or Mrs. Manhattan ever met men and women of literary or artistic gifts at a fashionable dinner in Fifth or Madison Avenue? How many times has he or she met any such person at a "patriarchs' ball" or an "assembly?" Has he or she *ever* met an actor of note *anywhere*, except in two or three exceptional instances? True, men and women of intellectual fame shrink from contact with our noble Four Hundred. But that they should so shrink is in itself a scorching comment. They encounter patronage at such places, and getting patronage from one's inferiors can never be a pleasant mode of passing one's time. That delicate homage which is the due of mental merit they scarcely ever receive. Now and then you hear of a portrait-painter, who has made himself the rage of the town, being asked to dine and to sup. But he is seldom really held to be *des nôtres*, as the haughty elect ones would phrase it, and his popularity, based upon insolent patronage, often quickly crumbles. The solid devotion is all saved for the solid millionnaires. Frederick the Great, if I recall rightly, said that an army was like a snake, and moved on its stomach. Of New York society this might also be asserted, though with a meaning much more luxurious. To be a great leader is to be a great feeder. You must dispense terrapin, and canvas-back ducks, and rare brands of champagne, in lordly dining-halls, or your place is certain to be secondary. You may, if a man, have

the manners of a Chesterfield and the wit of a Balzac; you may, if a woman, be beautiful as Mary Stuart and brilliant as DeStaël, and yet, powerless to "entertain," you can fill no lofty pedestal. "Position" in New York means a corpulent purse whose strings work as flexibly as the dorsal muscles of a professional toady. And this kind of toady has an exquisite *flair* for your greatness and dignity the moment he becomes quite sure of your pecuniary willingness to back both. New York is at present the paradise of parvenus, and these occasionally commit grotesque mistakes in the distribution of civilities. Because you chose to "stay in" for a season or two, they will take for granted, if suddenly brought in contact with you, that you have never "been out" and could not go if you tried. Of course, to feel hurt by such cheap hauteur proves that you are in a manner worthy of it; but even though you are not in the least hurt, you cannot refrain from a thrill of annoyance that a country which has boasted in so loud-mouthed a way to Europe of having begun its national life by a wholesome scorn of all class distinction, should contain citizens cursed by a spirit of such tawdry pride. At least the aristocracies of other lands, vicious and reprehensible as they have always been, are yet an evil with a certain malign consistency for their support. Like those monarchies of which they have formed a piteous adjunct, they have always been the outgrowths of a perfectly natural ignorance. Though distinct clogs to civilization, their existence remains pathetically legitimate. Nuisances, they are still nuisances with a hereditary hold on history. Their chief modern claim for continuance is the fact that they were once authorized by that very "divine right" which is now the scorn and jest of philosophy, and that the communities which they still infest are yet unprepared for the shock of their extirpation. It is clear that they will one day be sloughed off like a mass of dead animal tissue, even if they are not amputated like a living limb that has grown hopelessly diseased. They are as surely doomed by the slow threat of evolution as is the failure to establish trial by jury in Russia. They are tolerated by progress for the simple reason that progress is not yet ready to destroy them. Hence are all imitations of their permitted and perpetuated folly in woefully bad taste. They are more; they are an insult, when

practised in such a land as ours, to republican energies, motives, and ideals. Heaven knows, we are a country with sorry enough substantiality behind her vaunts. We call ourselves freemen, and our mines and factories are swarming with haggard slaves. We declare that to be President of the United States is the most honorable office a man can hold, and our elected candidates (except when they have the splendid self-abnegating courage of a Cleveland!) wade to Washington through a perfect bog of venal promises. We prate of our democratic institutions, and forget that free trade is one of the first proofs of a free people, and that protected industries are the feudalism of manufacture. We sneer at the corruption of a Jeffreys or a Marlborough in the past, and concede that bribery riots in our capital, and that the infernal political grist-mill in New York has to-day almost as much nefarious grinding to get through with annually as it had when Tweed and Sweeny stood the boss millers that fed its voracious maw. And after all, the abominations of New York's politics are only a few degrees more repellent than the cruelties and pusillanimities of her self-styled patrician horde. The highest duty of rich people is to be charitable; in New York the rich people make for themselves two highest duties, to be fashionable and to be richer — if they can. Charity of a certain sort does exist among them, and it would be unfair to say that it is all of the pompous public sort. Much of it, indeed, is private, and when incomes, as in a few individual cases, reach enormous figures, the unpretentious donations are of no slight weight. But charity is a virtue that counts for nothing unless meekness, philanthropy, altruism, is each its acolyte. How can we expect that beings who busy themselves with affairs of such poignant importance as whether they shall give Jones a full nod or Brown a quarter of a nod when they next meet him; as whether the Moneypennys are really quite *laneés* enough for them to encounter the great Gilt-edges or no, at a prospective dinner-party; as whether the latest Parisian tidings about bonnets are really authentic or the contrary; as whether His Royal Highness has or has not actually appeared at one of his imperial mamma's drawing-rooms in a Newmarket cutaway, — how, it is asked, can we expect that beings of this bent may properly heed those ghastly and incessant wants which are forever making

of humanity the forlorn tragi-comedy it is? The yawp of socialism is excusably despised by plutocracy. Socialism is not merely a cry of pain; if it were only that its complaints might have proved more effectual. It is a cry of avarice, of jealousy, and very often of extreme laziness as well. Every socialistic theory that we have yet heard of is self-damning. Each real thinker, whether he be Cræsus or pauper, comprehends that to empower the executive with greater responsibility than it already possesses would mean to tempt national ruin, and that until mankind has become a race of angels the hideous problem of human suffering can never be solved by vesting private property-rights in the hands of public functionaries. But the note of anguish in that voice of desperation and revolt need not, for all this, be confused with its madder strains. The claim of poverty upon riches is to-day a tremendously ethical one. Help—and help wise, earnest, persistent—is the inflexible moral tax levied by life itself on all who have an overplus of wealth wherewith to relieve deserving misery. The occasional careless signing of a cheque, or even a visit now and then among the filthy slums of Bayard and Hester Streets, cannot cancel these mighty obligations. And there are better ways of schooling the soul to recognize the magnitude and insistence of such obligations than by organizing ultra-select dancing-classes at Sherry's; giving "pink luncheons" to a bevy of simpering female snobs; uncorking eight-dollar bottles of Clos de Vougeot for a fastidious dinner company of men-about-town; squandering three thousand dollars on a Delmonico ball, or purchasing at vast prices the gowns and jewels of a deposed foreign empress. Yes, there are better ways. And for people who are solely pleasure-seekers to call themselves Christian is, from their own points of view, blasphemy unspeakable; since whatever we agnostics may say and believe about the alleged "divinity" of Christ, *they* hold that the Galilean was the son of God, and that in such miraculous character he spoke when saying: "Leave all and follow me."

The American snob is a type at once the most anomalous and the most vulgar. Why he is anomalous need not be explained, but the essence of his vulgarity lies in his entire absence of a sanctioning background. It is not, when all is said, so strange a matter that anyone reared in an atmos-

phere of historic ceremonial and precedent should betray an inherent leaning toward shams and vanities. But if there is anything that we Americans, as a race, are forever volubly extolling, it is our immunity from all such drawbacks. And yet I will venture to state that in every large city of our land snobbery and plutocracy reign as twin evils, while in every small town, from Salem to some Pacific-slope settlement, the beginnings of the same social curse are manifest. Of course New York towers in bad eminence over the entire country. Abroad they are finding out the absurd shallowness of our professions. Nearly seven years ago an able literary man said to me in London: "I am wearied, here, by the necessity of continual aristocratic patronage. Especially true is this," he added, "regarding all new dramatic productions. Lord This and Lady That are more thought of as potentially occupying stalls or boxes at a first performance than is the presence of the most sapient judges." And then again, after a slight pause, he proceeded: "But I hear it is very much the same thing with you. I have often longed to go to America, just for the sake of that social emancipation which it has seemed to promise. But they tell me that in your big cities a good deal of the same humbug prevails." I assured him that he was fatally right; but I did not proceed to say, as I might have done, that our "aristocracy" rarely patronizes first nights at theatres, holding most ladies and gentlemen connected with the stage in a position somewhere between their scullions and their head footmen.

London laughs and sneers at New York when she thinks of her at all, which is, on the whole, not very often. If London esteemed New York of greater importance than she does esteem her, the derisive laughter might be keener and hence more salutary. Imagine America separated by only a narrow channel from Europe, and imagine her to contain in her chief metropolis, as she does at present, the amazing contradictions and refutations of the democratic idea which are to be noted now. What food for English, French, and German sarcasm would our pigmy Four Hundred then become! In those remote realms they have already shrank aghast at the licentious tyrannies of our newspapers. England has freedom of the press, but she also has a law of libel which is not a cipher. Our law of libel is so horribly effete that the purest woman on our continent may to-mor-

row be vilely slandered, and yet obtain no adequate form of redress. This is what our extolled "liberty" has brought us — a despotism in its way as frightful as anything that Russia or the Orient can parallel. Is it remarkable that such relatively minor abuses as those of plutocracy and snobbery should torment us here in New York when bullets of journalistic scandal are whizzing about our ears every day of our lives, and those who get wounds have no healing remedy within their possible reach? Some one of our clever novelists might take a hint for the plot of a future tale from this melancholy state of things. He might write a kind of new Monte Cristo, and make his hero, riddled and stung by assaults of our unbridled press, find but a single means of vengeance. That means would be the starting of a great newspaper on his own account, and the triumphant cannonading of his foes through its columns. More influential New York editors would doubtless already have forced their way within the holy bounds of patrician circles, were it not that in the first place editors are somewhat hard-worked persons, and that in the second place they are usually men of brains.

Marriage, among the New York snobs and plutocrats, ordinarily treats human affection as though it were a trifling optic malady to be cured by a few drops of corrective lotion. Daughters are trained by their mothers to leave no efforts untried, short of those absolutely immoral, in winning wealthy husbands. Usually the daughters are tractable enough. Rebellion is rare with them; why should it not be? Almost from infancy (unless when their parents have made fortunes with prodigious quickness) they are taught that matrimony is a mere hard bargain, to be driven shrewdly and in a spirit of the coolest mercantile craft. Sometimes they do really rebel, however, mastered by pure nature, in one of those tiresome moods where she shows the insolence of defying bloodless convention. Yet nearly always capitulation follows. And then what follows later on? Perhaps heart-broken resignation, perhaps masked adultery, perhaps the degradation of public divorce. But usually it is no worse than a silent disgusted slavery, for the American woman is notoriously cold in all sense of passion, and when reared to respect "society" she is a snob to the core. Some commentators aver that it is the climate

which makes her so pulseless and prudent. This is possible. But one deeply familiar with the glacial theories of the fashionable New York mother might find an explanation no less frigid than comprehensive for all her traits of acquiescence and decorum. How many of these fashionable mothers ask more than a single question of the bridegrooms they desire for their daughters? That one question is simply: "What amount of money do you control?" But constantly this kind of interrogation is needless. A male "match" and "catch" finds that his income is known to the last dollar long before he has been graduated from the senior class at Columbia or Harvard. Society, like a genial feminine Briaræus, opens to him its myriad rosy and dimpled arms. He has only to let a certain selected pair of these clutch him tight, if he is rich enough to make his personality a luring prize. Often his morals are unsavory, but these prove no impediment. The great point with plutocracy and snobbery is to perpetuate themselves — to go on producing scions who will uphold for them future generations of selfishness and arrogance. One sees the same sort of procreative tendency in certain of our hardiest and coarsest weeds. Sometimes a gardener comes along, with hoe, spade, and a strong uprooting animus. In human life that kind of gardener goes by the ugly name of Revolution. But we are dealing with neither parables nor allegories. Those are for the modish clergymen of the select and exclusive churches, and are administered in the form of dainty little religious pills which these gentlemen have great art in knowing how to palatably sugar.

“SHOULD THE NATION OWN THE RAILWAYS?”

BY C. WOOD DAVIS.

PART I.—OBJECTIONS TO NATIONAL OWNERSHIP CONSIDERED.

WHEN the paper published in the February ARENA, entitled “The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway,” was written, the writer was not ready to accept national ownership as a solution of the railway problem; but the occurrences attending the flurries of last autumn in the money markets, when half a dozen men, in order to obtain control of certain railways, entered into a conspiracy that came near wrecking the entire industrial and commercial interests of the country, having shed a lurid light upon the enormous and baleful power which the corporate control of the railways places in the hands of what Theodore Roosevelt aptly termed “the dangerous wealthy classes,” has had the effect of converting to the advocacy of national ownership not only the writer but vast numbers of conservative people of the central, western, and southern States to whom the question now assumes this form: “Which is to be preferred: a master in the shape of a political party that it is possible to dislodge by the use of the ballot, or one in the shape of ten or twenty Goulds, Vanderbilts, Huntingtons, Rockefellers, Sages, Dillons, and Brices who never die and whom it will be impossible to dislodge by the use of the ballot?” The particular Gould or Vanderbilt may die, as did that Vanderbilt to whom was ascribed the aphorism “The public be damned,” but the spirit and power of the Goulds and Vanderbilts never dies.

OBJECTIONS TO NATIONAL OWNERSHIP.

The objections to national ownership are many; that most frequently advanced and having the most force being the possibility that, by reason of its control of a vastly increased number of civil servants, the party in possession

of the federal administration at the time such ownership was assumed would be able to perpetuate its power indefinitely. As there are more than 700,000 people employed by the railways, this objection would seem to be well taken; and it indicates serious and far-reaching results *unless* some way can be devised to neutralize the political power of such a vast addition to the official army.

In the military service we have a body of men that exerts little or no political power, as the moment a citizen enters the army he divests himself of political functions; and it is not hazardous to say that 700,000 capable and efficient men can be found who, for the sake of employment, to be continued so long as they are capable and well-behaved, will forego the right to take part in political affairs. If a sufficient number of such men can be found, this objection would, by proper legislation, be divested of all its force. At all events no trouble from such a source has been experienced since Australian railways were placed under control of non-partisan commissions, such a commission, having had charge of the Victorian railways since February, 1884, or a little more than one term, they being appointed for seven years instead of for life, as stated by Mr. W. M. Aeworth in his argument against government control.

The second objection is that there would be constant political pressure to make places for the strikers of the party in power, thus adding a vast number of useless men to the force, and rendering it progressively more difficult to effect a change in the political complexion of the administration.

That this objection has much less force than is claimed is clear from the conduct of the postal department which is, unquestionably, a political adjunct of the administration; yet but few useless men are employed, while its conduct of the mail service is a model of efficiency after which the corporate managed railways might well pattern. Moreover, if the railways are put under non-partisan control, this objection will lose nearly if not quite all its force.

A third objection is that the service would be less efficient and cost more than with continued corporate ownership.

This appears to be bare assertion, as from the very nature of the case there can be no data outside that furnished by the government-owned railways of the British colonies, and such data negatives these assertions; and the advocates of

national ownership are justified in asserting that such ownership would materially lessen the cost, as any expert can readily point out many ways in which the enormous costs of corporate management would be lessened. With those familiar with present methods, and not interested in their perpetuation, this objection has no force whatever.

The fourth objection is that with constant political pressure unnecessary lines would be built for political ends.

This is also bare assertion, although it is not impossible that such results would follow; yet such has not been the case in the British colonies where the governments have had control of construction. On the other hand, it is notorious that under corporate ownership, and solely to reap the profits to be made out of construction, the United States have been burthened with useless parallel roads, and such corporations as the Santa Fe have paralleled their own lines for such profits. It is quite safe to say that when the nation owns the railways there will be no nickel-plating, nor will such an unnecessary expenditure be made as was involved in the construction of the "West Shore"; nor will the feat of Gould and the Santa Fe be repeated of each building two hundred and forty miles, side by side, for construction profits, much of which is located in the arid portion of Kansas where there is never likely to be traffic for even one railway. Much of the republic is covered with closely parallel lines which would never have been built under national ownership, and this process will continue as long as the manipulators can make vast sums out of construction.

A fifth objection is that with the amount of red-tape that will be in use, it will be impossible to secure the building of needed lines.

While such objection is inconsistent with the fourth it may have some force; but as the greater part of the country is already provided with all the railways that will be needed for a generation, it is not a very serious objection even if it is as difficult as asserted to procure the building of new lines. It is not probable, however, that the government would refuse to build any line that would clearly subserve public convenience, the conduct of the postal service negating such a supposition; and for party purposes the administration would certainly favor the construction of such lines as were clearly needed, and it is high time

that only such should be built; and what instrumentality so fit to determine this as a non-partisan commission acting as the agent of the whole people?

The sixth objection is that lines built by the government would cost much more than if built by corporations.

Possibly this would be true, but they would be much better built and cost far less for maintenance and "betterments," and would represent no more than actual cost; and such lines as the Kansas Midland, costing but \$10,200 per mile, would not, as now, be capitalized at \$53,024 per mile; nor would the President of the Union Pacific (as does Sidney Dillon, in the *North American Review* for April,) say that "A citizen, simply as a citizen, commits an impertinence when he questions the right of a corporation to capitalize its properties at any sum whatever," as then there would be no Sidney Dillons who would be presidents of corporations, pretending to own railways built wholly from government moneys and lands, and who have never invested a dollar in the construction of a property which they have now capitalized at the modest sum of \$106,000 per mile. After such an achievement, in making much out of nothing, it is no wonder that Mr. Dillon is a multi-millionnaire and thinks it an impertinence when a citizen asks how he has discharged his trust in relation to a railway built wholly with public funds, no part of which Mr. Dillon and his associates seem in haste to pay back; their indebtedness to the government, with many years of unpaid interest, amounting to more than \$50,000,000, which is more than the cash cost of the railway upon which these men have been so sharp as to induce the government, after furnishing all the money expended in its construction, to accept a second mortgage, and now ask the same accommodating government to reduce the rate of interest — which they make no pretence of paying — to a nominal figure, and to wait another hundred years for both principal and interest. To make sure that the government's second mortgage shall be no more valuable than second mortgages usually are, and to make it more comfortable for the manipulators, Messrs. Gould and Dillon now propose to put a blanket first mortgage of \$250,000,000 on this property, built wholly from funds derived from the sale of government lands and bonds, and to pay the interest on which bonds the people are yearly taxed, although Mr.

Dillon and his associates contracted to pay such interest. In his conception of the relations of railway corporations to the public, Mr. Dillon is clearly not in accord with the higher tribunals which hold, in substance, that railways are public rather than private property, and that the shareholders *are entitled to but a reasonable compensation for the capital actually expended in construction* and a limited control of the property; and in this connection it may be well to quote briefly from decisions of the United States Supreme Court, which, in the case of *Wabash Railway vs. Illinois*, uses this language: "The highways in a State are the highways of the State. The highways are not of private but of public institution and regulation. In modern times, it is true, government is in the habit, in some countries, of letting out the construction of important highways, requiring a large expenditure of capital, to agents, generally corporate bodies created for the purpose, and giving them the right of taxing those who travel or transport goods thereon as a means of obtaining compensation for their outlay; but a superintending power over the highways, and the charges imposed upon the public for their use, always remains in the government." Again, in *Olcott vs. the Supervisors*, it is held that: "Whether the use of a railway is a public or private one depends in no measure upon the question who constructed it or who owns it. It has never been considered of any importance that the road was built by the agency of a private corporation. No matter who is the agent, the function performed is that of the State."

Mr. Justice Bradley says: "When a railroad is chartered it is for the purpose of performing a duty which belongs to the State itself. . . . It is the duty and prerogative of the State to provide means of intercommunication between one part of its territory and another."

If, as appears, such is the duty of the State (nation) why should not the State resume the discharge of this duty when the corporate agents to which it has delegated it are found to be using the delegated power for the purpose of oppressing and plundering a public which it is the duty of the government to protect?

The abilities of the man who cannot become a multimillionaire with the free use, for twenty-five years, of \$33,000,000 of government funds, must be of a very low

order, and it is no wonder, that after having for so many years had the use of such a sum without payment of interest, Mr. Dillon and his associates are very wealthy, and, like others who are retaining what does not belong to them, think it an impertinence when the owner inquires what use they are making of property to which they have no right. Had the nation built the Union Pacific there would have been no “Credit-Mobilier” and its unsavory scandal, and it is safe to say that the road would not now be made to represent an expenditure of \$106,000 per mile, and that Mr. Dillon and some others would not have so much money as to warrant them in putting on such insufferable airs. When it is remembered what use Oakes Ames and the Union Pacific crew made of issues of stock, it is not at all surprising that the president of the Union Pacific should think it an impertinence for a citizen to question the amount of capitalization or the use to which a part of such issues have been put, some of which are within the knowledge of the writer, so far as relates to issues of that part of the Union Pacific lying in Kansas and built by Samuel Hallett, who told the writer that he gave a member of the then federal cabinet several thousand shares of the capital stock of the “Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division,” — now the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific — to secure the acceptance of sections of the road which were not built in accordance with the requirements of the act of Congress, which provided that a given amount of government bonds per mile should be delivered to the railway company when certain officials should accept the road; and it was a quarrel with the chief engineer of the road in relation to a letter written by such engineer to President Lincoln, informing him of the defective construction of this road, that caused Samuel Hallett to be shot down in the streets of Wyandotte, Kansas, by engineer Talcott. It is within the knowledge of the writer that the member of the cabinet to whom Mr. Hallett said he gave several thousand shares of stock, held an amount of Union Pacific shares years afterwards, and that many years after he left the cabinet he continued to draw a large salary from the Union Pacific Company. Mr. Hallett also told the writer what were the arguments applied to congressmen to induce them to change the government lien from a first to a second mortgage of the Pacific Railway lines, and what was his

contribution in dollars to the fund used to enable congressmen to see the force of the arguments. When issues of railway shares are used for corrupt purposes it is certainly an impertinence for a citizen to make inquiries or offer any remarks in relation thereto.

The seventh objection to State owned railways is that they are incapable of as progressive improvement as are corporate owned ones, and will not keep pace with the progress of the nation in other respects; and in his *Forum* article Mr. Acworth lays great stress upon this phase of the question, and argues that as a result the service would be far less satisfactory.

There may be force in this objection, but the evidence points to an opposite conclusion. When the nation owns the railways, trains will run into union depots, the equipment will become uniform and of the best character, and so sufficient that the traffic of no part of the country would have to wait while the worthless locomotives of some bankrupt corporation were being patched up, nor would there be the present difficulties in obtaining freight cars, growing out of the poverty of corporations which have been plundered by the manipulators, and improvements would not be hindered by the diverse ideas of the managers of various lines in relation to the adoption of devices intended to render life more secure or to add to the public convenience. That such is one of the evils of corporate management is demonstrated daily, and is shown by the following from the *Railway Review* of March 7, 1891: "It is stated that a bill will be introduced in the Illinois Legislature, at the suggestion of the railroad and warehouse commissioners, governing the placing of interlocking plants at railway grade crossings. It sometimes happens that one of the companies concerned is anxious to put in such a plant and the other objects. At present there is no law to govern the matter, and the enterprising company is forced to abide the time of the other." Instead of national ownership being a hindrance to improvement and enterprise, the results in Australia prove the contrary, as in Victoria the government railways are already provided with interlocking plants at all grade crossings, and one line does not have to wait the motion of another, but all are governed by an active and enlightened policy which adopts all beneficial improvements, appliances or modes of administration that will add either to the public

safety, comfort, or convenience. It is safe to say that had the nation been operating the railways, there would have been no Fourth Avenue tunnel horror; and Chauncey Depew and associates would not now be under indictment, as the government would not have continued the use of the death-dealing stove on nearly half the railways in the country in order to save money for the shareholders.

Existing evidence all negatives Mr. Acworth's postulate "that State railway systems are incapable of vigorous life."

An objection to national ownership, which the writer has not seen advanced, is that States, counties, cities, townships, and school-districts would lose some \$27,000,000 of revenue derived from taxes upon railways.

While this would be a serious loss to some communities, there would be compensating advantages for the public, as the cost of transportation would be lessened in like measure.

Many believe stringent laws, enforced by commissions having judicial powers, will serve the desired end, and the writer was long hopeful of the efficacy of regulation by State and national commissions; but close observation of their endeavors and of the constant efforts — too often successful — of the corporations to place their tools on such commissions, and to evade all laws and regulations, have convinced him that such control is and must continue to be ineffective, and that the only hope of just and impartial treatment for railway users is to exercise the "right of eminent domain," condemn the railways, and pay their owners what it would cost to duplicate them; and in this connection it may be well to state what valuations some of the corporations place upon their properties.

Some years since the "Santa Fe" filed in the counties on its line a statement showing that at the then price of labor and materials — rails were double the present price — that their road could be duplicated for \$9,685 per mile, and the materials being much worn the actual cash value of the road did not exceed \$7,725 per mile.

In 1885 the superintendent of the St. Louis & Iron Mountain Railway, before the Arkansas State board of assessors, swore that he could duplicate such railway for \$11,000 per mile, and yet Mr. Gould has managed to float its securities, notwithstanding a capitalization of five times that amount.

(*Concluded next month.*)

THE UNKNOWN.*

PART II.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

THE human soul would seem to be a spiritual substance, endowed with psychical force, capable of acting outside bodily limits. This force, like all others, may be transmissible into the form of electricity or heat, or may be capable of bringing into activity certain latent energies while it yet remains intimately united with our mental being.

We propound questions to the table, already impressed with our nervous impetus, on subjects interesting to ourselves; and then we ourselves unconsciously inspire the responses. The table speaks to us in our own language, giving back our own ideas, within the limits of our own knowledge, conversing with us about our opinions and views, as we might discuss them with ourselves. This is absolutely the reflection — direct or remote, precise or vague — of our own feelings and thoughts. All my efforts to establish the identity of a stranger spirit, unknown to the persons present, have failed.

On the other hand, attentive examination of different communications leads us toward a conclusion as to their origin. When amidst the Marquis de Mirville's revelations, one is in the full swing of Roman Catholic diabolism — demons, spirits, purgatory, miracles, prayers, — nothing is lacking. With the Count de Gasparin, we are in the bosom of Rational Protestantism, which is absolutely the opposite of the other. Here are no present miracles, no devils, but simply a physical agency, a fluid obedient to volition. In the experiences of Eugene Nus's circle, we find the language of Fourier discoursing about the phalanstery, about racial solidarity, and socialistic religion. Therein are found earthly music chanted in space, — songs of Saturn and Jupiter

* Translated by G. H. A. Meyer and J. Henry Wiggin, from the manuscript of Camille Flammarion.

dictated under the influence of Alyre Bureau, who was the musician for the spiritualist society of Allan-Kardec. Here we have disembodied spirits of all ranks, and this is the apostolate of their reincarnation.

In the United States, on the contrary, the moving tables declare that the hypothesis of reincarnation is absurd and misleading; and it may be assumed that none of the persons present, especially the ladies, would for one moment admit the possibility of being some day reincarnated beneath the skin of a negro. A brilliant imagination, like that of Sardou, will picture to us Jupiter's castles; a musician may receive the revelation of a musical composition, more or less charming; an astronomer may be favored with astronomical communications. Is this physical auto-suggestion? Not absolutely, since the force goes outside of ourselves, in order to act. It is rather *mental* suggestion; yet an idea cannot be suggested to a piece of wood. This is, therefore, the direct action of the mind. I cannot find a better name for it than *psychical force*, a term, as already stated, which I have used since 1865, and which has since become the fashion.

The action of mind, outside the body, has other testimony, however. Magnetism, hypnotism, suggestion, telepathy prove this every day. It cannot be disputed that here also we encounter many illusions.

Some ten years ago a learned physician at Nice, Doctor Barety, the author of "La Force Neurique Rayonnante et Circulante" (The Radiation and Circulation of Nervous Force) devoted himself to ingenious experiments in the distant transmission of thought as observable in a magnetized person. In these experiments, in which I assisted, it seemed to me that the subject's sense of hearing amply sufficed to explain the results.

Take one case. The subject began to count aloud, while the magnetizer was in an adjoining room, the door standing open between them. At a certain moment the doctor, with all his energy, projected his "nervous fluid" from his hands, and the magnetized subject forthwith ceased counting; yet the doctor's linen cuffs made enough noise to indicate what he commanded, though no word was spoken. During the experiments at Salpêtrière and at Ivry, to which Doctor Luys was kind enough to invite me, I thought I observed that a previous knowledge of the sequence of the experiments

furnished a wide margin for the exercise of the personal faculties of the young women upon whom the experiments were made. These suspicions, however, did not prevent certain facts in regard to mental suggestion from being absolutely incontestable.

Here is one among others:—

Doctor Ochorowicz was attending a lady troubled with long-standing hysterio-epilepsy, aggravated by a maniacal inclination to suicide. Madame M. was twenty-seven years of age, and had a vigorous constitution. She appeared to be in excellent health. Her active and gay temperament was united with extreme moral sensibility. Her character was specially truthful. Her profound goodness was tinged with a tendency toward self-sacrifice. Her intelligence was remarkable. Her talents were many, and her perceptive faculties were good. At times she would display a lack of will-power, and an element of painful indecision; while at other times she showed exceptional firmness. The slightest moral fatigue, any unexpected impression, though of trifling importance, whether agreeable or otherwise, reacted, although slowly and imperceptibly, upon her vaso-motor nerves, and brought on convulsive attacks and a nervous swoon. Writes Dr. Ochorowicz in his work on Mental Suggestion:

One day, or rather one night, her attack being over (including a phase of delirium), the patient fell quietly asleep. Awakening suddenly, and seeing us (one of her female friends and myself) still near her, she begged us to go away, and not to tire ourselves needlessly on her account. She was so persistent that, fearing a nervous crisis, we departed. I went slowly downstairs, for she resided on the fourth story, and I paused several times to listen attentively, troubled by an evil presentiment; for she had wounded herself several times a few days before. I had already reached the courtyard, when I paused again, asking myself whether or not I ought to go away.

All at once her window opened with a slam, and I saw the sick woman leaning out with a rapid motion. I rushed to the spot where she might fall; and mechanically, without attaching any great importance to the impulse, I concentrated all my will in one great desire to oppose her precipitation.

The patient was influenced, however, though already leaning far out, and retreated slowly and spasmodically from the window. The same movements were repeated five times in succession, until the patient, seemingly fatigued, at last remained motionless, her back leaning against the casement of the window, which was still open.

She could not see me, as I was in the shadow far below, and it was night. At that moment, her friend, Mademoiselle X., ran in, and caught madame in her arms. I heard them struggling together, and hastened up the stairs to mademoiselle's assistance. I found the invalid in a frenzy of excitement. She did not recognize us, but mistook us for

robbers. I could only draw her away from the window by using violence enough to throw her upon her knees. Several times she tried to bite me; but after much trouble, I succeeded in replacing the poor lady in her bed. While maintaining my grasp with one hand, I induced a contraction of her arms, and finally put her to sleep.

When again in a somnambulistic state, her first words were: "Thanks!—pardon!"

Then she told me that she positively intended to throw herself out of the window, but that each time she felt as if she were "stayed from below."

"How so?"

"I do not know."

"Did you have any suspicion of my presence?"

"No! it was precisely because I believed you away, that I proposed to carry out my design. However, it seemed to me at times that you were near me, or behind me, and that you did not want me to fall."

Here is another experiment still more striking. Pierre Janet, Professor of Philosophy in the Havre Lycée, and Monsieur Gibert, a physician, selected as a subject for their observation a certain woman, a native of Brittany. She was fifty years old, robust, and moderately sensitive to hypnotic influences. On October 10, 1885, they agreed upon the following command:

To-morrow, at noon, lock the doors of your house.

W.

This suggestion Dr. Janet inscribed upon a sheet of paper, which he carried about in his pocket, not communicating its purport to anybody. Dr. Gibert made the suggestion by placing his forehead against the woman's, while she was in a lethargic slumber; and for a few moments he concentrated his mind upon the mental command he was giving.

Writes Janet concerning this incident:

On the morrow we went to the house, at fifteen minutes before twelve, and found the entrance barricaded and the doors locked. Inquiry proved that madame herself had closed them. When I asked her, next day, why she had done such a strange thing, she replied: "I felt very tired, and did not want you to come in and put me to sleep."

She was greatly agitated at the time. She continually wandered about the garden, and I saw her pluck a rose, and go towards the letter-box, which was near the gate. These actions were of no importance; but it is curious to note that these last actions were precisely those the day before we had thought of ordering her to perform, though we afterwards decided upon a different suggestion, namely, that of locking the doors. Undoubtedly his first suggestion occupied Gibert's mind while he was giving the second, and had a corresponding influence over the woman.

Here is still another experiment, related by Doctor Dusart:

Every day, before leaving a certain young patient, I commanded her to sleep until a specified hour the next day. Once I came away, forget-

ting this precaution, and I was seven hundred yards away before I thought of it. Being unable to retrace my steps, I said to myself that my wish might perhaps be felt, notwithstanding the distance, since a silent suggestion was sometimes obeyed at an interval of one or two yards. I therefore formulated my command that she should sleep until eight o'clock the next morning, and then kept on my way. The next day I called again, at half-past seven, and found my patient still asleep.

"How happens it that you are still asleep?"

"Why, Monsieur, I am obeying your orders."

"You are mistaken. I went away without giving any such command!"

"That is so! but five minutes later I distinctly heard you tell me to sleep until eight o'clock."

As it was not yet eight, and as eight was the hour I usually indicated, the possibility suggested itself that her awakening was the result of an illusion, arising from habit, and perhaps, after all, this was a case of simple coincidence. In order to make a clean breast of it, and leave no room for doubt, I ordered the invalid to sleep until she should receive a command to awake.

During the day, having a few spare moments, I resolved to complete the experiment. On leaving my house, seven kilometers away, I mentally gave the order for her to wake up. I noticed that it was two o'clock. On reaching the house I found her awake. Her parents, following my advice, had noted the precise time of her awakening. It was the very hour at which I gave the command.

This experiment was repeated several times, at different hours, and always with kindred results.

This is really very interesting; but here is something which appears more extraordinary.

On the first of January I discontinued my visits, and my relations to the family ceased. I had not even heard them spoken of; yet on January 12, as I was making some visits in an opposite direction, ten kilometers away from my former patient, I found myself wondering if it was still possible to make her hear my mental commands, despite the distance separating us, despite the cessation of my relations to the family, and despite the intervention of a third party, the father himself, who was magnetizing his daughter. I therefore bade the patient not fall asleep. Half an hour later, reflecting that if, by some extraordinary chance, my command was obeyed, this might prejudice the mind of the unfortunate girl against me, I withdrew my prohibition, and dismissed it from my thoughts. On the following morning, at six o'clock, I was greatly surprised by the arrival of a messenger, bringing me a letter from the father of the young lady, in which he informed me that on the day before, January 12, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, he was unable to put his daughter to sleep, except by a prolonged and disagreeable struggle. When she at last fell asleep she declared that if she had resisted, it was because of my command, and that she finally fell asleep only because I permitted it.

These declarations had been made before witnesses, whom the father had asked to countersign his report. I have preserved this letter, and have added a few circumstantial details thereto.

It is, therefore, probable that, with an exact knowledge of phenomenal conditions, we may eventually be able to mentally transmit entire thoughts to distant points, as is done now by telephone.

Independently of magnetism, it is difficult not to believe

that two persons, mutually dear to each other, although separated by certain circumstances, may remain united by their thoughts, with a tenacity which nothing can disturb, especially if the circumstances are grave. The thoughts of the one react upon the mind of the other, as if the beatings of one heart could transmit themselves to another heart. There is a certain psychical tie between the two; and at the time when one especially concentrates his voluntary force upon the other, it is not unusual for the latter to feel the reaction, and be plunged into a revery even more intense. The transmission of thought—or, to speak more exactly, *suggestion*,—is, under these conditions, a matter for observation, which might frequently be applied.

I shall not here consider the phenomena of telepathy or ghosts. Readers of THE ARENA have been favored with Mr. Wallace's excellent articles on this point, and it would be superfluous to reconsider it. No doubt our readers are also acquainted with the examples reported in my work called *Urania*, and have long been aware that I believe in the possibility of communications between invisible beings and ourselves. In the point of view at which I have placed myself in this technical and essentially scientific outline, I have taken care to carefully distinguish the things seen by myself from those which I have not seen.

I do not belong to the same class with those who say: "We have not seen it, and therefore it cannot be." There are honest people everywhere. There are, perhaps, few exact observers, capable of reporting facts, without changing anything in their recitals; but there are witnesses we cannot well gainsay.

Here, for example, is a letter among many recently addressed to me, relative to certain extraordinary facts.

Your work, *Urania*, has prompted me to bring to your knowledge an event which I heard related by the very person to whom it happened,—a Danish physician, named Vogler, residing at Gudum, near Alborg, in Jutland.

Vogler is a man of robust health, both in mind and body. He has an upright and positive disposition, without the least tendency (but quite the contrary) to nervous excitability.

He related to me the following story, which I have often heard confirmed by others as the unadorned and exact truth.

When a young man, studying medicine, he travelled in Germany with Count Schimmuelmann, a noted name among the nobility of Holstein, who was about his own age. They hired a small house in a German university town where they proposed to stay for sometime. The Count

lived in the apartments on the ground floor, while Vogler occupied the next story; and the street door, as well as the stairway, were used by themselves alone. One night, when Mr. Vogler was reading in bed, he suddenly heard the door at the foot of the stairs open and shut; but he did not pay any attention to it, believing the Count had just come in. A few moments later he heard slow and tired footsteps ascend the stairs, and stop at his chamber door. He saw the door open, but nobody appeared. The footsteps did not cease, however, for he heard them on the floor, advancing from the door to the bed. He could see absolutely nothing, although the light was continuously burning; and he could not understand the affair, not recognizing the footsteps. When the steps had drawn very near the bed, he heard a great sigh, which he at once recognized as that of his grandmother, whom he had left in good health at their home in Denmark. At the same instant he also recognized the step, which was, indeed, the halting and aged step of his grandmother. Looking at his watch, which he had placed under his pillow, Vogler noted the exact hour, and made a memorandum of it, for he at once surmised that his grandmother might be dying at the very instant. At a later day he received a letter from the paternal home, announcing the sudden death of his grandmother, who particularly cherished him above the other grandchildren. This established the fact that her death occurred at the very hour indicated. In this manner did the venerable woman take leave of her grandson, who did not even know of her illness.

EDWARD HAMBRO,

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in the City of Christiania.*

Here, as may be seen, is a fact, observed as precisely as a scientific experiment; and it might be added to those I have published in Urania.

I will adduce one more fact, which was observed very long ago, in 1784, by my great-grandfather, on my mother's side.

It occurred in Illand, a little village in the county of Bar, which to-day belongs to the Department of Haute-Marne, not far from the native place of both my maternal grandfather and myself. In childhood I spent all my vacations there among the vine-planted hills, face to face with gracious landscapes, amid forests alive with bird songs. The house yet stands in which the incident happened. It is at the entrance of the village, on the right, and is called the Chateau. One evening my great-grandmother, on returning from her work in the fields, perceived, by the huge chimney-corner (which can still be seen), her brother, who had been dead several months. He was seated, and seemed to be warming himself. "My God!" she exclaimed in affright, "it's our dead Rolet!" and then she ran away. Her husband, entering in his turn, also saw his brother-in-law sitting by the fireplace. At that critical moment one of the farm hands uttered an oath, and the apparition vanished.

I give this narrative as it was related to me. No misgivings as to the reality of the vision existed in the minds of the personages in my grandmother's household.

Allow me to mention another illustration. In February, 1889, I received from H. Van der Kerkhare the following communication, relating to an article I had published about this class of phenomena.

While in Texas, on August 25, 1874, towards sunset, I was smoking my after-dinner pipe in a room on the ground floor of the house I occupied. I was facing the wall, with a door on my right opening towards the northwest. Here is a diagram of the scene.



Suddenly I saw my old grandfather in the doorway. I was in that semi-conscious state of well-being and quietude natural to a man with a good appetite who has dined satisfactorily. I was not at all astonished to see my grandfather there. In fact, I was vegetating just then, thinking of nothing in particular. Nevertheless, I said to myself:—"It is droll that the rays of the setting sun should pour gold and purple through the least folds of my grandfather's garments and face." In fact, the setting sun was red, and threw its last horizontal rays diagonally athwart the doorway. Grandfather had a beneficent countenance. He smiled and seemed happy. All at once he disappeared along with the vanishing sun, and I roused myself as from a dream, but with the conviction that I had seen an apparition. Six weeks afterwards I was apprised by letter that my grandfather had died on the night of August 25 and 26 between one and two o'clock. Well, there is a difference of five and one-half hours between the longitude of Belgium, where my grandfather died, and the longitude of Texas where I was, and where the sun set at about seven o'clock.

It would be easy to cite a large number of similar cases. Let me end this section with the following conclusion of Ch. Richet, the learned editor of the *Revue Scientifique*:—

Unless we discredit the value of all human testimony, these stories are veritable and accurate. Whenever kindred incidents are reproduced by experiment, telepathy will no longer be disputed, but admitted as a natural phenomenon, as well proven as the rotation of the earth, or as the contagion of tuberculosis. To-day's audacious theories will, in a few years, seem almost like infantile truisms.

We have now come to the closing section of this already long essay,—namely, to the explanation of such phenomena as table-tipping, spirit rapping and dictation, and distant transmission of thought. Let us confess that it is much easier to unfold and discuss such facts, than to determine their *modus*

operandi. I will add that, even if in the present state of our knowledge, it is impossible to explain these facts, there is no shadow of a reason for rejecting them.

The theory with which we conclude has been anticipated by the preceding sections.

What is the universe? What is nature? What are beings? What are things?

From astronomy to physiology, everything constrains us to allow the existence of at least two elements—force and matter.

The order and laws of the universe, together with human thought and consciousness, lead us to admit (besides force and matter) a third element—intelligence; for speaking only of the constituency of our planet, no chemical combination whatever has ever been known to produce an idea.

Force directs. Matter obeys.

Force is invisible and so is matter.

All matter whatsoever is composed of atoms, too infinitesimal for our perception, and even invisible beneath the most powerful microscope but whose existence is demonstrated by chemistry, as well as by physics. The molecules of iron, gold, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, appear to be groups of atoms. Even if we deny the existence of atoms, and admit only the existence of molecules, they also are invisible.

Matter, therefore, in its very essence, is invisible. Our eyes behold only motion and transitory forms. Our hands touch only appearances. Hardness and softness, heat and cold, weight and lightness, are relative, not absolute conditions.

What we call matter is only an effect produced upon our senses by the motion of atoms,—that is to say, by our unceasing receptivity to sensations.

The universe is a dynamic conglomerate. Atoms are in perpetual motion, caused by forces. All is movement. Heat, light, electricity, terrestrial magnetism, do not exist as independent agents. They are but modes of motion. That which actually exists is force. It is force that sustains the universe. It is force that projects the earth into space. It is force that constitutes living creatures.

The human soul is a principle of force. Thought is a dynamic act. Psychological force acts upon the matter composing our bodies, and actuates all our members to fulfil their tasks. Like all forces, psychological force can transform itself,

can become electricity, heat, light, motion; for these are all modes of motion. Psychical force is itself in motion.

It can act outside the limits of the human organism, and can temporarily animate a table. I place my hands on a round table, with a firm desire to see it obey my will. I communicate to it a certain heat, a certain electricity, a certain polarization, or a certain other something we have not yet discovered. The stand becomes, so to speak, an extension of my body, and submits to the influence of my will. I look at a person. I take his hand. I thus act upon him.

More than this. If the brain of another person vibrates in unison with mine, or has at one in harmony with the keynote of my own brain, I can act upon him, even from a distance.

If I emit a sound a few yards from a piano, those piano-strings which are in harmony with my utterance will vibrate, and themselves send forth a kindred sound, easily distinguishable.

A telegraph wire transmits a despatch: A neighboring wire is influenced by induction; and it has been possible, by the aid of this second and separate wire, to read messages sent over the first.

There is still more to be said. The principle of the transformation of force to-day opens to us new views which might well be called marvellous. We every day make use of the telephone, without thinking that it is, in itself, more astonishing than all the occult facts considered in this paper.

You speak. Your voice is transmitted ten or twenty thousand kilometers, from Paris to Marseilles, and even farther away. You think it is your own voice which is heard and recognized at the other end of the wire; but it is not; your voice has not made the journey. Sound of itself, in its ordinary state, is not transmitted with anything like the rapidity attending this flight over the copper wire. If it were otherwise, we should have to wait seven hours and twenty-four seconds for a response, whereas there is no appreciable delay in the telephonic passage of sound. The usual vocal velocity becomes electric velocity, and the interval between the terminal stations of the wire is traversed instantaneously. On reaching its destination, the current again transforms itself into sound through its encounter with a medial, an environment like that at its starting-point.

Is the conductive wire indispensable? By no means! Is

there a connecting wire between the sun and the earth? Yet the spots on the sun occasion rebounds in the variations of terrestrial magnetism. In the photophone the conductive wire has already been dispensed with, and a ray of light is used in its place. You speak behind a mirror, and thus cause it to vibrate. These vibrations modify the reflection of light from the vibrating mirror, which thus bears along your voice, with which it becomes charged. Selenium, the chemical element used in the operation, transmits the sound to the telephone, and your spoken word is reproduced.

The principal of the transformation of forces is undoubtedly one of the most prolific in modern physics. Heat can be transformed into mechanical motion; mechanical motion may be transformed into heat. Electricity is transformable into magnetism; and, reciprocally, magnetism may change into electricity, into light. The motion of the mill-wheel serves to illuminate your house. From Paris you can light a lamp in Brussels. When you act from afar upon another mind, it is not your thought which travels, as a mental condition; but your thought traverses the intervening ether through a series of vibrations as yet unknown to us, and only becomes thought again when brought into contact with another brain, because the last transference brings the impulse into a medium akin to that from which it started. It is therefore necessary that this second brain should be in sympathy with yours; that is to say, using one of Doctor Ochorowicz's expressions, that "the dynamic tone" of the receiver should be in accord with your own. It is, moreover, noticeable that there are periods when veritable thought-currents affect thousands of brains at the same moment. At the bottom of all this there is but one principle, and that is identical with the relation existing between the magnet and the iron, between the sun and the earth, — namely, the transmission and transformation of motion. Herbert Spencer has said: —

The discovery that matter, so simple in appearance, is wonderfully complicated in its vital structure, — and that other discovery, that its molecules, oscillating with a rapidity almost infinite, convey their impressions to the surrounding ether, which, in turn, transmits them over inconceivable distances, in an inconceivably short space of time, — these discoveries lead us to the even more marvellous discovery, that any kind of molecules are affected in a special manner by molecules of the same kind, though situated in the most distant regions of space.

It requires but one step more for the admission that

psychical communications may be established between an inhabitant of Mars and an inhabitant of the earth.

We are often asked what all these studies amount to. That is still unknown. If they should end in a scientific proof of the existence and immortality of the soul, these investigations would forthwith surpass in value all other human sciences put together, without a single exception.

It must be acknowledged that this reason is a sufficient authorization for us not to despise this class of researches. But this argument is needless. These investigations relate to the unknown, and that reason is all-sufficient.

Did Galvani in examining the convulsions of his frogs, have any idea of the immense, the prodigious, the universal part which electric science was to perform in less than a century? Denis Papin and Robert Fulton, Benjamin Franklin and James Watts, Jouffroy and Daguerre,—all the inventors, all the searchers after truth,—were they wrong in losing themselves in their pursuit of the unknown? It is such men who cause the advance of humanity. It is to them mankind owes its progress.

If it were proved, we say, that there exists outside of us, and even within us, an immaterial and spiritual force, which eludes the known processes of nature, and the acknowledged laws of life,—and which reveals itself by other processes and other laws, which do not supplant the first, but take an equal place beside them, this new knowledge might enlighten somewhat the shadows which now conceal the great secret of the origin and destiny of such poor beings as ourselves.

First of all, let us seek the truth. To be sure, Taine has written very wittily: “I never thought that a truth could be of any practical use!” but we may not be of the same mind, and may think, on the contrary, that the search for truth is the prime object of men’s intellectual existence.

THE SWISS AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS.

BY W. D. MCCRACKAN.

THE study of federalism, as a system of government, has in recent times become a favorite subject for constitutional writers. At present the United States and the Dominion of Canada on this continent, the newly constituted Australian Commonwealth at the Antipodes, and in Europe the German Empire, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the Swiss Confederation are all examples of the application of the federal principle in its various phases. What makes all researches into this branch of political learning particularly difficult, and perhaps for that reason also exceptionally fascinating, is the fact that federated states seem forever oscillating between the two extremes of complete centralization and decentralization. The two forces, centripetal and centrifugal, seem to be always pulling against each other, and producing a new resultant which varies according to their proportionate intensity. One is almost tempted to say that there must be an ideal state somewhere between these two extremes, some point of perfect balance, from which no nation can ever depart very far without either falling apart into anarchy or being consolidated into despotism. Whatever, therefore, can throw light upon these obscure forces is certainly entitled to our deepest interest.

But not all the different states mentioned above as representatives of federalism, possess an equal value for us in our search after improvements in the art of self-government. The study of the constitutions of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires can only be of secondary importance to us Americans, because these states are founded upon monarchical principles, quite foreign to our body politic. To a limited extent, the same objection may be made to the Canadian and Australian constitutions, since the connection of those countries with the monarchical mother country has not been constitutionally severed. But there is another federated state in existence, until lately almost ignored by

writers on political subjects, whose example can in reality be of the utmost use to us, for its general organization more nearly resembles our own in miniature than any other. This country is Switzerland. In her quiet fashion the unobtrusive little Confederation is working out some of the great modern problems, and her citizens, with their natural aptitude for self-government, are presenting object lessons which we especially in America cannot afford to overlook. It is true that political analogies are sometimes a little perilous, for identical situations can never be reproduced in different countries, but if there be any virtue at all in the study of comparative politics, a comparison between the Federal constitutions of Switzerland and the United States ought to throw into relief some features which can be of service to us.

To be perfectly frank, the Swiss constitution, when placed side by side with our own, at first shows certain decided short-comings. The Constitution of the United States is an eminently logical, well-balanced document, in which a masterly distinction is made between the executive, legislative, and judicial functions of government, and between matters which belong by nature to organic law, and those which may safely be left to the statute law. In the Swiss constitution, however, the line which separates these departments is not as clearly drawn, so that, in fact, a certain amount of confusion in their treatment becomes apparent. In the primitive leagues which were concluded between the early Confederates no attempt was made to draw up regular constitutions, and the one now in force dates only from 1848, with amendments made in 1874, 1879, and 1885, an instrument still somewhat imperfect, perhaps, but none the less suggestive to the student.

There are two institutions in the Swiss state which bear a very strong likeness to corresponding ones in our own. Both countries have a legislative system consisting of two houses, one representing the people numerically, and the other the Cantons or States of which the Union is composed, and both possess a Supreme Court, which in Switzerland goes by the name of the Federal Tribunal. It is generally conceded that the Swiss consciously imitated these American institutions, but in doing so they certainly took care to adapt them to their own particular needs, so that the two sets of institutions are by no means identical. The Swiss National Council and

Council of States, forming together the Federal Assembly, are equal, co-ordinate bodies, performing the same functions, whereas our House of Representatives and Senate have particular duties assigned to each, and the former occupies in a measure a subordinate position to the latter. The Swiss Houses meet twice a year in regular sessions, on the first Monday in June and the first Monday in December, and for extra sessions if there is special unfinished business to transact. The National Council is composed at present of 147 members, one representative to every 20,000 inhabitants. Every citizen of twenty-one is a voter, and every voter not a clergyman is eligible to this National Council — the exclusion of the clergy is due to dread of religious quarrels, with which the pages of Swiss history have been only too frequently stained. A general election takes place every three years. The salary of the representatives is four dollars a day, which is forfeited by non-attendance, and about five cents a mile for travelling expenses. On the other hand, the Council of States is composed of forty-four members, two for each of the twenty-two Cantons. The length of their terms of office is left entirely to the discretion of the Cantons which elect them, and in the same manner their salaries are paid out of the Cantonal treasuries. There are certain special occasions when the two houses meet together and act in concert: first, for the election of the Federal Council, which corresponds in a general way to our President and his Cabinet; secondly, for the election of the Federal Tribunal; thirdly, for that of the Chancellor of the Confederation, an official whose duties seem to be those of a secretary to the Federal Council and Federal Assembly, and fourthly, for that of the Commander-in-Chief in case of war. The attributes of the Swiss Federal Tribunal, though closely resembling those of our Supreme Court, are not identical with them, for the Swiss conception of the sovereignty of the people is quite different from our own. Their Federal Assembly is the repository of the national sovereignty, and, therefore, no other body can override its decisions. The Supreme Court of the United States tests the constitutionality of laws passed by Congress which may be submitted to it for examination, thus placing itself as arbiter over the representatives of the people; but the Federal Tribunal must accept as final all laws which have passed through the usual channels, so that

its duty consists merely in applying them to particular cases without questioning their constitutionality.

If there is a certain resemblance between the Federal Assembly and our Congress, and between the Federal Tribunal and our Supreme Court, there is on the other hand a striking difference between the Federal Council and our presidential office.

The Swiss Constitution does not intrust the executive power to one man, as our own does, but to a Federal Council of seven members, acting as a sort of Board of Administration. These seven men are elected for a fixed term of three years, out of the ranks of the whole body of voters throughout the country, by the two Houses, united in joint session. Every year they also designate, from the seven members of the Federal Council, the two persons who shall act as President and Vice-President of the Swiss Confederation. The Swiss President is, therefore, only the chairman of an executive board, and presents a complete contrast to the President of the United States, who is virtually a monarch, elected for a short reign. Sir Henry Maine says in his book on "Popular Government," that somewhat exasperating but always instructive arraignment of democracy: "On the face of the Constitution of the United States, the resemblance of the President of the United States to the European king, and especially to the King of Great Britain, is too obvious to mistake. The President has, in various degrees, a number of powers which those who know something of kingship in its general history recognize at once as peculiarly associated with it and with no other institution." In truth he is vested with all the attributes of sovereignty during his term of office. He holds in his hand the whole executive power of the government; he is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy; possesses a suspensory veto upon legislation and the privilege of pardoning offences against Federal law, and finally is intrusted with an appointing power unparalleled in any free country. With all this authority he is still a partisan by reason of the manner of his election, so that he cannot possibly administer his office impartially, and must, from the necessity of the case, forward the interests of one political party at the expense of the rest. It is certainly worthy of consideration whether the Swiss Federal Council does not contain valuable suggestions for reformers who desire

to hasten the triumph of absolute democracy in the United States.

The institution of the Referendum has no counterpart in our own country, unless we except the somewhat unwieldy provisions in various States for the revisions of their constitutions by popular vote. It is undoubtedly the most successful experiment in applying the principles of direct government which has been made in modern times. Having already written more fully upon this subject in the March number of *THE ARENA*, the writer will here confine himself to reminding the readers of this review that the referendum is an institution by means of which laws framed by the representatives are submitted to the people for rejection or approval. It is significant of the interest which the referendum is already exciting in this country that a committee of gentlemen recently presented themselves at the State House to urge the adoption of this principle in local matters.

There are, besides, a host of minor differences between the Swiss and American Constitutions, of more or less interest to students of politics and economics.

The central government in Switzerland maintains a university, the Polytechnic at Zürich, and by virtue of the constitution also exerts an influence over education throughout the Confederation. Article 27 prescribes that the Cantons shall provide compulsory primary instruction to be placed in charge of the civil authorities and to be gratuitous in all public schools. In practice these provisions have been found difficult to enforce where the spirit of the population was opposed to them, as in Uri, the most illiterate of the Cantons, where the writer found educational matters entirely in the hands of the priesthood. Fortunately, however, the Swiss people at large have a very keen appreciation of the value of education, so that illiteracy, as we have it in this country, among the negroes and the poor whites of the South, as well as amongst certain classes of our immigrants, is really unknown in Switzerland. Someone has jestingly said that there "the primary business of the state is to keep school," and really, in travelling through the country which gave birth to Pestalozzi, one is continually impressed with the size and comparative splendor of the schoolhouses; in every village and hamlet they have the appearance of being the very best which the community by scrimping and saving

can possibly put up. On the subject of import duties, the Constitution lays down in Article 29 as general rules to guide the conduct of legislators, that "materials which are necessary to the industries and agriculture of the country shall be taxed as low as possible; the same rule shall be observed in regard to the necessities of life. Articles of luxury shall be subjected to the highest taxes." From this set of principles it will be seen that Switzerland levies her duties for revenue only, as the phrase is, although it must be confessed that there is a perceptible tendency now manifested to raise the duties in consequence of the high protectionist wave which is sweeping over the continent of Europe at the present moment. When the statistics of Switzerland's general trade, including all goods in transit, which, of course, make a considerable portion of the whole, are compared with those of other European states, it is found that she possesses a greater amount of general trade per head of population than any other country, more even than England. The telegraph and telephone systems are managed by the central government, as well as the post office, with excellent results. Not only are these departments conducted in an exemplary manner upon cheap terms, but a respectable revenue is also derived from them which makes a good showing in the annual budget. Everything which is connected with the army, from the selection of the recruits to the election of the Commander-in-Chief, also possesses exceptional interest, because Switzerland is the only country in the world which has so far succeeded in maintaining an efficient militia without the vestige of a standing army. An attempt was made in 1885 to deal with the evils of intemperance, by establishing a state monopoly of the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, the revenue thus derived being apportioned amongst the Cantons according to population, with the proviso that ten per cent. of it be used by them to combat the causes and effects of alcoholism in their midst. It is too early to speak of the final results of this legislation, but for the moment there seems to be a decided falling off in the consumption of the cruder and more injurious qualities. Amongst other matters which the Federal authorities have brought under their supervision, are the forests, river improvements, ordinary roads, and railroads, and bridges, etc., not managing them all directly, but reserving the right to regulate them at

will. Even hunting and fishing come within the jurisdiction of the central government, this constitutional power having been used to preserve the chamois in certain mountain ranges where they were threatening to disappear completely, but where, thanks to timely interference, they are now actually on the increase.

Apart from these constitutional provisions, the general drift of legislative action seems to have set in very strongly towards a mild form of state socialism, somewhat after the form of the Prussian system, but with this difference, that in the case of Switzerland it is the people who unite to delegate certain powers to the state, while in the latter country this policy is imposed upon the people from above by the ruling authorities. The altogether exceptional clauses in the Swiss Constitution referring to the exclusion of the Jesuits, a survival of the war of 1848, to the so-called *Heimatlosen*, or those who have no commune of origin, and to the police appointed to control the movements of foreign agitators seeking the asylum of the country, all these have a purely local interest, and need not be especially examined.

What, then, is the peculiar mark and symbol of the Swiss Constitution, taken as a whole? When all has been said and done, the most characteristic provisions are those which introduce forms of direct government or of pure democracy, as the technical expression is. The supremacy of the legislative branch, as representing the people, the peculiar make-up of the Federal Council, the limited powers of the Federal Tribunal, and above all the institution of the referendum, are all evidences of this tendency toward direct government. In the Cantonal governments the same quality is still more apparent, for it is from them that the Swiss Federal Constitution has borrowed the principles which underlie these characteristic provisions. In point of fact, representative democracy has never felt quite at home in Switzerland; there has always been an effort to revert to simpler, more straightforward methods; to reduce the distance which separates the people from the exercise of their sovereignty; and to constitute them into a court of final appeal.

In view of the marvellous stability which the pure democracy of Switzerland has displayed, there is something comical in the horror of all forms of direct government expressed

by most constitutional writers. De Tocqueville, whom we honor for his appreciation of our own Constitution, declares "that they all tend to render the government of the people irregular in its action, precipitate in its resolutions, and tyrannical in its acts." Mr. George Grote also condemns the referendum, and of course one cannot expect pure democracy to be praised by Sir Henry Maine, who believes that "the progress of mankind has hitherto been effected by the rise and fall of aristocracies." On the other hand it is refreshing to hear Mr. Freeman and Mr. Dicey actually discussing the practicability of introducing the referendum into the English political system.

After all, is not this very quality of directness a great recommendation, when we consider the rubbish which at present clogs the wheels of our political machinery, the complications which confuse the voter and hide the real issues from his comprehension? The very epithets pure and direct satisfy at once our best aspirations and our common sense. If monarchy is the government of one, oligarchy that of a few, and democracy that of many, surely there will some day arise the rule of all. The United States seems to be standing at the parting of two ways, one of which leads back in a vicious circle to plutocracy and despotism, while the other advances towards a genuine pure democracy. No nation can stand still. Which way shall it be?

THE TYRANNY OF ALL THE PEOPLE.

BY REV. FRANCIS BELLAMY.

DR. WHEWELL observed that the acceptance of every new idea passed through three stages: 1. It is absurd; 2. It is contrary to the Bible; 3. We always believed it. Change the second stage to, It is unscientific, and the diagram may apply to socialism. We have certainly emerged from the period when it was considered a valid argument to call socialism somebody's dream. It is now treated with a scientific earnestness which betrays its progress in general thought. This serious grappling with the subject is noted in the recent "Plea for Liberty," by some of Mr. Herbert Spencer's disciples, for which Mr. Spencer himself has written an elaborate introduction.

The same earnestness is felt in the masterly editorial, "Is Socialism Desirable?" in THE ARENA for May. This is a solid contribution to the permanent literature of the subject. It is not a surprise that it has commanded such wide attention. Its deep thoughtfulness, its strategic selection of only vital points for its attack, and, not the least, its kindliness and chivalry, mark it as a notable production. I truly appreciate the honor of being chosen by this knightly antagonist to face the attack on his own sands.

It is not without some question, however, that I accept the generous challenge. For I am not sure that I myself believe in the military type of socialism which the editor seems continually to have in mind. The book, which more than all others combined has brought socialism before American thought, has also furnished to its opponents a splendidly clear target in its military organization. It cannot be repeated too often, however, that the army type is not conceded by socialists to be an essential, even, of nationalistic socialism. Democratic socialism differs considerably from military socialism, and may be fully as national in its reach. In so far as Mr. Flower's arguments apply to democratic

socialism, the following paragraphs may be taken as a rejoinder.

To bring the chief counts of the editor's indictment again clearly before the readers, it will be well to summarize them:—

(1) National socialism means governmentalism, which is tyranny over the individual.

(2) National socialism means paternalism, which, exercised by all the people, is the most hopeless kind of tyranny.

(3) National socialism means the arrest of progress, because the majority will surely tyrannize over the small "vanguard of human progress."

(4) National socialism will be needless when the people are educated to the fraternalism which alone could temper the inevitable despotism of the majority.

There is a period in every agitation of a new idea when the most prosperous weapon against it is a thumping epithet. The name must be apt enough to stick. Furthermore, no matter how misleading, it must be suggestive of sinister things.

"Governmentalism" is such a word. In its etymology it is harmless enough. Governmental is the adjective of government, and means "exercising the powers of government." Governmentalism, therefore, means the exercise of the powers of government considered as a principle. But the word when made the boggy of socialism is supposed to mean the principle of the exercise of the powers of government raised to the *nth* degree, and separated from the people. It suggests a shadowy somewhat of officialdom; a Corliss engine of functionarism; all of which is thought of as apart from the people, yet pressing upon the people. In other words, the name "governmentalism," while intended as a word of opprobrium for socialism, really indicates the amazing misconception which the critics have of the nation itself, and of the relation of the nation's life to its self-direction.

The nation is not an aggregate of the Smiths, and Joneses, and Robinsons. It is a favorite formula with the opponents of the new school that the nation is but a multitude of individuals. So is a sand-heap. But in the nation the individual atoms are linked by mutual obligations. They are members one of another. No individual can claim isolation and independency. Let him make the most of his individu-

ality; yet, as Aristotle said, "Man is a political animal;" his nature apart from the nation is incomplete; sundered from that to which he belongs he seems a freak.

"The nation, then, is not an artificial binding of units; it is a natural relationship. The ideal nation is not entered as a result of reflection and choice. A man is born into the nation as into the family. To belong to the English nation when born an Englishman is not usually considered so "greatly to his credit," except in the case of Mr. Gilbert's naval hero. The very term "naturalize," with which we denote the initiation of a foreigner, is a confession that the nation is not a social contract but a natural relation. It is this natural relation which makes the nation worth dying for; it is fatherland.

Still further, the nation is an organic being. The scattered atoms of a sand-heap are as perfect as before they were dislodged; not so an amputated arm. When the nation is disunited, the detached segment becomes a different kind of body. "The man without a country" begins to be another sort of man. The nation is not a mass of independent individuals, but of related individuals, who, moreover, are so closely related that they make together an indivisible organism; this organism develops according to orderly laws; this organism has perpetuity, never disjoining itself either from its past or future; and this organism has also self-consciousness and moral personality. This is the nation in which we live, and move, and have our being.

When we look this high conception of the nation squarely in the eye, much of the talk about governmentalism seems at once irrelevant. For government in America must ever mean the nation directing itself. Here are no hereditary governing machines; no bureaucracies created by a power apart from the people. In Europe, government is fastened on the people. But in America, if government is not of the people, by the people, and for the people, it is their own fault. The worst abuses of power in a government actually emanating from the people, do not put it beyond their reach. It is still the nation governing itself. It will one day become conscious of its strength, and will direct its efforts more wisely. But so long as it is the living, organic nation governing itself, no mere multiplication of functions, no straightforward increase of powers, are a discrowning of the people.

Socialists believe in the fearless extension of government because they have a clear and high idea of the nation as an organic relationship, apart from which the individual cannot realize himself. As the nation becomes more self-conscious, it perceives more clearly its own responsibility for the development of each individual. The self-governing nation extends its governmental powers solely to give a better chance for development to the largest number of individuals. "All individualism," says Mr. Flower, "would be surrendered to that mysterious thing called government." But there is nothing mysterious in the expression the nation makes of its own will; and it is hard to discover what individualism is surrendered, except bumptiousness, when the rounded development of the greatest number of individuals is the nation's motive for extending its governmental functions.

There is also another kind of reason for being undismayed at the threat of governmentalism. Nationalism is but the very distant consummation of local socialism.

I suppose it is not strange that the hostile critics occupy themselves almost entirely with this keystone of the arch, since that has given the name to the whole tendency. They delight to picture the superb riot of corruption if nationalists could have their way at once. They will never listen, they will never remember, while nationalists declare they would not have their way at once if they could. A catastrophe by which nationalistic socialism might be precipitated would be a deplorable disaster to human progress.

Socialism properly begins with the municipality; or more properly still, with the town-meeting. The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is a practical State socialist; and he outlines in the *North American Review* for May how English cities are laying the foundation of more general socialism. The popular representative government of the municipality, he says, "unlike the imperial legislature, is very near to the poor, and can deal with details, and with special conditions. It is subject to the criticism and direct control both of those who find the money, and of those who are chiefly interested in its expenditure. In England, at any rate," he continues, "it has been free from the suspicion of personal corruption, and has always been able to secure the services of the ablest and most disinterested members of the community." The

practical socialism of Birmingham, and other cities of Great Britain, enthusiastically supported by multitudes of citizens who do not call themselves socialists, is an example of the first numbers on the socialistic programme. The intellectual leaders of socialism are in no hurry. They have all the time there is. It may take years to persuade American cities that they are business corporations themselves, whose aim is the well-being of all the members. The extension of municipal control over all natural monopolies may be decades off. No matter; there is no use in being hot-headed because hearts are hot at the miseries of the poor. Municipalization ought to precede nationalization. The members of the community must learn to trust each other before the East and the West will trust one another. It must be proved in American cities, as it has been already in English cities, that the extension of municipal powers is itself a force to drive out corruption and purify politics, before the nation as a whole will deem it safe to make great enlargements of the civil service.

As that day approaches, it will be found that nationalism is a much simpler thing than it now seems. Nationalism does not begin in a paper constitution and work downwards. During the upheavals of the French Revolution Abbé Siéges is always coming forward with a new constitution. But in America institutions are rather an evolution. The last numbers on the social programme may safely be left blank. Nationalism is neither a city let down, of a sudden, four-square from heaven, nor are its working plans yet to be found in any architect's office on earth. We certainly want no nationalism which is not an orderly development. We may agree with Mr. Spencer that the course of political evolution is full of surprises. It is quite possible that the nationalism which seems so full of menace as a military despotism may turn out to be but a simple federation of industrial and commercial interests which find they require a single head.

In other words, it seems to me, nationalism is only a prophecy. It is too distant to be certainly detailed. Present day accounts of it will one day be, as Horace Greeley said of something else, "mighty interesting reading." We may be inspired by it as the end towards which present movements are tending. But each age solves its own problems; and the passage into that promised land is the issue

for another generation. A nearer view alone can determine where the passage is, and whether the land is truly desirable. We may justly put some faith in the common sense, as well as in the political ingenuity of those who come after us. If military socialism, whatever it is, should ever be the issue, this American people can be trusted to vote against it if it is undesirable. Meantime, what our people must vote upon in the present year of grace, is whether great private corporations shall control legislatures and city councils, and charge their own unquestioned prices for such public necessities of life as light and transit. There is an issue between tyranny and liberty which is to the point. The future is in the hands of evolution.

Another opprobrious epithet is "paternalism." This is the most familiar of the titles of reproach. It suggests an idea of government made pestiferous by old abuse. The most atrocious despotisms both of king and church have planted themselves *in loco parentis*. The welfare of the people has been the hoary excuse for the cruelest outrages of history. Mr. Flower goes a step further and avers that, with the good of the people for a pretext, tyranny has always been in exact proportion to power and authority.

Without stopping to query as to this last rather sweeping statement, it will be enough to check ourselves while the editor leaps to his induction; namely, that because the monarchical and ecclesiastical governments have tyrannized in proportion to their power, nothing less is to be expected if our Republic becomes affected with a greater sense of governmental responsibility for the welfare of her citizens. If our nation, it is claimed, allows this specious excuse to commit it to the doctrine of State interference, we are drifted into the despotic paternalisms of the old world.

But a paternalism must have a parent, a royal sire, or a priestly grandmother. In the antique paternalisms there is invariably this parental personality at the top; down beneath it are the puppet children. "My soldiers are my children," says Napoleon; and he orders a charge for their benefit; an hour afterwards the dying address him as Sire as he walks over the field. "The German people are my children," says Emperor William; and he issues the edict for the compulsory life-insurance of workingmen; an undoubted blessing. Both are instances of paternalism; and

the principle in one case is as obnoxious as in the other. The principle of paternalism is an irresponsible authority above the people, mastering the people, with their welfare as a pretext.

But this essential of paternalism must be lacking in the republic. Whatever powers democracy may assume, it recognizes no authority outside itself. Democratic government, however socialistic it may become, is nothing but democracy expressing its own will. If the individual is led to surrender certain of his freedoms for the good of all, he surrenders to a paternalism of all the people. That were better called, once for all, a fraternalism.

It is not enough, however, to show that the title is in our case a grave misnomer. The editor adduces several recent instances which he considers exhibitions of the increasing tyranny of all the people. He believes the tyranny of all the people, if they are as selfish as they are now, would be more hopeless than the despotism of an individual; for the single tyrant is after all amenable to revolution, while the whole nation as a tyrant is accountable to nothing. To his view, indeed, the occurrences I am about to repeat prove the new tyrant is already created. They exhibit a "tyranny which shows that persecutions are only limited by the power vested in the State."

Let us examine the data for this astonishing conclusion. My limits will not allow more than a bare reference to the incidents which are fully described in the May editorial.

Case I. is the incarceration in Tennessee of a Seventh-day Adventist for working on Sunday. Of this it may be remarked that had it happened two centuries ago it would have been symptomatic; to-day it is a curiosity.

Case II. is the arrest of a Christian Scientist in Iowa for practising contrary to the rules of the State. I presume this cannot be fairly disposed of by suggesting that there has been some aggravated occasion for such stringency. But it is certainly true that the State has the right to prevent malpractice — a right none of us would wish renounced. And as soon as there are sufficient data to convince an intelligent public opinion that the theory, with its perilous repudiation of all medical skill, is not fatal to human life, it will receive an ungrudged status.

Case III. is the arrest of a minister, of pure life and un-

questioned standing, for sending obscene literature through the mail. The sole charge was the publication of an earnest and chastely worded article on marital purity; but the real cause was supposed to be his severe criticism of the Society for the Prevention of Vice nearly a year afterward. If these facts are verifiable this is a monstrous outrage. But unhappily it is not the first instance where revenge has been taken on the innocent by due process of law. Without doubt the people ought to be more aroused by it than they are. Yet such a sporadic instance of miscarried justice is scarcely a reason why the State should cease its efforts to check by law the present alarming increase of lascivious printing.

Case IV. is an election bill in California which prohibits independent nominations except upon petition of five per cent. of the voters, and thus disfranchises four per cent. of the voting population. If this mad device proves anything, it proves that the leaders of the old parties are in such consternation at the uneasiness of the people that they have lost their heads. It proves no more than the denial of the right of petition in Congress during anti-slavery days; and it proves as much as that attempt to ignore the voice of reform. Earthquakes are not far off when such things happen.

Case V. is the suit for damages which one Powell brings against Pennsylvania. Under a statute authorizing the manufacture of oleomargarine, he had undertaken the business, to find himself ruined by a later legislature making its manufacture a misdemeanor. This is very noteworthy, for it proves too much. It shows a vested money interest controlling legislature and voting a rival business into outlawry. This is a kind of instance socialists like to get hold of.

Yet these instances are used to illustrate "a growing spirit of intolerance" in our country; they are said to exhibit a State tyranny which is already blossoming under paternalistic legislation; they emphasize, it is claimed, the fact, — "That all the majority wishes is the sanction of law to make its crimes against the minority assume a show of respectability. All that retards persecution is the limit of the sanction of law; and I submit that, in the light of history, and in the face of the wrongs of the present, all increase in governmental power menaces the liberty, the happiness, and the growth of the individual."

This is a pretty large indictment to hang on such debatable evidence. Its audaciousness fairly takes one's breath away. Our heaviest battery is turned against ourselves. Every cherished dream of the good time coming goes up in a blast. Instead of freedom at last to do that for which we are made, and to fit into the niche where we belong, we are shown a State's-prison. Instead of an age of joy and elastic step, we are pointed to an iron rule of repression and cheerlessness. Instead of leisure to ripen, of a full summation of our powers, of the exhilaration of new truth, we have disclosed to us a stunted individuality treading a dull and monotonous round of existence. And all this, because the people are trusted with more power they will tyrannize life down to this paralyzing reaction.

The logic of this bold pessimism is:— Human nature tyrannical; the majority have always tyrannized in proportion to their power; increase their power and they will increase their tyranny. This is the syllogism which has dignified the foregoing collection of occurrences into general symptoms of an increase of popular despotism.

It might be fair to meet dogmatic pessimism with dogmatic optimism. Or, it would be legitimate to follow the logic to its end in a general abandoning of all the powers of government which, it seems, has only hurt when it tried to help humanity; to go back honestly to Jefferson, and beyond him, to

The very best government of all,
That which governs not at all.

This is the pandemonium of anarchy. Mr. Flower believes that there is not enough of the golden rule in society today to make socialism tolerable. But we have only to imagine our present society, with its current quantity of golden rule thrown into the chaos where government has ceased to govern, where the political majority has lost all its power, but where the majority of brute strength awakes to find itself with no laws to molest or make it afraid.

But this doctrine of the inevitable despotism of the political majority lies so at the bottom of the whole impeachment that it ought to be carefully examined in itself.

In the first place, both premises are without support. Human nature, even in irresponsible multitudes, is not

essentially tyrannical. Let us admit frankly all the degraded sweeps of intolerance in the past; yet has not human nature during recent generations been growing in the tolerant spirit? Look straight at the intelligent society around us; look within ourselves most of all, and let us ask if we see any such intolerance of spirit as would bloom into tyranny if we only had the chance. A man may prove to me by inductive data, reaching uninterruptedly over ten thousand years, that my own nature is intolerant; he may even corroborate his proof by pointing to my occasional acts of thoughtless disregard for another's opinion, yet all this array does not overwhelm me, for I know I am not intolerant. Our society to-day, as a whole, knows it is not intolerant; — even though it be proved as conclusively as ever Puritan divine proved God's hatred for man, and man's incapacity for a single good act. The logic works well; only there are some omitted factors. Human nature has made some progress. Hospitality to new ideas, and patience with divergent ones, are two of the surest fruits of later civilization.

Again, the majority have not always tyrannized in proportion to their power. They did not, in the Dutch Republic, when William of Orange followed the hideous persecutions of Phillip II. with the establishment of religious liberty. The Church of England was in the majority when it abandoned its acts of tyranny. Congregationalism was still in the ascendancy when it ceased to banish Baptists and to whip Quakers. The Rhode Island Baptists had plenty of majority when they pioneered the empire of religious freedom in America. And the Maryland Roman Catholics had things their own way, when in an age of persecution they resolved to be hospitable to other beliefs. Indeed, in our American life especially, the generosity and long-suffering of majorities are among the most notable features. On the other hand it may with truth be said that the worst tyrannies have been on the part of minorities. In the old world the oppressive minorities have usually been hereditary or ecclesiastical interests. In our country the ruling minorities have been determined, and self-assertive classes who would not brook the wisdom or the sense of justice of the majority. It was the regnant minority which rushed the South into secession. It was that same minority which had for half a century before over-ridden the whole nation. It

was the Tammany minority which ruled the Democracy. It is the minority of syndicates, corporations, and vested interests which crowned itself in our Billion Congress, and spreading itself in our legislatures. Are the very occurrences, of which so much has been made exhibitions, of the tyranny of all the people; or, are they not rather, with one exception, instances where a graceless minority has resolved either slyly or boldly to ignore the people? In short, the charge in the phrase "tyranny of the majority" has but the least justification in the course of government. There has been in history no power which has tyrannized less than the political majority. In modern times, at least, the most violent acts of despotic outrage have been the attempts to ride down the will of the political majority. "In the light of history, and in the face of the wrongs of the present," to use the editor's words, it might be well to consider some means for the protection of majorities.

For after all, in spite of the English sneers at government by count of noses, from Carlyle and Sir Henry Maine to the latest utterances, there is nothing so safe for humanity interests as the political majority. It is perfectly true that "the vanguard of human progress must ever be in the minority." But the hope of this minority lies in one day becoming the majority. As Disraeli said, that is the minority business. The minorities of hereditary privilege, of priesthood, of monied classes, can perpetuate themselves and their power. But the majority of voters is always changing and always losing its power. The minority of radicals is always becoming the majority of conservatives, — the steadfast power to which progress has tied itself.

Is socialism necessary to the progress of the race? Will not a perfected fraternalism make the strong hand of socialism needless? Both questions are to be answered, yes. The perfect state is undoubtedly pictured in Rousseau's ideal where every man remains perfectly free, so that when he obeys the State he obeys only himself. This is the deep and eternal truth of the law of brotherhood, which is also the law of liberty. Love is the fulfilling of all law; no law will be needed when love is the protection of the weak. Belief in that coming government of Love is the real religion.

But the practical politics of the present deal with a society

where a strong arm is needed to protect the weak from the tyranny of the giants. To talk about the principles of brotherhood fully prevailing in our present conditions, is to treat the laws of Christ with flippancy. Nine-tenths of the maxims of our modern business system contradict the law of love. In our present environment it is impossible for business people or working people to obey the Sermon on the Mount and not starve. Perhaps a few sacrifices of this kind are needed to teach us how abhorrent the present selfish system is to the Christianity of Christ. "I suppose I ought to be thankful to get the work at all, for they told other women they had no work left for them," said a woman to me who was making men's pantaloons for two dollars a dozen. She was part of the system; she was competing with other less fortunate women as truly as her employer with other firms; she drank her tea at the expense of her less lucky sister, who had no work and no tea. What chance does this system afford for perfect fraternalism, or even for decent fraternalism, among those who have to compete?

Socialism aims to produce an environment where not only the Golden Rule but the Law of Love will have a living chance. As such an agent it has its proper political place in the development of mankind.

REVOLUTIONARY MEASURES AND NEGLECTED CRIMES.

PART II.

BY PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

IF we agree that all men are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights,—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,—let us legislate to enforce our belief. All men are *not* born equal, if one is born with power to live without toil; power to control the movements of a hundred thousand of his *unequal* fellow-citizens; power to bribe legislatures; power to hire a pretorian guard of laborers, writers, editors, clergymen, and even soldiers or police to do his bidding and to sing his praise, and to threaten those who wish to establish a real republic. It was thought we had abolished hereditary inequality; but in a land where our democratic lords can each hire fifty thousand men and equip an army if need be,—where a democratic American lord can buy a dozen of the puny lords of Europe,—the social equality dreamed of in '76 does not exist. We have abolished the useless title but not the lord.

We should not object to that inequality which is natural—to the superior ability and superior virtue which place one man far above his fellows; but we should object to an immense inequality, *which is not natural*, and which sometimes places the superior man at the mercy and in the service of one who has no ability whatever,—who is simply born to rule by means of *hereditary wealth*. This is just as great a social inequality as that which Jefferson saw in Europe, and which he thought was to be excluded from America.

It is a condition that is demoralizing in a hundred ways, and is fraught with peril to the republic, peril to society, and peril to all the interests of humanity; and therefore as I would assert,—and *who would deny* the supreme right

and power of the people to protect the republic from any impending calamity by any just means, *but not by any unjust means* — I would claim that it is our right and duty to say that this grand hereditary inequality shall not be perpetual, and that *the past shall not rule the present — the graveyard shall not contain our legislature*, — but that each generation shall be a law unto itself, and shall establish the conditions of justice and safety without regard to the follies of the dead and the ancient laws of inheritance when they conflict with justice.

Justice and safety to the republic demand that men shall *not be born as rulers, nor born as serfs*. The serf is the person who is born in poverty, with no right to a standing place, and whom society has left to the education of the street or of the coal mine, growing up without knowledge, without industrial skill — knowing nothing but to sell unskilled labor in a market crowded by a million others like himself or herself, and thus forced into that wretched life seen in all the great cities of America and Europe, the description of which is enough to make us cry out in despair, How long, O Lord, how long? Wherein does this white slavery differ from African slavery, except that the master cares nothing for the slave, is not bound by self-interest to take care of him, and cannot flog him though he can punish him in other ways, and on shipboard he can flog him also, and the horrors of nautical brutality have not even produced a society for its abolition? *never find it alone in our*

Such is the serf, which our democracy allows its citizens to become, — men to whom the right of suffrage sometimes seems a worthless rag which they would gladly sell, — men on whose weak shoulders the republic cannot stand.

To abolish that class, every boy and girl should be guaranteed a solid intellectual and industrial education, making a permanent guarantee against pauperism and serfdom, a permanent guarantee that women shall not be enslaved by lust, but shall be enabled to rear an offspring of manly citizens. These are the most important things that a true nationalism should accomplish at present, and mainly by the gospel of industrial education, which the writer has long been urging with all his power.

Public sentiment has advanced so far on this question, that there will be very little opposition to abolishing the

serf by industrial education; but with all our industrial education, our disorganized competition makes employment terribly uncertain, and impoverishes the industrious by enforced idleness, because there is no science, no social system to regulate the demand and supply of labor in different pursuits.

Hence, until we can do better, there must be at all times a vast number of idle men walking about in search of work, losing all their savings in times of enforced idleness, their days of gloom and despair.

They are our brothers, and we cannot say with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" *We are* our brothers' keepers, for they are partners in this republic, and brothers in the family of God, and they help to make the social atmosphere in which we live, and they help the republic to sink or swim. We simply cannot afford to deny our brotherhood, and if we do we are the devil's own fools.

Action on this matter is demanded now as it never was before, for we are advancing blindly to a crisis which our political economists and statesmen have not foreseen, and do not yet recognize. The genius that increases by invention the productive power of labor ought to increase the rewards of labor, but it does not. Labor is demanded only to supply what is consumed; and if at present a million laborers are employed to produce the food, clothing, fuel, furniture, and houses required, but in a few years invention enables half a million to produce the same, what is to become of the half million no longer needed? Will wages advance so that the million may still be employed, working for half a day instead of a day. That would be just, but instead, it produces a glut in the labor market, which by competition puts down wages, and starts a fierce contest between laborers and employers, and among laborers themselves. The fall in prices produced by competition in a crowded market makes the employer unwilling to advance wages, and an angry contest is inevitable. The multitude dislodged by invention is increased by the inevitable multitude arising from irregular demand and supply in fluctuating markets, and thus families by the hundred thousand are driven to the verge of immediate starvation, and this becomes our chronic condition, which must be rectified,—a chronic condition which bears most heavily on woman, and through her debases future generations.

We are bound to see that every honest citizen, male or female, has a fair chance in the battle of life, has a fair preparation at the start, and a fair field. To insure this,—to insure that the productive power of the nation is not wasted,—is a larger question than our statesmen have ever yet considered. It requires that the government shall have a DEPARTMENT OF PRODUCTIVE LABOR, in which honest men and women, when jostled out of their industrial positions, may enlist.* This department should be managed by the ablest and most benevolent business men of the Peter Cooper class, who understand all productive industries, and who, seeing what is permanently and largely needed for human consumption and not abundantly supplied, or what new industries can be started which will benefit the nation, what new productions can be acclimatized, shall take charge of all the laborers who wish to enlist in governmental employ for eight hours a day, with such pay and rations as will be satisfactory and fair; and if rightly managed, not only will their labor pay all costs of the department, but it may be made to teach the country great industrial lessons in agriculture and manufactures, by improvements which scientific combined labor on a large scale may introduce; and if we are anxious to make our country independent in all things, and superior in manufactures, this is the very method in which it can be done, by the instruction in the national establishments, which may be the means of starting all manufactures that we need, far better than the protective tariff which forces an unnatural growth *at an enormous cost to the people.*

There will then be no tramps, no paupers, no women compelled to sell their persons; and as poverty, gloom, and hardship are the chief sources of intemperance, we may anticipate, as another consequence, an immense diminution of the liquor traffic, when the Department of Productive Labor shall have gotten into full operation. Moral gloom and the bad passions impel men to intemperance, and when they acquire the happy and gentle temperament of woman they will also acquire her temperance.

Mr. Bellamy's idea of the nation as the employer may not

* Thousands of the women toiling in the cities on starving wages, might be given in the Southern States pleasant employment in fruit culture, and other light agricultural labors.

be practicable, but the Department of Productive Labor is an obvious method of initiating the principle of national co-operation, which an urgent necessity has compelled the British government to initiate in Ireland. But we cannot safely wait, like England, until famine is threatening.

The pauperization of labor depends on the monopoly of land combined with the monopoly of machinery. It cannot occur in a new country, but must develop when all the land is monopolized and worth a hundred dollars an acre. The independence of the laborer owing to cheap vacant land is more than restored by a Department of Productive Labor which establishes a minimum of wages below which they cannot be forced, and gives a standing ground on which exaction can be resisted permanently by the laborer.

The Department of Productive Labor may be made a charming feature of the government, on which philanthropists may expend their skill; and its beautiful plantations, especially in the highlands of the Carolinas and Georgia, and in California, may be looked to as a haven of repose by all who are disappointed in life, who may find in these rural homes something more attractive than the co-operative societies to which some are rushing now. The voice of the red flag anarchist will be quieted, and the agitators who endeavor to stir up dissension will find most of their grievances redressed when the laborer has an assured home.

There is no obstructive limit to the achievements of the army of labor. Aside from agriculture and manufactures, there are roads to be built, buildings to be erected, improvements of many kinds, and there are about a thousand million acres of arid land, needing irrigation, the necessary works for which could employ more than would probably apply, for the wages should not be such as to attract men from profitable employments. The army of labor may not at first be wisely managed, but anything is better than the vast national losses by *enforced idleness*. It is not extravagant to anticipate an *ultimate* governmental administration of railroads, mines, manufactures, and government farms that may employ many hundred thousands. There is no apparent hindrance to the extension of the Department of Productive Labor until it shall embrace all who desire the comfort and security it gives, while those who prefer the strife of competition can remain outside of the experiment, and thus the govern-

mental and the individual systems be fairly tried in competition with each other. Thus far no formidable difficulty appears in abolishing pauperism, but we find a more difficult task when we propose the abolition of Plutocracy, by what may be called a REVOLUTIONARY MEASURE.

Having thus gotten rid of the increasing army of paupers and tramps, providing, as it seems, a sound basis for a republic, we have the other problem of getting rid of the growing aristocracy—the plutocratic princes, the syndicates and trusts, who constitute the other great danger,—of whom we may say we must either master them or they will master us by managing our senators, governors, and presidents. They have already swallowed some such legislatures as we have been able to elect, with such facility as to show that it will not be long before they can swallow the entire government, and when it has been swallowed it may not be as fortunate as Jonah in getting out again, for there is some very important legislation necessary to this republic which the plutocracy may be expected to resist with all its power, and when the conflict comes it will be a grand one.

They will probably combat with all their might the doctrine which must sometime be presented, that the nation must rule itself on democratic principles, and that the dead shall not rule the living by entail, mortmain, or will. When a child is born it must become a member of the republic on conditions compatible with the safety of that republic. It cannot be allowed to come in as the born master of a hundred thousand fellow-citizens equally competent to serve the republic. Our young citizens approach us from a generation that has passed away.

It sleeps in the graveyard, or it leads a better life in the better world. It has left vast masses of wealth, surrounded by wretched areas of desolate poverty. Was it wise or just to do so,—to ignore brotherhood of man, and to perpetuate all possible inequality? No, a thousand times no. There is not one, perhaps, of the millionaire dwellers in the better world who does not regret and mourn his earthly selfishness, and who would not order a more just and generous distribution of his estate if his voice could be heard.

But we need not ask them. *We know what is just* and we will correct the mistakes of the departed. We know that this hoarding in families is unjust to the republic and

unjust to the Brotherhood of Humanity,—an injury to all, a benefit to none. Therefore it must not be permitted.

Already the law is beginning to recognize this principle, which is destined to revolutionize all the world; but we are not the leaders in this democracy, because our plutocracy is too strong. Switzerland in its mountain homes carries the banner of democracy, and has gone farther than any other country in asserting the rights of the commonwealth over inherited wealth. New York has ordained a little infinitesimal inheritance tax which, according to the *Herald*, in 1886 produced \$60,000, in 1887 \$500,000, in 1888 over a million. That will be enough to build schoolhouses for the 20,000 children kept out of school in the city of New York for want of room. The proposition is under discussion in Massachusetts, and if we do our duty Massachusetts may set the example of the greatest social revolution ever accomplished by law. If Boston received the benefit of such a tax on its own population, it might be adjusted to raise from one million to more than ten millions a year; at any rate a succession tax might produce more than all other taxes produce at present, and it would bring about such radical changes that it would be expedient to make the change gradual, and gradual it must be, for it will meet determined opposition, and we must enforce our principle by every argument of justice and expediency, for it is both just and expedient. *What right have the millionnaires to say how the world shall be managed after they have left it?* What right to say that when they have established a dangerous inequality, posterity shall be compelled to make it perpetual. The robber barons established inequality by the sword, and by the same power made it perpetual. The posterity of kings and barons, however worthless, corrupt, criminal, or imbecile, continue to occupy the saddle upon the public donkey. But inherited royalty is going, and inherited aristocracy must also go. We who survive are the responsible parties, and (as the Romans charged their rulers in times of danger) we must see that the republic does not suffer, and that aristocracy shall not be its permanent master.

What right has the millionaire to direct from the grave, that the wealth which he has left shall be used in the manner most dangerous and most injurious to society. He has no such right. He has no right in the matter, but what we

in our justice or in our good-nature may give him. If these views are just, they must in time rule the world, but they are not yet asserted by those to whom the world looks for counsel.*

The sacred right of the living citizen in that which his industry has created, has no application here. It is a totally different case. It is the question what right has he to rule the world after he has enjoyed his full share and more, and gone away. We do not ask whether he got his wealth by fraud, or robbery, or industry. *He has left it; he is done with it; he is dead in fact and ought to be dead in law!* The law has no jurisdiction over him now, and he has no possible interest in what is done, nor any power to rectify his mistakes. To perpetuate his fictitious personality, and make the opinions which he has left in writing an authority like the acts of a living man, is a tremendous stretch of the imagination, much like the old superstitions which made a law by the preface "thus saith the Lord."

I know the claim will be made that the wealth which the millionnaires could not carry away was truly theirs, and therefore that while they lived they had a right to dispose of it. But I deny it. In the highest sense of justice, *it was not theirs*, and even if it was, it was justly forfeited by their treason to humanity; for I hold that neither genius nor the business capacity that produces wealth ever releases a man from his obligations to society. In time of war to defend the city or State, we take every man's property, so far as needed, and require him, in addition, to offer his life in battle to protect the community; and surely in the grand battle which every republic has to meet against its foes,—on the one hand oligarchy and despotism, and on the other social disorder and convulsions between capital and impoverished labor,—in this battle, I say, every man may be required to defend the republic with his money, his honor, and his life, if need be, and he should think himself very lightly released if society demands only to become his legatee, after he has provided for his family. He thus relinquishes what is nothing to him but everything to society.

Wealth is the product of the nation—of all its work of

* A year after this was written, the following advanced sentiment was uttered by Rabbi Schindler: "Have the dead the right of imposing laws upon the living, of making contracts of which future generations ought to bear the burden?"

brain and muscle. No one man by himself ever accumulated wealth. But in the entangled social co-operation, struggle, and battle, wealth is scattered strangely and gathered in heaps like the money at a gaming table. One man seizes a gold mine, another seizes for a trifle a piece of parchment giving the title to land where a million are going to settle, and both become millionaire princes at the expense of the commonwealth. There would be very few rich men if the real production of each was all that he could hold. To seize by a legal fiction a mine that yields a million annually is simply a robbery of the commonwealth. The robbery of the commonwealth and the toiler is our chronic condition. The urban population, strong in capital and skilful in combination and chicanery, has drained the agricultural regions, until agriculture,* toil, and poverty, are closely associated, while

*It is necessary to illustrate this by a few decisive facts which have not been made familiar to the majority of readers, as farmers' interests have received very little consideration in the East. The financial policy of the general government ever controlled by capital against labor, has been the most gigantic imposition by financial jugglery that history has recorded, and has been effected chiefly by manipulation and contraction of the currency to make debts more oppressive, and during the war by depreciating the people's money. After the war when \$500,000,000 were needed to compensate the destruction of confederate money, a criminal contraction of \$500,000,000 dealt a crushing blow to the South, and to the whole country. Let us look at it from the standpoint of the largest body of laborers, the farmers. A very intelligent Illinois farmer, Bert Stewart, presents the case as follows, and if his data are all correct, he has demonstrated a wholesale robbery: The national debt at the end of the war was about \$2,800,000,000. What would it then have cost the farmers to pay this debt? He estimates that, it could have been paid by 996,000,000 bushels of wheat; or 1,380,000,000 bushels of corn; or 10,000,000 bales of cotton. But financial legislation has increased the value of money (magnifying the debt), and decreased the value of the products of labor, so that practically, the debt has been increasing faster than it has been paid; and, after paying nearly \$2,000,000,000 of the principal, and over \$2,000,000,000 of interest, it will cost more to pay the remaining third of the debt than to have paid the whole at first. It would require to-day, instead of 1,380,000,000, over 4,000,000,000 bushels of corn to pay the remaining third. This being the case, it would seem that the payment of about four thousand millions during the last twenty-six years, leaving the debt substantially unpaid, was virtually a *robbery of the commonwealth* by corrupt or ignorant legislation. Mr. Stewart mentions also, that in one year the binding twine trust, by raising prices, drew \$21,000,000 "from the farmers of the West to the sharpers of the East." The reports of the State Board of Agriculture of Illinois show (what is a fair statement for the whole country) that during the last thirty years the corn crops of Illinois have for more than half the time brought less than the cost of their production; and taking the entire thirty years together, the losses so nearly balanced the profits that the average net profit of the thirty years has not exceeded seventeen cents an acre for each year, in the cultivation of over six millions of acres of corn. In the official report of Iowa also, it is stated "the general range of farm products have sold below cost of production, since 1885." The official "Farm Statistics of Michigan," just issued, tell the same sad story. It shows that the wheat crop of 1889 cost more than it sold for, the loss being \$1,471,515. The entire loss on wheat, corn, and oats amounted to \$9,226,510. Thus is agricultural labor crushed that millionaires may grow. Hence it is that farmers are sinking under their burdens of mortgage indebtedness, paying seven per cent. or more, losing their farms, and often compelled to mortgage crops, tools, and stock. In the single year, 1887, 35,334 farm mortgages were recorded in Illinois, amounting to \$37,040,770, and "nine million mortgaged homes" is the war-cry of the Farmers' Alliance.

Thus the independent farmer is disappearing, and although there was scarcely a tenant farmer in Illinois in 1840, there are more than 110,000 tenant farmers now; and we have a vast increase of large farms. But while the farmer sinks into poverty, those who handle his products grow rich. The Chicago Stock Yard that was started with a million of capital has grown so prosperously that its stock now amounts to \$23,000,000. The monetary interests control all things, and Mr. Stewart forcibly says: "The time has come, gentlemen, when the government must run the railroads, or the

urban wealth displays its ostentatious ease, and farmers are driven by the million into a desperate political struggle for self-protection.

The great mass of accumulated wealth was all unearned. It was the donation of absurd law to monopolists, — to men who procured the titles to lands. Their value came from the entire community, created by the people, and when that amount is rescued from landlordism, the millions vanish and society reclaims its own. Thus do I assert the ownership of the community in millionaire hoards. And when the tenant for life has gone, to whom the law has been by far too generous, and left his hoards, out of which he has already squandered more than he was entitled to — the commonwealth from which this wealth was gathered may rightly step in and reclaim it.

It is but a waif on the ocean of commerce — the jetsam and flotsam, of which the law must direct the disposal. The heirs, as they have been called, may come in to the wreck that lies on the shores of time, after the soul has gone to eternity — but law must decide whether these wreckers are entitled to the cargo, — to goods which they did not produce, and whether it is safe and patriotic to allow them to carry off what is substantially in the majority of cases morally and justly the property of the commonwealth. There may be some exceptions to these general statements as to property, but when we recollect how land monopoly and other monopolies have robbed the commonwealth, I hold that the commonwealth is bound to reclaim the stolen wealth wherever it can find it, and certainly wherever the commonwealth can find it abandoned by the claimant, the action of trover should come in when the tenant for life has ceased to exist.

Perhaps the devotees of precedent may be bold enough to call this robbery, but it is simply reclamation of that which has too long been lost or stolen. For the chief foundations of large fortunes, the chief source of the great flood of accumulated wealth, has been the taxation of the people by the monopoly of land and monopoly of mines — the monopoly

railroads will run the government. In Pennsylvania to-day two roads own the State, its legislature, its governor, its courts, its people, own them body and soul, and stole the money from the people to buy them with. You elect men to positions and pay them salaries, and then the railroads buy them and make you pay for bribing your own officers, in the freight rates they charge you. The net income of the railroads of the United States is three times that of the entire revenue of the government."

by private individuals of what justly belonged to the commonwealth, but was captured by the sword or by law — aided by cunning financial operations which stand on no higher plane than gambling or fraud.

The British peerage draw an annual rental from their lands of \$66,000,000, and the American princes draw far more, but I have not had time to find the statistics.* It will not be long before foreign landlords shall draw \$50,000,000 annually from the United States, if they do not already, for they hold more than 20,000,000 acres, and on these they may practise the eviction of tenants in the Irish fashion. The wrongs of Irish tenants elicit universal sympathy, but they are far surpassed now in America without outcry or comment. About twenty-four thousand evictions occurred last year in the city of New York, and this indicated more than a hundred thousand human beings turned homeless into the streets, generally in a penniless condition! The distressing evictions of the great cities, and the selling out of thousands of western farmers under foreclosing mortgages, are preparing a terrible mass of discontented population to whom a social convulsion would not be alarming. Those who live under the pressure of a terrible social system will not be sorry if it is overthrown by violence.

A large portion of the city of New York is held at values (\$50 a foot) which would make its annual ground rental over \$100,000 a year for a single acre. When we think of the vast sums which have been accumulating for centuries in the form of rent — say, for example, the land rents of England, which, outside of mines, amount to \$330,000,000 a year, — it will be apparent that the grand flood-tide of wealth, which has passed into the possession of private individuals who have been fortunate enough to acquire land titles long ago, and their successors, exceeds by more than a hundred times all the wealth that has not been squandered and remains in sight to-day.

But it is gone — squandered — and we never can reclaim it; and there is another mountain mass of wealth not quite expended yet, which came from corrupt financial monopoly, which has sometimes generated financial lords more rapidly than land monopoly. Upon questions of finance and politi-

* Parker Pillsbury mentions a Governor of Maine, who owns in Maine, Michigan Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, and Canada, 691,000 acres.

cal economy, our people have been as blind as they have upon the land question, and our entire financial legislation has been but a trap to catch the commonwealth and rob it, and the commonwealth has been caught, and robbed of far more than two thousand millions.*

The follies and crimes of the past cannot be readjusted—but its legacy of robbery to the present must submit to the arbitration of justice, and the demands of philanthropy. The millions exacted from the tenants of England and Ireland by the descendants of the robber barons and brigand soldiers, who took the soil by the sword, still cry aloud for justice.

If we grant that an individual may by his own exertions justly acquire a hundred thousand dollars, which is an ample competence, and that as an encouragement and reward for his industry, society may justly allow him to dispose of it by will, which I think is a liberal concession, I see no sufficient reason for extending his authority beyond that amount. All above that amount, I hold, should belong to the commonwealth in justice, for two reasons—first, because it was taken from the commonwealth, and second, because the commonwealth suffers from two dangerous classes, which ought not to exist, †—the tramps becoming demoralized and desperate, and the idlers, becoming demoralized and worthless, who think themselves a privileged class, born with a right to live in everlasting idleness upon the toil of those who are not thus well born. This division into the aristocracy, the proletariat, and the middle class struggling to become the aristocracy, does not make a republic. It is an ancient falsehood and injustice established by absurd laws

*As a single specimen of this, I would mention that those eminent politicians, John C. New, and Wm. H. English, of Indiana, under the laws engineered by cunning and accepted by ignorance, invested \$200,000 in a national bank scheme when greenbacks had been knocked down to forty cents, and in thirteen years from 1864 to 1877 they made a clear profit of \$2,133,000—more than ten for one of their investment. But this is very moderate in comparison with land speculation. The Elyton Land Company at Birmingham, Alabama, with a cash capital of \$100,000, has declared in five years, ending in 1888, dividends amounting to \$5,570,000, and is believed to own property still that will amount to \$5,000,000, a return of more than a hundred dollars for every one invested—a clear profit absorbed of over ten millions—the gift of law to monopoly. Will this ever return to the commonwealth? The robbery of the commonwealth goes on in every direction. Shall we continue the present system under which, while the nation is losing its inheritance daily, one man in Chicago tied up the wheat crop of the United States, and one man also tied up or cornered pork, and both levied millions on the people?

† To save the nation *we must reform* and stop the production of 60,000 boy tramps and the half million of paupers and criminals which our horrible system has produced, which at the present rate of increase will, in fifty years, be a million and a quarter, and in a hundred years will probably exceed FOUR MILLIONS. I see no measures but those I propose that will save us from this terrible condition. They will not be adopted in time to prevent civil war, but they must be adopted afterwards.

of inheritance (as absurd as the Hindoo castes), which have cursed the world, and will continue to curse it until America shall establish democratic justice. Yet as experience shows that men's opinions in all things are swayed by their interests, there must be but few of the patrician class who can perceive these truths, and we must rely for their appreciation upon the vast majority who are not born to wealth.

What policy the commonwealth may observe, — whether it shall allow the millionaire to dispose of ten, twenty, or fifty per cent. as an encouragement and reward for his accumulations, — is a debatable question. To give him post-mortem control of fifty per cent. would be, it seems to me, an act of prodigal generosity to millionaire heirs. That a dead man of a hundred millions should be allowed to keep fifty millions hoarded in private possession appears to me an extravagant claim, for even ten per cent. of that amount would be enough to spoil his children and unfit them for good citizenship. I believe it would be better for society if all inheritance of wealth were forbidden, and every boy and girl required to begin life with a few hundred dollars, and gain the position they deserved by their own abilities alone.

This reclamation of millionaire estates by the commonwealth would not be so necessary but for the fact that the world has been ruled by false principles, and in all past ages millionaires have, with few exceptions, regarded their vast possessions as something on which the public had no claim in justice, as being the true sources of wealth — something on which the brotherhood of humanity had no claim — something which was not a sacred trust for the benefit of mankind — something which they should clutch with an iron grasp, as long as possible, to keep it intact and unbroken, and still speaking from the grave, hold it protected from all the claims of humanity, to magnify their own names in their descendants, and keep their offspring the lords dominant of society, — thus making it really a curse instead of a blessing; and as neither the moralists nor the clergy have ever taught them anything else, such is still their tendency, with a few such exceptions as Peter Cooper and George Peabody. But when society substitutes rational ethics and simple justice for old traditions and debasing customs, the destruction of wealth will be *recognized as a crime*, no matter how it was

obtained; and such profligates as the Prince of Wales, who spends half a million yearly, and then calls upon his avaricious mother for one or two millions to silence the clamor of creditors whom he has defrauded, will be no longer feasted, admired, and imitated, for justice will be embodied in law and the race of profligates will have been exterminated.

If any owner of these hoards, when he is compelled to give them up, politely throws out five per cent. or even two per cent. for something that he considers worthy, it is received with great laudation as something not to have been expected. A Cleveland millionaire was lauded for a petty donation, less than he had expended on his old wife's laces. As philanthropists millionaires are generally great failures. They did not study the public welfare through life, and they do not know how to promote it; their benefactions generally go to institutions that perpetuate the old order of mediæval conservatism, and delay the progress of humanity. They are incompetent as trustees. One man with the wealth of an Astor or a Rockefeller, and the overflowing love guided by the wisdom of intuition (so conspicuous in Jesus that men have worshipped him as a God, and elevated their own natures by the worship), could accomplish more than all that American wealth has ever done upon this continent.

Therefore by that right of eminent domain which is good over lands occupied by the living, and far better over estates abandoned by the dead, it becomes the duty of society to maintain the republic, to assert the supreme law of justice, and thereby teach the doctrine so long forgotten by followers of Christianity, that all our powers and resources beyond our own necessities belong to our brothers. Such are the principles of every real Christian. Such was the sentiment of John Wesley; and his expression, if I recollect rightly, was that he would consider himself a thief if he died with more than ten pounds in his possession.

These doctrines are not entirely strange—the world is beginning to look in this direction already. The *heirship of the state* is an idea already broached in France, sustained by Clemenceau, Pelletan, and many other distinguished citizens, and discussed in the Chamber of Deputies. The proposition was to limit the law of inheritance, and substitute the heirship of the state for all collateral heirs. That eminent and practical philanthropist, M. Godin, whose name has been

immortalized by the Industrial Palace at Guise, warmly espoused this idea in all its breadth, and said:—

“When an individual dies, society has then the right to take to itself what he leaves, for it has been the chief aid of the deceased. Without its aid, without its institutions, he could never have been able to amass the riches of which he is at his death the holder. Society inherits wealth, then, to use for the same work of social progress already accomplished; that is to say to allow others, the surviving in general (not the privileged strangers to the creation of the existing riches), to continue their labor and co-operation in the common social work. The heredity of the State is then just, both in principle and in fact.”

The two measures which are necessary now are the Department of Productive Labor and the law of inheritance by the commonwealth, which limits the transmission of estates above a hundred thousand dollars, giving the commonwealth a share, rising from one to ninety-nine per cent. according to the magnitude of the estate—or *some other form* of taxation (if there be a better) producing equivalent results.

I do not propose these measures as THE REMEDY *par excellence* for our unhappy social condition. Not at all. They are merely the gigantic blows from the right arm of the commonwealth, by which the curses established in the dark and bloody past, crushing man and woman to the earth, shall be hurled into oblivion. The true, absolute, and complete REMEDY is that industrial, intellectual, hygienic, and ethical training of all, which I have published as the “New Education” which will make new men. These are bold and revolutionary measures,* but the surgery of the knife is sometimes what humanity demands. The mad riot of rivalry

* Succession and income taxes are now beginning to be considered. Two very feeble propositions have been brought forward. The Massachusetts Legislative Committee, on probate, reported a bill well adapted to be worthless—to discourage benevolence and keep property in the family by imposing a tax of five per cent. on property left by will, except when going to relatives or connections. Congressman Hall, of Minnesota, introduced a bill in the last Congress for an income tax, a fourth of one per cent. on incomes between two and three thousand rising gradually to one per cent. on incomes over \$10,000. This very small business is not what was demanded by “The Farmers’ Alliance and Industrial Union” in the Ocala convention, which demanded the abolition of national banks and “the passage of a graduated income tax law.” These demands were reiterated by the last legislature of Missouri, in a resolution calling upon Congress to act upon them, and pledging the legislature to enforce the farmers’ demand as far as in their power. North Carolina, too, has adopted the Alliance principles. The income tax will probably be a growing one—one per cent. will not be its maximum. The British income tax under Mr. Gladstone in 1885 was three and a third per cent. But this is mere child’s play, being about equivalent to a property tax of one seventh of one per cent. When seriously considered, the question will be between five, ten, twenty, and thirty per cent.

and selfishness must be restrained before it brings the republic to ruin. The power of land monopoly must be broken by a land tax, and the post-mortem despotism which perpetuates accumulated evils must be thrown off by just and practicable legislation.

We must act upon the undisguised truth that individual humanity is not yet properly educated, and not yet qualified to exercise its trusteeship of wealth, for the hard struggles against the oppressive power of poverty, sickness, robbery, fraud, and sudden calamity have made the self-protective faculties predominant, and the sharp rivalry and competition of business has so increased their predominance that the thought of public welfare is never paramount, and is but an occasional glimmer, and the death-bed surrender of wealth, if it considers the welfare of society at all, considers it so blindly that a large proportion of the benevolent endowments are of little real value.

It is, therefore, necessary that the outcry of suffering and the warning of danger should rouse the public conscience to nobler principles, and that society in its maximum wisdom, which embraces a few earnest philanthropists, many capable financiers and economists, very many tender-hearted women who will not consent to suffering, and who are destined to participate in government, as well as a great many who are personally conscious of wrongs that need rectifying, should assume the administration of the SUPERFLUOUS WEALTH abnormally accumulated.

The change proposed is so great that its realization may be far off, and the evolution of law may be rivalled by the evolution of evasive ingenuity, so that the commonwealth may be compelled to prohibit evasive ante-mortem donations, and to reinforce the succession tax by more stringent measures, from which there can be no escape, and which will control plutocracy as effectively as any succession tax, and thus render the latter of less importance; but it is none the less important that the principle should be asserted, that the dead shall not rule the living.

There are two obvious measures, and *one of them is sure to be adopted soon*, without waiting for the abolition of unlimited inheritance. The income tax is made almost necessary by the last Congress, which emptied the treasury, and the income tax, if made accumulative, increasing its rates with

the increase of income, will be as effective a control over plutocracy as the people wish to make it. The *increasing rate* of taxation upon superfluous wealth, is a sacred principle for which every reformer should contend.

But even this is not fortified against evasion, and we need the most efficient tax of all — the progressively accumulating tax on wealth, which will gather a large rental from all the *superfluous* millions, compelling the holders to use them profitably. A three per cent. tax on all over ten millions would not only enrich the commonwealth, but stimulate industry in millionnaires. How long will the millionnaires be able to defeat such legislation?

These are the coming taxes. They are not untried theories, for Switzerland, the foremost nation in democracy, enjoys both the income tax and the progressively accumulating tax, which falls most heavily on the largest properties.

It is to be hoped that political corruption and intrigue will not delay many years this assertion of the sovereignty of the commonwealth by taxation, which will give the republic a solid foundation, and that the power of the commonwealth thus enlarged will, through the Department of Productive Labor, and by educational progress, give us a true and a happy republic. These suggestions are not farther in advance of public opinion to-day, than was the nationalization of the land, when I urged it in 1847. They will find fit champions in a few years.

To what extent the Department of Productive Labor should be fostered by every State, and to what extent it may be authorized by the federal constitution, we need not yet consider, for it is apparent that the due administration of the national domain and development of the arid region by irrigation, will furnish ample employment, if we adopt as a sacred principle, the demand of justice, that *not another acre of the national domain shall ever be sold.* Let us give settlers the easiest possible terms, but never surrender to monopoly the land of the commonwealth.

“ÆONIAN PUNISHMENT.”

BY REV. W. E. MANLEY, D. D.

SOME months ago an article with the above heading appeared in THE ARENA. It was written by Rev. C. H. Kidder, and was intended as a reply to one written by myself, on the eternal punishment.

It appears that a friend of Mr. Kidder, a physician “of great ability,” on reading my article was caused great disquietude. “He felt that if all the statements contained in the article were accurate, his religious instructors had been either knaves or fools — knaves, if they taught what they did not believe, and fools, if they believed what they taught,” p. 101. I have only to say that the statements of my article are, in all important respects, accurate, explain the rest as he may; nor has Mr. Kidder shown that they are not accurate, except in one particular, not affecting the main question. This will be noticed in the proper place.

It is often true that men “of great ability” are men of hasty judgment, especially when they are “much disquieted”; and the doctor is certainly mistaken in supposing that his instructors were either knaves or fools. The men who teach eternal punishment are in the main honest, and of fair intelligence. The doctrine came into the church in a dark age; and for centuries it was dangerous to believe or teach anything else. When the human mind was set free, and it was no longer dangerous to teach what one believed, the doctrine had become so firmly established by a false system of interpretation, that it was a long time before much impression could be made toward its removal. But the Gospel leaven has been working in all these ages since the reformation to the present century; so that now there is little faith of that kind in the Orthodox church and none out of it.

I have not intended to admit that all the teachers of eternal punishment in the church have been honest. Some have been dishonest, in order, as they claimed, to do the more good. There was a class of ministers in the ancient church who

had two sets of opinions, one set for the congregation, and another for the private circle. Dr. Edward Beecher mentions several venerable men, who preached eternal misery, but who had not a particle of faith in the doctrine, as he believes. They are Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzus, Athanasius, and Basil the Great. See *Historical Retribution*, p. 273. These were great men; but a greater than these had taught that it is right to lie for the good of mankind, namely, Plato. Who will say there have been no others since that day? For the honor of humanity, I trust not many.

I would say here that all Mr. Kidder has advanced, may be admitted, without the least detriment to the main purpose of my article. The greater part of his paper is devoted to incidental topics that are not essential to the main subject, and what he says on the main point utterly fails to invalidate my argument, as the reader will clearly perceive before I get through.

So far as our version favors eternal punishment, the fact is due chiefly to a wrong translation; and it is difficult to suppress the conviction that the translators, in much of their work of this kind, were perfectly conscious of the wrong they were doing. The word *hell* in every place where it is found (with one or two exceptions, where the heathen hell is referred to) is the rendering of a word that has no such meaning. The word *everlasting* combines a wrong rendering and a wrong exegesis. These are the main points. They are the Jachin and Boaz of the orthodox temple. But the translators have sought to favor their doctrines in other ways; sometimes by supplying words not found in the text, and sometimes by rejecting words that are there.

My article was devoted chiefly to these last, particularly a wrong use of the Greek article, and the rejection of an important word, when it conflicted with their views, though they often employ it at other times.

I say with the fullest confidence that the doctrine of eternal punishment is not in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. It came into the church chiefly with converts who had believed it before their conversion, and continued to believe it by a misconstruction of the Scriptures.

THE SON OF GOD.

By not paying particular attention to what I said, my critic has misrepresented me in an important particular; and

has repeated the idea a number of times, namely, that I deny the sonship of Jesus Christ. I simply refer to some passages to show the importance of the Greek article, and some of these have the expression, "the Son of God," when they ought to have been rendered "a Son of God," or "a Son of a God" not only because the article is omitted in the Greek, but it is the language of Satan, and of the heathen, and therefore more characteristic than the words *the* Son of God. The sonship of our Lord has evidence enough, without that of Satan and the heathen, especially as the evangelists have represented them as giving no such testimony.

The reference in my article to insanity and suicide was incidental; and whether strictly correct or not, the thousand that have been ruined in this way is a picture sufficiently frightful, and shows that the Christian religion has been greatly misapprehended; for in its purity, it never has, and never can, produce a single case of either insanity or suicide.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Of the six theological seminaries, which I referred to, on the authority of Dr. Edward Beecher, as existing in the early days of the church, I find on further reading that two were not theological seminaries, but "schools of thought," as the doctor afterwards calls them. One of these was in Asia Minor; and there, the annihilation of the wicked was believed and taught. The other was in North Africa; and here, endless punishment was the prevailing belief on the subject of future destiny. The four others were real seminaries, in which the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all intelligent beings, after future disciplinary punishment, was inculcated by men as much distinguished for piety and virtue and missionary zeal, as any in the whole church.

The four schools were located at Alexandria, in Egypt, Cesarea in Palestine, Antioch in Syria, and Edessa or Nisibis. This last school was held at the one or the other of these places, in Eastern Syria. When persecution drove it out of one of these cities, it held its sessions in the other. All these four schools were numerous, often having hundreds of scholars at one time. Mr. Kidder thinks there must have been more than this number; but as it is a mere conjecture with him, his opinion can have but little weight against the statement of a man who has thoroughly investigated the subject. It will not do to judge them after our

little schools, at the present day, when the church is divided into scores of little communities, each having its insignificant seminary or seminaries. The church was then one body, though each school varied slightly from the rest.

PROFESSOR SHEDD.

Dr. Beecher points out and refutes the statements of Professor Shedd, and some others, on the prevalence of certain doctrines in the early church.

Professor Shedd, in his history of Christian doctrine, Vol. II. p. 414, says, "The punishment inflicted upon the lost was regarded by the fathers of the ancient church, with very few exceptions, as endless." "The only exception to the belief in the eternity of future punishment, in the ancient church, appears in the Alexandrian school." "The views of Origen concerning future retribution were almost wholly confined to their schools."

Dr. Beecher makes the following reply. "This statement somewhat transcends the limits set by Lecky, to the doctrine of the restoration. It is not confined to two individuals, but it is confined to one school,—the school of Alexandria. What then shall be said of Diodore, of Tarsus, not of the school of Alexandria, the eminent teacher of Chrysostom, and a decided advocate of universal restoration? What shall be said of his disciple, Theodore of Mopsuestia, that earnest defender of the same doctrine, of whom Dorner says that he was the climax and crown of the school of Antioch? What shall be said of the great Eastern school of Edessa and Nisibis, in which the scriptural exposition of Theodore of Mopsuestia, was a supreme authority and text-book? Was Theodore of the school of Alexandria? Not at all. He was of the school of Antioch. . . . And yet he not only taught the doctrine of universal restoration on his own basis, but even introduced it into the liturgy of the Nestorian Church, in Eastern Asia. What, too, shall we say of the two great theological schools, in which he had a place of such honor and influence? . . . Dr. Shedd would have called to mind a statement in Guericke's Church History, *as translated by himself*, "It is noticeable that the exegetico-grammatical school of Antioch, as well as the allegorizing Alexandrian, adopted and maintained the doctrine of restoration. p. 349, note 1." Then it should be added that Origen was not the only one of the Alexandrian school, who

taught this doctrine. Clemens, who preceded Origen, taught it; and Didymus who succeeded him. The whole period of the presidency of these men over the school must have been a century or more. And yet the great body of Christians, as Professor Shedd would have us believe, were believers in eternal punishment; but they neither turned these men out, nor established any other school to counteract their influence. They must have been a trifle different from believers in the doctrine now. And what is very remarkable, we hear of no books or essays written against the doctrine of the Alexandrian school, as if it were a pernicious heresy.

Church historians in modern times impose on their readers by quoting passages from ancient Christian writers, that employ the word *everlasting* in connection with punishment, leaving the impression that these words were understood then as they are now, when in fact believers in limited punishment, as well as those who thought punishment endless, employed the term *everlasting* (*aiōnios*) to denote its duration. Origen and Clemens speak of everlasting punishment, though they believed it would end in reformation and salvation. Justin Martyr and Irenæus warn men of everlasting punishment, though they believed in the annihilation of the wicked.

MORAL RESURRECTION.

In some instances the resurrection is used in the same way as the new birth, to denote conversion. Such is John v. 21-29. The change thus indicated is commonly called a moral resurrection. My critic would have the last two verses refer to the general resurrection at the end of the world; while he seems to admit that all the rest relates to a moral resurrection, two things as unlike as they possibly could be. Such is not our Lord's mode of teaching. I understand the whole passage as confined to one subject, the moral resurrection. He divides the subject into two parts, to be sure, but it is the same subject in both parts—first, the moral resurrection then in progress; and second, the moral resurrection "coming" on a more extensive scale, even embracing all men. Jesus changes one word only, using *graves*,—more properly *tombs*,—instead of *death*. But coming out of death into life, and coming out of the tombs into life, are essentially the same thing. Both are figurative expressions. I insist that where Jesus says, "The hour is coming and now is," he

conveys the impression that the then present process was in its nature the same as the coming one, only that the latter would be more extended, even universal.

THE WORD A GOD.

That Trinitarians should translate this expression, The Word was God, in John i. 1, might be expected; but by the rules of translating the Greek language into English, the expression should be, The Word was a god. The rule of Middleton that the article must not be used in the predicate of a sentence may hold good, when it conflicts with no superior rule; but if taken absolutely, it has many exceptions. I suppose the renowned Origen understood the Greek language. He interprets the passage before us as I do. "Origen uses *θεός* (god), not in our modern sense, as a proper name, but as a common name. This use of the term, *which was common to him with his contemporaries*, and continued to be common after his time, is illustrated by his remarks on the passage, 'and the Logos was God'; in which he contended, that the Logos was god, in an inferior sense; — not as we would say God, but *a god*, not *the* divine being, but *a* divine being. (Opp. iv. p. 48, reqq.)." See Norton's Statement of Reasons, p. 120, note.

The quotation from the Athanasian creed had better been omitted; for many will read it, who had not before known that it contained any such absurdity; and will have less respect for the Trinity than they would wish to have. The quotation is, "The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Spirit is God; and yet they (?) are not three Gods, but one God." I am accused of following an "uncritical principle," in not reasoning in the same way. If it is "uncritical," I plead guilty, and beg that my sentence may be as mild as possible. But before the sentence is pronounced may it not be well to apply the reasoning to some other subject, — to Peter, James, and John, for instance? Each of these is a man; but they are not three men but one man!

MELLO.

I complained that the translators and revisors left out this word, apparently for the reason that it conflicts with their theology. It makes certain things to be near at hand, which they regarded as far in the future. My critic says, "The Greek *mellō* frequently has the meaning assigned to it by Dr. Manley, but it is not shut up to that meaning," p. 106. It

probably has that meaning twenty times, where it has any other meaning once. In the passages from which it is excluded, if it has any other meaning, why did they not retain it, and render it according to its true import, and not throw it out? Mr. Kidder does not meet the case, when he shows that the word does sometimes have another meaning. His business is to show that *it has no meaning*, in the passages from which it is excluded. It will then be in order to show why the writers put such a word in these passages. When the translators recognize the word, they seldom fail to give it a meaning corresponding to the sense I assign to it.

It is conceded that the wrath to come (Matt. iii. 7; Luke iii. 7.), should probably be the wrath *about* to come, meaning the destruction soon to fall on the Jewish State. This word *mellō* (about) takes the passage out of the hands of those who would apply it to a far-off eternal punishment. The word in other passages would have been alike opposed to the common construction; and, therefore, it was left out. This is the plain common-sense view of the case; and I shall hold the translators and revisers guilty of a base fraud, till some good reason can be given for their conduct. This probably cannot be done.

ΑΙΩΝ, ΑΙΩΝΙΟΣ. That the expression, "end of the world," where the original for *world* is *aiōn*, ever has the meaning of end of this material universe cannot be proved. Where Jesus promises to be with his disciples to the end of the world (*aiōn*) is the most favorable instance. But in the sense here intended, namely, enabling them to perform miracles, he was with them, only to the end of the Jewish age. By that time the Gospel was so well established, as no longer to need miraculous interposition. In what sense Jesus was with the disciples, is explained by the closing words of Mark's Gospel. "And they went forth, preaching everywhere; the Lord working with them, and confirming the word, by the signs that followed. Amen."

My critic says of *aiōn*, p. 107: "It may at times refer to the Jewish dispensation, with its limit fixed at the judgment executed upon the holy city, and the destruction of the temple." Then it *may mean* this, in Matt. xiii. 38, 39, 49, and xxiv. 3. "It does not always mean age; for this meaning is inadequate for the *worlds*, *aiōnos*, of Heb. i. 2, xi. 3." It does not seem so; for God created the ages and dispensations of time,

as much as he did the material worlds. *Constituted* may be better than *created*. God is the author of both creations. Aion is a term that always implies time, or duration, and not material substance. De Quincey says that everything has its aion. The *aion* of an individual man is about seventy years. The aion of the human race would probably be some millions of years. It would follow from this reasoning that the *aion* of God would be eternal, past, and to come. De Quincey does not, I believe, carry his reasoning to this result; and I had never seen the argument stated before, as it is in the passages produced by Mr. K., from Aristotle and Plato. But the same reasoning that makes the *aion* of God eternal, makes every other limited. It would be illogical, and appear so at once, if one should argue, God is eternal; and, therefore, punishment is eternal.

The rule generally accepted for understanding *aiōnios*, is to modify the meaning according to the nature of the noun which it qualifies. If it denote duration, the amount of duration will depend on the noun qualified. This rule forbids that eternal punishment should be of as long duration as eternal life. Punishment is a means to an end, and in itself is undesirable. Life or happiness is an end; the longer continued the better; for it is desirable in itself. It is that which we seek by means of punishment. The less we have of punishment, the better. The more we have of life, the better.

My critic ought to have pondered the words of Dr. Taylor Lewis, before he entered on this discussion. His words are, "The preacher, in contending with the Universalist and the Restorationist, would commit an error, and it may be, suffer a failure in his argument, should he lay the whole stress of it on the etymological or historical significance of the words, *aion*, *aiōnios*, and attempt to prove that of themselves they necessarily carry the meaning of endless duration." Lange's Eccl. p. 48. Beecher's "Retribution," p. 154. Prof. Lewis says that *aiōnios* means *pertaining to the age or world to come*. The only fault this definition has, is the addition of the words *to come*. Jesus says, "These shall go away into the punishment of the age, and the righteous into the life of the age." The age referred to, is the Christian age or dispensation, that has already come. It is the same as has all along been called, "the age to come," or about to come. It was to follow the Jewish age, which was soon to end.

Both together are referred to as "this age and that which is about to come." But when the parable of the sheep and goats begins, the age is already come.

The form here given by Taylor Lewis is the same as Jesus himself used, if he spoke the Aramaic, as my critic says he did, and I agree with him. He did not say, "These shall go away into *aiōnion* punishment," etc., which is the unwarranted Greek form. But his words are, "These shall go away into the punishment of the age (or pertaining to the age), and the righteous into the life of the age (or pertaining to the age)." It is the same form in the Peshito-Syriac version, made in the days of the Apostles. It is the same in the Hebrew New Testament, translated by the Bible society, to circulate among the modern Jews.

I have in my possession over a hundred passages, from classic Greek authors, in which *aiōn* is used in a limited sense, generally denoting human life, or the age of man. It is used, in a few instances, to denote an endless age, by attaching to it another word for *endless*. The adjective *aiōnios* is used very little by these authors, and not at all, I think, by the more ancient ones. No lexicon gives it the definition of eternal, till long after the time of Christ; and the remark is added, when thus defined, that it is so understood by the *theologians*.

But the principal help for understanding the Greek of the New Testament, is the Greek version of the Old Testament, the Septuagint. The words we are discussing are found in that version not far from four hundred times, three fourths of them probably in a limited sense. The Hebrew form, "the statutes of the age," are rendered into Greek, everlasting or *aiōnion* statutes; "the covenant of the age," the *aiōnion* covenant, etc. These terms have sixteen different renderings. They are, *everlasting, forever, forevermore, perpetual, ever, never* (when joined with a negative particle), *old, ancient, long, always, world, lasting, eternal, continuance, at any time, Elam*. The last word stands for the Hebrew *olam*, the word answering to *aiōn* in the Greek. With these definitions in view (a number of them being limited terms), it would be folly to claim that this word has an unlimited meaning when applied to punishment. The punishment which God inflicts is limited. Heb. 12.

Great stress is placed on the circumstance, that in Matt.

xxv. 46, the punishment and the life are spoken of near together, even in the same verse. Tertullian, and later Augustine, urged this fact as proof that both must be of the same duration. The late Albert Barnes thought the argument sound. Of course, no large man ever rode a large horse without being of the same size. Perhaps an illustration from Scripture will be more satisfactory. "And the eternal mountains were scattered; the everlasting hills did bow; his ways are everlasting." Hab. iii. 6. For the last sentence, see the margin, Revised Edition. Are there to be no ways of God, after the mountains and hills are gone? Besides, this whole parable has its fulfilment, not in eternity, but in the Christian dispensation. It began to be fulfilled at the coming of Christ, when some were living, who had heard him, during his ministry, nearly forty years before. Matt. xvi. 27, 28. No fixed rewards and punishments are possible under the circumstances, for men are changing. The rendering "pertaining to the age," has no objection of this kind. If it be claimed that a man, "once a Christian, always a Christian," no one can doubt, that a man, not a Christian, may become one, and so change his condition—a proof that his condition is not eternal.

I will close this article by a few words on the apocalypse. The dramatic representation of Eichhorn is correct, save the added clause, "the eternal felicity of the future life described." The holy city is not heaven; it came down from God *out of heaven*. It does not denote a final and fixed condition. It is four-square, and has three gates on each side; and all of them open continually, to admit those who wish to enter; and the invitation is sounded without ceasing, to the outsiders from within, to "come and partake of the waters of life freely." Neither in the New Jerusalem, nor the lake of fire, is there any allusion to the eternal world of fixed and changeless conditions.

In those days, when books were not printed, but transcribed by the hand, it was customary for the author to make a strong appeal to the copyist or transcriber, not to make any alteration in the book, with certain penalties, fictitious or otherwise. Hence the Revelation closes with this admonition,—not to add to, nor take from, the book (xxii. 18, 19.), the penalty being sufficiently severe, to which I would commend the late revisers of the New Testament.

THE NEGRO QUESTION FROM THE NEGRO'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY PROF. W. S. SCARBOROUGH.

IN the discussion of the so-called "Negro Problem," there is, as a rule, a great deal of the sentimental and still more of the sensational. By a series of *non sequitur* arguments the average disputant succeeds admirably in proving what is foreign to the subject. This is true of writers of both sections of our country — North as well as South — but especially true of those of the South.

The recent symposium of Southern writers in the *Independent* on the Negro Question, as interesting as it was for novelty and variety of view, is no exception to the rule. If the negro could be induced to believe for a moment that he was thus actually destitute of all the elements that go to make up a rational creature, his life would be miserable beyond endurance. But he has not reached that point nor does he care to reach it. Others may exclaim : —

"O wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us ;"

but not the negro, if the vision must always be so distorted. The black man is naturally of a sanguine temperament, as has so often been said ; and the facts in the case bear him out in entertaining a hopeful view of his own future and his ability to carve it out. I am sure that they do not warrant even our Southern friends in taking such a pessimistic view of the situation, so far as the negro himself is concerned. But facts are of little account nowadays. There is a tendency to ignore them and appeal to the prejudices and passions of men, and that, too, when it is well known that such methods of procedure prolong rather than settle the question at issue. This is the work of the alarmist — to keep things stirred up and always in an unsettled state.

I think it may be justly inferred that the average white

man does not understand the black man, and that he is still an unknown quantity to many of the white people of the country, even to those who profess to know him best. Admitting this, then, it is but natural that much of their deliberation and many of their conclusions should be wide of the mark. The negro does not censure the white man for his conclusions as they are the logical consequence of his premises, but he *does* object to his premises. Our white friends make their mistake in seeming by all their movements to insist that there is but one standpoint from which to view this question, the white man's; but there is another and the negro is viewing it from that side, not selfishly but in a friendly and brotherly spirit.

Senator George was right when he said that the solution of this question should be left to time, but wrong when he further added, "and to the sound judgment of the Southern people." The recent disfranchisement of the negroes of his native State shows very plainly to the thoughtful citizen that the South is not yet capable of justly handling this question, notwithstanding that they are the people "who have the trouble before them every day." This is Mississippi's fatal mistake and one that places the State in the rear of her Southern sisters, and for the present, at least, lessens the value of any suggestion from that quarter.

It is well understood that the sentiment of the American people is that enough has been done for the negro; that the country is under no obligations to look further after his interest, and that he must act for himself. Survival of the fittest is now the watchword. There is no objection to this provided the blacks are *allowed* to do for themselves,—to survive as the fittest, if it be possible,—but this they are not allowed to do. They are certainly anxious to work out their own destiny. They are tired of sentiment and are therefore impatient. They desire to show to the world that they are not only misunderstood but misjudged. They are willing to unite with either North or South in the adjustment of present difficulties.

Unlike the Indians they are sincere — neither treacherous nor deceitful. They are simple, frank, and open-hearted, and are as desirous of good government as are the most honored citizens of the land. Let alone, they will give neither the State nor the nation any trouble. They feel themselves a

part and parcel of the nation and as such have an interest in its prosperity as deep as those who are allowed to exercise, untrammelled, the rights of citizenship.

To keep the blacks submissive there is need of neither army nor navy. Though at the foot of the ladder they are contented to remain there, until by virtue of their own efforts they may rise to higher planes. The negro has never sought, does not now, nor will he seek to step beyond his limit. "Social equality," "Negro domination," and "Negro supremacy," are meaningless terms to him so far as his own aspirations are concerned. The social side of this question will regulate itself. It has always done so, in all ages and all climes, despite coercion, despite law. This is the least of the negro's cares. His demand for civil rights is no demand for "social equality." This is a mistaken view of the subject. It is this dread of social equality, this fear of social contact with the negro that precludes many well-meaning people from securing accurate information in regard to the aims, and purposes, and capabilities of those whom they desire to help. But there is light ahead, dark as at times it now may seem, and erroneous as are the views in regard to the negro's relation to the American body-politic.

Congressman Herbert, in his effort to show the negro's incapacity for self-government by calling attention to the embezzlements, and petty larcenies, etc., of reconstruction times, forgets that if this is to be taken as the gauge of capacity for self-government, the same rule will apply to bank and railroad wreckers of the present day,—to every defaulter and embezzler of State and private funds, and to every absconding clerk. Now we must remember that this class of citizens is enormously large, and that they are all white, as a rule. Every daily paper that one picks up devotes considerable space to this class of citizens who, according to Mr. Herbert, has shown its "incapacity for self-government," as well as the incapacity of others "who alone have acquired such a capacity" as is claimed by Congressman Barnes. Queer logic is it not? The latter should say, for it is he who claims that "the Anglo-Saxon is the only member of the human family who has yet shown evidence of a capacity for self-government."

Again, it is said that the negro cannot attain high and rigid scholarship, and even those who have succeeded in

becoming educated "if left to themselves would relapse into barbarism." Now, I cannot believe that any such statement as this can be made with sincerity. In the light of the facts it is preposterous. Flipper, while at West Point, demonstrated beyond controversy the fallacy of such a position as the first; and there is hardly a college commencement in which some negro in some way does not continue to show its falsity by distinguishing himself by his extraordinary attainments. Even while I write, a letter lies before me from a young colored student, a graduate of Brown University, who is now taking a post-graduate course at the American School for Classical Studies, at Athens, Greece. From all reports, he is making an excellent record, and will present a thesis in March on "The Demes of Athens." As to relapsing into barbarism, were the negro removed from white influence, the mere mention of the negro scholar, Dr. Edward Blyden, born on the island of St. Thomas, educated and reared in Africa away from the slightest social contact with people of Anglo-Saxon extraction, is sufficient proof that such a conclusion is not a correct one.

What a leading journal has said in regard to the Indians may be repeated here as applicable to the negro: "The most crying need in Indian [negro] affairs is its disentanglement from politics and political manipulations."

Here is an opportunity for the Church, but the Church has shown itself wholly inadequate to meet the case, and because of its tendency to shirk its duty, may be said to be to blame for many of the troubles growing out of the presence of the negro on this continent. I have noted that there is more prejudice in the Church, as a rule, than there is in the State. If, as is asserted by some, neither Church nor State can settle this question, then there is nothing to be done but to leave it to time and the combined patience and forbearance of the American people,—black as well as white.

A PRAIRIE HEROINE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

LUCRETIA BURNS had never been handsome, even in her days of early girlhood, and now she was middle aged, distorted with work and child-bearing, and looking faded and worn as one of the boulders that lay beside the pasture fence near where she sat milking a large white cow.

She had no shawl or hat and no shoes, for it was still muddy in the little yard, where the cattle stood patiently fighting the flies and mosquitoes swarming into their skins already wet with blood. The evening was oppressive with its heat, and a ring of just-seen thunder-heads gave premonitions of an approaching storm.

An observer seeing Lucretia Burns as she rose from the cow's side, and taking her pails of foaming milk staggered toward the gate, would have been made weak with sympathetic pain. The two pails hung from her lean arms, her bare feet slipped on the filthy ground, her greasy and faded calico dress showed her tired, swollen ankles, and the mosquitoes swarmed mercilessly on her neck and bedded themselves in her colorless hair.

The children were quarrelling at the well and the sound of blows could be heard. Calves were querulously calling for their milk, and little turkeys lost in the tangle of grass were piping plaintively.

The sun just setting struck through a long, low rift like a boy peeping beneath the eaves of a huge roof. Its light brought out Lucretia's face as she leaned her sallow forehead on the top bar of the gate and looked towards the west.

It was a pitifully worn, almost tragic face,— long, thin, sallow, hollow-eyed. The mouth had long since lost the power to shape itself into a kiss, and had a droop at the corners which seemed to announce a breaking down at any moment into a despairing wail. The collarless neck and sharp shoulders showed painfully.

She felt vaguely that the night was beautiful, the setting

sun, the noise of frogs, the nocturnal insects beginning to pipe—all in some way called her girlhood back to her, though there was little in her girlhood to give her pleasure. Her large gray eyes (her only interesting feature) grew round, deep, and wistful as she saw the illimitable craggy clouds grow crimson, roll slowly up, and fire at the top. A childish scream recalled her.

“Oh my soul!” she half groaned, half swore, as she lifted her milk and hurried to the well. Arriving there, she cuffed the children right and left with all her remaining strength, saying in justification:—

“My soul! can’t you—you young ’uns give me a minute’s peace? Land knows, I’m almost gone up—washin’ an’ milkin’ six cows, and tendin’ you and cookin’ f’r *him*, ought’o be enough f’r one day! Sadie, you let him drink now’r I’ll slap your head off, you hateful thing! Why can’t you behave, when you know I’m jest about dead.” She was weeping now, with nervous weakness. “Where’s y’r pa?” she asked after a moment, wiping her eyes with her apron.

One of the group, the one cuffed last, sniffled out, in rage and grief:—

“He’s in the cornfield,—where’d ye s’pose he was?”

“Good land! why don’t the man work all night? Sile, you put that dipper in that milk agin, an’ I’ll whack you till your head’ll swim! Sadie, le’ go Pet, an’ go ’n get them turkeys out of the grass ’fore it gits dark! Bob, you go tell y’r dad if he wants the rest o’ them cows milked, he’s got ’o do it himself. I jest can’t, and what’s more I *won’t*,” she ended rebelliously.

Having strained the milk and fed the children, she took some skimmed milk from the cans and started to feed the calves bawling strenuously behind the barn. The eager and unruly brutes pushed and struggled to get into the pails all at once, and in consequence spilt nearly all of the milk on the ground. This was the last trial,—the woman fell down on the damp grass and moaned and sobbed like a crazed thing. The children stood around like little partridges, looking at her in silence, till at last the little one began to wail. Then the mother rose wearily to her feet, and walked slowly back towards the house.

She heard Burns threshing his team at the well, with the sound of oaths. He was tired, hungry, and ill-tempered, but

she was too desperate to care. His poor, overworked team did not move quick enough for him, and his extra long turn in the corn had made him dangerous. His eyes gleamed from his dust-laid face.

"Supper ready?" he growled.

"Yes, two hours ago."

"Well, I can't help it! That devilish corn is getting too tall to plow again, and I've got 'o go through it to-morrow or not at all. Cows milked?"

"Part of 'em."

"How many?"

"Three."

"Hell! Which three?"

"Spot, and Brin, and Cherry."

"Of course! kept the three worst ones. I'll be damned if I milk 'm to-night. I don't see why you play out jest the nights I need ye most —" here he kicked a child out of the way. "Git out 'o that! Haint ye got no sense? I'll learn ye —"

"Stop that, Sim Burns!" cried the woman, snatching up the child. "You're a reg'lar ol' hyeny,— that's what you are —" she added defiantly, roused at last from her lethargy.

"You're a — beauty, that's what *you* are," he said, pitilessly. "Keep your brats out f'um under my feet;" and he strode off to the barn after his team, leaving her with a fierce hate in her heart. She heard him yelling at his team in their stalls.

The children had had their supper so she took them to bed. She was unusually tender to them for she wanted to make up in some way for her harshness. The ferocity of her husband had shown up her own petulant temper hideously, and she sat and sobbed in the darkness a long time beside the cradle where the little Pet slept.

She heard Burns come growling in and tramp about, — the supper was on the table, he could wait on himself. There was an awful feeling at her heart as she sat there and the house grew quiet. She thought of suicide in a vague way; of somehow taking her children in her arms and sinking into a lake somewhere, where she would never more be troubled, where she could sleep forever, without toil or hunger.

Then she thought of the little turkeys wandering in the grass, of the children sleeping at last, of the quiet, wonderful stars. Then she thought of the cows left un milked, and listened to them stirring uneasily in the yard. She rose, at last, and stole forth. She could not rid herself of the thought that they would suffer. She knew what the dull ache in the full breasts of a mother was, and she could not let them stand at the bars all night moaning for relief.

The mosquitoes had gone, but the frogs and katy-dids still sang, while over in the west Venus shone. She was a long time milking the cows; her hands were so tired she had often to stop and rest them, while the tears fell unheeded into the pail. She saw and felt little of the external as she sat there. She thought of how sweet it seemed the first time Sim came to see her, of the many rides to town with him when he was an accepted lover, of the few things he had given her, a coral breastpin and a ring.

She felt no shame at her present miserable appearance, she was past that; she hardly felt as if the tall, strong girl, attractive with health and hope, could be the same soul as the woman who now sat in utter despair listening to the heavy breathing of the happy cows, grateful for the relief from their burden of milk.

She contrasted her lot with that of two or three women that she knew, not a very high standard, who "kept hired help," and who had "fine houses of four or five rooms." Even the neighbors were better off than she, for they didn't have such quarrels. But she wasn't to blame—Sim didn't—then her mind changed to a vague resentment against "things;" everything seemed against her.

She rose at last and carried her second load of milk to the well, strained it, washed out the pails, and after bathing her tired feet in a tub that stood there, she put on a pair of horrible shoes without stockings, and crept stealthily into the house. Sim did not hear her as she slipped up the stairs to the little low, unfinished chamber beside her oldest children,—she could not bear to sleep near *him* that night,—she wanted a chance to sob herself to quiet.

As for Sim, he was a little disturbed but would as soon have cut off his head as acknowledge himself in the wrong, but he yelled as he went to bed, and found her still away:—

"Say, ol' woman, aint ye comin' to bed?" and upon receiving no answer he rolled his aching body into the creaking bed. "Do as ye damn please about it. If ye wan' to sulk y' can." And in such wise the family grew quiet in sleep, while the moist, warm air pulsed with the ceaseless chime of the crickets.

II.

When Sim Burns woke the next morning he felt a sharper twinge of remorse. It was not a broad or well-defined feeling, just a sense that he'd been unduly irritable, not that on the whole he was not in the right. Little Pet lay with the warm June sunshine filling his baby eyes, curiously content in striking at flies that buzzed around his little mouth.

The man thrust his dirty naked feet into his huge boots, and, without washing his face or combing his hair, went out to the barn to do his chores.

He was a type of the prairie farmer and his whole surrounding was typical. He had a quarter-section of fine level land, mortgaged, of course, but his house was a little box-like structure, costing, perhaps, five hundred dollars. It had three rooms and the ever-present "summer kitchen" attached to the back. It was unpainted and had no touch of beauty, a mere box.

His stable was built of slabs and banked and covered with straw. It looked like a den, was low and long, and had but one door in the end. The cow-yard held ten or fifteen cattle of various kinds, while a few calves were bawling from a pen near by. Behind the barn on the west and north was a fringe of willows forming a "wind-break." A few broken and discouraged fruit trees standing here and there among the weeds formed the garden. In short, he was spoken of by his neighbors as "a hard-working cuss, and tollably well fixed."

No grace had come or ever *could* come into his life. Back of him were generations of men like himself, whose main business had been to work hard, live miserably, and beget children to take their places after they died. He was a product.

His courtship had been delayed so long on account of poverty that it brought little of humanizing emotion into his

life. He never mentioned it now, or if he did, it was only to sneer obscenely at it. He had long since ceased to kiss his wife or even speak kindly to her. There was no longer any sanctity to life or love. He chewed tobacco and toiled on from year to year without any very clearly defined idea of the future.

He was tall, dark, and strong, in a flat-chested, slouching sort of way, and had grown neglectful of even decency in his dress. He wore the American farmer's customary outfit of rough brown pants, hickory shirt, and greasy white hat. It differed from his neighbors, mainly in being a little dirtier and more ragged. His grimy hands were broad and strong as the clutch of a bear, and he "was a turrible feller to turn off work," as Council said. "I druther have Sim Burns work for me one day than some men three. He's a linger." He worked with unusual speed this morning, and ended by milking all the cows himself as a sort of savage penance for his misdeeds the previous evening, muttering in self-defence: —

"Seems 's if ever' cussid thing piles on to me at once. That corn, the road-tax, and hayin' comin' on, and now *she* gits her back up —"

When he went back to the well he sloshed himself thoroughly in the horse-trough and went to the house. He found breakfast ready but his wife was not in sight. The older children were clamoring around the uninviting breakfast table, spread with cheap plates and with boiled potatoes and fried salt pork as the principal dish.

"Where's y'r ma?" he asked, with a threatening note in his voice, as he sat down by the table.

"She's in the bedroom."

He rose and pushed open the door. The mother sat with the babe in her lap, looking out of the window down across the superb field of timothy, moving like a lake. She did not look round. She only grew rigid. Her thin neck throbbed with the pulsing of blood to her head.

"What's got into you, *now*?" he said brutally; "don't be a fool. Come out and eat breakfast with me, an' take care o' y'r young ones."

She neither moved nor made a sound. With an oath he turned on his heel and went out to the table. Eating his breakfast in his usual wolfish fashion, he went out into the hot sun with his team and ridding plow, not a little disturbed

by this new phase of his wife's "cantankerousness." He plowed steadily and sullenly all the forenoon, in the terrific heat and dust. The air was full of tempestuous threats, still and sultry, one of those days when work is a punishment. When he came in at noon he found things the same, — dinner on the table, but his wife out in the garden with the youngest child.

"I c'n stand it as long as *she* can," he said to himself, in the hearing of the children. When he finished the field of corn it was after sundown, and he came up to the house, hot, dusty, his shirt wringing wet with sweat, and his neck aching with the work of looking down all day at the corn-rows. His mood was still stern. The multitudinous lift, and stir, and sheen of the wide green field had been lost upon him.

"I wonder if she's milked them cows," he muttered to himself. He gave a sigh of relief to find she had. But she had done so not for his sake, but for the sake of the poor, patient, dumb brutes.

When he went to the bedroom after supper, he found that the cradle and his wife's few little boxes and parcels — poor pathetic properties — had been removed to the garret which they called a chamber, and he knew he was to sleep alone again.

"She'll git over it, I guess." He was very tired but he didn't feel quite comfortable enough to sleep. The air was oppressive. His shirt wet in places, and stiff with dust in other places, oppressed him more than usual, so he rose and removed it, getting a clean one out of a drawer. This was an unusual thing for him, for he usually slept in the same shirt which he wore in his day's work, but it was Saturday night, and he felt justified in the extravagance.

In the meanwhile poor Lucretia was brooding over her life in a most dangerous fashion. All she had done and suffered for Simeon Burns came back to her till she wondered how she had endured it all. All day long in the midst of the glorious summer landscape she brooded.

"I hate him," she thought with a fierce blazing up through the murk of her musing, "I hate t' live. But they aint no hope. I'm tied down. I can't leave the children, and I aint got no money. I couldn't make a living out in the world. I aint never seen anything an' don't know anything."

She was too simple and too unknowing to speculate on the

loss of her beauty, which would have brought her competency once,—if sold in the right market. As she lay in her little attic bed, she was still sullenly thinking, wearily thinking of her life. She thought of a poor old horse which Sim had bought once, years before, and put to the plough when it was too old and weak to work. She could see her again as in a vision, that poor old mare, with sad head drooping, toiling, toiling, till at last she could no longer move, and lying down under the harness in the furrow, groaned under the whip—and died.

Then she wondered if her own numbness and despair meant death, and she held her breath to think harder upon it. She concluded at last, grimly, that she didn't care—only for the children.

The air was frightfully close in the little attic, and she heard the low mutter of the rising storm in the west. She forgot her troubles a little, listening to the far-off gigantic footsteps of the tempest.

Boom, boom, boom, it broke nearer and nearer as if a vast cordon of cannon was being drawn around the horizon. Yet she was conscious only of pleasure. She had no fear. At last came the sweep of cool, fragrant storm-wind, a short and sudden dash of rain, and then in the cool, sweet hush which followed, the worn and weary woman fell into a deep sleep.

When she woke the younger children were playing about on the floor in their night-clothes, and little Pet was sitting in a square of sunshine intent on one of his shoes. He was too young to know how poor and squalid his surroundings were, the patch of sunshine flung on the floor glorified it all. He (little animal) was happy.

The poor of the western prairies lie almost as unhealthily close together as do the poor of the city tenements. In the small hut of the peasant there is as little chance to escape close and tainting contact as in the coops and dens of the North End of proud Boston. In the midst of oceans of land, floods of sunshine and gulfs of verdure, the farmer lives in two or three small rooms. Poverty's eternal cordon is ever round the poor.

"Ma, why didn't you sleep with pap last night?" asked Bob, the seven-year old, when he saw she was awake at last. She flushed a dull red.

"Sh! Because—I—it was too warm—and there was a storm comin'. You never mind askin' such questions. Is he gone out?"

"Yup. I heerd him callin' the pigs. It's Sunday, aint it, ma?"

"Why, yes, so it is! Wal! Now Sadie, you jump up an' dress quick's y' can, an' Bob an' Sile, you run down an' bring s'm water," she commanded, in nervous haste beginning to dress. In the middle of the room there was scarce space to stand beneath the rafters.

When Sim came in for his breakfast he found it on the table but his wife was absent.

"Where's y'r ma?" he asked with a little less of the growl in his voice.

"She's upstairs with Pet."

The man ate his breakfast in dead silence, till at last Bob ventured to say,

"What makes ma ac' so?"

"Shut up!" was the brutal reply. The children began to take sides with the mother—all but the oldest girl who was ten years old. To her the father turned now for certain things to be done, treating her in his rough fashion as a housekeeper, and the girl felt flattered and docile accordingly.

They were pitiably clad; like most farm-children, indeed, they could hardly be said to be clad at all. Sadie had on but two garments, a sort of undershirt of cotton and a faded calico dress, out of which her bare, yellow little legs protruded, lamentably dirty and covered with scratches.

The boys also had two garments, a hickory shirt and a pair of pants like their father's, made out of brown denims by the mother's never-resting hands,—hands that in sleep still sewed, and skimmed, and baked, and churned. The boys had gone to bed without washing their feet, which now looked like toads, calloused, brown, and chapped.

Part of this the mother saw with her dull eyes as she came down, after seeing the departure of Sim up the road with the cows. It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and the woman might have sung like a bird if men were only as kind to her as Nature. But she looked dully on the seas of ripe grasses, tangled and flashing with dew, out of which the bobolinks and larks sprang. The glorious winds brought her no melody, no perfume, no respite from toil and care.

She thought of the children she saw in the town. Children of the merchant and banker, clean as little dolls, the boys in knickerbocker suits, the girls in dainty white dresses, and a bitterness sprang into her heart. She soon put the dishes away, but felt too tired and listless to do more.

"Taw-bay-wies! Pet want ta-aw-bay-wies!" cried the little one, tugging at her dress.

Listlessly, mechanically she took him in her arms, and went out into the garden which was fragrant and sweet with dew and sun. After picking some berries for him, she sat down on the grass under the row of cotton-woods, and sank into a kind of lethargy. A kingbird chattered and shrieked overhead, the grasshoppers buzzed in the grasses, strange insects with ventriloquistic voices sang all about her,—she could not tell where.

"Ma, can't I put on my clean dress?" insisted Sadie.

"I don't care," said the brooding woman darkly. "Leave me alone."

Oh, if she could only lie here forever, escaping all pain and weariness! The wind sang in her ears, the great clouds, beautiful as heavenly ships, floated far above in the vast dazzling deeps of blue sky, the birds rustled and chirped around her, leaping insects buzzed and clattered in the grass and in the vines and bushes. The goodness and glory of God was in the very air, the bitterness and oppression of man in every line of her face.

But her quiet was broken by Sadie who came leaping like a fawn down through the grass.

"O ma, Aunt Maria and Uncle William are coming. They've jest turned in."

"I don't care if they be!" she answered in the same dully-irritated way. "What're they comin' here to-day for, I wan' to know." She stayed there immovably, till Mrs. Council came down to see her, piloted by two or three of the children. Mrs. Council, a jolly, large-framed woman, smiled brightly, and greeted her in a loud, jovial voice. She made the mistake of taking the whole matter lightly; her tone amounted to ridicule.

"Sim says you've been having a tantrum, Creeshy. Don't know what for, he says."

"He don't," said the wife with a sullen flash in the eyes.

"*He* don't know why! Well, then, you just tell him what I say. I've lived in hell long enough. I'm done. I've slaved here day in and day out f'r twelve years without pay — not even a decent word. I've worked like no nigger ever worked 'r could work and live. I've given him all I had, 'r ever expect to have. I'm wore out. My strength is gone, my patience is gone. I'm done with it — that's a *part* of what's the matter."

"My sakes, Lucreeshy! You mustn't talk that way."

"But I *will*," said the woman, as she supported herself on one palm and raised the other. "I've *got* to talk that way." She was ripe for an explosion like this. She seized upon it with eagerness. "They aint no use o' livin' this way, anyway. I'd take poison if it want f'r the young ones."

"Lucreeshy Burns!"

"Oh, I mean it."

"Land sakes alive, I b'leeve you're goin' crazy!"

"I shouldn't wonder if I was. I've had enough t' drive an Indian crazy. Now you jest go off an' leave me 'lone. I aint in mind to visit — they aint no way out of it, an' I'm tired o' tryin' to *find* a way. Go off an' let me be."

Her tone was so bitterly hopeless that the great jolly face of Mrs. Council stiffened into a look of horror such as she had not worn for years. The children, in two separate groups, could be heard rioting. Bees were humming around the clover in the grass, and the kingbird chattered ceaselessly from the Lombardy poplar-tip. Both women felt all this peace and beauty of the morning, dimly, and it disturbed Mrs. Council because the other was so impassive under it all. At last, after a long and thoughtful pause, Mrs. Council asked a question whose answer she knew would decide it all, — asked it very kindly and softly, —

"Creeshy, are you comin' in?"

"No," was the short and sullenly decisive answer. Mrs. Council knew that was the end, and so rose with a sigh and went away.

"Wal, good by," she said simply.

Looking back she saw Lucretia lying at length with closed eyes and hollow cheeks. She seemed to be sleeping, half-buried in the grass. She did not look up nor reply to her sister-in-law. Her life also was one of toil and trouble, but

not so hard and hapless as Lucretia's. By contrast with most of her neighbors she seemed comfortable.

"Sim Burns, what you ben doin' to that woman?" she burst out as she waddled up to where the two men were sitting under a cotton-wood tree, talking and whittling after the manner of farmers.

"Nawthin' 's fur 's I know," answered Burns, not quite honestly, and looking uneasy.

"You needn't try t' git out of it like that, Sim Burns," replied his sister. "That woman never got into that fit f'r *nawthin'*."

"Wal, if you know more about it than I do, whadgy ask *me* fur," he replied angrily.

"Tut, tut!" put in Council, always a peacemaker, "hold y'r horses! Don't git on y'r ear, childern! Keep cool, and don't spile y'r shirts. Most likely yer all t' blame. Keep cool an' swear less."

"Wal, I'll bet Sim's more to blame than she is. Why they aint a harder-workin' woman in the hull State of Ioway than she is —"

"Except Marm Council."

"Except nobody. Look at her, jest skin and bones."

Council chuckled in his vast way. "That's so, mother, measured in that way she leads over you. You git fat on it."

She smiled a little, her indignation oozing away; she never "*could* stay mad," her children were accustomed to tell her. Burns refused to talk any more about the matter, and the visitors gave it up, and got out their team and started for home, Mrs. Council firing this parting shot:—

"The best thing you can do to-day is t' let her alone. Mebbe the childern 'll bring her round again. If she does come round, you see 't you treat her a little more 's y' did when you was a-courtin' her."

"This way," roared Council, putting his arm around his wife's waist. She boxed his ears while he guffawed and clucked at his team.

Burns took a measure of salt and went out into the pasture to salt the cows. On the sunlit slope of the field, where the cattle came running and bawling to meet him, he threw down the salt in handfuls, and then lay down to watch them as they eagerly licked it up, even gnawing a bare spot in the sod in their eagerness to get it all.

Burns was not a drinking man; was hard-working, frugal, in fact, he had no extravagances except his tobacco. His clothes he wore until they all but dropped from him; and he worked in rain and mud, as well as dust and sun. It was this suffering and toiling all to no purpose that made him sour and irritable. He didn't see why he should have so little after so much hard work.

He was puzzled to account for it all. (His mind (the average mind) was weary with trying to solve an insoluble problem.) His neighbors, who had got along a little better than himself, were free with advice and suggestion as to the cause of his persistent poverty.

Old man Bacon, the hardest-working man in the county, laid it to Burns' lack of management. Jim Butler, who owned a dozen farms (which he had taken on mortgages), and who had got rich by buying land at government price and holding for a rise, laid all such cases as Burns to "lack of enterprise, foresight."

But the larger number feeling themselves "in the same boat" with Burns, said:—

"I'd know. Seems as if things got worse an' worse. Corn an' wheat gittin' cheaper 'n' cheaper. Machinery eatin' up profits—got to *have* machinery to harvest the cheap grain, an' then the machinery eats up profits. Taxes goin' up. Devil to pay all round; I'd know what 'n thunder is the matter."

The democrats said protection was killing the farmers, the republicans said no. The grangers growled about the middle-men, the green-backers said there wasn't circulating medium enough, and in the midst of it all, hard-working discouraged farmers, like Simeon Burns, worked on, unable to find out what really was the matter.

And there on this beautiful Sabbath morning, Sim sat and thought and thought, till he rose with an oath, and gave it up.

III.

It was hot and brilliant again the next morning as Douglass Radbourn drove up the road with Lily Graham, the teacher of the school in the little white schoolhouse. It was blazing hot, even though not yet nine o'clock, and the young farmers plowing beside the fence looked longingly and

somewhat bitterly at Radbourn seated in a fine top-buggy beside a beautiful creature in lace and cambric.

Very beautiful the town-bred "schoolma'am" looked to those grimy, sweaty fellows, superb fellows physically, too, with bare red arms and leather-colored faces. She was as if builded of the pink and white clouds soaring far up there in the morning sky. So cool, and sweet, and dainty.

As she came in sight, their dusty and sweaty shirts grew biting as the poisoned shirt of the Norse myth, their bare feet in the brown dirt grew distressingly flat and hoof-like, and their huge, dirty, brown, chapped, and swollen hands grew so repulsive that the mere remote possibility of some time in the far future "standing a chance" of having an introduction to her, caused them to wipe them on their trousers' leg stealthily.

Lycurgus Banks, "Ly" Banks, swore when he saw Radbourn. "That cuss thinks he's ol' hell this morning. He don't earn his living. But he's jest the kind of cuss to get holt of all the purty girls."

Others gazed with simple, sad wistfulness upon the slender figure, pale, sweet face, and dark eyes of the young girl, feeling that to have talk with such a fairy-like creature was a happiness too great to ever be their lot. And when she had passed they went back to work with a sigh and feeling of loss.

As for Lily, she felt a pang of pity for these people. She looked at this peculiar form of poverty and hardship much as the fragile, tender girl of the city looks upon the men laying a gas-main in the streets. She felt (sympathetically) the heat and grime, and though but the faintest idea of what it meant to wear such clothing came to her, she shuddered. Her eyes had been opened to these things by Radbourn, who was a well-known radical,—a law student in Rock River.

"Poor fellows!" sighed Lily, almost unconsciously. "I hate to see them working there in the dirt and hot sun. It seems a hopeless sort of life, doesn't it?"

"Oh, but this is the most beautiful part of the year," said Radbourn. "Think of them in the mud, in the sleet; think of them husking corn in the snow, a bitter wind blowing; think of them a month later in the harvest; think of them imprisoned here in winter!"

"Yes, it's dreadful! But I never felt it so keenly before. You have opened my eyes to it."

"Writers and orators have lied so long about 'the idyllic' in farm life, and said so much about the 'independent American farmer' that he himself has remained blind to the fact that he's one of the hardest-working and poorest-paid men in America. See the houses they live in,—hovels."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Lily; a look of deeper pain swept over her face. "And the fate of the poor women, oh, the fate of the women!"

"Yes, it's a matter of statistics," went on Radbourn, pitilessly, "that the wives of the American farmers fill our insane asylums. See what a life they lead, most of them; no music, no books. Seventeen hours a day in a couple of small rooms—dens. Now there's Sim Burns! what a travesty of a home! Yet there are a dozen just as bad in sight. He works like a fiend,—so does his wife,—and what is their reward? Simply a hole to hibernate in and to sleep and eat in in summer. A dreary present and a well-nigh hopeless future. No, they have a future, if they knew it, and we must tell them."

"I know Mrs. Burns; she sends several children to my school. Poor, pathetic little things, half-clad and wistful-eyed. They make my heart ache; they are so hungry for love, and so quick to learn."

As they passed the Burns farm, they looked for the wife but she was not to be seen. The children had evidently gone up to the little white schoolhouse at the head of the lane. Radbourn let the reins fall slack as he talked on. He did not look at the girl, his eyebrows were drawn into a look of gloomy pain.

"It aint so much the grime that I abhor, nor the labor that crooks their backs and makes their hands bludgeons. It's the horrible waste of life involved in it all. I don't believe God intended a man to be bent to plow-handles like that, but that aint the worst of it. The worst of it is, these people live lives approaching automata. They become machines to serve others more lucky or more unscrupulous than themselves. What is the world of art, of music, of literature, to these poor devils—to Sim Burns and his wife there, for example? Or even to the best of these farmers?"

The girl looked away over the shimmering lake of yellow-green corn, a choking came into her throat. Her gloved hand trembled.

“What is such a life worth? It’s all very comfortable for us to say, ‘they don’t feel it.’ How do we know what they feel? What do we know of their capacity for enjoyment of art and music? They never have leisure or opportunity. The master is very glad to be taught by preacher, and lawyer, and novelist, that his slaves are contented and never feel any longings for a higher life. These people live lives but little higher than their cattle,—are *forced* to live so. Their hopes and aspirations are crushed out, their souls are twisted and deformed just as toil twists and deforms their bodies. They are on the same level as the city laborer. It makes me wild to think of it. The very religion they hear is a soporific. They are taught to be content here that they may be happy hereafter. Suppose there isn’t any hereafter?”

“Oh, don’t say that, please!” Lily cried.

“But I don’t *know* that there is,” looking up at her pitilessly, “and I do know that these people are being robbed of something more than money, of all that makes life worth living. The promise of milk and honey in Canaan is all very well, but I prefer to have mine here, then I’m sure of it.”

“What can we do?” murmured the girl.

“Do? Rouse these people for one thing; preach *discontent*, a noble discontent.”

“It will only make them unhappy.”

“No, it won’t, not if you show them the way out. If it does, it’s better to be unhappy striving for higher things, like a man, than to be content in a wallow like swine.”

“But what *is* the way out?”

This was sufficient to set Radbourn upon his hobby-horse. He outlined his plan of action, the abolition of all indirect taxes. The State control of all privileges, the private ownership of which interfered with the equal rights of all. He would utterly destroy speculative holdings of the earth. He would have land everywhere brought to its best use, by appropriating all ground rents to the use of the State, etc., etc., to which the girl listened with eager interest but with only partial comprehension.

As they neared the little schoolhouse, a swarm of midgets in pink dresses, pink sun-bonnets, and brown legs, came rushing to meet their teacher, with that peculiar devotion the children in the country develop for a refined teacher.

Radbourn helped Lily out into the midst of the eager little scholars, who swarmed upon her like bees on a lump of sugar, till even Radbourn's gravity gave way, and he smiled into her lifted eyes — an unusual smile, that strangely enough stopped the smile on her own lips, filling her face with a wistful shadow, and her breath came hard for a moment and she trembled.

She loved that cold, stern face, oh, so much! and to have him smile was a pleasure that made her heart leap till she suffered a smothering pain. She turned to him to say:—

"I am very thankful, Mr. Radbourn, for another pleasant ride," adding in a lower tone, "It was a very great pleasure; you always give me so much. I feel stronger and more hopeful."

"I'm glad you feel so. I was afraid I was prosy with my land-doctrine."

"Oh no! Indeed no! You have given me a new hope; I am exalted with the thought; I shall try to think it all out and apply it."

And so they parted, the children looking on and slyly whispering among themselves. Radbourn looked back after awhile but the bare little hive had absorbed its little group, and was standing bleak as a tombstone and hot as a furnace on the naked plain in the blazing sun.

"America's pitiful boast!" said the young radical looking back at it. "Only a miserable hint of what it might be."

All that forenoon as Lily faced her little group of bare-foot children, she was thinking of Radbourn, of his almost fierce sympathy for these poor supine farmers, hopeless, and in some cases content in their narrow lives. The children almost worshipped the beautiful girl who came to them as a revelation of exquisite neatness and taste,— whose very voice and intonation awed them.

They noted (unconsciously, of course,) every detail. Snowy linen, touches of soft color, graceful lines of bust and side—the slender fingers that could almost speak, so beautifully flexile were they. Lily herself sometimes, when she shook the calloused, knotted, stiffened hands of the women, shuddered with sympathetic pain, to think that the crowning wonder and beauty of God's world should be so maimed and distorted from its true purpose.

Even in the children before her she could see the inherited

results of fruitless labor — and more pitiful yet in the bent shoulders of the older ones she could see the beginnings of deformity that would soon be permanent. And as these things came to her, she clasped the poor wondering things to her side with a convulsive wish to make life a little brighter for them.

"How is your mother, Sadie?" she asked of Sadie Burns, as she was eating her luncheon on the drab-colored table near the open window.

"Purty well," said Sadie in a hesitating way.

Lily was looking out, and listening to the gophers whistling as they raced to and fro. She could see Bob Burns lying at length on the grass in the pasture over the fence, his heels waving in the air, his hands holding a string which formed a snare. Bob was "death on gophers." It was like fishing to young Izaak Walton.

It was very still and hot and the cheep and trill of the gophers, and the chatter of the kingbirds alone broke the silence. A cloud of butterflies were fluttering about a pool near, a couple of big flies buzzed and mumbled on the pane.

"What ails your mother?" Lily asked, recovering herself and looking at Sadie who was distinctly ill at ease.

"Oh, I dunno," Sadie replied, putting one bare foot across the other.

Lily insisted.

"She 'n' pa's had an awful row —"

"Sadie!" said the teacher warningly, "what language!"

"I mean they quarrelled, an' she don't speak to him any more."

"Why, how dreadful!"

"An' pa he's awful cross,—and she won't eat when he does, an' I haf to wait on table."

"I believe I'll go down and see her this noon," said Lily to herself, as she divined a little of the state of affairs in the Burns family.

Sim was mending the pasture fence as Lily came down the road toward him. He had delayed going to dinner to finish his task and was just about ready to go when Lily spoke to him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Burns. I am just going down to see Mrs. Burns. It must be time to go to dinner — aren't you ready to go? I want to talk with you."

Ordinarily he would have been delighted with the idea of walking down the road with the schoolma'am, but there was something in her look which seemed to tell him that she knew all about his trouble, and beside he was not in good humor.

"Yes, in a minnit,—soon's I fix up this hole. Them shoats, I b'leeve, would go through a keyhole, if they could once git their snoots in."

He expanded on this idea as he nailed away, anxious to gain time. He foresaw trouble for himself. He couldn't be rude to this sweet and fragile girl. If a *man* had dared to attack him on his domestic shortcomings, he could have fought. The girl stood waiting for him, her large, steady eyes full of thought, gazing down at him from the shadow of her broad-brimmed hat.

"The world is so full of misery anyway, that we ought to do the best we can to make it less," she said at last in a musing tone, as if her thoughts had unconsciously taken on speech. She had always appealed to him strongly, and never more so than in this softly uttered abstraction,—that it was an abstraction added to its power with him.

He could find no words for reply, but picked up his hammer and nail-box, and slouched along the road by her side, listening without a word to her talk.

"Christ was patient, and bore with his enemies, surely we ought to bear with our—friends." She went on adapting her steps to his. He took off his torn straw hat and wiped his face on his sleeve, being much embarrassed and ashamed. Not knowing how to meet such argument, he kept silent.

"How *is* Mrs. Burns?" said Lily at length, determined to make him speak. The delicate meaning in the emphasis laid on *is* did not escape him.

"Oh, she's all right,—I mean she's done her work jest the same as ever. I don't see her much —"

"I didn't know—I was afraid she was sick. Sadie said she was acting strangely."

"No, she's well enough—but,—"

"But what is the trouble? Won't you let me help you, *won't* you?"

"Can't anybody help us. We've got 'o fight it out, I s'pose," he replied, a gloomy note of resentment creeping

into his voice. "She's ben in a devil of a temper f'r a week."

"Haven't you been in the same kind of a temper too?" demanded Lily, firmly, but kindly. "I think most troubles of this kind come from bad temper on both sides. Don't you? Have you done your share at being kind and patient?"

They had reached the gate now, and she laid her hand on his arm to stop him. He looked down at the slender gloved hand on his arm feeling as if a giant had grasped him, then he raised his eyes to her face, flushing a purplish red as he remembered his grossness. It seemed monstrous in the presence of this girl-advocate. Her face was like silver, her eyes seemed pools of tears.

"I don't s'pose I have," he said at last pushing by her. He couldn't have stood her glance another moment. His whole air conveyed the impression of destructive admission. Lily did not comprehend the extent of her advantage or she would have pursued it further. As it was she felt a little hurt as she entered the house. The table was set, but Mrs. Burns was nowhere to be seen. Calling her softly, the young girl passed through the shabby little living room to the oven-like bedroom which opened off it, but no one was about. She stood for a moment shuddering at the wretchedness of the room.

Going back to the kitchen she found Sim about beginning on his dinner; little Pet was with him, the rest of the children were at the schoolhouse.

"Where is she?"

"I d' know. Out in the garden I expect. She don't eat with me now. I never see her. She don't come near *me*. I aint seen her since Saturday."

Lily was shocked inexpressibly and began to see clearer the magnitude of the task she had set herself to do. But it must be done; she felt that a tragedy was not far off. It must be averted.

"Mr. Burns, what have you done? What *have* you done?" she asked in terror and horror.

"Don't lay it all to *me*! She hain't done nawthin' but complain f'r ten years. I couldn't do nothin' to suit her. She was always naggin' me."

"I don't think Lucretia Burns would nag anybody. I don't say you're *all* to blame, but I'm afraid you haven't

acknowledged you were any to blame. I'm afraid you've not been patient with her. I'm going out to bring her in. If she comes will you say you were *part* to blame? You needn't beg her pardon, just say you'll try to be better. Will you do it? Think how much she has done for you! Will you?"

He remained silent, and looked discouragingly rude. His sweaty, dirty shirt was open at the neck, his arms were bare, his scraggly teeth were yellow with tobacco, and his uncombed hair lay tumbled about on his high, narrow head. His clumsy, unsteady hands played with the dishes on the table. His pride was struggling with his sense of justice; he knew he ought to consent, and yet it was so hard to acknowledge himself to blame. The girl went on in a voice piercingly sweet, trembling with pity and pleading.

"What word can I carry to her from you? I'm going to go and see her. If I could take a word from *you*, I know she would come back to the table. Shall I tell her you feel to blame?"

The answer was a long time coming; at last the man nodded an assent, the sweat pouring from his purple face. She had set him thinking, her victory was sure.

Lily almost ran out into the garden and to the strawberry patch, where she found Lucretia in her familiar, colorless, shapeless dress, picking berries in the hot sun, the mosquitoes biting her neck and hands.

"Poor, pathetic, dumb sufferer," the girl thought as she ran up to her.

She dropped her dish as she heard Lily coming, and gazed up into the tender, pitying face. Not a word was spoken, but something she saw there made her eyes fill with tears, and her throat swell. It was pure sympathy. She put her arms around the girl's neck and sobbed for the first time since Friday night. Then they sat down on the grass under the hedge and she told her story, interspersed with Lily's horrified comments.

When it was all told the girl still sat listening. She heard Radbourn's calm, slow voice again. It helped her not to hate Burns; it helped her to pity and understand him.

"You must remember that such toil brutalizes a man; it makes him callous, selfish, unfeeling necessarily. A fine

nature must either adapt itself to its hard surroundings or die. Men who toil terribly in filthy garments day after day and year after year cannot easily keep gentle; the frost and grime, the heat and cold will sooner or later enter into their souls. The case is not all in favor of the suffering wives, and against the brutal husbands. If the farmer's wife is dulled and crazed by her routine, the farmer himself is degraded and brutalized. They are both products of a social system, victims of a land system, which produces tenement houses in the city, and pushes the farmer into a semi-solitude — victims of land laws that are relics of feudalism, made in the interest of the man who holds a special privilege in the earth. Free America has set up on its soil the systems of land-owning which produces the lord and the tenant; that glorifies speculation in the earth, and gives the priceless riches of the hills and forests into a few hands. But this will not continue — it can't continue. The awakening understanding of America cries out against it."

As well as she could Lily explained all this to the woman who lay with her face buried in the girl's lap. Lily's arms were about her thin shoulders in an agony of pity.

"It's hard, Lucretia, I know, more than you can bear, but you mustn't forget what Sim endures, too. He goes out in the storms and in the heat and dust. His boots are hard, and see how his hands are all bruised and broken by his work! He was tired and hungry when he said that — he didn't really mean it."

The wife remained silent.

"Mr. Radbourn says work as things go now *does* degrade a man in spite of himself. He says men get coarse and violent in spite of themselves just as women do when everything goes wrong in the house,—when the flies are thick, and the fire won't burn, and the irons stick to the clothes. You see, you both suffer. Don't lay up this fit of temper against Sim — will you?"

The wife lifted her head and looked away. Her face was full of hopeless weariness.

"It aint this once. It aint that 't all. It's having no let up. Just goin' the same thing right over 'n' over — no hope of anything better."

"If you had a hope of another world —"

"Don't talk that — that's rich man's doctrine. I don't

want that kind o' comfort. I want a decent chance here. I want 'o rest an' be happy *now* — then I'm sure of it."

Lily's big eyes were streaming with tears. What should she say to the desperate woman?

"What's the use? We might jest as well die — all of us."

The woman's livid face appalled the beautiful girl. She was gaunt, heavy-eyed, nerveless. Her faded dress settled down over her limbs showing the swollen knees and thin calves, her hands with distorted joints protruded painfully from her sleeves. And all about was the ever-recurring wealth and cheer of nature that knows no fear or favor. The bees and flies buzzing in the sun, the jay and kingbird in the poplars, the smell of strawberries, the motion of lush grass, the shimmer of corn blades tossed gayly as banners in a conquering army.

Like a flash of keener light a sentence shot across the girl's mind. "Nature knows no tittle-deed. The bounty of her mighty hands falls as the sunlight falls, copious, impartial; her seas carry all ships, her air is for all lips, her lands for all feet."

"Poverty and suffering such as yours will not last." There was something in the girl's voice that roused the woman. She turned her dull eyes upon her face.

Lily took her hand in both hers as if by a caress she could impart her own faith.

"Look up, dear. When Nature is so good and generous, man must come to be better, surely. Come, go in the house again. Sim is there, he expects you, he told me to tell you he was sorry." Lucretia's face twitched a little at that, but her head was bent. "Come, you can't live this way. There is n't any other place to go to."

No, that was the bitterest truth. Where on this wide earth with its forth-shooting fruits and grains, its fragrant lands and shining seas, could this dwarfed, bent, broken, middle-aged woman go? Nobody wanted her, nobody cared for her. But the wind kissed her drawn lips as readily as those of the girl, and the blooms of clover nodded to her as if to a queen.

Lily had said all she could. Her heart ached with unspeakable pity and a sort of terror.

"Don't give up, Lucretia. This may be the worst hour of your life. Live and bear with it all for Christ's sake — for

*Nature = God's or
Sinner*

X why should they be

your children's sake. Sim told me to tell you he was to blame. If you will only see that you are both to blame and yet neither to blame, then you can rise above it. Try, dear!"

The wife pulled herself together, rose silently, and started toward the house. Her face was rigid but no longer sullen. Lily followed her slowly, wondering.

As she neared the kitchen door, she saw Sim still sitting at the table; his face was unusually grave and soft. She saw him start and shove back his chair,—saw Lucretia go to the stove and lift the tea-pot, and heard her say, as she took her seat beside the baby,—

"Want some more tea?"

She had become a wife and mother again, but in what spirit the puzzled girl could not say.

Miss Sprinkled Edie cat

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AN EPOCH- MARKING DRAMA.

A movement destined, I think, to be in a degree epoch-marking in the dramatic annals of the American stage, was inaugurated by Mr. James A. Herne, on the fourth of May, in Boston, in the production of his remarkable realistic drama, "Margaret Fleming," at Chickering Hall. The play is a bold innovation, so much so that no theatre in the city would produce it, although the various managers who examined it declared it to be as strong as and no less powerful than any American drama yet written. The character of the audience was as striking as the play was brave and original. It was, indeed, a strange sight to see such well-known and thoughtful men and women as Mr. William Dean Howells, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Rev. Edward A. Horton, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Hamlin Garland, and a score or more of persons almost as well known in literary, religious, and thoughtful circles, assembled on the first night of a dramatic production. Nor was the character of the audience less remarkable during the fortnight it was played. Men and women who are rarely seen at theatres attended two, three, and even four performances. The superb acting of Mr. and Mrs. Herne contributed much to the success of the play; curiosity also doubtless attracted many, yet beyond and above this was the deep appreciation of a thoughtful and intelligent constituency, who saw in this drama the marvellous possibilities of the stage for improvement as well as entertainment. They also saw real life depicted. The absence of empty lines and stilted phrases so common in conventional drama was refreshing and interesting to those who believe that the drama has a mission other than merely to amuse. "Margaret Fleming" is nothing if not artistic from the standpoint of the realist. Its fidelity to life as we find it—to existing conditions and types of society,—is wonderful. Its dramatic strength is none the less marked. But aside from and above all this, for me it has a far greater merit—utility. I have no sympathy with the flippant, effeminate, and senile cry, "Art for art's sake"; that is the echo of a decaying civilization, the voice of Greece and Rome in their decline. It is the shibboleth of a people drunken with pleasure; of a popular conscience anæsthetized; the cry of sensualism and selfishness popular with shallow minds and bloodless hearts; the incarnation of that fatal effeminacy that springs from a union of wealth and superficial intellectuality; the voice of a human automaton without a soul. Victor Hugo has made no utterances more grandly true than when he pleads for the beautiful being made the servant of progress as voiced in the following sentiment:

"Be of some service. Do not be fastidious when so much depends upon being efficient and good. Art for art's sake may be very fine, but

art for *progress* is finer still. Ah! you must think? Then think of making man better. Courage! Let us consecrate ourselves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just; it is well for us to do so. Some pure lovers of art, moved by a solicitude which is not without its dignity, discard the formula, 'Art for Progress,' the Beautiful Useful, fearing lest the useful should deform the beautiful. They tremble to see the drudge's hand attached to the muse's arm. According to them, the ideal may become perverted by too much contact with *reality*. They are solicitous for the sublime, if it descends as far as to humanity. They are in error. The useful, far from circumscribing the sublime, enlarges it. But critics protest: To undertake the cure of social evils; to amend the codes; to impeach law in the court of right to utter those hideous words, 'penitentiary,' 'convict-keeper,' 'galley-slave,' 'girl of the town'; to inspect the police registers; to contract the business of dispensaries; to study the questions of wages and want of work; to taste the black bread of the poor; to seek labor for the working-woman; to confront fashionable idleness with ragged sloth; to throw down the partition of ignorance; to open schools; to teach little children how to read; to attack shame, infamy, error, vice, crime, want of conscience; to preach the multiplication of spelling-books; to improve the food of intellects and of hearts; to give meat and drink; to demand solutions for problems and shoes for naked feet,—these things they declare are not the business of the azure. Art is the azure. Yes, art is the azure; but the azure from above, whence falls the ray which swells the wheat, yellows the maize, rounds the apple, gilds the orange, sweetens the grape. Again I say, a further service is an added beauty. At all events, where is the diminution? To ripen the beet-root, to water the potato, to increase the yield of lucern, of clover, or of hay; to be a fellow-workman with the ploughman, the vine-dresser, and the gardener,—this does not deprive the heavens of one star. *Immensity does not despise utility*,—and what does it lose by it? Does the vast vital fluid that we call magnetic or electric flash through the cloud-masses with less splendor because it consents to perform the office of pilot to a bark, and to keep constant to the north the little needle intrusted to it, the gigantic guide? Yet the critics insist that to compose social poetry, human poetry, popular poetry; to grumble against the evil and laud the good, to be the spokesman of public wrath, to insult despots, to make knaves despair, to emancipate man before he is of age, to push souls forward and darkness backward, to know that there are thieves and tyrants, to clean penal cells, to flush the sewer of public uncleanness,—is not the function of art! Why not? Homer was the geographer and historian of his time, Moses the legislator of his, Juvenal the judge of his, Dante the theologian of his, Shakespeare the moralist of his, Voltaire the philosopher of his. No region, in speculation or in fact, is shut to the mind. Here a horizon, there wings; freedom for all to soar. To sing the ideal, to love humanity, to believe in progress, to pray toward the infinite. To be the servant of God in the task of progress, and the apostle of God to the people,—such is the law which regulates growth. All power is duty. Should this power enter into repose in our age? Should duty shut its eyes? And is the moment come for art to disarm? Less than ever. Thanks to 1789, the human caravan has reached a high plateau; and, the horizon being vaster, art has more to do. This is all. To every widening of the horizon, an enlargement of conscience corresponds. We have not reached the goal. Concord condensed into felicity, civilization summed up in harmony,—that is yet far off. The theatre is a crucible of civilization. It is a place of human communion. All its phases need to be studied. It is in the theatre that the public soul is formed."

The theatre may be made the most potent engine for progress and reform. We are living in the midst of the most splendid age which has dawned since humanity first fronted the morning, dimly conscious of its innate power and the possibilities that lay imbedded in its being; an era of life, growth, warfare. On the one hand are ancient thought and prejudice, on the other the inspiration of greater liberty and a nobler manhood. On the one hand selfishness, sensuality, vulgar ostentation, avarice, luxury, and moral effeminacy crying, "Art for art's sake," demanding amusements that will aid in dissipating any moral strength or deep thought that still lingers in the mind, and literature that shall enable one to kill time without the slightest suspicion of intellectual exertion; physical, mental, and moral ennui, with an assumed lofty contempt for utility. On the other hand we have the gathering forces of the dawn, demanding "art for progress," declaring that beauty must be the handmaid of duty; that art must wait on justice, liberty, fraternity, nobility, morality, and intellectual honesty,—in a word the forces in league with light must compel the beautiful to make radiant the pathway of the future. In the union of art and utility lies the supreme excellence of "Margaret Fleming," it deals with one of the most pressing problems of our present civilization; it is the most powerful plea for an equal standard of morals for men and women that I have ever heard. This thought, it is true, like the entire drama, is anything but conventional; it breathes the spirit of the coming day. The subtle bondage and servility of woman, a vestige of the barbarous past, still taints our civilization. Far more is demanded by society of her than of man, and when heretofore she has raised her voice against this inequity she has been silenced by unworthy imputations. It is the shame of our age that woman is not accorded a higher meed of justice. She has a right to demand that the man who marries her be every whit as pure and moral as herself, and until she makes this demand, and holds herself from the contamination of moral lepers, no substantial progress for higher morals and purer life will be made. Unless woman checks the increasing degradation of manhood, man will sooner or later drag her to his deplorable level. "Margaret Fleming" shows this truth and points to the woman of to-day her stern and inexorable duty.

Unless woman assumes an aggressive stand and ostracizes the libertine, refusing his society, his attention, and most of all the proffer of his leprous love, the moral outlook for society will soon be as gloomy as was Rome's future when Epictetus was banished from her streets because he mercilessly assailed the moral degradation of his day.

THE PRESENT REVOLUTION IN THEOLOGICAL THOUGHT.

The rapid spread of heresy throughout the churches is creating genuine dismay in many quarters. When such ripe scholars and representative thinkers as Rev. Heber Newton, Dr. C. A. Briggs, and Rev. Dr. Bridgman, representing three of the most powerful Protestant communions, freely preach doc-

trines at variance with conventional orthodox views, and express a grander hope and broader faith than that cherished by conservative theologians, it is by no means strange that the current of old-time thought should be stirred. If, however, these scholarly minds stood alone in their convictions, there would be no warrant for such widespread apprehension as is manifest. The serious character of the present theological revolution, however, lies in the fact that the pulpit and the people are honey-combed with the peculiar heresy which rejects the verbal inspiration of the Bible and the dogma of eternal damnation.* The general uneasiness occasioned by the present epidemic of heresy, and the bitter strictures which it has called forth, are perfectly natural, while it is equally true that the present liberal attitude of so many of the foremost thinkers in the various orthodox churches is the legitimate outcome of numerous agencies which have been silently working for generations.

At various era-marking periods in the annals of history, the multitudes have been thus disturbed. They have felt that the old-time beliefs of their fathers, the tradition of ages, the oracles, which from early infancy they have learned to revere and hold most sacred, were being demolished. This naturally aroused bitter antagonism in their souls. They believed they were carrying out God's wishes when like Saul of Tarsus, they aided in slaying heretics. Thus when the great Nazarene taught a higher, sweeter, and nobler code of ethics than the ancient Jewish law-givers and teachers, he was persecuted and slain because the Jews believed he sought to overthrow their revered and sacred truths. In a like manner Paul and the early advocates of Christianity, when they proclaimed their religion in Gentile lands frequently aroused the bitterest antagonism. At a later date Galileo's demon-

*The *United Presbyterian* in a recent issue says, "It appears that Dr. Briggs does not stand alone in the theological seminaries of the Presbyterian Church as a teacher of dangerous views of inspiration. Four of the professors of Lane Seminary have declared themselves as equally radical." The *Interior* says, "The paper of Prof. Smith, of Lane, published in a pamphlet with that of Prof. Evans, goes much beyond anything that has appeared on the subject from Presbyterian authorship in this country."

At the meeting of the Alumni of the Union Theological Seminary, on the eighteenth of May, the newly elected professor of systematic theology, the brilliant Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D. D. (since deceased) made the following bold remark while defending Dr. Briggs: "*If we cannot have orthodoxy and liberty, let orthodoxy go and let us have liberty. Liberty has always produced progress.*"

In his sermon on May the 24th, Rev. Thomas Dixon, one of the Baptist clergymen of New York City, said: The heresy trial is a record of barbarism, a relic of savagery. It belongs to the crudeness, and ignorance, and superstition of barbaric times. It smells of roasting flesh.

On the same Sunday the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of New York, quoted the ringing words given above by Dr. Van Dyke, with his cordial indorsement. He continued to thus severely arraign the Orthodox brethren in the Presbyterian Church:

"This question of inerrancy is not new. Calvin, Luther, and many others did not believe in the Bible's inerrancy. If this is not according to the confession of faith—I don't know whether it is or not—we had better square the confession with the truth rather than the truth with the confession. Let those who would prove that there are no mistakes in the Bible produce a cud-chewing coney, and then we will consider the question of inerrancy.

If the Church is to go on in the way that some are trying to persuade us it ought to go, the sooner it gives up the ghost the better, to save the medical expense."

strations and Sir Isaac Newton's discovery occasioned precisely the same dismay, and called forth bitter and pronounced opposition, because it was felt that in one case the authority of the Bible was impeached, and in the other that God was to be taken out of the universe. When Luther and the Reformation broke the dead calm of centuries of growing corruption and externalization in the religious life of Europe, Christendom felt a thrill of dismay. New disturbing elements had entered the fields. The general uneasiness on the part of tens of thousands of people who believed they were sincere worshippers of God, was succeeded by an intense desire to crush out this dangerous heresy with fire and torture, if necessary. The terrible days, months, and years that followed the dawn of the Reformation, bear melancholy testimony to the innate ferocity of man's nature, and the relentless character of religious warfare. Nevertheless, in spite of persecution, the new truth spread. A broader horizon opened to man's view. That conflict marked the birth of one of the grandest epochs in humanity's onward march. Thus has it ever been. To-day stones the prophet, to-morrow tearfully rears a monument and treasures his lofty utterances.

Yet with every transition period comes the old-time struggle, the apprehension and anguish of spirit, *the night of doubt*. It is, therefore, not surprising that the oppression of fear weighs on the minds of all those who believe that God has spoken His last word; that in the twilight of the past alone lies the hope of humanity.

On the other hand, the theological revolt now manifest is a legitimate result of multitudinous agencies, which have for generations been silently and subtly influencing the mind of man, among which may be mentioned the spread of popular education, and the growth of the newspaper. (As long as people knew not how to read or were unable to procure any medium of information which brought them in rapport with the vast growing world of thought and action, they naturally turned to their priest or clergyman for intellectual as well as religious food, and from him as a rule received instruction with the docility and confidence exhibited by little children seeking for truth. With the appearance of schoolhouses in every hamlet, and the establishment of cheap and popular newspapers, however, came a change as marked as it was wonderful. People began to reason and think for themselves. They demanded credentials for the various dogmas and ideas discussed in every department of thought. It is true, that religion was approached much more reluctantly and reverently than other subjects, but the growth of knowledge, the opportunity to hear all sides of problems discussed, and the broader conception of life which a world knowledge gave, exerted a positive and ever-increasing influence on their minds in this department of thought.) The great inventions of the past hundred years, which have bound together as one family almost the whole world, have also brought to light the great religions of other races and

ages. Gradually it dawned on the public mind that almost every people had a clearly defined system of theology; containing much that was beautiful, elevating, and inspiring, more or less hidden among superstitious traditions natural to childhood and credulous ages. This led many to ask whether Jesus might not have had a larger thought in his mind than mankind had dreamed when he said, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold"; and whether there might not be a wider significance than had been given to the idea, that God had in sundry times and in divers ways spoken to His children on earth. Another lever of progressive thought was the marvellous strides taken in physical science, which followed the Reformation. Discoveries in astronomy, in geology and biology have completely overthrown many time-honored and revered traditions and fables regarded for ages as divine truth. The critical spirit of the age, the inquiring condition of human thought, which instead of being discouraging is distinctly a mark of human growth, stands in bold antithesis to the dark ages, when speculation and progress were outlawed in many fields of research, and spirituality suffered an eclipse behind the pomp, form, and show of theology, when to a great degree mental stagnation prevailed. Yet this critical spirit has been one of the most potent factors in liberalizing thought. Another cause for the radical change of views among Bible scholars is found in the rich results of archaeological research during the past generation. This with a critical, or scientific study of the Bible, the early church, and profane history, contemporaneous with the rise of Christianity, has led thousands of the most profound and sincere religious thinkers into broader fields, giving to them a loftier view of life, eternity and God than was possible under the old conceptions. What diligent research on the part of scholarship has effected among critical students, the recent revision of the Bible has accomplished among the people. The old-time reverence for the letter of the law, or what is commonly known as verbal inspiration, is disappearing as mist before the sunshine, owing, in this latter case, to the people becoming acquainted for the first time with the fact that there are passages in the Bible confessed by the most orthodox scholars to be spurious. They found in the revised scriptures passages in some instances containing many consecutive verses enclosed in brackets, as, for example, the story of the woman taken in sin in the Gospel of John from vii. 53 to viii. 11 inclusive. Consulting the foot-note they found that these passages were spurious or added by a later hand. I well remember the explanation made by a scholarly and devout professor in theology, while at the Kentucky University, regarding the passage referred to above. "The incident doubtless occurred much as it appears," asserted the professor, "but while omitted from the earlier copies, was handed down by tradition, and at a later day incorporated into the text." Such explanations in the very nature of things, however, were by no means calculated to satisfy the doubts which had

been raised in the minds of those who had from infancy been taught to believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. Naturally the question arose in the minds of the thinking masses, if one *passage* is proved to be spurious, and the world possesses no original manuscripts, what guarantee that anything approaching the original teachings of Jesus is preserved. If the stream of inspiration is proved to be muddy in some places, is it not possible that what at first was pure as the melting snow on the mountain tops, after passing through the hands of various human authors and copyists, may have become as turbid with the cast of human thought as the mountain stream which, pure at the source, is heavy with mud at the base? It is impossible to estimate how much influence this discovery on the part of the people has exerted in behalf of a broader and more liberal interpretation of the Bible. Another factor which is usually overlooked, but which has had a marked effect on the thought which to-day is in open rebellion against the old standards, is found in the influence exerted by a galaxy of great and godly lives, which came on the stage of existence early in the present century, and whose thoughts have unconsciously broadened the minds, refined the sentiment, and ennobled the lives of every one who has read their works. In this country Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, Channing, Parker, Clarke, and other illuminated souls, gave all who came under the magic of their words a broader view of life, a truer conception of the universe, and a loftier inspiration than aught that had touched them before. It is doubtful if the great thinkers dreamed that on the current of their thoughts tens of thousands of earnest lives were to be carried into a larger hope, a more intelligent, humane appreciation of the mysteries of creation, and a grander idea of God. Thus we see in the present religious revolution nothing strange in the bitter opposition of conservative thought, nothing remarkable in the persistent and earnest attitude of those who stand for the higher criticism. It is the old feud; the past struggling with the future; departing night battling with the dawn. Of the issue none who have faith in the ultimate triumph of truth, wisdom, and progress can doubt.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN THOUGHT IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The vote of the New York Presbytery on the twelfth of May, to present the case of Prof. Charles A. Briggs* before the synod will probably prove one of the most momentous moves

made in recent years in the theological world. It is a positive challenge

* Dr. Philip Schaff, than whom there is no abler or more renowned biblical scholar in the New World, has in a recent paper in the New York *Herald* defended Dr. Briggs. That journal aptly says: In his paper, he defines in the most trenchant language, the apparent inconsistency of the New York Presbytery in practically avowing, eighteen months ago, the same principle for which Dr. Briggs, it declares, must now stand trial. He declares that the American Presbyterian Church has herself materially changed the Westminster Confession of a hundred years ago, and that this spirit of revision pervades the whole Christian world. Finally, he asserts that, as the theory of verbal inspiration of the Scriptures is not in the Westminster Confession of Faith, it cannot be demanded from any Presbyterian minister or professor, and

thrown before Presbyterians who hold views popularly termed "Higher Criticism." It is a declaration of war to the knife on the part of those who oppose the revision of the Westminster Confession, and who cherish ancient thought. Nor is the opposition led by Dr. Briggs disposed to yield what is believed to be the only truth consistent with an intelligent conception of a just, loving, and wise God. The immediate cause of this determined conflict is found in Professor Briggs' recent address on the authority of the Holy Scriptures, delivered at his inaugural as Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York. In this notable address he maintained that there were three great fountains of divine authority, the Bible, the Church, and Reason, any one of which was capable of leading persons to God. He instanced the following cases: Cardinal Newman was led to God through the Church of Rome; Spurgeon, through the Bible, and the philosopher Martineau through Reason. He further asserted "that no one could get at the Bible unless he forced his way through human obstacles, which he tabulated as follows: (1) Superstitious reverence for the book itself. (2) The belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. (3) The authenticity of the Scriptures. Traditions from the dead church assign authors to all the books of the Bible, but higher criticism pronounces these traditions fallacies and follies. (4) The doctrine of the inerrancy of the Bible. Historical criticism again pronounces that there are errors in the Bible, but they are in circumstantial, not in essentials. (5) The miracles are in violation of the laws of nature, and keep men away from the Bible. (6) The failure of minute prophecy. Dr. Briggs further expressed belief in the ultimate salvation of mankind, declaring that redemption was not limited to this world, but continued through the vast period of time preceding the resurrection.

On page 55 of his revised address, he observes:

The Biblical redemption is a redemption of our race and of universal nature. As the ancient Jews limited redemption to Israel and overlooked

warns churchmen that any attempt by the General Assembly to enforce an extra Scriptural and extra Confessional theory upon the Church will create a split worse than that of 1837. The *Herald* observes that:—

"Dr. Schaff's international fame as a church historian and theologian will compel the greatest respect from not alone the ministers of the Presbyterian church, but also from the clergy of all Christian churches.

As early as 1845, he was tried for heresy in this country, and acquitted. In 1854, he represented the American German churches at the Ecclesiastical Diet at Frankfort, and received the degree of D. D. from the University at Berlin. In 1870, he accepted the chair of sacred literature in the Union Theological Seminary of this city. He is a member of the Leipsic Historical, the Netherland, and other historical and literary societies in this country and in Europe, and is one of the founders and honorary secretary of the American Branch of the Evangelical Alliance. In 1871, he was one of the Alliance delegates to the Emperor of Russia to plead for the religious liberty of his subjects in the Baltic Provinces.

He was president of the American Bible Revision Committee, which was appointed in 1871 at the request of the English committee, and in 1875 was sent to England to arrange for the co-operation and publication of the Anglo-American edition. The same year he attended officially the conferences of the Old Catholics, Greeks and Protestants at Bonn, to promote Christian unity.

Dr. Schaff was first president of the American Society of Church History, and is the author of a great number of historical and exegetical works, both in English and German, the latter having been translated into English."

the nations, so the Church limited redemption to those who were baptized, and excluded the heathen and unbaptized. The Presbyterians have too often limited redemption by their doctrine of election; the Bible knows no such limitation. The Bible teaches election, but an election of love. Loving only the elect, is earthly, human teaching. Electing men to salvation by the touch of Divine love — that is heavenly doctrine. The salvation of the world can only mean the world as a whole, compared with which the unredeemed will be so few and insignificant and evidently beyond the reach of redemption by their own act of rejecting it and hardening themselves against it, and by descending into such depths of demoniacal depravity that they will vanish from sight.

In the appendix to his address, published about the middle of May, in speaking of *inerrancy*, Dr. Briggs further observes:—

It is agreed that there are a large number of errors in the best MSS. of the Bible; it is the theory of modern dogmaticians, that they were not in the original MSS. We can never have them, and it is idle to speculate as to their contents. When the Lower or Textual Criticism has done its best, and secured the best possible text, dogmaticians discredit the best text when they speculate as to what was in the original text. If the reactionary dogmaticians may speculate to remove errors from the text, the rationalistic critics may also speculate with regard to the original text in a way that would make havoc with scholastic theology. Even Mohammed was willing to accept the original text of the Law and the Gospel, which he claimed had been falsified by Jews and Christians.

I said, "It is not a pleasant task to point out errors in the Sacred Scriptures." In "Biblical Study," and "Whither?" I limited myself to two errors of citation. I have not taken a brief to prove the errancy of Scripture. *Conservative men should hesitate before they force the critics in self-defence to make a catalogue of errors in the Bible.* The errors are in the only texts we have, and every one is forced to recognize them.

It is well known that the great reformers, Calvin and Luther, recognized errors in the Scriptures, that Baxter and Rutherford of the second Reformation were not disturbed by them, and that the choicest spirits of modern times — such as Van Oosterzee, Tholuck, Neander, Stier, Lange, and Dorner — have not hesitated to point out numerous errors in Holy Scripture. This view is maintained by Sanday, Driver, Cheyne, Davidson, Bruce, Gore, Marcus Dods, Blaikie, and numerous others in Great Britain; by Fisher, Thayer, Smythe, Evans, H. B. Smith, W. R. Harper, and hosts of others in this country."

One can easily see how dangerously heretical such bold declarations would sound to patriarchs of conservatism like Rev. Dr. Shedd, the well-known author of *Dogmatic Theology*, which embraces thirteen hundred pages, but in the index of which one looks in vain for "forgiveness of sin" or "pardon of sin." A work which devotes eighty-six pages to hell and only four to heaven. Dr. Briggs, however, claims that theologians like Dr. Shedd, whose teachings have been chiefly on the damnation of men not competent to judge him, and gauged by our present civilization he is doubtless correct, but by the standard of the theologians who framed the Westminster Confession, I have less confidence in his accuracy. It must be remembered, however, that Professor Briggs has exhaustively studied the lives and

teachings of the framers of the Confession, and he may have been able at times to catch them at their best, when in moments of spiritual exaltation they have uttered grand prophetic and divinely loving utterances which were foreign to their usual habits of thought or the religious conviction of the age in which they lived. And in that event he may be able to maintain his position when his case is called before the synod, even against the popular impression as to the real meaning of the Confession. Failing in this, the only alternative will be recantation or withdrawal from the Presbyterian Communion. From the stand already taken it is impossible to imagine the professor stultifying himself and teaching what he does not believe; while his withdrawal will unquestionably mean the greatest schism that Presbyterianism has yet suffered. I think it highly probable that the majority of his brother ministers to-day will condemn* the bold, brave man whom his communion in the near future will revere as a man who, prophet-like, saw beyond the sect to which he belonged; whose noble, loving, and holy nature drew him into intimate relationship with the Divine life, which is the essence of Love.

*Since writing the above the Assembly at Detroit has voted against the confirmation of Dr. Briggs by 440 against 59; thus, from a numerical point of view, Dr. Briggs is in the minority. This is by no means surprising, and I regard it greatly to the credit of the Assembly that, while they hold to the severe doctrines popularly known as Calvinism, they repudiate all the great liberal scholars who refuse to believe and teach conceptions of God which were unquestioningly accepted in a former age, but which the enlightenment of the present century shrinks from with unutterable horror. Unless Dr. Briggs proves a dishonest man and recants he must leave Union Theological Seminary, if that institution remains in the Presbyterian fellowship.





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THE ARENA.

No. XXI.

AUGUST, 1891.

THE UNITY OF GERMANY.

BY MME. BLAZE DE BURY.

“THE IDEA WHENCE SPRANG THE FACT.”*

SINCE the Great French Revolution of 1789 and its immediate consequence in the military despotism of Bonaparte, nothing has occurred that has so convulsed the Old World and so altered the conditions of men and things, as the establishment of the United German Empire in 1870. The men of our time are obliged to know how this event came about, or remain in ignorance of all that has happened during the twenty years following it — that is, to ignore their own political status.

Now two records of this enormous change in all our destinies exist; as yet there are but two, and modern men are bound in duty to take cognizance of them. One is the famous “History,” written in Germany by Heinrich von Sybel; the other the work of Prof. Lévy Brühl, published in France. Both must be read.†

The remarkable book of M. Lévy Brühl on the reconstruction of the German Empire cannot be read by itself or separated from the scarcely less remarkable one of Heinrich von Sybel, the fifth and latest volume of which has just appeared. The two require to be studied together, for though starting from opposite standpoints, they explain each other and distinctly show the impartial reader where to recognize the real *raison d’être* of German unity. When Sybel speaks, as he constantly does, of the creation of Germanic unity, after the war of 1870, he, as a matter of fact, adopts the French theory, while the independent French writer exposes from a far more German point of view, what

*“L’Allemagne lepnis, Leibniz. Essai sur le Développement de la Conscience Nationale en Allemagne.” By Prof. Lévy Brühl, Paris. 1 vol. Hachette, 1890.

†“History of the Creation of United Germany.” 5 vols. Heinrich v. Sybel, Berlin, 1890.

have been and what are the causes underlying the present formation of the various component parts of Germany into a State. The title of either tells sufficiently its own tale. Sybel proclaims at once the :—

“*Begründung des Deutschen Reiches durch Wilhelm!*” whilst Lévy Brühl announces the progress of the “*National Conscience as Developed in a Race.*”

Sybel's is the narrative of a past that is doubly ended, the past of a country and of a political system, the past of Prussia as personified by the Hohenzollerns, and of a military and oligarchical absolutism as represented by Prince Bismarck and Marshal Von Moltke. It is the chronicle of an epoch whose glories, from 1700 to 1870, none can dispute, but whose *real life* was extinct, and whose capacity of future expansion in its original sense was stopped at Sedan, or a few months later, at Versailles. Sybel conceives his history as a thoroughly well-trained functionary must conceive it; he is brought up in traditional conventionalities, and is rather even an official than a “public” servant.

The foreign author, on the contrary, feels what has lurked during long ages in the soul of the innominate throng of the people, and been expressed in the thoughts and impulses of such men as Hagern, Scharnhorst, Gueiseman, and Stein, *Germans*, patriots who taught Prussia to speak, think, act, and embody the inspirations, passions, and instincts of a whole land; arousing the conscience and vindicating the honor of seemingly divided communities whose hearts were already *one*.

No sooner had M. Lévy Brühl's book appeared than the effect was evident; it was felt that it told the *true truth* (“*la vérité vraie*”) as the French say; that it set forth the real “*raison d'être*” of the astounding achievement that had taken the world by surprise, puzzling the patented politicians on one bank of the Rhine almost as much as those upon the other.*

The public of the whole universe will remember that at the time of the Emperor Frederick's death the great question

* Few events since the deceptions and catastrophes of the war itself ever produced the sudden impression of Lévy Brühl's boldly outspoken, utterly impartial book. Published in the first days of last September (1890), in one week it was famous throughout all France where serious literature does not reap renown quickly. M. M. Laissez De Vogüé, Bourdeau, Sorel, all welcomed it as a revelation, in the *Débats*, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and elsewhere, and its real title was awarded it in the *Temps*, by M. Albert Sorel, whose experience and competence as an historical critic has never been denied, and who unhesitatingly proclaimed it, *Le Fait et l'Idée*, namely, the announcement of the ruling national idea whence the fact of German unity was immediately derived.

first arose as to who was the initiator (or inventor) of the "United German Empire," and from all sides poured forth the declarations of eye and ear witnesses; this was the moment of the Gessellen-incident, and the outbreak of hostility between Prince Bismarck and Baron de Rozzenbach and Gustav Freitag, the novelist, and the celebrated juriscounsel for whose illegal imprisonment the high-handed chancellor had later to atone. But there apparently resulted from all these disputes that, as the glory of "priority of invention" was so eagerly sought for, there must have been an "inventor!" That was in reality the point on which Sybel "spoke," and he therefore entitled his "history" that of the "*Creation of the German United Empire, by William I.*"

This it was not; but this was at the same time the view it suited the vanity of the French nation to take of it; accordingly, Sybel's theory was rapidly accepted, and French public opinion did its utmost to cause the unity of Germany, as recognized in 1871, to be regarded as an accident, the creation of one man, promoted, for that matter ungrudgingly, to the rank of the "greatest European statesman," but whose work, being that of an individual, and therefore accidental, might quite conceivably be eventually undone. Sybel's theory, being official and Bismarckian, puts forth in truth the French conception, and is, as a matter of fact, the very opposite of the national German one.

The Germans who agreed with Sybel were the men of the old regime, with far less, be it said, of the "cute" chancellor himself, than of Marshal Moltke, the chancellor being far more distant from the materialism of the "Grand Fritz" with his "big battalions" than were the veterans (however glorious) of the drilled and disciplined Prussian army. Bismarck was divided between two creeds: he knew too much psychology to believe solely in the supremacy of pipeclay, but he was at the same time not averse to the creation of a revived German empire by his own genius.

Hence chiefly the confusion; for men's minds were confused,—in France determinedly, and even in Germany, (owing to the still enduring force of obsolete opinions and antiquated habits of thought and action) uncertain.

When the war had once clearly shown what its end would be, they were few who could appreciate it. In France where were they who had ever heard the truth about "1806 and

Jéna"? or who, after the 4th September, '70, were capable of realizing that the just retribution for Jéna was Sedan. All glory was given to one man — to Bismarck. For the six long months, till March, '71, he was the arch-destroyer — nothing else was taken into account; if *he* chose to establish a new holy Roman empire, of course he could do it; but it would be the work of his Titanic will, and nothing on earth could resist — *since France could not!* Thus reasoned French vanity, and if this curious condition of the public mind in France be not understood, the reconstitution of united Germany into a great cohesive state will never be rightly attained as a matter of fact.

France, therefore, continued (and did so until quite lately) to hold to the individual or accidental theory of a military unity achieved by fortuitous victories, to which the constant agitations of a whole people for hundreds of years were in no sense conducive. Another fact that must also be acknowledged is, that this theory once firmly established, any remorse for the mysterious crimes of Napoleon I. was diminished if not erased. On the contrary, his conquests, his violent despotism, his wonderful supremacy — unjust in every sense, immoral, tyrannical, equally acquired and forfeited by the Corsican Invader, was regarded as an example; when defeat had to be recognized as undeniable, the national delusion soon came to take the form of retrieval, and the notion gained ground that what *la chance* or the luck of a great statesman had put together, might, from the same cause, be taken to pieces again!

Granted the principle of personal intervention, of the success of either one man or of even a group of two or three leading spirits, who was the original inventor, who the doer of the deed, the framer of the fact that threatened the world with a new master?

This query was not started for eighteen long years; not until the catastrophe that threatened the House of Hohenzoller with the loss of its noblest son, served to recall to the mind of all Europe what a thorough hero and citizen, what a perfect, undeviating German the crown prince had always been.

The first emperor of United Germany, the agent of the illustrious chancellor's will, had gone to his eternal rest when the German mind began to reflect that only a dying man stood between the late ruler and a boy emperor! But was not

that dying man the creator (if creator there had been) of the restored Teutonic state? Did not the revived empire spring from the races in which Prussia was incarnate? was it not in good earnest the Hohenzollern line, the descendant of the Great Elector that answered for the regeneration? Thence the dispute between the partisans of Bismarck and those of Frederick III. Supposing a creation according to both Heinrich von Sybel and the chroniclers of French vain-gloriousness, who was the creator? The answer of history was, "No one." The German nation—or truer still, the thought of all Germany, for long ages, was the genuine source, it was the very soul of the entire people that from the ancient Germania of the Roman, breathed anew in the remnants of its primeval entity and clamored for its old integrity.

But we must not outstrip chronology; the first record of the events of the war of 1870, and of the mighty changes brought on thereby, is that of Sybel, not altogether wrongly entitled an "historical monument." Professor Sybel's five volumes do, assuredly, constitute a *history founded on documentary evidence*, if ever such a one existed, but for that very reason they are, perhaps, somewhat wanting in actual life. They are fashioned after the methods employed and approved of in bygone days, and present rather the character of a register than a record of deeds done by living men. As far as the testimony of hard, dry acts went, it is probably impeachable; but we then come to the question, Is documentary evidence in such a case sufficient to give *all* that is true? Is not truth, where human impulses and irrationalities are concerned, derived from sources lying higher than the regions sacred to "Blue Books"? Whereas it was to the certificates vouchsafed by state papers, and instruments of such like order, that Sybel's reliability was chiefly due. Once admit the value of these vouchers (and their corroborative weight none can deny), and it becomes difficult to overrate the importance of Sybel's still unconcluded "*Begründung des Deutschen Reiches*."

The reader who for the first time takes cognizance of the contents of these formidable volumes, is overwhelmed by the amount of attestations they present him with, by his own inability to refute them, or by counter statements substitute a truer appreciation of what did really occur. The dry

narrative of mere fact is thus, but the impression it should produce as of a fact lived through is wanting.

This history of Professor Sybel's is a Prussian one; for which it is obvious that such extraordinary materials would not have been furnished him had it not been tacitly understood that his final verdict must be completely favorable to the Emperor Wilhelm I. and his powerful minister.

In the curious and wide-spreading complications, whence eventually resulted the Franco-German war of 1870, there are two distinct parts: the part before hostilities broke out, and the part after the victory of the Germans might be inevitably foreseen: the first period counts in its *dramatis personæ* all the states and all the statesmen of Europe. From the Crimean War to the cession of Venetia to Italy through France, there is not an event that is not a connecting link in a long serpentine chain. At the moment this may have escaped the eye, but, once fixed in its one perspective of distance, the chain shows unbroken and all is far less than has been supposed,—occasioned by any arts, manœuvres, or intrigues of the chief actors; the vulgar notions of Prince Bismarck's incessant wiles, or of Louis Napoleon's base designs against his neighbors may be discarded as relatively subordinate. The incidents that marked the gigantic game of chess played (not in Europe only) from the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty to the death of Friedrich III. and the fall of Bismarck in the winter of last year were neither the outcome of individual Machiavelianism nor entirely attributable to chance; both were all but in equal degree cause and effect. The actors personally in each case replied to the suggestions of circumstances they had but indirectly helped to bring about.

From 1848-50 to 1889-90, observe the rapid succession of so-called "unexpected" events: The rise to the rule of Democracy in France; the restoration to power of the despotic Bonapartist empire, whence issued the revival of the nationalistic theory, leading on one side to revolution, on the other to conservative resistance and the supremacy of a war-like state like Prussia. We need go no further for the determining cause of the two sovereign influences! Cavour and Bismarck, the two men who predominate our half century, spring from a common necessity, and in reality emerge from the conference of 1856, misnamed the "Crimean Race!"

"I was the egg," the chancellor was wont to say, "whence my royal master foresaw that unity might perhaps be hatched;" and on Orsini's scaffold the Piedmontese seer knew full well that the Corsican Carbonaro could not elude the fate lying in wait for him, disguised in the freedom of Italy. You can dis sever none of these facts one from the other, and we now approach the "one man principle." The protagonists stand face to face, rather than side by side, but both are equally the unconscious promoters of that antagonism between Germany and France which, in fact, has shaped, and still shapes, the whole policy of Europe.

From this single grand outline, all the minor lines either start, or towards it tend, indirectly, in convergent curves.

From the vast system formed by the monster-questions — United Germany, the Latin races, the East, the future of catholicism and the papacy, the strife of liberty against despotism — from all these parent problems you can detach none of the smaller incidents of the age; you are obliged to take count of the little Danish Campaign, which taught Prussia those deficiencies, impelling her directly to the attainment of her future military omnipotence, and which, under the abortive attempts of the Saxon minister, M. de Beust,* gave a timid reminder to Germany of what her unity had been and might once again be. Each incident, however local or however remote, formed a feature of the whole; between 1854 and 1870, you cannot ignore the would-be secession of the Southern Confederates, which ended in making "all America" the counterpoise to our older world — neither dare you neglect the Indian meeting whence England issued, clad in moral as in political glory, and gave the noblest sign of the Christian significance of the Victorian Era; all holds together, men and facts succeed each other in quick alternation; the light that fades on one hand shines with dazzling glare on the other. Cavour dies. Greatest of all, and genuine creator, with his disappearance the equilibrium is endangered. Right ceases to reign, force asserts itself, and Bismarck, ironhanded, invincible, holds sway over a scared, unresisting, one may say a *soulless* world.

This is the turning-point. The one man theory apparently endures; but physically and morally, the vision of disintegration rises, threatening all; and whence the "New Order" is to come, above all morally, none divine.

We reach here the close of the preliminary period. Up to the 4th of September, 1870, and for a few years beyond, State policy is the proper name for whatever occurs; we deal to a large extent with mathematical quantities, with impersonal obstructions. Statesmen and statecraft are in their place, and fill it; individuals, however distinguished, are, as it were, sheathed in collective symbols and represented by principles. Documentary evidence suffices now! Treaties, minutes, diplomatic reports, instruments of all descriptions, are really the requisite agents of this inanimate diplomatic narration. State papers are the adequate expression, the exclusive speech of mere states, and of this speech Heinrich v. Sybel is one of the foremost living masters.

It would be next to impossible to find anywhere a loftier, clearer, or more minutely correct record of what preceded and caused the war of '70, than in the earlier volumes of Sybel's "History"; for up to the reverses of France, and the substitution of German for French predominance, we are still—in all connected with Germany,—in presence of the Prussia of the past, of the Prussia whose social conditions were fixed by Frederick the Great. Men are simply pawns upon the board; their fate has no influence on others—the fate of kings, queens, and high chivalric orders, is alone of any import to the constituted realm. Nations obey and question not. They are represented by mouldy, defunct formulæ, and as yet no living popular voice, save that of the revolution of 1789, has been raised to ask where was the underlying life of the innominate crowd? But the revolution spoke too loudly, and like the tragedy queen in Hamlet, "protested too much."

In external Europe, and mostly in over-drilled Prussia, the *élite* only spoke, and under strict military surveillance, exercised by privilege of birth, the officer's uniform remained the sign of all title to pre-eminence.

For these reasons this history must be accepted as the perfect chronicle of the occurrences which marked the time before and immediately after the fall of Sedan.

When later the dormant life that was underneath awoke, breathed, and became manifest, Sybel's official tone no longer struck the true note; the heart of peoples had begun to beat, and disturbed its vibrations. Humanity was astir everywhere, and setting the barriers of etiquette at defiance.

Not only were dry registers based on blue books insufficient, but the failure of the vital power that engenders other and further life began to be felt. There was no pulse; the current was stagnant, had no onward flow.

When this moment came, the truth of the narrative ceased. Henceforth, it told of only the things of another age, and told them in the dialect of a bygone tongue. It was the official report of what had taken place in Old Russia written involuntarily under the omnipotent but benumbing inspiration of the spirit of caste.

II.

When the volume of M. Lévy Brühl appeared in September of last year, its name was instantaneously found for it by one of the leaders of historical criticism in France. Ere one week had passed, M. Albert Sorel had christened it "*l'Idée elle Fait*,"* and the public of Paris had ratified the title by all but universal acclaim.

In those words M. Sorel proclaimed the concrete sense of the book, and no doubt was left as to what was the meaning of the author who had so freely undertaken to investigate the "developments of the German national conscience."

The pith of the whole lies in Professor Brühl's own expression: "In German unity," he says, "the idea precedes everything else, engenders the fact *l'est l'Unité nationale d'abord; Unité l'état ensuite*," and nowhere in any historical phenomenon has the idea had a larger part to claim. But here you have at once to get rid of what, in Sybel's narrative, rests on mere documentary evidence! All anachronisms have to be set aside. As against the vigor of Lévy Brühl's living men, the make-believe of the past, with its caste-governed puppets, stares you in the face. After the rout at Sedan, after the startling transmutation of long dormant but still live ideas into overwhelming facts, you realize how entirely the mere Prussian chronicle of events in their official garb deals with what is forever extinct. These dead players have lost their significance; they but simulate humanity from the outside,—are simply "embroidered vestments stuffed like dolls with bran," or like the moth-eaten uniforms of the great Frederick in the gallery at Potsdam.

* "*Le Temps*," 9th September, 1890.

When Lévy Brühl, alluding to Stein and his searching reforms after the disasters of later years, says: "*Il voulait une nation vivante*" he wanted a living nation! He unchains the great idea from the bondage where it had lain for centuries, and whence the men of 1813 set it loose; he reinstates the past even to its legendary sources, and evokes memories which were those of heroic ages, and which had still power to inspire the present, and re-create what had once so splendidly lived. This life is in truth the German idea in its utmost truth; it was life and power that these men wanted, the life born in them from their earliest hour and kept sacred through all time by their poetry, their song, their native tongue.

It is all this which is German and not Prussian. The Hohenzollerns have nothing to do with all this idealism,—and it is this which constitutes the peculiar and sovereign spirit of German unity to which the modern philosophy of Frederick II. was so long a stranger, and to which the Iron Chancellor became a hearty convert only at the close; the chivalrous element of the great elector is but a link between what had been the Holy Roman Empire and what is to be the national union after Leipsic and the War of Freedom — culminating in its supreme and inevitable consequence in 1871. The heroes (and they were heroes) of the distant North were as Brandenburgers, "electors," component parts, be it not forgotten, of a Teutonic whole, "of one great heart," (as Bunsen wrote long years ago to Lord Houghton), (*) "though we did not know it."

Perhaps the greatest superiority of Professor Lévy Brühl lies in the unity of description he employs in order to bring home to the reader the unity of the subject he treats. He sees the whole as a whole, as it really is, all being contained in all, and nothing in past or present omitted. This is the truth of the Germanic oneness of species, and the failure to conceive it of most writers of our day is the chief cause of confusion. It is a vast, coherent vision of things taken in by mind and eye from the *Nibelungen Lied* to the wholesale captivity of the French army, in the autumn of 1870, and when not thus conceived, incomplete. To those who lived in and through the period comprised between the war of the Dan-

(*) Life of Monekton Milnes, first Lord Houghton, by Wemyss Reid. 2 vols. London, 1891.

ish Duchies and the re-conquest of Alsace-Lorraine, no item of even prehistoric times can remain absent; the spirit of German unity is everywhere, pervades everything, and those alone who thoroughly master this are capable of painting it to others' senses.

It is very well to take a Leibniz or Frederick the Great for a starting-point, but it all goes immeasurably farther back than that. Luther and his Bible open one large historic gate. The Bible heads all! In 1813, writes General Clausewitz to the so-called Great Gascon, the prime impetus was a religious one, and his own words are: "If I could only hang a Bible to the equipments of my troopers I could do with them all that Cromwell did with his Ironsides!" Two centuries before, this had been the feeling of Gustavus Adolphus, who fought for Protestant Germany with his Bible at his saddle-bow.

Luther is the one predominant Teuton of the centuries, after the close of the middle ages, and though he ceases to be present in the flesh in 1516, he never dies. The inspiration of the German soul endures and lives in every variety of art or expression. Luther is perpetuated in Handel, and technically, even his "*Feste Burg*" is the first note of the "*Inspirate*" in "*I Know That My Redeemer Liveth!*"

It is only the most inattentive of historical students who can afford to ignore this. No modern æsthetician from the Rhine to the Spree affects to dispute the succession of Teutonic thought, in its various forms of passion, from Beethoven to Goethe, from Schiller, Jean Paul, or Weber, or Ravner, or Kleist, or Immermann, down to the latest high priest of the pre-historic cult—down to Richard Wagner himself! It was precisely this that the Emperor Frederick knew as crown prince, and that the chancellor had to learn. With the crown prince all was present. The farthest past was with him; the leaves of the *uralte* forests had whispered their dream lore in his ears as in those of the *Siegfried* of the Niebelungen; he had seen Otto von Wittelsbach strike dead his very Kaiser for breach of faith* and stood by at the Donnersberg, when mighty Rudolph's son slew Adolf of Napan for his base attempt at usurpation. He knew it all, legend or chronicle; no secret was hidden

*The heroic founder of the Bavarian monarchy, Otho of Wittelsbach, was betrayed shamefully by his friend, the Emperor Philip, of Suabia, and slew him for his treachery. This is one of the oldest dramas on the German stage.

from him, and the national pulse beat in him with fiery throb from the first hour when the national conscience had been touched. The chancellor was chilled by his own statecraft, and the king, as he then was, had witnessed the Napoleonic wars.

Between the crown prince and Bismarck, however, there existed one point of contact. Each was a *Deutsche Student*, and there, later on, was to be found the true conversion of the chancellor to national ideas.

As in every genuine lover of his country (and that Prince Bismarck is), there lay latent in the famous "White Cuirassier" the same ideal capacity of warlike action and intellectuality that so distinguished Frederick II. No one understood better the complex son of Carlyle's roystering barrack hero, no one knew in reality more deeply that the ideas planted by him in men's minds were those of the majesty of intelligence, of the royalty of humanity's brain power.

Count Bismarck proved his political foresight by the rapidity with which he seized on the Schleswig-Holstein question as being the axis on which turned the entire evolution (if ever it should be possible!) of the imperial German unity. About that he hesitated not one moment. He adopted the whole theory of Dahlmann, who alone spoke it out in words in 1848-9, but he feared to plunge at one leap into the vortex of his own threatening conclusions and tried for several years to stave off the "pay day." He was somewhat slower to recognize the identity of feeling through all the Germanic races, to realize the equally strong vibration, the psychologic harmony quivering through heart and soul from North to South, through the mysteriously hidden dramas of fifteen hundred years. He believed himself a narrow Particularist Borussian, a "Pomeranian Giant," and let a score of years go by before clearly making out by touch that the strange change of tonality, of sound, and significance that superposed the patriotism of the South to that of the North was a mere inharmonic change, and that according to the rotation of the two circles, each, in reality, underlay the other in turn.

It would be a fatal mistake to imagine that M. von Bismarck allowed himself to be led into the Danish campaign. He did nothing to bring it about, but the instant it showed itself on the cards he took advantage of it in the

most predetermined, authoritative way, leaving his Austrian accomplice and victim no possibility of escape. From the hour when, in 1853, he boarded Count Richberg on the Carlsbad Railroad, and forced his enemy of the *Frankfort Bund* to become his humble servant and carry out all his designs, to the hour when, in 1865, he drove Franz Joseph to sign the Condominium on what he knew was a mere waste paper, he was resolved to turn to account the extraordinary opportunity offered him by the incredible blindness and insensate terror of revolution of his allies. In the Austrians, the dread of what the smaller States, encouraged by Hungary, might attempt, paralyzed every other consideration, and besides that, the abortive little plans of Count Beust, in Saxony, served to point out to him what other Germans were, in a purely German sense, thinking of, and he decided that the grand historic game thrust upon his perceptions and waited for by all around him, should be played by himself alone. Then he played it, not before seeing at once what it must entail, but by no means assured that he could win.

And then, they who watched him nearest and knew him best, know how he played that game, mindful of every event that filled the long history of the past, living over again all the struggles, all the glories and defeats of all the European nations far or near, finding examples both to imitate or avoid, losing sight of nothing, from Gregory VII. to Gutenberg, from papal obscurantism to the Reformation's blaze of light; from Wallenstein's murder to the treaty of Utrecht; from Richelieu to the scaffold of Louis XVI., and while calculating every catastrophe, keeping steadily on his way.

This, the fearful period between the Crimean War, when first Cavour stepped forth to the incident of Ems, when the die was cast, this was the really magnificent passage in the great chancellor's career, for this was the time of possible doubt when responsibility lay so heavy that to elude it might be called prudence, and which to have survived is already a proof of superiority over common humanity.

And here we assert the true grandeur of the precursor, — of the one whom we have called the inventor, and who undeniably was so — of Cavour! There can be no question that his own intimate familiarity with the details of the Bond of Virtue and the War of Freedom * of the glorious

* The celebrated victory of the Great Elector, that made Prussia into a kingdom.

epoch when modern Germany headed and achieved the victorious movement against the world's debasement,—brought distinctly to Bismarck's mental vision the splendor of Cavour's impossibly unequal contest for Italian freedom! The situations were essentially much alike, but so much grander for the Italian statesman, Italy's odds being so immeasurably longer! But still the likeness came out, and the future chancellor could in no way aspire to be an initiator. The end was still a gigantic one, and one to which no true, brave patriot dared be false as an ideal,—but how as to the execution? As to the practical means of carrying out conceptions that might daily be doomed to alteration?

There it was again that the figure of Cavour arose supreme; his long, inexhaustible patience, his undying hopes, his sacrifices day by day of the very springs of life for a self-imposed duty,—these were his titles to immortal fame, these constituted his sovereign right to success. But was not the worst probation over when Waterloo was won, and was it not an accepted theory that the Vienna Congress had settled all the vexed questions of ancient Europe? Any further movement, therefore, might seem merely a disturbance. This, for conservative statesmen above all, was a dilemma.

Germany had liberated not Germany only, but the world in 1813, and had already had her Cavour!

There was no denying it: the Cavour of Germany was Stein. But was the work done? Had the Congress of Vienna settled anything, for was that still left to do without which the independence and well-being of forty millions of Germans was unguaranteed, and the peace of all Europe uninsured? If so, what remained to be achieved? to complete what the German Cavour, the Precursor Stein, had begun, to embody and make real the glorious dreams of which Queen Louise had been the symbol, the Joan of Arc? *

That, indeed, brought the Hohenzollerns on the scene, and lent to prosaic history its legend, giving to Frederick's "big battalions" the white-robed heroine who should lead them on.

Whether, through the long years of indecision, during which disorder and revolution seemed the danger to be

*I would recommend every student of history to read attentively the extraordinary article of M. Paleologue in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* entitled "*La Reine Louise de Prusse Comment se Fait une Legende.*" It is a poetic but true suite to Professor Lévy Brühl's magnificent study.

averted, the future "Chancellor of Iron" matured his plans after the manner of Newton, by "forever thinking of them" is still a question to be adequately answered by himself alone. This much is certain that when, in 1863-64, the subject of the Duchies cast its shadow on the path, it revealed its importance to Bismarck, as it had done fourteen years previously to Dahlmann, and stood forth distinctly as the initial syllable of the one mystical word, *Unity*.

Schleswig-Holstein was, as a matter of fact, and by all its several complications, the German question; it was its sign and portent, and if action of some sort were not taken thereupon, the door set ajar was closed upon the future, for a generation at least. Palmerston's declaration, than which no unwiser one was ever made, touching the insanity of the man who should seek to understand the enigma of the Danish Duchies, was adopted in England solely from the dense and inconceivable ignorance of the British mind on all German topics, and the equally inexplicable but inborn dislike of all British politicians to grapple with any serious study of them.

It was the problem to which no German of the North could show indifference; and it was the one subject which brought Prussia to the fore, and put her reigning house in the van, forcing the Hohenzollerns into predominance. This was a crucial point, and wondrous to record! the will of Bismarck on that exceedingly curious detail brought the Hapsburgs together with the Hohenzollerns; Frederick with Marie-Therèse, Wallenstein's camp with Rebels, in an unescapable atmosphere of rank Germanism!

But here again the first step of the forthcoming ruler was taken in obedience to an irresistible, though, perhaps, unavowed, national suggestion. The sense of *all* that the past had given to German history, to the power of German thought, formed a part of Bismarck's very nature, and spite of the timidity of his experienced statecraft, he could not disobey the promptings of the German conscience.

When the quick-witted French public applied to Professor Lévy Brühl's work the title of "The idea whence comes the fact," they awarded it its permanent signification; it is the development of the German conscience that causes the imperial unity of Germany, and no one is more thoroughly aware of that than the famous chancellor.

We feel with whomsoever was a witness of the crowning struggle, that nothing can even paint its gigantic character more aptly than the concluding phrase of the now famous French historian : —

. . . “Thus was formed the virtual German nation, — the nation that willed to be, and for long years could not be because reality refused to bear out practically all its ideals. It was in truth, *l'ame qui cherche un corps!*”

These words can never be improved upon. The chancellor knows their truth, as the *Kronprinz* knew it, but the years lying between them threw a certainty of glory into one which the other could not attain to,—and Bismarck, too, was a man of old Prussia, of her ancient traditions and formalities, while the crown prince was modern amongst moderns — a soldier, yes! but pre-eminently a man, a citizen; but though each felt his conviction differently, its strength was one and the same in both.

The unity of Germany was the creation of no individual. German unity and the imperial unity sprang from the whole past of German history and German thought. The State existing now is the outcome of Germany's own self, of the idea, of the soul of Germany.

"SHOULD THE NATION OWN THE RAILWAYS?"*

BY C. WOOD DAVIS.

PART II. — THE ADVANTAGES OF NATIONAL OWNERSHIP.

FIRST would be the stability and practical uniformity of rates now impossible, as they are subject to change by hundreds of officials, and are often made for the purpose of enriching such officials. State and federal laws have had the effect of making discriminations less public and less numerous, but it is doubtful if they are less effective in enriching officials and their partners, although it may be necessary to be more careful in covering tracks. That they are continued is within the cognizance of every well-informed shipper, and are made clear by such cases as that of Counselman and Peasley, now before the United States Supreme Court. Counselman and Peasley — one a large shipper and the other a prominent railway official — refused to testify before a United States grand jury upon the plea that to do so might criminate themselves; the federal law making it a criminal offence to make or benefit by discriminating rates. Counselman had been given rates on corn, some five cents less per hundred pounds than others, from Kansas and Nebraska points to Chicago.

The outrageous character of this discrimination will appear when we reflect that five cents per one hundred pounds is an enormous profit on corn that the grower has sold at from eighteen to twenty-two cents per one hundred pounds, and that such a margin would tend to drive every one but the railway officials and their secret partners out of the trade, as has practically been the case on many western roads. Doubtless such rates are sometimes made in order to take the commodity over a certain line, and there is no divide with the officials; but the effect upon the competitors of the favored shipper and the public is none the less injurious, and such practices would not obtain under national

* The first part of this admirable essay appeared in July ARENA.

ownership, when railway users would be treated with honesty and impartiality, which the experience of half a century shows to be impossible with corporate ownership.

Referring to the rate question in their last report, the Interstate Commerce Commission says: "If we go no farther than the railroad managers themselves for information, we shall not find that it is claimed that railroad service, as a whole, is conducted without unjust discriminations."

"If rates are secretly cut, or if rebates are given to large shippers, the fact of itself shows the rates which are charged to the general public are unreasonable, for they are necessarily made higher than they ought to be in order to provide for the cut or to pay the rebate."

"If the carrier habitually carries a great number of people free, its regular rates are made the higher to cover the cost; if heavy commissions are paid for obtaining business, the rates are made the higher that the net revenues may not suffer in consequence; if scalpers are directly or indirectly supported by the railroad companies, the general public refunds to the companies what the support costs."

The Commission quotes a Chicago railway manager as saying: "Rates are absolutely demoralized and neither shippers, passengers, railways, or the public in general make anything by this state of affairs. Take passenger rates for instance; they are very low; but who benefits by the reduction? No one but the scalpers. . . . In freight matters the case is just the same. Certain shippers are allowed heavy rebates, while others are made to pay full rates. . . . The management is dishonest on all sides, and there is not a road in the country that can be accused of living up to the interstate law. Of course when some poor devil comes along and wants a pass to save him from starvation, he has several clauses of the interstate act read to him; but when a rich shipper wants a pass, why he gets it at once."

From years of ineffectual efforts on the part of State and national legislatures and commissions to regulate the rate business, it would appear that the only remedy is national ownership, which would place the rate-making power in one body with no inducement to act otherwise than fairly and impartially, and this would simplify the whole business and relegate an army of traffic managers, general freight agents, soliciting agents, brokers, scalpers, and hordes of traffic

association officials to more useful callings while relieving the honest user of the railway of intolerable burthens.

Under corporate control, railways and their officials have taken possession of the majority of the mines which furnish the fuel so necessary to domestic and industrial life, and there are but few coalfields where they do not fix the price at which so essential an article shall be sold, and the whole nation is thus forced to pay undue tribute.

Controlling rates and the distribution of cars, railway officials have driven nearly all the mine owners who have not railways or railway officials for partners, to the wall. For instance, in Eastern Kansas, on the line of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway Company, were two coal companies, whose plants were of about equal capacity, and several individual shippers. The railway company and its officials became interested in one of the coal companies, and such company was, by the rebate and other processes, given rates which averaged but forty per cent. of the rates charged other shippers, the result being that all the other shippers were driven out of the business, a part of them being hopelessly ruined before giving up the struggle. In addition to gross discriminations in rates this railway company practised worse discriminations in the distribution of cars; for instance, during one period of five hundred and sixty-four days, as was proven in court, they delivered to the Pittsburg Coal Company, 2,371 empty cars to be loaded with coal, although such company had sale for, and capacity to produce and load, during the same period, more than 15,000 cars. During the same time this railway company delivered to the Rogers Coal Company, in which the railway company and C. W. Rogers, its vice-president and general manager, were interested, no less than 15,483 coal cars, while four hundred and fifty-six were delivered to individual shippers. In other words, the coal company owned in large part by the railway and its officials was given eighty-two per cent. of all the facilities to get coal to market, although the other shippers had much greater combined capacity than had the Rogers Coal Company.

During the last four months of the period named, and when the Pittsburg Coal Company had the plant, force, and capacity to load thirty cars per day, they received an average of one and a fourth cars per day, resulting, as was

intended, in the utter ruin of a prosperous business and the involuntary sale of the property, while the railway coal company, the railway officials, and the accommodating friends who operated the Rogers Coal Company, made vast sums of money; and when all othershippers had thus been driven off the line the price of coal was advanced to the consumer.

On another railway, traversing the same coal-field, the railway or its officials became interested in the Keith & Perry Coal Company—the largest coal company doing business on the line—and here the plan seems to have been, in addition to the manipulation of rates, to starve other mine operators out, and force them to sell their coal to the Keith & Perry Company, by failing to furnish the needed cars to those who did not sell their coal to the Keith & Perry Company at a very low price.

When the Keith & Perry Company had a great demand for coal, such parties as sold the product of their mines to that company were furnished with cars, but for the other operators cars were not to be had, such cars as were brought to the field being assigned to such parties as were loading to the Keith & Perry Company, because that company furnished the coal consumed by the locomotives of the railway.

One operator, after being for years forced in this way to sell his product to the Keith & Perry Company, or see his several plants stand idle, has, in recent months, been obliged to build some seven miles of railway in order to reach four different roads, and thus have a fighting chance for cars, although all these railways are provided with coal mines owned by the corporations or their officials.

In Arkansas, Jay Gould, or his railway company, own coal mines and the coal is transported to the neighboring town at low rates, and there is an ample supply of cars for such mines; but the owners of an adjoining mine are forced to haul their coal some eighteen miles to the same town in wagons, as the rates charged them over Mr. Gould's railway are so high as to absorb the value of the coal at destination.

Not only are individuals thus oppressed, but for reasons which only the initiated can fathom there are seemingly purposeless discriminations against localities, as shown in the following extract from the *Coal Trade Journal* of March 25, 1891.

"Capt. Thomas H. Bates, before the railroad committee of the Colorado Senate, said: The Grand River Coal & Coke Company mine their coal in Garfield County, about fifty miles west of Leadville, and all they sell in Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo, has to be hauled through Leadville. At Leadville the individual consumer has to pay \$7.00 per ton for this coal, while in Denver, with an additional haul of 150 miles, the coal from the same mines is delivered to the individual consumer for \$5.50 per ton. The Colorado Coal & Iron Company produce all the anthracite coal sold in Colorado. It is mined at Crested Butte, which is 150 miles nearer Leadville than Denver, yet this coal is sold in Leadville for \$9.00 to the individual consumer, while the same coal is hauled 150 miles farther, and sold to the individual consumer for an advance of twenty-five cents per ton over the Leadville price, and is sold in Denver for \$7.10 per ton in carload lots."

With the government operating the railways, discriminations would cease, as would individual and local oppression; and we may be sure that an instant and absolute divorce would be decreed between railways and their officials on one side, and commercial enterprises of every name and kind on the other.

There are but three countries of any importance where the railways are operated by corporations permitted to fix rates, as in all others the government is the ultimate rate-making power: these are Great Britain, Canada, and the United States; and while the British government exercises a more effective control than we do, there are many and oppressive discriminations, and complaints are loud and frequent, and English farmers find it necessary to unite for the purpose of securing protection from corporate oppression, as is shown by the following from the *Liverpool Courier* of January 29, 1891.

LANCASHIRE FARMERS AND RAILWAY RATES.

After the counsel given them yesterday by Mr. A. B. Forwood, of Ormskirk, it may be expected that the Liverpool District Farmers' Club will be on the watch for tangible evidence of their grievances against the railway companies. . . . Under certain circumstances competition operates to the advantage of the public, and rival carriers are constrained to convey goods from place to place at moderate charges; but where a company is not held in check, the tendency is for rates to advance. In many

cases, too, special interests of the companies are promoted at the expense of localities, and even individuals are subjected to the wrong of preferential charges. (There are no complaints in Britain that these discriminations are practised for the purpose of enriching the officials.) Hence the necessity for the Railway Commission to regulate the magnates of the iron road, who when left without restraint pay little regard to interests other than those of their shareholders.

Although Mr. Acworth fails to mention this phase of English railway administration, it would appear that the evils of discrimination are common under corporate management in Great Britain, and that they are inherent to and inseparable from such management; and that the questions of rates, discriminations, and free traffic in fuel can be satisfactorily adjusted only by national ownership, and if for no other reasons such ownership is greatly to be desired.

The failure to furnish equipment to do the business of the tributary country promptly is one of the greater evils of corporate administration, enabling officials to practise most injurious and oppressive forms of discrimination, and is one that neither federal nor State commission pays much attention to. With national ownership a sufficiency of cars would be provided. On many roads the funds that should have been devoted to furnishing the needed equipment, and which the corporations contracted to provide when they accepted their charters, have been divided as construction profits or, as in the case of the Santa Fe, Union Pacific, and many others, diverted to the payment of unearned dividends, while the public suffers from this failure to comply with charter obligations; yet Mr. Dillon informs us that the citizen commits an impertinence when he inquires why contract obligations, which are the express consideration for the exceptional powers granted, are not performed.

Another great advantage which would result from national ownership would be such an adjustment of rates that traffic would take the natural short route, and not, as under corporate management, be sent around by the way of Robin Hood's barn, when it might reach destination by a route but two thirds as long, and thus saving the unnecessary tax to which the industries of the country are subjected. That traffic can be sent by these round-about routes at the same

or less rates than is charged by the shorter ones is *prima facie* evidence that rates are too high. If it costs a given sum to transport a specific amount of merchandise a thousand miles, it is clear that it will cost a greater sum to transport it fifteen hundred; and yet traffic is daily diverted from the thousand mile route to the fifteen hundred one, and carried at the same or lower rates than is charged by the shorter line. It is evident, that if the long route can afford to do the business for the rates charged, that the rates charged by the shorter are excessive in a high degree.

Under government management, traffic would take the direct route, as mail matter now does, and the industries of the country be relieved of the onerous tax imposed by needless hauls. Only those somewhat familiar with the extent of the diversions from direct routes can form any conception of the aggregate saving that would be effected by such change as would result from national ownership, and which may safely be estimated as equal to two and a half per cent. of the entire cost of the railway service, or \$25,000,000 per annum.

With the government operating the railways there would be a great reduction in the number of men employed in towns entered by more than one line. For instance, take a town where there are three or more railways, and we find three (or more) full-fledged staffs, three (or more) expensive up-town freight and ticket offices, three (or more) separate sets of all kinds of officials and employees, and three (or more) separate depots and yards to be maintained. Under government control these staffs—except in very large cities—would be reduced to one, and all trains would run into one centrally located depot; freight and passengers be transferred without present cost, annoyance, and friction, and public convenience and comfort subserved, and added to in manner and degree almost inconceivable.

Economies which would be affected by such staff reductions, would more than offset any additions to the force likely to be made at the instance of politicians, thus eliminating that objection; such saving may be estimated at \$20,000,000 per annum.

With the nation owning the railways the great number of expensive attorneys now employed, with all the attendant corruption of the fountains of justice, could be dispensed

with; and there would be no corporations to take from the bench the best legal minds, by offering three or four times the federal salary; nor would there be occasion for a justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas to render a decision that a corporation chartered by Kansas for the sole purpose of building a railway in that State has the right and power under such charter to guarantee the bonds of corporations building railways in Old or New Mexico, and shortly after writing such decision be carted all over the seaboard States in one of the luxurious private cars of such corporation. Under national ownership such judges would pay their travelling expenses in some other way, and be transported in the ordinary manner, and not half as many judges would travel on passes. There are many judges whose decisions any number of passes would not affect; but if passes are not to have any effect upon legislation and litigation, why are congressmen, legislators, judges, and other court officials singled out for this kind of martyrdom? If the men who attain these positions remained private citizens, would passes be thrust upon them?

Although the reports of the Victorian Commissioners show, in detail, all the expenditures of railway administration, yet not one dollar is set down for attorneys' salaries or for legal expenses, and it is presumed that the ordinary law officers of the government attend to the little legal business arising, and yet judging from reports made by Kansas roads, the expenditures of the corporate owned railways of the United States for attorneys' salaries and other legal expenses, are at least two per cent. of the entire cost of operating the roads, and yearly aggregate some \$14,000,000, all of which is taken directly from railway users, and is a tax which would be saved under national ownership, as United States district attorneys could attend to such legal business as might arise. This expenditure is incurred in endless controversies between the corporations, in wrecking railways, in plundering the shareholders, in contending against State and federal regulation, in manipulating elections and legislation, and in wearing out such citizens as seek legal redress for some of the many outrageous acts of oppression practised by the corporations. Once the government was in control, these lawyers would be relegated to some employment where they would do less harm, even if

not engaged in a more honorable vocation than that of trying to defeat justice by the use of such questionable means as the control of the vast revenues of the corporations place in their hands.

Is it possible that the railway companies can legitimately use anything like \$14,000,000 yearly in protecting their rights in the courts?

The president of the Union Pacific tells us that: "The courts are open to redress all real grievances of the citizen."

There is probably no man in the United States better aware than is Sidney Dillon that no citizen, unless he has as much wealth as the president of the Union Pacific, can successfully contest a case of any importance in the courts with one of these corporations which make a business, as a warning to other possible plaintiffs, of wearing out the unfortunate plaintiff with the law's costly delays; and failing this do not hesitate to spirit away the plaintiff's witnesses, and to pack and buy juries — retaining a special class of attorneys for this work — the command of great corporate revenues enabling them to accomplish their ends, and to utterly ruin nearly every man having the hardihood to seek Mr. Dillon's lauded legal redress, and when they have accomplished such nefarious object, the entire cost is charged back to the public, and collected in the form of tolls upon traffic. Laws are utterly powerless to restrain the corporations, and Mr. Dillon tells us how easy it is to evade them by pleading compliance, when there has been no compliance, and then having the expert servants of the corporation swear there has been.

— With the government operating the railways, every citizen riding would pay fare adding immensely to the revenues. Few have any conception of the proportion who travel free, and half a century's experience renders it doubtful if the pass evil — so much greater than ever was the franking privilege — can be eliminated otherwise than by national ownership. From the experience of the writer, as an auditor of railway accounts, and as an executive officer issuing passes, he is able to say that fully ten per cent. travel free, the result being that the great mass of railway users are yearly mulcted some \$30,000,000 for the benefit of the favored minority; hence it is evident that if all were required to pay for railway services, as they are for mail

services, the rates might be reduced ten per cent. or more, and the corporate revenues be no less, and the operating expenses no more. In no other country — unless it be under the same system in Canada — are nine tenths of the people taxed to pay the travelling expenses of the other tenth. By what right do the corporations tax the public that members of Congress, legislators, judges, and other court officials and their families may ride free? Why is it that when a legislature is in session passes are as plentiful as leaves in the forest in autumn?

The writer, as an executive officer of a railway company having authority to issue passes, has, during a session of the legislature, signed vast numbers of blank passes at the request of the legislative agents of such company, and under instructions of the president of the corporation to furnish such lobby agents with all the passes they should ask for. No reports of passes issued are made either to State or federal governments, or to confiding shareholders, and should such reports be asked for, by State or nation, in order to measure the extent of this evil, the Sidney Dillons would rush into print and tell us it was a piece of impertinence for any citizen (or the public) to inquire into the extent of or the manner in which the corporations dispensed their favors. The only way to kill this monster is to put the instruments of transportation under such control as only national ownership can give. Laws and agreements between the corporations have been proven, time and again, wholly ineffective even to lessen this great and corrupting evil.

In every conceivable way are the net revenues of the corporations depleted, and needless burthens imposed upon the public, but one of the worst is the system of paying commissions for the diversion of traffic to particular lines, often the least direct. The more common practice is to pay such commissions to agents of connecting lines where it is possible to send the traffic over any one of two or more routes, and the one which may, by the payment of such commission, secure the carrying of the passenger (or merchandise) may be the least desirable, and the one which would never have been taken but for the prevarications of an agent bribed by a commission to make false representations as to the desirableness of the route he selects for the confiding passenger.

This is but one of many phases of the commission evil, another being that these sums are ultimately paid, not by the corporations, but by the users of the railways, and but for the payment of such commissions the rates might be reduced in like amounts. Aside from commissions paid for diverting passenger traffic great sums are paid for "influencing" and "routing" freight traffic, and these sums, while paid to outsiders, or so-called brokers, are frequently divided with railway officials. When the writer was in charge of the transportation accounts of a railway running east from Chicago, it was a part of his duties to certify to the correctness of the vouchers on which commission payments were made, and he became aware of the fact that one Chicago brokerage firm was being paid a commission of from three to five cents per hundred pounds on nearly all the flour, grain, packing house, and distillery products being shipped out of Chicago over this railway, no matter where such shipments might originate, many of them, in fact, originating on and far west of the Mississippi River; and when he objected to certifying to shipments with which it was clear that the Chicago parties could have had nothing to do, he was told, by the manager, that his duties ended when he had ascertained and certified that such shipments had been made from Chicago station. From investigations instituted by the writer, he soon learned that some one connected with the management was deeply interested in the payment of the largest sums possible as commissions.

The corporations have ineffectually wrestled with the commission evil, and any number of agreements have been entered into to do away with it; but it is so thoroughly entrenched, and so many officials have an interest in its perpetuation, that they are utterly powerless in the presence of a system which imposes great and needless burthens upon their patrons, but which will die the day the government takes possession of the railways, as then there will be no corporations ready to pay for the diversion of traffic. National ownership alone can dispose of an administrative evil that, from such data as is obtainable, appears to cost the public from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 per annum.

* Mr. Meany, in his *Sun* article, summarizes six causes for the diminution of railway dividends and remarks: "It is

* Mr. John P. Meany, editor of Poor's Manual of Railroads, in the New York *Sun* of January 12, 1891.

unnecessary to dwell at any great length upon the first five mentioned reasons, but too much could not be said on the sixth. It is now nearly seven years since James McHenry of London (and New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railway litigation fame) openly charged railway managers, in an interview published in the *Sun*, with criminal collusion in the matter of securing extraordinary privileges and unapproachable contracts with their several corporations for favored fast freight lines, express routes, bridge companies, etc., etc., in all the benefits of which such managers shared to a very great extent. On that occasion Mr. McHenry was promptly cried down. Would he be cried down to-day?"

As a rule, American railways pay the highest salaries in the world for those engaged in directing business operations, but such salaries are not paid because transcendent talents are necessary to conduct the ordinary operations of railway administration, but for the purpose of checkmating the chicanery of corporate competitors. In other words, these exceptionally high salaries are paid for the purpose, and because their recipients are believed to have the ability to hold up their end in unscrupulous corporate warfare where, as one railway president expressed it, "the greatest liar comes out ahead." With the government operating the railways, there would be no conflicting interests necessitating the employment of such costly officials whose great diplomatic talents might well be dispensed with, while the running of trains, and the conduct of the real work of operating the roads, could be left to the same officials as at moderate salaries now perform such duties, and consolidation of all the conflicting interests in the hands of the government will enable the public to dispense with the services of the high priced managers now almost exclusively engaged in "keeping even with the other fellow," as well as with the costly staffs assisting such managers in keeping even, and the savings resulting may be estimated at from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 per year.

Government control will enable railway users to dispense with the services of such high priced umpires as Mr. Aldace F. Walker, as well as of all the other officials of sixty-eight traffic associations, fruitlessly laboring to prevent each of five hundred corporations from getting the start of its fellows, and trying to prevent each of the five hundred from absorb-

ing an undue share of the traffic. It appears that each of these costly peace-making attachments has an average of seven corporations to watch.

Referring to traffic associations, and their vain endeavors to keep the corporations within sight of commercial ethics, the Interstate Commerce Commission says: “But the most important provisions of the law have not so often been directly violated as they have been nullified through devices, carefully framed with legal assistance, — here is one of the places where the high-priced lawyer gets in his work — with a view to this very end, and in the belief that when brought to legal test the device hit upon would not be held by the courts to be so distinctly opposed to the terms of the law as to be criminally punishable.” In this connection, it is well to remember what Mr. Dillon tells us of the ease with which the laws can be evaded.

With national ownership the expenditures involved in the maintenance of traffic associations would be saved, and railway users relieved of a tax that, judging from the reports of a limited number of corporations of their contributions towards the support of such organizations, must annually amount to between four and five million dollars.

Of the six hundred corporations operating railways, probably five hundred maintain costly general offices, where president, treasurer, and secretary pass the time surrounded by an expensive staff. The majority of such offices are off the lines of the respective corporations, in the larger cities, where high rents are paid, and great expenses entailed, that proper attention may be given to the bolstering or depressing the price of the corporation's shares, as the management may be long or short of the market. So far as the utility of the railways is concerned as instruments of anything but speculation, such offices and officers might as well be located in the moon, and their cost saved to the public. The average yearly cost of such offices (and officers) is more than \$50,000, and the transfer of the railways to the nation would, in this matter alone, effect an annual saving of more than \$25,000,000, as both offices and officials could be dispensed with, and the service be no less efficient.

Moreover, with the nation owning the railways, the indirect but no less onerous tax levied upon the industries of the country, by the thousands of speculators who make day

hideous on the stock exchanges, would be abrogated, as then there would be neither railway share nor bond for these harpies to make shuttlecocks of, and this would be another economy due to such ownership.

Railways spend enormous sums in advertising, the most of which national ownership would save, as it would be no more necessary to advertise the advantages of any particular line than it is to advertise the advantages of any given mail route. From reports made by railway corporations to some of the Western States, it appears that something over one per cent. of operating expenses are absorbed in advertising, aggregating something like \$7,000,000 per year, of which we may assume that but \$5,000,000 would be saved, as it would still be desirable to advertise train departures and arrivals.

A still greater expense is involved in the maintenance of freight and passenger offices off the respective lines, for the purpose of securing a portion of the competitive traffic. In this way vast sums are expended in the payment of rents, and the salaries of hordes of agents, solicitors, clerks, etc., etc. Taking the known expenditures, for this purpose, of a given mileage, it is estimated that the aggregate is not less than \$15,000,000 yearly, all of which is a tax upon the public, that would be saved did the government operate the railways.

Under government control, discriminations against localities would cease, whereas now localities are discriminated against because managers are interested in real estate elsewhere, or are interested in diverting traffic in certain directions; again, under corporate management, it is for the interest of the company to haul a commodity as far as possible over its own lines (with the government owning all the lines this motive will lose its force), and thus traffic is forced into unnatural channels. For instance: much of the grain from Kansas should find its way to foreign markets via the short route to the Gulf, the distance to tide water by this route being less than half what it is to the Atlantic, yet so opposed to this natural route are the interests of the majority of the corporations controlling the traffic associations, which now dictate to the people what routes their traffic shall take, that the rates to the Gulf are kept so high as to force the traffic to the Lakes and to the Atlantic; and as all

the railways leading to the Gulf have lines running eastward, the much lauded corporate competition fails to help out the citizens of Kansas, who are subjected to the domination of the new tyrant denominated a “traffic association.” With the nation operating the railways, all this would be changed, and localities favorably located would be able to reap the benefits which such location should give, and should such a condition ever obtain, the farmers of western Iowa will not then ship corn to the drouth-stricken portion of Kansas for fifteen cents per one hundred pounds, while the Kansas corn grower, living within seventy-five miles of the same market, is charged ten cents per one hundred pounds for a haul one eighth as long. By such rates the railways force the hauling of corn from Iowa to western Kansas, and then force the corn grower of central Kansas to send his corn eastward, the result being two long hauls, where one short one would suffice; but then the corporations would have absorbed less of the substance of the people.

Another, and an incalculable benefit, which would result from national ownership, would be the relief of State and national legislation from the pressure and corrupting practices of railway corporations which constitute one of the greatest dangers to which republican institutions can be subjected. This alone renders the nationalization of the railways most desirable, and at the same time such nationalization would have the effect of emancipating a large part of the press from a galling thralldom to the corporations.

With the nation operating the railways, we may have some hope that rates will be reduced by some system resembling the Hungarian zone which has had the effect of diminishing local passenger rates about forty per cent., resulting in such an increase of traffic as to greatly increase the revenues of the roads; the average of rates by ordinary third-class trains being about three fourths of a cent per mile, and one and a half cents per mile for first-class express trains.

In Victoria, the parcel or express business is done by the government railways, and the rates are not one half what they are with us when farmed out to a second lot of corporations. Space does not permit the discussion or even the statement of the many salutary phases of government control, as developed in the various countries of Europe, and it is

not necessary, as there are abundant reasons to be found in conditions existing at home, for making the proposed change. By far the most menacing feature of continued corporate ownership is the power over the money markets which it places in the hands of unscrupulous men, any half dozen of whom can, at such a time as that following the failure of the Barings, destroy the welfare of millions, and plunge the country into all the horrors of a money panic. Whether it be true or not, there are many who believe that a small coterie, who had information before the public of the condition of Baring Brothers and that a block of many millions of American railway securities held by that house were being (or soon would be) pressed upon the market, entered into a conspiracy for the purpose of locking up money and thereby depressing prices in order to secure, at low cost, the control of certain coveted railways. The railways were secured, and there is not much doubt that they had been lying in wait for such a critical condition of the money markets to accomplish this purpose, which still further enhances their power for evil. With the railways nationalized, not only would there be no temptation for such nefarious operations, but the power of such men over values would be greatly lessened, if not wholly destroyed, as there would be no railway shares for them to play fast and loose with, and as money, instead of being tied up in loans on chromos representing little but water, would seek investment in bona fide enterprises, their operations would have little influence, and would certainly have no such baleful power over the industries of the country, as their ability to affect the value of railway shares — on which such immense sums are now loaned on call — gives them, they being able by locking up a few millions when the money market is in the condition, which obtained at the time of the Baring collapse, to force the calling of loans and the slaughtering of vast numbers of the shares, carrying the control of the railways they covet. If only for the purpose of divesting "The dangerous wealthy classes" of this frightful power, national ownership would be worth many times its cost, and without such ownership a score of manipulators are soon likely to be complete masters of the republic and all its industrial interests; hence, the question reverts to the form stated in the opening of this paper: Shall the nation accept

as a master a political party that may be dislodged by the use of the ballot, or shall the republic be dominated by a master in the form of a score of unscrupulous Goulds, Vanderbilts, and Huntingtons, who cannot be dislodged, and who never die?

Assuming that \$30,000 per mile is the maximum cost of existing railways — as is shown in THE ARENA for February, — and that there are 160,000 miles, it would give a total valuation of \$4,800,000,000; but that there may be no complaint that the nation is dealing unfairly with the owners of much water, it will be well to add twenty-five per cent. to what will be found to be the outside value of the railways when condemned under the law of eminent domain, and assuming that \$6,000,000,000 of three per cent. bonds are issued in order to make payment therefor, and it involves an interest charge of \$180,000,000, to which add \$670,000,000, as the cost of maintenance and operation, and \$50,000,000 as a sinking fund, and we have a total annual cost, for railway service, of \$900,000,000 as against a present cost of \$1,050,000,000 (\$950,000,000 from traffic earnings, and \$85,000,000 from other sources of railway revenue) resulting in a net annual saving to the public of \$150,000,000 to which must be added the other various savings which it has been estimated would result from government control, and which, for the convenience of the reader, are here recapitulated, namely:—

Saving from consolidation of depots and staffs,	\$20,000,000
Saving from exclusive use of shortest routes,	25,000,000
Saving in attorneys' salaries and legal expenses,	12,000,000
Saving from the abrogation of the pass evil,	30,000,000
Saving from the abrogation of the commission system,	20,000,000
Saving by dispensing with high priced managers and staffs,	4,000,000
Saving by disbanding traffic associations,	4,000,000
Saving by dispensing with presidents, etc.,	25,000,000
Saving by abolishing (all but local) offices, solicitors, etc.,	15,000,000
Saving of five-sevenths of the advertising account,	5,000,000
Total savings by reason of better administration,	\$160,000,000

It would appear that after yearly setting aside \$50,000,000 as a sinking fund, that there are the best of reasons for

believing that the cost of the railway service would be some \$310,000,000 less than under corporate management.

That \$6,000,000,000 is much more than it would cost to duplicate existing railways, will not be questioned by the disinterested familiar with late reductions in the cost of construction, and that such a valuation is excessive is manifest from the fact that it is much more than the market value of all the railway bonds and shares in existence.

Mr. John P. Meany, in the *Railway Review* of February 7, 1891, says: "It is safe to assume that the market valuation of the entire \$4,500,000,000 of railroad stock in existence, would not average more than \$30 per share, or, say \$1,350,000,000 in all," and in his *Sun* article he states that fully \$500,000,000 of this stock is duplicated, so that the "live" stock outstanding is really but \$4,000,000,000, which at \$30 per share would have an aggregate value of \$1,200,000,000. Mr. Meany also states that there are duplications of bond issues amounting to some \$300,000,000 leaving the live outstanding bonds at \$4,500,000,000 and many corporations failing to pay interest, some issues are selling as low as 12 per cent. of par, making it safe to call the average market value of bonds 90 per cent. of their face value, and their aggregate value would be \$4,050,000,000, to which add value of "live" capital stock, \$1,200,000,000, and the total market value of bonds and stock is, \$5,250,000,000, being at the rate of \$32,800 per mile for the 160,000 miles in operation.

After many years of familiarity with the turgid and obscure statements issued by American railway corporations, and which are usually of such a character that the more they are studied the less the shareholder knows of the affairs of the corporation, it is very refreshing to read the report of the Railway Commissioners of any one of the Australasian colonies, where every item of expenditure is made clear, and where words are not used for the purpose of misleading.

The last Victorian report shows this new and sparsely settled country as able to borrow money with which to build national railways, at three and one half per cent. per annum. How many American corporations are able to borrow money at such a rate? This saving in the interest charge directly benefits the public, and is due to national ownership,

and a like saving will be made by the nationalization of American railways.

This report also shows that while the country is so rugged that in many cases the gradients are as great as one hundred and thirty feet per mile, and the cost of labor and supplies more than here, the roads are operated at less cost, as measured by the expense per train mile, than in the favored regions of the United States. The Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis Railway is, admittedly, one of the best managed and most economically operated railways in the West, and with an abundance of very cheap coal;* low gradients and running more trains than do the Victorian railways should be operated much more cheaply, yet the cost of operating this road, as measured by the cost per train mile, — and this is the best possible criterion of economy in operation, — is one third greater than on the government owned railways of Victoria.

An excellent measure of the efficiency of the management is the number of casualties, as proportioned to the number of passengers carried and men employed, which is very great in such countries as Russia, Roumania, and Portugal; but in Victoria, and other Australian colonies, the proportion is far less than in the United States, more attention being given to the adoption of such safety devices as interlocking switches, etc., and all the stations and crossings are provided with gates, and otherwise better guarded than with us, where the corporations are much more intent upon paying dividends than in serving the public, or in saving life and limb, while on the government-operated railways of Victoria, the management devotes its attention — with a due regard to economy, — to the convenience, comfort, and safety of railway users, and employees having no bond or share holders to provide for. In the United States one of the useless traffic associations pays its chief umpire nearly as much as Victoria pays her entire commission.

Those desirous of entering the railway service of Victoria are subjected to such a rigid examination as to qualifications and character, that but little more than one third are able to pass the ordeal, and a high standard of excellence in the personnel of the service results; when these ser-

* Coal on the line named is worth about \$1.50 per ton at the mines, while inferior coal is worth \$3.75 per ton at the mines in Victoria.

vants are disabled or worn out by long service, they are pensioned or given a retiring allowance, and this system tends to reduce the inclination to strike, as a man who has been years in the service will long hesitate before he forfeits his right to a provision of this kind.

All the Australian reports and accounts which have come under the observation of the writer, are models of conciseness and clearness, and show that there is nothing inherent in railway accounts rendering it necessary that they be made obscure and misleading.

Neither in the Australian reports nor in the colonial press is there the least evidence of discriminations against individuals or localities, and this one fact is an argument of greater force in favor of national ownership than all that have ever been advanced against it.

WHERE MUST LASTING PROGRESS BEGIN ?

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

To the calm observer there is nothing more impressive in society to-day than the varied and multitudinous associations for the amelioration of human poverty, ignorance, and crime; and nothing more depressing than the seeming immense waste of force scattered in these innumerable directions with results so intangible and undefined. From all the discussions we hear in the halls of legislation, and on the popular platform, on the relations of capital and labor, finance, free trade, land monopoly, taxation, individualism, and socialism, the rights of women, children, criminals, and animals, one would think that an entire change must speedily be effected in our theories of government, religion, and social life, and so there would be if a small minority, even, honestly believed in these specific reforms. But alas! our reading minds are yet to be educated into the first principles of social science; they are yet to learn that our present theories of life are all false. The old ideas of caste and class, of rich and poor, educated and uneducated, must pass away, and the many must no longer suffer that the few may shine. Our religion must teach the brotherhood of the race, the essential oneness of humanity, and our government must be based on the broad principles of equal rights to all. A religion that seeks to make the people satisfied in their degraded conditions, and releases them from all responsibility for its continuance, is unworthy our intelligent belief, and a government that holds half its people in slavery, practically chained where they are born, in ignorance, poverty, and vice, is unworthy our intelligent support.

The object of all our specific reforms is to secure equal conditions for the whole human race. The initiative steps to this end are:—

1. Educate our upper classes, our most intelligent people, into the belief that our present civilization is based on false

principles, and that the ignorance, poverty, and crime we see about us are the legitimate results of our false theories.

2. They must be educated to believe that our present conditions and environments can and will be changed, and that as man is responsible for the miseries of the race, through his own knowledge and wisdom the change must come. To-day, men make their God responsible for all human arrangements, and they quote Scripture to prove that poverty is one of His wise provisions for the development of all the cardinal virtues. I heard a sermon preached, not long ago, from the text: "The poor ye have always with you," in which the preacher dwelt on the virtues of benevolence and gratitude called out on either side. Poverty, said he, has been the wise schoolmaster, to teach the people industry, economy, self-sacrifice, patience, and humility, all those beautiful virtues that best fit the human soul for the life hereafter. "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Thus the lessons of submission and content have been sedulously taught to oppressed classes, in the name of God, with fair promises of heaven to come.

The rich must be taught that they have no right to live in luxury while others starve. The poor must be taught that they, too, have inalienable rights on this green earth, the right to life, liberty, and happiness, and to the fruits of their own industry, and it is the imperative duty of each class to concede the one and demand the other. The apathy and indifference of the masses in their degraded conditions are as culpable as the pride and satisfaction of the upper classes in their superior position.

As the only hope for the lasting progress of the race and a radical reform in social life lie in the right education of children, their birth and development is the vital starting-point for the philosopher. A survey of the various unfortunate classes of society that have hitherto occupied the time and thought of different orders of philanthropists, and the little that has been accomplished in our own lifetime, to go no farther back, gives very little encouragement for this mere surface work that occupies so many noble men and women in each generation. In spite of all our asylums and charities, religious discussion and legislation, the problems of pauperism, intemperance, and crime are no

nearer a satisfactory solution than when our pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, in search of that liberty in thought and action denied in the old world. The gloomy panorama of misery and crime moves on, a dark picture in this young civilization.

If we would use the same common sense in the improvement of mankind that we do in the ordinary affairs of life, we should begin our work at the foundations of society, in family life, in parenthood, the source and centre of all these terrible evils whose branches we are trying to lop off. A family living in an old house, on unhealthy ground, with water in the cellar, a crumbling foundation, the beams like sponge, the roof leaking, the chimney full of cracks, would not spend large sums of money year after year, generation after generation, in patching up the old house on the same old spot, but with ordinary wisdom and economy, they would build anew, on higher ground, with strong foundations, sound timber, substantial chimneys, and solid roofing. True, they would patch up the old at as little cost as possible, merely to afford them a shelter until the new home was built. And all our special reform work to-day is but patching the old, until with a knowledge of the true laws of social science we can begin to build the new aright. There is much surface work we must do in reform, for decency's sake, but all this patching up of ignorant, diseased, criminal, unfortunate humanity is temporary and transient, effecting no radical improvement anywhere. The real work that will tell on all time and the eternities, is building the new life and character, laying the foundation-stones of future generations in justice, liberty, purity, peace, and love, the work of the rising generation of fathers and mothers at this hour. Those of us who have long since passed the meridian of life, can give you the result of our experience and researches into social science, but with the young men and women of this hour rests the hope of the higher civilization which it is possible for the race to attain through obedience to law. The lovers of science come back to us from every latitude and longitude, from their explorations in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, from their observations of the planetary world, bearing the same message. "All things are governed by law," while man himself who holds in his own hand the key to all knowledge

and power seems never to be in unison with the grandeur and glory of the world in which he lives. The picture of struggling humanity through the long past is not a cheerful one to contemplate. What can be done to mitigate the miseries of the masses? This thought rests heavily and with increasing weight on the hearts of all who love justice, liberty, and equality. The same law of inheritance that hands down the vices of ancestors, hands down their virtues also, and in a greater ratio, for good is positive, active, ever vigilant, its worshippers swim up stream against the current. Could we make all men and women feel their individual responsibility in the chain of influences that tell on all time, we could solemnize in our own day such vows for nobler lives as to make this seeming herculean work light as the wings of angels. If, henceforward, all the thought, the money, the religious enthusiasm dedicated to the regeneration of the race, could be devoted to the generation of our descendants, to the conditions and environments of parents and children, the whole face of society might be changed before we celebrate the next centennial of our national life. Science has vindicated our right to discuss freely whether our ancestors were apes; let it be as free to ask whether our posterity shall be idiots, dwarfs, and knaves, and if not, by what change, if any, in our social institutions, such wretched results may be avoided. Gatton in his work on "Heredity," says our present civilization is growing too complicated for our best minds even to grasp, and to meet successfully the issues of the hour, humanity must be lifted up a few degrees, as speedily as possible. And where must this radical work begin? The best hope for the progress of the race in political, religious, and social life lies in the right birth, education, and development of our children. Here is the true starting-point for the philosopher.

Let the young man who is indulging in all manner of excesses remember that in considering the effect of the various forms of dissipation on himself, his own happiness or danger, he does not begin to measure the evil of his life. As the high priest at the family altar, his deeds of darkness will inflict untold suffering on generation after generation. One of the most difficult lessons to impress on any mind is the power and extent of individual influence; and parents above all others resist the belief that their children are

exactly what they make them, no more, no less; like produces like. The origin of ideas was long a disputed point with different schools of philosophers. Locke took the ground that the mind of every child born into the world is like a piece of blank paper; that you may write thereon whatever you will, but science has long since proved that such idealists as Descartes were nearer right, that the human family come into the world with ideas, with marked individual proclivities; that the pre-natal conditions have more influence than all the education that comes after. If family peculiarities are transmitted to the third and fourth generation, the grandson clothed with the same gait, gesture, mode of thought and expression as the grandfather he has never seen, it is evident that each individual may reap some advantage and development from those predecessors whose lives in all matters great and small are governed by law, by a conscientious sense of duty, not by feeling, chance, or appetite.

If there is a class of educators who need special preparation for their high and holy duties, it is those who assume the responsibilities of parents. Shall they give less thought to immortal beings than the artist to his landscape or statue.

We wander through the galleries in the old world, and linger before the works of the great masters, transfixed with the grace and beauty of the ideals that surround us. And with equal preparation, greater than these are possible in living, breathing humanity. Go in imagination from the gallery to the studio of the poor artist, watch him through the restless days, as he struggles with the conception of some grand ideal, and then see how patiently he moulds and remoulds the clay, and when at last, through weary years, the block of marble is transformed into an angel of light, he worships it, and weeps that he cannot breathe into it the breath of life. And lo! by his side are growing up immortal beings to whom he has never given one half the care and thought bestowed on the silent ones that grace his walls. And yet the same devotion to a high ideal of human character, would soon give the world a generation of saints and scholars, of scientists and statesmen, of glorified humanity such as the world has not yet seen. Many good people lose heart in trying to improve their surroundings because they say the influence of one amounts to so little. Remem-

ber it was by the patient toil of generations through centuries that the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Pyramids at Egypt, the Pharos at Alexandria, the Hanging Gardens at Babylon, the Olympian Zeus, the seven wonders of the world, grew day by day into enduring monuments to the greatness of humanity. By individual effort the grand result was at last achieved. So the ideal manhood and womanhood, so earnestly prophesied, will become living realities in the future. Remember it took three hundred years to build an Egyptian pyramid. Allowing four generations to a century we have twelve generations of men who passed their lives in that one achievement. Was not the work of those who first evened the ground and laid the foundation-stones as important as of those who laid the cap-stones at last? Let us, then, begin in our day by the discussion of these vital principles of social science, to even the ground and lay the foundation-stones for the greatest wonder the world is yet to see,—a man in whom the appetites, the passions, the emotions are all held in allegiance to their rightful sovereign, *Reason*. The true words and deeds of successive generations will build up this glorified humanity, fairer than any Parian marble, grander than any colossal sculpture of the East, more exalted than spire or dome, boundless in capacity, in aspiration, limitless as space.



Amelia B. Edwards

MY HOME LIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

IT has been suggested to me that an article descriptive of my ways and doings at home might be acceptable to readers of this journal; and it has furthermore been proposed that I should write the said article myself. There is a straightforward simplicity of purpose about this proposition which commends it to me. Also, it has the recommendation of being quite novel.

As a rule, the person whose home life is to be made the subject of an article is "interviewed" by a gentleman of the press, who cross-examines the victim like an old Bailey counsel, and proceeds to take an inventory of his furniture, like a bailiff.

Now, it seems to me that the conditions under which such a visit is paid and received are radically unsatisfactory. The person interviewed must be more or less uncomfortably self-conscious, and one cannot help doubting whether the interviewer ever succeeds in seeing his subject and his subject's surroundings in exactly their normal *dishabille*. It would ask more than Roman virtue not to make the best of one's self and one's house when both were sitting for a portrait; and difficult as it is to look natural and feel natural in front of a photographer's camera, it is ten times more trying *vis-a-vis* of a reporter's note-book. As for the temptation to "pose," whether consciously or unconsciously, it must be well-nigh irresistible. For my own part, I am but too certain that, instead of receiving such a visitor in my ordinary working costume, and in a room littered with letters and papers, I should have inevitably put on a more becoming gown, and have "tidied up" the library, when the appointed day and hour arrived. Not, however, being put to this test, I will do my best to present myself literally "At Home," and in my habit as I live.

Westbury-on-Trym is a village in Gloucestershire separated from Clifton by about a mile and a half of open down, and distant about four miles from Bristol terminus. It lies in a hollow at the foot of two steep hills, one of which is crowned with the woods of Blaise Castle, and the other with a group of buildings consisting of the parish church, a charming little Gothic structure known as "The Hall," and the national schoolhouse. The church is a fine perpendicular edifice of considerable antiquity, with a square tower surmounted, in true West of England style, by a small turret, having a tiny Gothic spire at one corner. The parishioners are proud of their church, and with justice. It contains some good stained-glass windows, two interesting mediæval monuments, and an exceptionally fine organ. "The Hall" is quite modern, having been built and endowed, in 1867, by a generous parishioner. The large room seats three hundred people, and is fitted up with an organ as large and beautiful as that in the church close by. Village concerts, penny readings, Lent lectures, charity bazaars, and the like are held here. The building also contains a reading-room and a small library for the use of the working classes. My own first attempts at public reading were made on this village platform, twenty years ago.

A little river flows through the valley, and is crossed by a single bridge in the lower part of the village. This is the Trym,—an untidy Trym enough, nowadays,—opaque, muddy, and little better than a ditch. Yet it was a navigable river some centuries ago, and, according to tradition, was not unknown to trout. On leaving the village, it takes a south-westerly course through a pleasant bottom of meadow lands, and thence between wooded slopes and a romantic "Coombe," much beloved of artists, till it finally empties itself into the Avon, not far from the mouth of that tidal river.

There are still some remains of a building at the foot of Westbury Hill, which in olden times was second only in age and importance to the church,—namely, "The College." This "College" was a religious house, founded as far back as A.D. 798, and probably rebuilt some five centuries later by that famous merchant and public benefactor, William Canynge, of Bristol, who died there as Dean of the College, and was buried in the church. Twenty-five years ago, when I first made its acquaintance, this "College"

(a large modernized building with corner turrets) still presented a stately front to the road. At the back was a square bell-tower covered from top to bottom with ivy, and a spacious garden shut in by high walls. It was then a boy's school, and the big garden used to echo with shouts and laughter on summer evenings. The bell-tower is the most ancient part of the building, and according to local tradition, a subterranean passage leads from the cellarage in the basement to the church on the hillside above. The story is likely enough to be correct; for a passage of some kind there certainly is, and it leads apparently in the direction of the church. A working-man who, with some three or four others, had once tried to explore it, told me several years ago that, beyond the first few yards, the tunnel was completely blocked, and the air so foul that it put the lights out. Whether any subsequent attempt has been made to force a passage, I do not know; but the whole place is sadly changed since the time when I used to cast longing glances at the old green tower from the lane that skirted the garden wall, wishing that I might some day get permission to sit in a corner under a shady tree on the other side of that wall, and sketch the tower. The school has long since broken up for good, and boys and masters have gone their ways. The old house, after standing vacant for years, was bought at last by a little local builder, who ran up a row of smart shops in front of the old turreted façade; let off the house itself in lodgings to poor families; and re-sold the old bell-tower to the village blacksmith. The garden wall being pulled down on that side, the tower now stands at the end of a row of new cottages, forlorn and solitary in the midst of alien surroundings, a forge and anvil in the basement.

As regards the "great houses" of the place, Westbury-on-Trym enjoys a curious monopoly of handsome private mansions. These mansions — spacious, finely built, each standing in its own park-like grounds — were built for the most part by wealthy Bristol merchants during the two last centuries — men of wealth, who needed to reside within an easy drive of the city, and who were content to amass great fortunes without also desiring to become land-owners. The Bristol merchants of the present day no longer care to live so near their business. Railways and steamers enable them to go farther afield; and so the fine old houses of Westbury,

Henbury, Redland, Shirehampton, Brislington, and other parishes round about the great commercial centre, have gradually passed into the possession of a class of moneyed gentry who, having neither trade nor land, are attracted by the fine climate and beautiful scenery of this part of England. Some few of these old mansions are renowned for the valuable collections of paintings and other works of art which they contain; as, for instance, at Blaise Castle, there is a fine series of specimens of the old masters purchased at the close of the great war during the first quarter of the present century by Mr. Harford, grandfather of the present owner; a series which comprises a fine Guido, several specimens of the Caracci, Salvator Rosa, etc. At Kings-Weston Park, we find the family portraits of the de Cliffords purchased, together with the very fine old house built by Vanbrugh in the time of Charles II., by the late owner, Philip Miles, Esq. At Leigh Court, the gallery, with its famous Leonardo, is known throughout Europe, while many other art treasures are to be found in the possession of private owners round about the neighborhood.

It is not to be supposed that the writer and subject of this present paper resides in semi-royal state in one of these magnificent old houses. On the contrary, she lives, and has lived for more than a quarter of a century, with a very dear friend, in a small, irregularly built house, which together they have from time to time enlarged and improved, according to their pleasure. That friend — now in her eighty-seventh year — used, in days long gone by, to gather round her table many of the wits and celebrities of fifty years ago; but for her, as for myself, our little country home has been as dear for its seclusion as for the charm of its neighborhood.

The Larches stands, with some few other houses of like dimensions, on a space of high-level ground to the eastward of the village. It is approached by a narrow lane, beyond which lie fields and open country. Having at first been quite a small cottage, it has been added to by successive owners, and is, consequently, quite destitute of external or internal uniformity. My own library, and the bedrooms above it, are, for the present, the latest additions to the structure; though I hope some day to build on a little room which I shall not venture to call a museum, but which shall contain my Egyptian antiquities and other collections.

The little house stands in one acre of ground, closely walled in, and surrounded by high shrubs and lofty larch trees. It is up and down a straight path in the shade of these larch trees that I take my daily exercise ; and if I am to enter into such minor particulars as are dear to the writers and readers of " At Home " articles, I may mention that a dial-register is affixed to the wall of a small grape-house at one end of this path, by means of which I measure off my regular half-mile before breakfast, my half mile after breakfast, and the mile or more with which I finish up my pedestrian duties in the late afternoon. To walk these two miles *per diem* is a Draconian law which I impose upon myself during all seasons of the year. When the snow lies deep in winter, it is our old gardener's first duty in the morning to sweep " Miss Edwards' path," as well as to clear two or three large spaces on the lawn, in which the wild birds may be fed. The wild birds, I should add, are our intimate friends and perennial visitors, for whom we keep an open *table d'hôte* throughout the year. By feeding them in summer we lose less fruit than our neighbors ; and by feeding them in winter we preserve the lives of our little summer friends, whose songs are the delight of ourselves and our neighbors in the springtime. There are dozens of nests every summer in the ivy which clusters thickly around my library windows ; and we even carry our hospitality so far as to erect small rows of model lodging-houses for our birds high up under the eaves, which they inhabit in winter, and in which many couples of sparrows and starlings rear their young throughout the summer.

We will now leave the garden, and go into the house, which stands high on a grassy platform facing the sunny west. We enter by a wooden porch, which, as I write, is thickly covered with roses. As soon as the front door is opened, the incoming visitor finds himself in the midst of modern Egypt, the walls of the hall being lined with Damascus tiles and Cairene woodwork, the spoils of some of those Meshrabeeyeh windows which are so fast disappearing both in Alexandria and Cairo. In a recess opposite the door stands a fine old chair inlaid with ivory and various colored woods, which some two hundred years ago was the Episcopal chair of a Coptic bishop. The rest of the hall furniture is of Egyptian inlaid work. Every available inch

of space on the walls is filled and over-filled with curiosities of all descriptions. On one bracket stand an old Italian ewer and plate in wrought brass work; on another, a Nile "Kulleh" or water bottle, and a pair of cups of unbaked clay; on others again, jars and pots of Indian, Morocco, Japanese, Siût, and Algerian ware. Here also, are a couple of funerary tablets in carved limestone, of ancient Egyptian work; a fragment of limestone cornice from the ruins of Naukratis; and various specimens of Majolica, old Wedgewood, and other ware, as well as framed specimens of Rhodian and Damascus tiles.

If my visitor is admitted at all, which for reasons which I will presently state is extremely doubtful, he passes through the hall, leaving the dining-room to his right and the drawing-room to his left, and is ushered along a passage, also lined with lattice-work, through a little ante-room, and into my library. This is a fair-sized room with a bay of three windows at the upper end facing eastward. My writing-table is placed somewhat near this window; and here I sit with my back to the light facing whomsoever may be shown into the room.

Sitting thus at my desk, the room to me is full of reminiscences of many friends and many places. The walls are lined with glazed bookcases containing the volumes which I have been slowly amassing from the time I was fourteen or fifteen years of age. I cast my eyes round the shelves, and I recognize in their contents the different lines of study which I have pursued at different periods of my life. Like the geological strata in the side of a cliff, they show the deposits of successive periods, and remind me, not only of the changes which my own literary tastes have undergone, but also of the various literary undertakings in which I have been from time to time engaged. The shelves devoted to the British poets carry me back to a time when I read them straight through without a break, from Chaucer to Tennyson. A large number of histories of England and works of British biography are due to a time when I was chiefly occupied in writing the letterpress to "The Photographic Historical Portrait Gallery," — a very beautiful publication illustrated with photographs of historical miniatures, which never reached a second volume, and is now, I believe, extremely scarce. An equally voluminous series of histories of Greece

and Rome, and of translations of the Greek and Latin poets, marks the time when I first became deeply interested in classic antiquity. To this phase also belong the beginnings of those archæological works which I have of late years accumulated almost to the exclusion of all other books, as well as my collection of volumes upon Homer, which nearly fill one division of a bookcase. When I left London some six and twenty years ago to settle at Westbury-on-Trym, I also added to my library a large number of works on the fine arts, feeling, as every lover of pictures must do, that it is necessary, in some way or another, to make up for the loss of the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and other delightful places which I was leaving behind. At this time, also, I had a passion for Turner, and eagerly collected his engraved works, of which I believe I possess nearly all. I think I may say the same of Samuel Prout. Of Shakespeare I have almost as many editions as I have translations of Homer; and of European histories, works of reference generally, a writer who lives in the country must, of course, possess a goodly number. Of rare books I do not pretend to have many. A single shelf contains a few good old works, including a fine black-letter Chaucer, the Venetian Dante of 1578, and some fine examples of the Elizabethan period. I soon found, however, that this taste was far too expensive to cultivate. Last of all, in what I may call the upper Egyptological stratum of my books, come those on Egypt and Egyptian archæology, a class of works deeply interesting to those who make Egyptology their study, but profoundly dull to everybody else.

Such are my books. If, however, I were to show my visitor what I consider my choicest treasures, I should take down volumes which have been given to me by friends, some now far distant, others departed. Here, for instance, is the folio edition of Doré's "Don Quichotte," on the fly-leaf of which he signs himself as my "*ami affectueux*;" or some of the works of my dear friend of many years, John Addington Symonds, especially "Many Moods," which he has dedicated to myself. Or I would take down the first volume of "The Ring and the Book," containing a delightful inscription from the pen of Robert Browning; or the late Lord Lytton's version of the Odes of Horace, in which is inserted an interesting letter on the method and spirit of his translation,

addressed to me at the time of its publication. Next to this stands a presentation copy of Sir Theodore Martin's translation of the same immortal poems. To most persons these would be more interesting than other and later presentation volumes from various foreign savants — Maspero, Naville, Ebers, Wiedemann, and others.

I am often asked how many books I possess, and I can only reply that I have not the least idea, having lost count of them for many years. Those which are in sight are attired in purple and fine linen, beautiful bindings having once upon a time been one of my hobbies; but behind the beautiful bindings, many of which were executed from my own designs, are other books in modest cloth and paper wrappers; so that the volumes are always two rows, and sometimes even three rows deep. If I had not a tolerably good memory, I should certainly be very much perplexed by this arrangement, the more especially as my only catalogue is in my head.

I fear I am allowing myself to say too much about my books; yet, after all, they represent a large part of myself. My life, since I have lived at The Larches, has been one of ever-increasing seclusion, and my books have for many years been my daily companions, teachers, and friends. Merely to lean back in one's chair now and then — merely to lean back and look at them — is a pleasure, a stimulus, and in some sense a gain. For, as it seems to me, there is a virtue which goes out from even the backs of one's books; and though to glance along the shelves without taking down a single volume be but a Barmecide feast, yet the tired brain is consciously refreshed by it.

Although the room is essentially a bookroom, there are other things than books to which one can turn for a momentary change of thought. In yonder corner, for instance, stands an easel, the picture upon which is constantly changed. To-day, it will be a water-color sketch by John Lewis; to-morrow, an etching by Albert Dürer or Seymour Haden; the next day, an oil painting by Elihu Vedder, or perhaps an ancient Egyptian funerary papyrus, with curious pen-and-ink vignettes of gods and genii surmounting the closely written columns of hieroglyphic text.

For, you see, I have no wall space in my library upon which to hang pictures; and yet, I am not happy, and my

thoughts are not rightly in tune, unless I have a picture or two in sight, somewhere about the room. In the corners, hidden away behind pedestals and curtains, a quick eye may detect stacks of pictures, ready to be brought out and put on the easel when needed. On the pedestals stand plaster casts of busts from antique originals in the Louvre, the Uffizzi Gallery, and the British Museum; and yonder, beside the arched entrance between the ante-room and the library, stands a small white marble torso of a semi-recumbent river god which I picked up years ago from amid the dusty stores of a little curiosity-shop in one of the small by-streets near Soho Square. It is a splendid fragment, so powerfully and learnedly modelled, that no less a critic than the late Charles Blanc once suggested to me that it might be a trial-sketch by a pupil of Michael Angelo, or even by the master himself. Curiously enough, this little masterpiece, which has lost both arms from below the shoulders and both legs from above the knee, was wrecked before its completion; the face, the beard, the hair and the back being little more than blocked out, whereas, the forepart of the trunk is highly finished. On the opposite side of the archway, in an iron tripod, stands a large terra-cotta amphora found in the cellar of a Roman villa discovered in 1872, close behind the Baths of Caracalla.

As I happened to be spending that winter in Rome, I went, of course, to see the new "scavo," and there were the big jars standing in the cellar, just as in the lifetime of the ancient owner. I need scarcely say that I bought mine on the spot.

It is such associations as these which are the collector's greatest pleasures. Each object recalls the place and circumstances of its purchase, brings back incidents of foreign travel, and opens up long vistas of delightful memories. For me, every bit of old pottery on the tops of the book-cases has its history. That Majolica jar painted with the Medici arms, and those Montelupo plates, were bought in Florence; those brass salvers with heads of Doges in repoussé work were picked up in a dark old shop on one of the side canals of Venice. The tall jars, yellow, green, white, and brown, with grotesque dragon mouths and twisted handles, are of Gallipoli make, and I got them at a shop in an out-of-the-way court at the top of a blind alley in Stam-boul.

I have said that there are reasons why an intending visitor might, perchance, fail to penetrate as far as this den of books and bric-à-brac, and I might allege a considerable number, but they may all be summed up in the one deplorable fact that there are but twenty-four hours to the day, and seven days to the week. Time is precious to me, and leisure is a thing unknown. If, however, the said visitor is of congenial tastes, has gained admittance, and finds me less busy than usual, he will, perhaps, be let into the secret of certain hidden treasures, the existence of which is unsuspected by the casual caller. For dearer to me than all the rest of my curios are my Egyptian antiquities; and of these, strange to say, though none of them are in sight, I have enough to stock a modest little museum. Stowed away in all kinds of nooks and corners, in upstairs cupboards, in boxes, drawers, and cases innumerable, behind books, and invading the sanctity of glass closets and wardrobes, are hundreds, nay, thousands, of those fascinating objects in bronze and glazed ware, in carved wood and ivory, in glass, and pottery, and sculptured stone, which are the delight of archæologists and collectors. Here, for instance, behind the "*Revue Archeologique*" packed side by side as closely as figs in a box, are all the gods of Egypt,—fantastic little porcelain figures plumed and horned, bird-headed, animal-headed, and the like. Their reign, it is true, may be over in the Valley of the Nile, but in me they still have a fervent adorer. Were I inclined to worship them with due antique ceremonial, there are two libation tables in one of the attics ready to my hand, carved with semblances of sacrificial meats and drinks; or here, in a tin box behind the "*Retrospective Review*," are specimens of actual food offerings deposited three thousand years ago in various tombs at Thebes—shrivelled dates, lentils, nuts, and even a slice of bread. Rings, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, amulets, mirrors, and toilet objects, once the delight of dusky beauties long since embalmed and forgotten; funereal statuettes, scarabs, rolls of mummy cloth, and the like are laid by "in a sacred gloom" from which they are rarely, if ever, brought forth into the light of day. And there are stranger things than these,—fragments of spiced and bituminized humanity to be shown to visitors who are not nervous, nor given to midnight terrors. Here is a baby's foot (some mother cried over it once) in the Japanese cabinet in the

ante-room. There are three mummied hands behind "*Allibone's Dictionary of English Authors*," in the library. There are two arms with hands complete—the one almost black, the other singularly fair,—in a drawer in my dressing-room; and grimmest of all, I have the heads of two ancient Egyptians in a wardrobe in my bedroom, who, perhaps, talk to each other in the watches of the night, when I am sound asleep. As, however, I am not writing a catalogue of my collection, I will only mention that there is a somewhat battered statue of a Prince of Kush standing upright in his packing-case, like a sentry in a sentry-box, in an empty coach-house at the bottom of the garden.

It may, perhaps, be objected to my treatment of this subject that I have described only my "home," and that, being myself, I have not described Miss Edwards. This is a task which I cannot pretend to perform in a manner satisfactory either to myself or the reader. My personal appearance has, however, been so fully depicted in the columns of some hundreds of newspapers, that I have but to draw upon the descriptions given by my brethren of the press, in order to fill what would otherwise be an inevitable gap in the present article. By one, for instance, I am said to have "coal-black hair and flashing black eyes"; by another, that same hair is said to be "snow-white"; while a third describes it as "iron-gray, and rolled back in a large wave." On one occasion, as I am informed, I had "a commanding and Cassandra-like presence"; elsewhere, I was "tall, slender, and engaging"; and occasionally I am merely of "middle height" and, alas! "somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*." As it is obviously so easy to realize what I am like from the foregoing data, I need say no more on the subject.

With regard to "my manners and customs" and the course of my daily life, there is little or nothing to tell. I am essentially a worker, and a hard worker, and this I have been since my early girlhood. When I am asked what are my working hours, I reply:—"All the time when I am not either sitting at meals, taking exercise, or sleeping"; and this is literally true. I live with the pen in my hand, not only from morning till night, but sometimes from night till morning. I have, in fact, been a night bird ever since I came out of the school-room, when I habitually sat up reading till long past midnight. Later on, when I adopted literature as a profession,

I still found that "To steal a few hours from the night" was to ensure the quietest time, and the pleasantest, for pen and brain work; and, for at least the last twenty-five years, I have rarely put out my lamp before two or three in the morning. Occasionally, when work presses and a manuscript has to be despatched by the earliest morning mail, I remain at my desk the whole night through; and I can with certainty say that the last chapter of every book I have ever written has been finished at early morning. In summer-time, it is certainly delightful to draw up the blinds and complete in sunlight a task begun when the lamps were lighted in the evening.

And this reminds me of a little incident — too trivial, perhaps, to be worth recording — which befell me so long ago as 1873. I had visited the Dolomites during the previous summer, not returning to England till close upon Christmas-time, and I had been occupied during the greater part of the spring in preparing that account of the journey entitled "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys." Time ran somewhat short towards the last, as my publishers were anxious to produce the volume early in June; and when it came to the point of finishing off, I sat up all through one beautiful night in May, till the farewell words were written. At the very moment when, with a sigh of satisfaction, I laid down my pen, a wandering nightingale on the pear-tree outside my library window, burst into such a flood of song as I have never heard before or since. The pear-tree was in full blossom; the sky behind it was blue and cloudless; and as I listened to the unwonted music, I could not help thinking that, had I been a pious scribe of the Middle Ages who had just finished a laboriously written life of some departed saint, I should inevitably have believed that the bird was a ghostly messenger sent by the good saint himself to congratulate me upon the completion of my task.

THE TYRANNY OF NATIONALISM.*

BY M. J. SAVAGE.

It is a somewhat curious task to which I find myself set. To go on with it may be to lay myself open to censure on the part of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." What would have been thought of the famous Davy Crockett, if he had fired his gun after the coon had said, "Don't shoot, for I will come right down"? But the Rev. Francis Bellamy "comes right down" before anybody is in sight with a gun at all. He argues, indeed, in favor of nationalism; but, before he begins, he whispers to you, confidentially, that he is not much of a nationalist after all. Like Bottom, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," he is anxious not to scare anybody, and so lets out the secret that he is not a "truly" lion, but is only "taking the part." In effect he tells the audience that "I will roar you as gently as a sucking dove."

Let us see, from his own words, how much of a nationalist, and what kind of a one he really is. "It is not without some question, however, that I accept the generous challenge." (That is, to reply to the editor of *THE ARENA*.) "For I am not sure that I myself believe in the military type of socialism which the editor seems continually to have in mind. The book ('Looking Backward') which, more than all others combined, has brought socialism before American thought, has also furnished to its opponents a splendidly clear target in its military organization. It cannot be repeated too often, however, that the army type is not conceded by socialists to be an essential, even if nationalistic, socialism."

Later on, speaking of "the hostile critics," he says: "They delight to picture the superb riot of corruption, if nationalists could have their way at once. They will never listen, they will never remember, while nationalists declare they would not have their way at once if they could. A catastrophe by

* This article is a reply to "The Tyranny of All the People," by the Rev. Francis Bellamy, in July *ARENA*.

which nationalistic socialism might be precipitated would be a deplorable disaster to human progress."

Later still, he brings out the idea that all he seeks is to begin, in a small way, with towns and cities, and see how it works.

And once more he declares, "We certainly want no nationalism that is not an orderly development." . . . "Nationalism is only a prophecy. It is too distant to be certainly detailed." ("For *this* relief, *much thanks!*") . . . "We may be inspired by it as the end towards which present movements are tending. But each age solves its own problems; and the passage into the promised land is the issue for another generation. A nearer view alone can determine where the passage is, and whether the land is truly desirable. . . .

"Meantime, what our people must vote upon in the present year of grace is whether great private corporations shall control legislatures and city councils, and charge their own unquestioned prices for such public necessities of life as light and transit. . . . The future is in the hands of evolution."

This latter paragraph challenges and receives my most unbounded admiration. It is one of the neatest changes of base I ever witnessed. I have seen remarkable feats performed by the prestidigitateur on the stage; but they were clumsy compared with this. I thought it was nationalism I was looking at. But, "presto, change!" I look again, and the only thing visible is the question as to "whether great private corporations shall control legislatures and city councils, and charge their own unquestioned prices for such public necessities as light and transit." I was looking for the "garden of Eden," the "kingdom of heaven," the "promised land," or, at the very least, the fulfilment of Mr. Edward Bellamy's dream of a Boston with poverty gone and everybody happy, and lo! I am put off with economical electric lights and cheaper street cars! To be sure, these latter are not to be despised; but when one, like More's "Peri at the Gate," has been looking into heaven, even free street lights and street cars *are* a disappointment!

But however disappointed we may be, let us turn and seriously face the situation. The Rev. Francis Bellamy is not at all sure that he is in favor of his brother's *kind* of nationalism. And yet, the *kind* and *method* were the only peculiar and distinctive things in his brother's book. Dreams

are old and common; but when this book appeared, people shouted "Eureka! We have found the way. This is the fulfilment of our dreams!" Now we are told, on authority, that it is not. And we are just where we were before.

People may suffer from a vague discontent for any number of years, while yet they do no more than complain and wish they were more comfortable. So, for example, the farmers have been doing. But, so long as they go no further, there is no definite "cause" either to uphold or oppose. But, when they call a national convention and construct a platform, announcing definite aims and methods, then there is something to talk about. Now, a man is either for or against "The Farmers' Alliance." Of course, he may be profoundly interested in the farmers' welfare, and yet oppose their aims and methods, because he does not believe that real help can come in the way that they, at present, propose. But, until *some* plan is proposed, there can hardly be said to be any farmers' movement at all.

So of nationalism. It does not consist in an indefinite confession that the industrial condition of the world is not all that one could wish, and an equally indefinite dream, or hope, or trust in evolution. If that be nationalism, then, of course, we are all nationalists. The nationalist clubs have platforms, declarations of principles, statements of aims and methods. The one only value of Mr. Edward Bellamy's book — beyond mere entertainment — was in its clear statement of *an end to be reached in certain definite ways*. Take this feature away, and there is no nationalism left to even talk about.

As there are many different types of socialism, so, of course, there may be many different kinds of nationalism. But there *must* be *some* kind, if the matter is to be intelligently discussed. But the Rev. Francis Bellamy declines to be held to the scheme of Mr. Edward Bellamy; and he does not give us any other in its place. He says he wants nothing "that is not an orderly development"; nationalism is "only a prophecy"; it is "too distant to be certainly detailed"; "we may be inspired by it," but nobody can yet tell whether we shall want it or not; its sudden coming would be "a deplorable disaster," etc., etc.

Now I submit to the candid reader as to whether this sort of thing is not too nebulous and tenuous for the uninitiated

mind to discuss. "An orderly development" — but of nobody knows what nor in what direction — "a prophesy," an intangible "inspiration"; these may be very fine, but where are we, and what are we talking about? For all I know, up to the present time, I may be in cordial agreement with the Rev. Francis Bellamy's state of mind — if only I could find out what it is. He does not agree with his brother; nor do I. So far we are in accord. But I cannot tell whether I can take the next step with him, until he tells me what the next step is. But he does not even suggest a definite end, nor hint one definite method. I am heartily with him in being in favor of the millennium; but the practical question is, — *which way?*

The only definite thing he does suggest is that, as the process of natural evolution goes on, men will be competent to decide what they want; and if they do not want any particular thing, they will not have it. This is all very harmless; but it is so commonplace a truism that it is hardly worth while to get excited over it.

But, while he does not define himself, nor tell us what it is, nor how it is to be come at, it is plain, all the way through, that he is a believer in "nationalistic socialism." Now, we cannot indict a man for cherishing hopes, or for encouraging them in others. But, in the case of the negroes, at the close of the war, it was a real evil for them to be expecting "a mule and forty acres of land" from the government; for it stood in the way of real effort in practical directions. So, while a nobler ideal is of incalculable benefit to a people, it is a real evil for them to be indulging in impractical dreams. They waste effort and divert power from practical ends, and result in that kind of disappointment that discourages the heart and unnerves the arm. Those, then, who talk of nationalism as a solution of our troubles, ought to tell us just what they are after, and what methods they propose. Then we can find out whether the plans will work or not. Otherwise time, enthusiasm, and effort may all be wasted.

But the only definite end this article hints at is the destruction of those monopolies that make light and transportation dear. But it is conceivable that this may be done without a resort to nationalistic socialism. And this, which he says is the first step, may be a step in any one of several different directions. And if what he is after is to come only as the result of a natural evolution, when everybody

wants it, and not as the result of a social catastrophe, then it would seem to be difficult to tell the difference between it and individualism. "The rounded development of the greatest number of individuals," he himself sets forth as the motive and end of his kind of nationalism. Now if somebody is going to *make me* take on a "sounder development," that is one thing, but if everybody is only going to *let me* do it, that is quite another thing. Mark Twain's "Buck Fanshaw" was going to have peace, if he had to "lick every galoot in town" to get it. This may well stand for Edward Bellamy's military nationalism. But if we are only going to have peace when everybody wants it, and will behave himself, why this seems like the Rev. Francis Bellamy's nationalism, with the "military" left out. And this, I say, looks to me very much like the kind of individualism which I believe in.

I pass by, completely, the philosophical discussion as to what constitutes "a nation." This I do, because it does not seem to me relevant to the matter in hand. If my individual liberty is interfered with, I cannot see that it helps me much to reflect that a nation, or "the nation," is not a "sand-heap," but is "an organic being." The oppression is the matter; and I had as lief be oppressed by a sand-heap as by an organic being. What I object to is being oppressed by either of them. And, whatever may be in the future, when men get to be something different from what they are, *so far* in the history of the world it has been true that all kinds of governments have oppressed the individual. And, so far, the only safety of the individual has been such guarantees of personal rights and liberties as have limited the governmental power. And until some one can give the world assurance that human nature is to be transformed, it will be just as well to maintain the guarantees, instead of putting still more power into the hands of the government—whether it be called one thing or another. While even one wolf is abroad, the wise shepherd will not get rid of his dog.

But, while the Rev. Francis Bellamy has "come down," to the extent of virtually giving up any kind of nationalism definite enough to fight about, he nevertheless goes on with his arguments against the editor's positions just as though nothing at all had happened. He stands up for "nationalistic socialism" as though it were something clearly in

mind. And he argues at length that the state of things covered by this term will not be open to such dangers as have been found to exist under all other forms of government. Either human nature is to be changed—though he does not tell us how—or there is to be some charm in “nationalistic socialism” that is to change the nature of “politics,” disarm prejudice, make philistinism broad-minded, and turn bigotry into tolerance. Wonderful is the power of *my* particular panacea!

Neither of the brothers Bellamy expect or propose any sudden change in human nature. “Looking Backward” plainly and positively disclaims any such expectation. So we are not only at liberty to deal with social forces and factors as they have been, and as we know them, but we are even compelled to do so. Let us, then, take up some of Mr. Flower’s points against nationalism, and see whether Mr. Bellamy has adequately met them.

Mr. Flower thinks that nationalism would mean governmentalism and paternalism—in the historic sense of those terms—raised to the highest degree; and that these are both bad things. Mr. Bellamy admits that they have been bad things in the past; but claims that something in nationalistic socialism is to change their nature. As, in the millennium, the lion is to “eat straw like the ox,” so, in this coming Edenic condition of affairs, the age-long oppressors of the individual are to lose their man-eating proclivities. The world is open to conviction on this point; but it will take more than words to produce the result. When we see a lion eating grass, while the sheep play about his feet, we will believe in his conversion. For—let the reader take earnest heed—it is not the conscious evil in men that has been oftenest the oppressor of their fellows; almost always the plea for it has been the general good. Church and State both have set this propensity down among the great cardinal virtues. As Saul of Tarsus thought he was doing God service when he persecuted the early Church, so the Church herself sang *Te Deums* over St. Bartholomew, and believed verily that the groans of the Inquisition and the fires of her *autos de fé* were for the glory of God and the good of man.

The curse of the whole business is just here—that a set of men should fancy that they know better what their

brothers ought to think and do than the brothers themselves know. Mr. Bellamy himself lets out, in a most curious way, his own advanced (?) idea of "toleration." By the way, I would like to know how it happens to be any of his business, for example, to "tolerate" me. Who sets him, or anybody else, up on high to look down with "toleration" on other people?

But let us note his idea of "toleration." He says, with great emphasis, "A man may prove to me by inductive data, reaching uninterruptedly over ten thousand years" — I did not know he was so old — "that my own nature is intolerant; he may even corroborate his proof by pointing to my occasional acts of thoughtless disregard for another's opinion; yet all this array does not overwhelm me, for *I know* [*Italics mine*] that I am not intolerant." This superlative confidence in his own goodness makes me think of the congressman of whom it was said, "He is the most distinguished man in Washington. I know he is, *for he admits it himself.*"

But a little later on creeps out an indication, in the light of which we have a right to interpret this claim. Mr. Flower, in his editorial, had shown how a Christian Scientist had been arrested in Iowa for this offence. In the words of the indictment, "She had practised *a cure* on one Mrs. George B. Freeman." After the physicians had pronounced the case hopeless, and had given her up, this criminal woman had actually dared to "cure" her. The heinousness of the offence was admitted. It was not, in the ordinary sense, malpractice; no medicine had been given, no pain was inflicted, no harm done. But she had been presumptuous enough to "cure," and not after the "regular," the orthodox way. Now the Rev. Francis Bellamy shows his "tolerance" in regard to this crucial case, by saying, "But it is certainly true that the State has the right to prevent malpractice — a right none of us would wish renounced." Just what this has to do with an instance where the *only* malpractice even charged was that she "had practised a cure," after all the physicians had given her up, is not very plain to the worldly minded. But he goes on, — "And as soon as there are sufficient data to convince an intelligent (*sic*) public opinion that the theory, with its perilous repudiation of all medical skill, is not fatal to human life, it will receive an ungrudged status."

"Here's richness," as Mr. Squeers would say. Mr. Bellamy's "tolerance" then is limited carefully to what has an accepted "status" as judged by "public opinion." It begins now to be plain as to what "tolerance" is to be in the millennial era of nationalism.

But there is one more hint in Mr. Bellamy's article, without which this new and improved definition of tolerance would not be complete. He says, "It is hard to discover what individualism is surrendered *except* bumptiousness." But who is to decide what is "bumptiousness"? Why, "an intelligent public opinion," of course. And who is to settle as to what is "an intelligent public opinion," that has the right to put down "bumptiousness"? Why, the "intelligent" public, of course. So it comes back always to this, — we, the ruling majority, are intelligent, and we have the right to decide as to what shall be and shall not be permitted.

But now to go back a moment to a point that must not be lost sight of; for it involves the whole issue between personal freedom and tyranny, whether of a part of the people or all of them. He says, "as soon as there are sufficient data to convince an intelligent public opinion, etc., etc." But just how is this "data" to be accumulated, so long as anybody who dares to have a new idea is to be arrested and imprisoned? The very most fatal objection to this universal supervision and control of all individual action by the governing power, which nationalism contemplates and which is of its very essence, is that it would become the tyranny of mediocrity, and would stand in the way of growth.

Two forces, at work freely, are necessary to evolution: heredity and the tendency to vary. The one conserves all the valuable attainments of the past; and the other, like the new sprouts and twigs on a growing tree, has in it all the promise of the future. Such a control of life as nationalism contemplates would suppress the new twigs as "bumptiousness," or would — while breaking them off as fast as they appeared — ask them to accumulate "sufficient data to convince an intelligent public opinion."

The "intelligent public opinion" of Europe thought Copernicus, and Bruno, and Galileo, and Luther very bumptious sorts of persons. With "an intelligent public opinion," such as existed in England and America thirty

years ago, on the subject of the origin of species, what would have become of Darwin—provided that, at that time, the governing power had assumed and exercised the right to put him to some “useful” occupation, or to suppress ideas popularly believed to be dangerous?

The plain fact of the matter is, that all the persecutions of the past have grown out of just this idea, which Mr. Bellamy endorses, that an “intelligent public opinion” has the right to tell certain individuals what they shall believe and teach. And *all* the growth of human civilization thus far has been in the direction of the rise of the individual as over against the claim of the majority to control. And there is no safety for the individual, and no sure and swift promise of human advance, until “intelligent public opinion” is taught to mind its own business.

While, then, Mr. Bellamy denies that there is any danger of “governmentalism” or “paternalism” under nationalistic control, he himself admits and defends the principle. This he does while loudly claiming to be tolerant. What, then, may we expect on the part of the great mass of the people whose equal (?) tolerance he does not undertake to guarantee? Is it just possible that his nationalism, which is not of the military type even, is already manifesting some symptoms of the incipient disease?

Five cases of the tyranny of the majority, that had been adduced by Mr. Flower, his antagonist claims to deal with. I have already touched on his treatment of Case II., that of the Christian Scientist. His treatment of only one other is significant enough to call for notice on my part. Case V. is that of one Powell of Pennsylvania. This man had put a large sum of money into the business of manufacturing oleomargarine. He had complied with all the conditions of the law. His product was what it claimed to be, and was stamped as such. Nobody was deceived or injured. But a later legislature—as if there were not already crimes enough in existence—declares this manufacture a crime. The “intelligent public” majority calmly robs him of his property and ruins him, and feels no sort of compunction in the matter. One year it encourages him to start a business; the next it ruins him for starting it.

Mr. Bellamy, however, says this “proves too much. It shows a vested money interest controlling a legislature and

voting a rival business into outlawry." And he adds, "This is a kind of instance socialists like to get hold of." If socialists like to play with dynamite, then I should think they might like such cases; otherwise, not. For it happens precisely not to illustrate what Mr. Bellamy says it does. Instead of its having been a case of "a vested money interest controlling the legislature and voting a rival into outlawry," it happened to be the "intelligent public opinion" of the farmers, who wanted their butter business protected even though it took robbery to do it. And this is just the kind of justice any new business may expect, under nationalistic control, until it has accumulated "data" enough to satisfy "intelligent public opinion."

Governmentalism and paternalism have always been evils, Mr. Flower asserts. This Mr. Bellamy admits. For this reason, Mr. Flower thinks the power of government should be minimized, and the individual left more and more free. This would seem to be a most logical inference. But, no, says Mr. Bellamy, for there is something peculiar in nationalism that is going to neutralize all these malign tendencies. He does not make it quite plain to the uninitiated as to how this is to be done. The chief point seems to be that, instead of one man doing it, as in a monarchy, or a few men doing it, as in an aristocracy, everybody is going to do, and whatever everybody does is necessarily going to be all right. Those to whom this appears perfectly plain and satisfactory, of course are "not far from the kingdom of heaven," as nationalism views it. I, for one, however, would like a few of the "data," supposed to be so efficacious in other matters.

To sum the matter up, in closing, I wish to state definitely and clearly a few objections to nationalistic socialism that seem to me fatal.

1. The world began in socialism. In the barbaric period the tribe was all and the individual nothing. Every step of human progress has kept pace with the rise of the individual.

2. Military socialism, such as Mr. Edward Bellamy advocates, would be only another name for universal despotism, in which the individual, if not an officer, would only count one in the ranks. It would be the paradise of officialism on the one hand, and helpless subordination on the other.

3. Nobody is ready to talk definitely about any other kind of nationalism; for nobody has outlined any working method. If it is only what everybody freely wishes done — and this seems to be the Rev. Francis Bellamy's idea — then it is hard to distinguish it from individualism. At any rate, it is not yet clear enough to be clearly discussed.

4. Nationalism, as commonly understood, could mean nothing else but the tyranny of the commonplace. Democracy, as we know it, is limited in all sorts of ways. It only looks after certain public affairs, while the main part of the life of the individual is free. But suppose the majority undertook to manage all the business of the country, appoint each man his place and keep him in it, determine what should be known, and taught, and done — it fairly stifles one only to think of it! There has never been a time in the history of the world, when the wisest and best things would not have been voted down. For it is always the few who lead in religion, in morals, in art, in literature, in learning, in all high service. But these few now do it, not by despotic power, but only by influence; so all may be free. And there has never been a time in the world's history when the most important things that were being done were of apparent utility in the eyes of the crowd. Consider Homer and Virgil, Isaiah and Jesus, Dante, Shakespeare, Angelo, Copernicus, Galileo, Goethe, Luther, Servetus, Newton, Darwin, Spencer, Galvani, — had nationalism been dominant in their days, how long would it have been before the "intelligent public opinion" of the governing board of their departments would have had them up to show cause why they should not "go to work for a living"?

The progress of the world, up to the present hour, has always meant the larger and still larger freedom of the individual. This freedom has always had its evils. So all life has its disadvantages. But only a few people, in any generation, believe in suicide as a cure. Nationalism, freely chosen, would be the murder of liberty and social suicide. When people have thought about it enough to comprehend its meaning, they will choose to bear what ills they must, and seek some more helpful method of cure, rather than adopt such an "heroic" treatment as kills the patient in the hope of getting rid of the disease.

INDIVIDUALITY IN EDUCATION.

BY PROF. MARY L. DICKINSON.

IN this day of multiplied facilities for education, a day when training begins with the kindergarten and ends in what is called "higher education" both for men and women, the thoughtful observer is constantly confronted by the question, why are not the people educated? It is quite true that a great many people are; that very many more believe they are; and still more believe the day is coming when they are to *be* educated in the broad and liberal sense of the word. Our systems, founded upon the old scholastic idea, are generally considered satisfactory, and any failure that may be observed in results is attributed to the fact that, in particular cases, they have not yet had time or opportunity for successful operation. And yet, year after year, we are passing through the mills of our public schools and colleges multitudes of minds that come out like travellers who climb to the top of every high tower in their journey, because they will not come home without being able "to say they have done it."

Apparently, too many of our students go through their course for no better reason than to *say* they have done it. There are grand and noble exceptions, but these are generally among those who do not care to *SAY* anything about it. The great majority, however, come forth in the mental condition of the man, who laboriously climbs step by step of the tower, takes his bird's-eye view of the field of learning, accepts the impressions made upon his mind by the vast picture and the vast mixture, and comes down to his own level again with no more real knowledge of that at which he has glanced than has the traveller who has taken a glimpse from the heights which he climbed, because the guide-book said this was "the thing to do."

In every walk of life, among statesmen, men of business, and artisans, exist noble examples of exceptional profundity and reality of knowledge, but in the great average of so-called educated people of our own generation, we find the majority

possessing very fragmentary interest in any of the subjects which, as students, were supposed to engage their attention. What they would have been without the so-called education we cannot judge, and it might be unfair to infer, but what they are no discriminating person, with a knowledge of what our systems claim, can fail to see. We cannot ignore the fact that for some reason they have failed to attain their natural and possible development.

Our educational theories, on paper and in text-books, are well-nigh perfect; in actual operation why should they fail? Like a great machine, fed with the material of thought, the crank turns, the wheels go round, and the whole world is a-buzz with the work and the noise, but the creature on whom all this power is expended, is only in rare instances a truly educated man or woman. What, then, is the defect? If the machine is right, then the material with which it is fed must be defective. If the material is right, then the machine has every virtue except that of adaptation to the use for which it was intended.

Since the whole end and aim of education is to develop, not the ideal mental constitution, but the real mind just as we find it, the real creature just as he is; and since we cannot change the human mind to make it fit the machine, the effort should be to adapt the educational process to suit the human mind. To what extent they are doing this is one of the great questions for teachers of the present day. To what extent,—admitting that now in some particulars they fail,—it may be possible to modify and adapt methods to the actual and genuine needs of human nature, is certainly a problem worthy of the earnest thought of the broadest and best cultured minds. In attempts at adaptation we have fallen into a process of analyzing the youthful human creature. Having discovered that he possesses mathematical capacity, we have supplied him with mathematical training, and have in this department thrust upon him all, and sometimes more, hard work than he can bear. Having found he possessed religious faculty, we have emptied upon him the theologies and psychologies, and when we have supplied him in these and other directions we look for the educated man. Judge of our disappointment. We find the faculties, we find the modifications produced by the training, but we look in vain for the man. With all our multiplied facilities for producing a

trained and disciplined nature, what we think we have a right to expect,—but what we do not find,—is a creature conscious of his own great heritage, conscious of his kinship with all humanity, of his kingship over the universe, of his power to grapple with the world outside of himself, and of his rightful dominance over both the life without and the grander life within. Instead, we find men weak where they should be most purposeful and brave. We find him the slave of the body who should be able to make the body the servant of his soul. We find hands untrained to practical uses, minds unequal to grasping the common wants of existence, hearts in which the high ideals of character and strong impulses toward true usefulness are over-swept by that consideration for self that makes one's own interests seem the very centre of the universe of God.

The day needs giants; it produces pigmies. It needs men to fight; it produces men to run. It needs women with minds broad enough to think and hearts large enough to love. It needs motherhood that, while it bends protectingly over the cradle of its own child, reaches out a mother-heart to all the suffering childhood of the race. It needs the capacity for heroism; it yields the tendency to cowardice. In the midst of learning, ignorance triumphs, vice rules, and sensualism thrives; and all this, not because of education, but in spite of it. And when we consider that our schools in their lower grades, our kindergartens and our primary and Sunday schools, take the infant mind before the tendency to vice has had any chance for development, and that the next higher grades take them on through successive years, without being able to prevent such results as these mentioned above, we naturally feel that, at the very outset, our educational system must be wrong. However it may be suited to the ideal conditions it cannot be adapted to the average human creature, taken exactly as he is. The lack, which begins at the very basis of our so-called intelligent discipline, runs through the whole, in constantly increasing ratio. Brain is stimulated, and heart and soul are left to starve, and nothing is more neglected than the cunning of the hand. Even where some attempt is made at the training of the whole nature, it is done without recognition of the infinite variety in the human mind. Processes ought to be adapted, not only to the universal but to the individual need. It

does not follow that the universal need is necessarily or invariably unlike the individual need, or that individual needs are always identical, but any system of education that gives, for a great variety of minds, precisely the same course of training, is sure to be, for a majority of those minds, a pitiful and conspicuous failure.

What then? Shall we have a separate school for every child? Shall we have a special teacher for each mind? That would probably be impossible, but we certainly should have so small a number of pupils under each teacher that she (and we are taking it for granted that the teachers of little children will largely be women) may be able to study the whole nature of every little one committed to her care. She should be not only in communication, but in real *communion* with the mother; should know the child's mental and moral inheritance, and, in as far as her own watchful care and the help of the family physician may enable her to do so, she should understand its physical constitution. She should acquaint herself with the temperament, the habits, the degree of affection, and the little germs of spiritual insight and inspiration, all of which go to make up the nature of the little creature in her charge. If she be the true teacher, she should combine the threefold duties of mother, instructor, and physician for the young life unfolding in her care. If she has not the heart to love the child and to let the child love her, and so to lay foundation for the larger loving, that, by and by, shall out-reach and take in the whole humanity of God, then we will not say she has mistaken her calling, but her own process of education has been defective and she has much to learn.

Such threefold development for heart, hand, and brain of the little child makes preparation for the next higher steps of educational work. Whatever form the training may assume, the individuality of the human soul should be kept inviolate. That individuality betrays itself in many ways; by emotion and sentiment, by quickness or dulness of perception, and above all, by preferences and dislikes. These minute indications as to just what elements of spirit and mind have entered into the nature of the child, are the little delicate fibres that show the texture of the human soul with which we have to deal. The child learns too soon to draw in and hide the frail, sensitive tendrils that indicate that the life of the soul-plant is feeling its way toward the light of God.

In the primary school, the teacher (and sometimes in the cradle, the mother, who is, whether she would have it so or not, the child's first teacher) begins the process of training by which the little one is made to do as others do, to say what others say, and to conceal the fact that it has any inward life or impulses that are not the same as those of other children.

Instead of being able to read the God-given signs as to what the infant nature really requires, we give it instead an arbitrary supply, based upon what we think it ought to need, and then marvel that it does not thrive upon its unnatural diet. We have not supplied what it craved but that which, from our preconceived notion, we thought it ought to want.

This process of applying our rule and line to the mind goes farther and bears harder upon the student with every succeeding year, until, long before the so-called education is completed, three quarters of the students have lost the consciousness that they ever cared, or ever *could* have cared, for anything except that which the class supplied. To be what the class is, to do what the class does, to be satisfied with knowing what the class knows, to have lost the sense of the value of the thing to be gained, and to measure by false standards, comes to be the rule, until the conceit of knowledge takes the place of the modesty of conscious ignorance, and the student becomes a drop in the annual out-pouring stream of so-called teachers, many of whom, in the highest sense, have never been genuine students at all.

Searching for causes of such results, we cannot fail to see that much of this dead sameness of intellectual character is due to our habit of educating in masses. We make an Arab feast of our knowledge. A dish is prepared that contains something that might be strengthening for each partaker. With hands more or less clean, students select their savory morsels from the sop. As in the Arab family, for old and young, for the babe in arms, and the strong man from his field of toil, the provision is the same, so in all our class-work we have the sameness of provision with almost as great disparity of capacity and need. If, out of the whole mental "mess of pottage" that can be taken which builds the student up in true wisdom and knowledge, it is fortunate; but if nothing is assimilated on which the mind could truly thrive, no fault is found with the provision, nor is resultant ignorance considered to be specially worthy of blame.

The evil effects of educating in masses, or in classes, is sufficiently apparent to cause us to consider the question whether there is any possible remedy,—whether there could be a substitution of individual for general training, or a combination of the two that would produce a better result. That student is losing ground as an individual who comes to be considered or to consider himself as simply a factor of a class. If the general teaching must be that which is applicable to the entire class, there should also be provision for instruction that could be adapted to the individual need, and as great effort as is made to adapt class work to the general need should be made in the special direction also. But the objection arises that the modern teacher is not able to work in both directions in the time allotted for student life. We are very well aware that we have not yet passed the stage where the value of the teacher's work is measured by the number of hours in which he is engaged in the classroom. Trustees, as a whole, pay for the professor's full time, and expect it to be fully employed. Neither are the educators many who would know what to do if simply let loose among students and left free to make their best impressions upon the minds of the young.

To many teachers the mind of youth is, in reality, an unexplored region, and until we have a change in this respect, and learn that the knowledge of books is only the beginning of wisdom, and that the true knowledge must include also that of the living book,—the student entrusted to our care,—we have scarcely learned the alphabet of true education.

The day will come, though it may be long in coming, when every institution of learning will have, besides its technical teachers, its lecturers and its conductors of recitations,—one man or one woman, or as many men and women as are needed, whose special province it will be to study the individual temperament, to discover native tendencies, tastes, and capacities of the mind, and whose knowledge will be true wisdom in the sense that they will know not only how to ascertain, but how to supply real needs.

That cramping and stifling of natural tastes, which is now so marked a feature of school training, will be replaced by the cultivation of every good natural ability, and the suppression of only that which in itself is evil. Quite too often, even in this latter day, the restraint is put upon the natural powers, simply because their development calls for extra

labor and special trouble, or because these powers indicate training in lines of work not being attempted by the class.

Let the routine work continue to be done, and, if necessary, in the routine fashion, but let every institution have on its Faculty one soul, at least, whose province is not to crush, but to cultivate and develop individual traits of mind and character. Such an instructor must not be ignorant of books, but that intricate book, the human heart, should be his special study, and he should know, not only what human beings are, but should be able to help them to grow into what God meant them to be. Such a man with a large and sympathetic heart that can be hospitable to boyhood as it is, will do more toward the moulding of genuine manhood than can a dozen professors of the ordinary type. One such woman in every institution for the education of girls holds really the future destiny of those girls in her own hand, for her life among them could have but one dominant desire, — that of helping them to be the thing God meant. Practically living out that desire she becomes, not the restraint and destroyer of their natural vitality of thought and feeling, but the guide and director of all their native forces into every beautiful field of learning, and into the highest type of development possible for woman, under present limitations, to attain.

Whether we recognize the fact or not, there is not a phase of our social or national life that is unaffected by the lack of proper development of individuality. The whole tendency of our civilization has been in the direction of making people, as nearly as possible, like other people. Characters of marked individuality are relegated to the class of so-called cranks. To be above the dead level of general sentiment and attainment is to be in decidedly bad form. This work of taking out of people the characteristics placed within them by nature, and making them over into the convenient and conventional types that think as others think, and do what others do, has marked our civilization from its earlier stages, and the more civilized we become the more pronounced are the results. Among these results are great loss of spiritual and mental vitality. It is time to call a halt, to change our methods, or to supplement them by methods of individual training. The beginning of such a work will mark an educational era, the inception of which should not be longer delayed.

THE WORKING-WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

THE story of working-women, of those women forced by changes in industrial and social conditions into occupations outside the home, is limited to the last hundred years. The division of labor resulting in the factory system, and the multiplication of trades, has opened many employments hitherto unknown, in which the use of female labor has become almost a necessity. Woman has had her share of work from the beginning, often much more than her share, but it ran usually in the simple lines of household requirements; and if it chanced, here and there, to be of larger scope, this was, after all, mostly tentative. Work with deliberate intent to earn a living is chiefly a fact of the nineteenth century, and any tangible estimate of woman as a competitor of man in the struggle for existence must be based upon the facts of the past hundred years. It is within hardly more than a generation that the importance of the subject has become plain, and now we are all questioning as to what is included in the life of the working-woman; what is her economic and social condition; what are her rights and her wrongs; what bearing have they on society at large, and what concern is it of ours why or how she works, or what wage she receives?

We are well aware that humanity has always had the enforced work of women as an essential part of its development, enforced not by law but by the necessities of life. In any new country, the work of women is a vital factor in its success or failure, in its growth and general prosperity; and in the early days of our own country this was far truer than now. There were then no trades open to women, because the organization of society was much less complex than it now is, and the family represented a union of trades. This had been the case in England and, indeed, in all civilized countries, and is even true of those early days when skins were all that was needed, and thorns were the only needles

and pins. But from the day of that disastrous experience in the Garden, clothing, and the necessities involved in it, has been the synonym of sorrow for women, and the needle stands as the visible token of disaster, sorrow, and wrong of every order — “the asp upon the breast of the poor.”

Civilization has always in the nature of things meant war. It is only out of the conflict of class with class, interest with interest, that advance comes. “Strife is the father of all things and the king of all things,” was the word of Heraclitus the Wise. “It hath brought forth some as gods and others as men, and hath made some bond and others free. When Homer prayed that strife might depart from amongst gods and men, he wist not that he was cursing the birth of all things, for all things have their birth in war and enmity.”

It is only in this later day that we begin to realize other possibilities, and to wonder if the world has not had enough of wars and tumults, and cannot bring about the desired end without further expenditure of blood and tears. With war has ever been, and ever will be, the forcing of women left with no breadwinner into the ranks of the earners, and only later centuries have given an opportunity beyond domestic service. It is the last fifty years that has suddenly opened up the myriad possibilities in the more than four hundred trades into which women have thronged.

The field is so enormous that one is tempted aside from the real point at issue. What we have to do is to consider work for women as a whole, with all that it involves for womankind. It is not alone the worker herself, but the woman who uses the product of the worker's labor that should understand what obligation is laid upon her. She is not free from responsibility, for certain conditions which have come to the surface, that form part of the life of the day, and must be dealt with in wiser fashion than heretofore, if we are to attain the “consummation devoutly to be wished.”

In the beginning of our history, women were at as high a premium as they are now in the remote West, but this was a temporary state, and as more and more, Fortune smiled on the struggling colonies, many forms of labor were transferred from male to female hands. Limitations were of the sharpest. That they were often unconscious ones, made them no less grinding. To “better one's self” was the effort of all. Long before the Declaration of Independence had formulated the

thought that all men possess certain inalienable rights, amongst which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," this had become the faith of those who, braving the perils of the deep, had settled in an unknown country, that they might enjoy the rights to which they had been born. The largest liberty for the individual consistent with the equal liberty of others was demanded and received, nor did it lessen as time went on. Liberty begat liberty. The ideal was always a growing one. Less limitation, not more, was the order of each fresh day that dawned. To every soul born into the colony, to every descendant of these souls, was a larger hope, a higher ambition. The standard of living altered steadily even in that portion of the country which retained longest the old simplicity, and best knew how to combine "plain living and high thinking," until in course of time the family remained no longer a colony in itself. Clothing and every necessary, which was formerly of home manufacture, could now be obtained from without, and women found outside the family practicable work to do.

The first factory established in New England, early in the present century, ended the old order or rather was the beginning of the end. But long before machinery had made the factory a necessity, there had been the struggle to break the bonds which held all women save the few who had wealth fast to the household. The same spirit that brought the pilgrim over the sea stirred in his descendants. The kitchen had proved itself a prison no less than now, and women and girls flocked into this new haven and worked with an enthusiasm that nothing could dampen.

"Oh, those blessed factories!" said to me one day, a woman, herself an earnest worker for present factory reform, and who began her literary life as contributor to the *Lowell Offering*. "You people will never know the emancipation they brought. I loathed the kitchen, and life went by in one. So many New England kitchens were built with no outlook, and ours was one. I used to run round the house to see the sunset over the mountain, and I can hear Aunt Nabby now: 'There goes that child again! I'd lock her up if she were mine!' We were all locked up! No chance for more than the commonest education; no money for any other. And then came these blessed factories! You laugh, but that was what they seemed then. We earned in them and saved, and

in the end got our education, or gave it to our brothers, who were almost as shut in. They have altered — yes; but they were deliverance in the beginning, I can tell you, and in spite of present knowledge, I never see one of the tall chimneys without remembering and being thankful.”

Such has been the story of most of man's inventions. Beginning as blessing they have in the end shown themselves largely as instruments of oppression. But in this case it is not the factory; it is the principle of competition, carried to an extreme, that has brought in its train child labor and many another perplexing problem. So many changes for the better are also involved; the general standard of living is so much higher, that unless brought into direct relation with workers under the worst conditions, it is impossible to know or realize the iniquities that walk hand in hand with betterment.

To one who has watched these conditions, the question arises, does the general advance keep step with the special? Mental and spiritual bonds are broken for the better class. Does this mean a proportionate enlightenment for the one below? Has the average worker time or thought for self-improvement and larger life? Are hours of labor lessening and possibilities increasing? These questions, and many of the same order, can have no definite answer from the private inquirer, whose field of observation is limited, and who can form no trustworthy estimate till facts from many sources have been set in order, such order, that safe deductions are possible for every intelligent reader.

It is to Massachusetts that we owe the first formal, trustworthy examination into the status of the working-woman, and the remarkable reports of that Bureau of Labor, under the management of Mr. C. D. Wright, have been the model for all later work in the same direction. As the result of a steadily growing interest in the subject, we have now under the same admirable management, the first authoritative statement of conditions as a whole. The fourth annual report of the United States Bureau of Labor, entitled, “Working-women in Large Cities,” gives us the result of some three years' diligent work in collecting information as to every phase of the working-woman's life, from the trade itself, with its possibilities and abuses, to the personal characteristics of the woman who had chosen it. It is not only the student of social science who needs to study the volume, but the work-

ing-women themselves will find here the answer to many questions, and to some of the charges now and then brought against them as a class.

The value of figures like these is seldom at once apparent, since many facts seem isolated and irrelevant. But the fact that they have not been gathered in the interest of a theory but are set down merely as material for deduction, gives them a value, not always attached to figures, and will make them serve as the basis of many a practical reform.

It is women earning a living at manual labor who are meant by working-women, and thus all professional and semi-professional occupations, such as teaching, stenography, type-writing, and telegraphy, with the thousands who are employed in them, are excluded from the report. Outside of these occupations, three hundred and forty-three distinct industries have been investigated. Twenty-two cities have given in returns, all representative as to locality, and ending with San Francisco and San Jose for the Pacific slope. Personal interviews were had by the government agents, with 17,427 women, this being, according to the estimate of the report, from six to seven per cent. of the whole number of women engaged in the class of work coming under observation. I am convinced that this estimate of the United States report is very misleading. The 17,427 women being six per cent. of all those engaged in the three hundred and forty-two industries investigated, the total so employed in the twenty-two cities would be 290,450, which on the face of it appears to be absurd. The New York Commissioner of Labor, in the report of his Bureau for 1885, estimates that there were, in 1884, over 200,000 women employed in the various trades in the city of New York alone. Neither of these reports includes women employed in rougher manual labor, such as scrubbing, washing, and domestic service. If the New York Commissioner's estimate for New York City is correct, and I confess it seems to me to be nearly so, and if Mr. Wright's estimate is as much too low in all the other cities as it seems to be in New York, the actual number employed in trades in the twenty-two cities instead of being only 295,450, cannot be far from 1,200,000. With the exception of certain statistics on prostitution, the entire work of the United States report has been done by women appointed by the Bureau, and Mr. Wright bears cordial testimony to the efficiency of each one in a most

difficult and laborious task, adding: "They have stood on an equality in all respects with the male force of the Department, and have been compensated equally with them. It was considered entirely appropriate in an investigation of this kind, that the main facts should be collected by women. The wisdom of this course has been thoroughly established."

Here, then, for the first time since labor questions began to attract the attention of students of social science, is an aid to stating definitely certain facts hitherto unknown to the public at large, and only surmised by those interested in the subject. Save for the Massachusetts reports already mentioned, and the valuable one of the New York Commissioner, Mr. Charles H. Peck, for 1885, with that of the first report of the Colorado Bureau of Labor Statistics, for 1887 and 1888, prepared under the very competent and careful supervision of Mr. E. J. Driscoll, there has been no authoritative word as to numbers employed, ages, conditions, average and comparative earnings, hours of labor, nationalities, and the many points most difficult to determine.* Few but students, however, are likely to read these volumes, and thus a resumé of their chief points might find place here were I not limited as to space. Having in mind the injunction of the editor of THE ARENA, to be brief, I shall quote only from the United States report. As all three of the Commissioners named agree in the most important details, except as to numbers employed, the United States report will speak for them all.

In the twenty-two cities investigated by the agents of the United States Bureau, the average age at which girls begin work is found to be fifteen years and four months. Charleston, S. C., gives the highest average, it being there eighteen years and seven months, and Newark the lowest, fourteen years and seven months. The average period during which all had been engaged in their present occupations, is shown to be four years and nine months, while of the total number interviewed 9,540 were engaged in their first attempt to earn a living.

As against the opinion often expressed that foreign workers are in the majority, we find that of the whole number given,

* The Report of the California Bureau of Labor, 1887-8, Commissioner John J. Tobin, should be included, but came after the above had gone to press.

14,120 were native born. Of the foreign born Ireland is most largely represented, having 926 and Germany next with 775. In the matter of parentage, 12,904 had foreign born fathers, and 12,406 foreign born mothers. The number of single women included in the report is 15,387; 745 were married and 1,038 widowed, from which it is evident that as a rule it is single women who are fighting their industrial fight alone. They are not only supporting themselves, but are giving their earnings largely to the support of others at home. More than half — 8,754 — do this, and 9,813, besides their occupation, help in the home housekeeping. Of the total number, 14,918 live at home, but only 701 of them receive board from their families. The average number in these families is 525, and each contains 248 workers.

Of those who reported their health condition at the time their work began, 16,360 were in good health, 883 in fair health, and 183 in bad health. A distinct change in health condition is shown by the fact that 14,550 are now in good health, 2,385 in fair health, and 489 in bad health.

Concerning education, church attendance, home and shop conditions, 15,831 reported. Of these, 10,456 were educated in American public schools and 5,375 in other schools; 5,854 attend Protestant churches; 7,769 Catholic, and 367 the Hebrew. A very large percentage, comprehending 2,309 do not attend church at all. In home conditions 12,020 report themselves as comfortable, while 4,693 give the home conditions as poor. "Poor" is, to the ordinary observer, to be interpreted wretched, over-crowding, all the numberless evils of tenement-house life, which is the portion of many. A side light is thrown on personal characteristics of the workers, in the tables of earnings and lost time. Out of 12,822 who reported, 373 earn less than a hundred dollars a year, and this class lost an average of 86.5 for the year covered by the investigation. With the increase of earnings the lost time decreases; the 2,147 who earn from two hundred to two hundred and fifty losing but 37.8, while 398, earning from three hundred to five hundred dollars a year, lost but 18.8 days.

The average weekly earnings by cities is no less suggestive. In Atlanta the wages are the lowest of any of the twenty-two cities, being only \$4.05; in San Francisco they are the highest, being \$6.91. The wages in the other cities

vary between these two extremes. In New York the average wage is \$5.85; in Boston, \$5.64; in Chicago, \$5.74; in St. Paul, \$6.02; and in New Orleans, \$4.31.

These sums represent the earnings of skilled labor. Many women under this head can earn eight and ten dollars a week, but the general average is only \$5.24. The large proportion of unskilled workers whose wage does not exceed one hundred dollars a year, include cash girls and the least intelligent class. It is this class that suffer most from the fine system, since punctuality and thoroughness are the result of educated intelligence. The largest number earn from two to two hundred and fifty dollars, and, as has been said, lose an average of thirty days in the year. The highest average wage, \$6.91, is little more than subsistence, and the lowest, \$4.05, is far less than decent subsistence requires.

Absolute violation of sanitary laws, overcrowding, and a host of other evils are specified as part of the factory system. Deliberate cruelty and injustice are met only now and then, but competition forces the working in as inexpensive a manner as possible, and so makes cruelty and injustice necessary to continued existence of the employer as an industrial factor. Home conditions are seldom beyond tolerable. For the most part, they must be summed up as intolerable. Inspection, the efficiency of which has greatly increased; the demand, by the organized charities, for women inspectors, and the gradual growth of popular interest, are bringing about a few improvements, but the mass at all points are as stated. Ignorance and the vices that go with ignorance, want of thoroughness, unpunctuality, thriftlessness, and improvidence, are all in the count against the poorer order of worker, but for the most part they are living honest, self-respecting, infinitely dreary lives. This fact is emphasized in every Labor Report in which the subject of women wage-workers is treated, and impersonal as figures are usually counted to be, from each one sounds a warning which, if unheeded, must in the end mean the disaster to which these returns point as inevitable. Even in Colorado, a State not included in the government report, where opportunity is larger, it has been said, than at almost any other point in the Union, Mr. Driscoll's report for that State shows an average wage for women of about six dollars, which, considering the cost of living, is less than the New York rate.

It is a popular belief that the working class forms a large proportion of the numbers who fill the houses of prostitution, and that "night-walkers" are made up largely from the same class. Nothing could be farther from the truth than the last statement, the falsity of which was demonstrated in the fifteenth annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor, its testimony being confirmed and repeated in the report we have under consideration. For the first, diligent investigation in fourteen cities showed clearly that a very small proportion among working-women entered this life. The largest number classed by occupations came from the lowest order of workers, those employed in housework and in hotels, and the next largest was found among seamstresses, employees of shirt factories, and cloak makers, both of these industries in which under-pay is proverbial. The great majority receiving not more than five dollars a week, earn it by seldom less than ten hours a day of hard labor, and not only live on this sum, but assist friends, contribute to general household expenses, dress so as to appear fairly well, and have learned every art of doing without. More than this. Since the deepening interest in their lives, and the formation of working-girls' societies and guilds of many orders, they contribute from this scanty sum enough to rent meeting rooms, pay for instruction in many classes, and provide a relief fund for sick and disabled members. Aids, alleviations, growing interest, all are to-day given to the worker. "Homes" of every order open their doors, some so hedged about by rules that self-respect revolts and refuses to live the life demanded by them. In all of these homes, even the best, lurks always the suspicion of charity, and even when this has no active formulation in the worker's mind, there is still the underlying sense of the essential injustice of withholding with one hand just pay, and with the other proffering a substitute in a charity, which is to reflect credit on the giver, and demand gratitude from the receiver. Here and there this is recognized, and within a short time has been emphasized by a woman whose name is associated with the work of charity organizations throughout the country,—Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. I doubt if there is any one better fitted by long experience and almost matchless common sense to speak authoritatively. Within a short time she has written: "So far from assuming that the well-to-do portion

of society have discharged all their obligations to man and God by supporting charitable institutions, I regard just this expenditure as one of the *prime* causes of the suffering and crime that exist in our midst. I am inclined, in general, to look upon what is called charity as the *insult* which is added to the *injury* done to the mass of the people by *insufficient payment for work.*"

Disguise this fact as we will; bear testimony to the inefficiency and incompetency of the workers; admit every trial and perplexity of employers, every effort to better conditions, yet there remains in the background always this shadow, in which the woman who elects to earn an honest living must walk. No more heroic battle has ever been fought than this daily one, waged silently and uncomplainingly in our midst by these workers. Their lot is all part of the general evolution from disorder, ignorance, and indifference, into the larger life, opening so slowly that impatient spirits demand dynamite to hasten the process, but as surely as the earth marches forever on its round toward that central sun that draws each smallest star of that system we call our universe.

It is certain that this is a transition period; that material conditions born of a phenomenal material progress have deadened the sense as to what constitutes real progress, and that the working-woman of to-day contends not only with visible but invisible obstacles, the nature of which we are but just beginning to discern. Twenty years ago one of the wisest of modern French thinkers, M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, wrote of women wage-earners: "From the economic point of view, woman, who has next to no material force, and whose arms are advantageously replaced by the least machine, can have useful place and obtain fair remuneration only by the development of the best qualities of her intelligence. It is the inexorable law of our civilization—the principle and formula even of social progress, that *mechanical engines are to accomplish every operation of human labor which does not proceed directly from the mind.* The hand of man is each day deprived of a portion of its original task, but this general gain is a loss for the particular and for the classes whose only instrument of labor is a pair of feeble arms."

Untrained intelligence finds earning a more and more difficult task, and for all of us it has become plain, that in

the mighty problem given us by a civilization which at so many points fails to civilize, every force must be brought to bear upon its solution. These pale, anæmic, undeveloped girls swarming in factory and shop, are the mothers of a large part of the coming generation, defrauded before birth of all the elements that make strong bodies and teachable souls. It is not alone the present with which we deal. Out of the future comes a demand as instant, and justice to-day bears its fruit in larger life for other days to come. For this must be two awakenings. One for the looker-on in the struggle who has no eyes for what lies still in shadow. The other for the worker, who must join the army already aroused, realizing its limitations, reaching out for training and larger opportunity, and seeking with the eagerness born of hard conditions, some permanent way of escape. And for watcher and worker alike the word is the same:

“Light, light, and light! To break and melt in sunder
All clouds and chains that in one bondage bind
Eyes, hands, and spirits, forged by fear and wonder,
And sleek fierce fraud with hidden knife behind;
There goes no fire from heaven before their thunder,
Nor are the links not malleable that wind
Round the snared limbs and souls that ache thereunder,
The hands are mighty were the head not blind.”

THE INDEPENDENT PARTY AND MONEY AT COST.

BY R. B. HASSELL.

A POLITICAL revolution is in progress and has attained such proportions as to command attention and repay study. The magnitude of the movement and the definiteness of its aims are not understood and appreciated by those who live far from its field of operation. The reader is asked to lay aside his preconceived notions of the subject, and consider observations made, at short range, by one whose information is gleaned not from partisan newspapers, but from the field of action.

Before passing to an analysis of the platform demands of the new party, let us adjust the perspective; consider the work already done, and the method, motive, and *personnel* of the party.

Scarcely twelve months have passed since the birth of the party, — one political campaign. In that short period, an organization has been perfected which carries upon its rolls 1,200,000 voters; and an *esprit de corps* has been created which is worthy of comparison with the enthusiasm of the old parties. It has elected two United States senators and a respectable body of congressmen. It has won its victories in the strongholds of the hitherto dominant party, overcoming in one instance an adverse State majority of 80,000. An army of lecturers has been set at work, most of them well equipped. About a thousand newspapers have been established in the interest of the movement. A national bureau of information has been created which keeps a large force of clerks constantly busy. A committee has been appointed on organization. Under its direction, State after State is being organized, and the prophecy is freely made that, before the snow flies again, an efficient branch of the central body

will have been established in nearly every hamlet in the nation.

The surprising advance already made by the Independents would not need to concern us, were it not that the national conditions which made it possible, in the first instance, still exist to sustain and accelerate it. If asked to explain this advance, most partisans would say, at once, poor crops, extreme poverty and demagogism; or, as South Dakota campaign speakers were known to say, hot winds and Mr. Loucks. But these are mistaken ideas. Poverty of the people made many listeners and voters who, under other circumstances, would not have deemed it worth their while to leave the plow. An examination, however, of the vote in the counties of one State, from which a United States senator has been elected, shows that the heaviest majorities for the new party were cast in counties where farming is most diversified, and where the people have been blessed with a succession of good crops. In the counties where the people were poorest, they were more effectually under the thumb of money loaners and bankers, who held chattel mortgages over their heads. In such counties a corruption fund had a powerful influence toward keeping voters in line. Extreme poverty is always a menace to the purity of the ballot. In the well to do counties, or rather the counties where good crops had prevailed, and in which the people were reputed well-to-do, and where the heaviest vote was cast for the party, the writer has made a careful study of conditions and finds none that do not exist in most agricultural districts of the United States. The herds of cattle and bursting granaries, years ago, would have been sure indications of competence and contentment.

A little inquiry now, however, reveals discontent and a hand to hand struggle with adversity and against odds. Market values leave no margin for profit. Abundance at harvest time, disappointment on market day. Men can understand the connection between short crops and lean pocket-books, and are easily reconciled to such conditions. They may grumble but they are sensible enough to understand that they must sow again and wait for the heavens to smile. But when great heaps of corn lie in their fields awaiting sale at twelve cents a bushel, when a mighty crop of wheat brings its possessor but fifty cents a bushel, when

cows are worth but fifteen dollars apiece, and good butter sells for eight cents a pound, while thousands in the land are known to be suffering because of the lack of these things, a leanness of pocket-book results which the farmer may understand, but to which he is not easily reconciled.

His eyes are open. The over-production theory explains nothing to him while the mouths of a multitude go unfed; while the beef that he sold for one and a half and two cents a pound on foot, retails in the eastern market, when dressed, for from ten to eighteen cents a pound; and while his corn and his wheat, at the other end of the line of transportation, brings twice the price he received for it here. He is able to put two and two together. He knows that primarily all wealth comes from the soil, in response to the toil of himself and his fellows. His eyes rest upon the 31,000 millionnaires of the land who roll in wealth. He says, "I helped produce that. How did they get it?" He knows that the money could not be had last fall to handle his grain and that, in consequence, a ridiculously low price was offered him in order to keep it off the market. He knows that a few men take advantage of his necessities and dictate prices just at the time when he must sell. He knows that railroads absorb nearly fifty per cent. of crop values for transportation charges, in order to pay dividends on a capitalization, fifty per cent. of which is fictitious, and that when the laws forbid it the courts of the land step in and declare it "reasonable compensation."

In a word, it does not take a very sharp farmer to see that although hot winds, or murrain, or hog cholera increase the leanness of his pocket-book, these things do not explain that irresistible and invariable current which bears such a large portion of what he does earn into the plethoric pocket-books of the few rich. The farmer has become, perforce, a student of economics; and, although we may laugh at some of the vagaries in which he indulges, a close study of the situation and of his demands will probably show him to be about as reasonable as those are who champion the present order of things.

If the symptoms of an unnatural and unnecessary agricultural depression were confined to the Dakotas, and Kansas, and Nebraska, the farmer student might be nonplussed in his investigations. He might be led to consider his inex-

perience and extravagance as the source of the disease so deeply fixed upon him. But the farmer of to-day reads and travels. A Dakota farmer, a few weeks since, visited the paternal homestead in Ohio. He found, to his surprise, that his father's farm, which fifteen years ago lay within three miles of a thriving town of two thousand inhabitants, paying an annual tax of fifteen dollars, and worth a hundred dollars an acre, now pays a tax of seventy-five dollars, and is worth but forty-five dollars an acre, although the neighboring town has increased its population to ten thousand, and is noisy with shops and factories. He found that this was not an isolated case, but a fair example of the depreciation of farm values. He was not surprised to learn that the Ohio farmers were even then gathering to organize a State alliance. A careful survey of the United States, we are sure, will measurably confirm the conclusion of the western farmer, that farming, except in those localities where it has taken on the form of market gardening, or where it yet monopolizes some specialty, is unprofitable and disappointing.

Most farmers are ready to admit that their surroundings are better and their comforts more numerous than in ancestral days, when stoves were unknown, and the women slaved over the hand-loom and spinning-wheel, when medical men bungled and schools were luxuries; but they can see with half an eye that the mighty material advances of the last half century in this country have been made to serve the rich rather than the poor, the strong instead of the weak. They do not object to railroads, and the constantly increasing facilities for travel and transportation; but they do object to laws and customs which make railroads a means of transferring the hard earnings of the farm to the coffers of money kings. The farmer has received comforts at the hands of our civilization, but he has paid a good price for them, not to the genius which created, but to the plutocrat who bought. It is not because the farmer is facing starvation that he moves politically; but because, in the midst of plenty, comparative poverty is his portion. As a legitimate result of the civilization in the presence of which he lives, his tastes have improved, and his desire for education and comfortable living has increased, and with this improvement and increase has come a widening of the distance betwixt his possessions and his desires. In other words, the shadows of contrast in

social conditions in our country are hourly deepening, and it is at such times that the canker of discontent eats closest. It will serve no purpose for us to spend time in condemning this spirit, and making light of it, because it is a natural result and a political fact that can only be remedied by a removal of the immediate cause. It is not possible or desirable to rid the people entirely of the spirit of discontent, but it can be so minimized that it will be no longer a menace to national life but an incentive to progress.

It is necessary to understand thoroughly the conditions under which the work already described has been done. We have discussed the general social and financial condition of the farmer. How about his intellectual standing? We hear a great deal about the stupid, foolish farmer, easily led by demagogues. It is well to remember in this connection that those States where the Independent party has had greatest influence are the States where the smallest per cent. of illiteracy exists and, by parity of reasoning, the highest per cent. of intelligence. The fact is that the farmer of the West is not the clodhopper, at whose expense the funny man of the modern journal likes to crack jokes. He reads more widely and thinks more deeply than tradesmen or city people do, as a class. Tradesmen wear better clothes, are more urbane, and obtain a certain polish and self-possession which comes only from close contact with one's fellows in the business and social world; all of which is very useful to them in improving the "main chance" in a competitive struggle, and might be labelled finish and sharpness. They live an intense life, within a limited circle, and have little time and less inclination to weigh questions from the larger world. To this fact may be attributed the slight interest such people take in municipal government and the dominance of slum and saloon influences. It is not so with the farmer. He reads much and widely, and the solitary plow-furrow and the quiet country road conduce to thought. A certain sturdy intelligence follows, which again and again has proven the salt of the world, the re-inforcing element of society, and is to-day the hope of our nation. While the tradesman dwells much on commercial law, trade customs, and the means of attracting trade, the farmer thinks more naturally of the general law of the land, under which he is protected or robbed, prospered or ruined. His sales are

made at wholesale prices. His eyes, therefore, seek out not so much the local factors in the make up of prices as the world-wide influences which are supposed to determine them. It is a large world in which he lives, and his vision, from necessity, sweeps the whole of it.

The people of the East will never understand the merit and magnitude of the present political movement, until they give the farmer credit for intelligence of a superior order. Those who think of him as the easy prey of demagogues are mistaken. He has been such in the past. We have convincing proof that it is otherwise now. Those who are familiar with the campaign plans of the dominant parties in these days, the shameless misrepresentation of facts by party organs, the open use of large sums of money to keep so-called leaders in line, and the tremendous power of public patronage can understand how much of demagogism in every community the farmers have had to meet and overcome in order to conquer an eighty thousand majority. It has required patriotism, common sense, and a Spartan-like heroism to face their organized foes and come off victorious. To their honor be it said that few Judases have been found among them at the ballot-box, or in the halls of legislation.

The work of the Independent party, so far, has been educational in two directions. It has increased the sum of information and developed a much needed self-confidence among the farmers. The alliance meetings, to which most of us object because of their secret and exclusive nature, are schools of economics and parliamentary tactics. The secrecy of the order, however, is not as objectionable as some of us have been inclined to think. As the leaders say, the veil of secrecy in this order is quite gauzy, — intended to keep out individuals rather than to conceal deliberations and doings. It throws the farmer on his own resources. He becomes a chairman, an investigator, a committee man, and a debater. If it were otherwise, the aggressive members of the professions would frequent the meetings, and naturally assume such functions. We are confident the farmer will come to see that these same ends may be attained by methods less objectionable to the thought and spirit of our people. Justice requires us to say that the secret order of the alliance and the Independent party have no necessary connection, although they are natural allies, and the former

is the source of the latter. In fact, scores of men belong to the alliance who have not yet committed themselves to the political movement, and many who are bitter in their opposition to it. Political affiliation has nothing to do with membership, and all actual farmers and their families are entitled to it. Freedom in the expression of opinion is courted and strong, ready men are being developed.

The writer has met old farmers, during the last twelve months, who are as well posted in the history of finance as the Shermans and the Allison of the country, and who read the lessons of that history with as clear a vision. They do not get their facts from demagogical documents, as many suppose. We call to mind a laughable incident in the last campaign. A joint discussion was progressing between a bright member of the legal fraternity, who was advocating the present order and extolling the Republican past, and an uncouth but clever old farmer, who took up the cudgel in behalf of financial reform. The lawyer vociferously declared the demand notes never sold at par with gold. The farmer calmly insisted that they did, and read from an authority. The lawyer demanded the authority. The farmer asked the lawyer if he would read to the audience the name of the authority, if it was shown him. The latter could only say yes. The pamphlet was opened at its title page, and the lawyer read with best grace he could, to an audience that fairly rolled in the chairs with merriment, "Report of the Treasurer of the United States." The farmers are going to a school where imagination is given small play, and facts are studied, uncolored by party traditions. Shall we not expect from this some good? Have we not reason to believe that the reading, intelligent majorities of the western prairies are to bring us some light and benefit?

It is useless to deny that these farmers have some intense prejudices. What class has not? And these prejudices must necessarily color opinion, and somewhat determine action. The farmer is bound to look at things from the standpoint of the poor man rather than from that of the corporation and the money lender. The latter have had the thought and service of our statesmen for years past. As a consequence, the account between the rich and the poor is in an abnormal condition. Perhaps it is only right that the selfishness of the laboring classes should have its own

way for a time, and even things up somewhat, before a new start is made.

But the class prejudice and selfishness of the farmer has been greatly over-estimated by his political enemies. His sub-treasury bill and plan for loaning money on real estate, to be sure, are intended to afford immediate relief to the farmer; but he believes, in his soul, that they would result in great advantage to the whole business world. He says, moreover, that condemnation of his plans comes with bad grace from the men who are even now supporting a financial system which delivers the money of the country over to the few and trusts them to distribute it among the many. His plan may have the same selfish ear-marks, but they are not so deep. We have been trusting a few men to distribute the currency of the nation, and have made it extremely profitable for them to do so. He asks now that this trust be transferred to the many, and gives good assurances, in the nature of things, that the many will touch the remotest needs of our people, and so diffuse currency that competition, if such a principle ever can be effective, will keep interest at a rate where labor can live and prosper.

That the independent movement is not considered a class movement, in a bad sense, but decidedly in the interest of all the middle classes, we have some proof in the citizens' alliances and the labor unions, which have united forces everywhere with the farmers, brought about by a recognition of the simple fact that where the farmer has money, the tradesmen of his market town have money and industries of all kinds thrive. Here lies the strength of the movement. The farmers are, perhaps, the largest distinctive class of citizens, and can exercise great political influence by themselves; but they are not numerous enough to work radical changes without aid from other classes. As it is, however, in the strictly political movement among the farmers, all who sympathize with their political views are welcomed. The best evidence of this is the election of such men as Rev. J. H. Kyle and editor Peffer to the United States Senate. While the farmer has a great deal to say about the utter absence of farmers from the national halls of legislation, he is not disposed to say that farmers alone should be sent there. He is willing to send the men who are best fitted to do the work that is to be done, but they must be

worshippers of the common people as distinguished from the bankers and "financiers."

It is not possible to discuss the platform of the new party at any length within the necessary limits of this article. We shall be content to undeceive, if possible, those of our readers who have been charging that the platform is indefinite.

One of the chief recommendations of the Independent platform, to the voters of the West, was its brevity and definiteness, refreshing qualities in the minds of a people who had been accustomed for years to the platitudes and straddles of the old parties. Most of the Independent county and State platforms could be summed up under three heads, money, transportation, land. They declare in favor of a full legal tender currency to come direct from the government to the people, in volume sufficient to meet the demands of business; the government ownership and control of railroads and homes for the American millions. The main planks were summarized in the flaring posters which announced the great rallies of the party last fall. "Money at Cost! Transportation at Cost!" These were the headlines which everywhere caught the public eye, and drew the crowds. Opponents saw in these advertisements traces of a demagogue's hand. If it is demagogism to awaken curiosity, arouse thought, and in a terse sentence to express the party faith, then are the Independent leaders guilty of it. But whether guilty or not, these two expressions have awakened echoes that will not cease reverberating until our ideas and systems of finance and transportation are quite revolutionized. As we are not proposing here to discuss the wisdom of the farmer's demands, we need waste no time on the land and transportation questions. So much has been written on these questions, and the dividing line between disputants is so clearly drawn, and farmers have settled down so decidedly on one side of that line, that they are no longer open to the charge of juggling with words when they declare in favor of "homes" and "transportation at cost."

With the money question it is different. "Money at cost" is one of those essences of thought which will bear analysis. We desire to show that with the farmer's party it means but one thing, — that it is a declaration of war

with the piratical system of the present. "Money at cost" is a sentiment and conviction which has grown up in the minds of the producing and laboring classes of this country out of a deep sense of the injury done them during the last quarter of a century, and a pretty clear conception of the nature of money and the duty of government.

Money, they say, is a medium of exchange necessary in the transaction of business between citizens; that it is the first duty of government to provide this medium for its citizens directly and at the minimum expense; that it should not be considered property in any sense, and that every incentive to the hoarding of it should be removed; that there is no such thing as "cheap money" under a proper system, because only commodities are cheap or dear according to the market price of them, and money is not a commodity; that money can be issued by government or by authority of government, safely and honestly, in but two ways: in return for services rendered, or as a loan on adequate security, and should always represent days of toil or material of value; that the present bank systems by which money is farmed out for private gain, furnishes a fairly reliable currency but an unreliable means of distribution; that loans should be made on lands or imperishable products to the many who have personal need of the money with which to improve homes and develop enterprises, thus giving not only a safe currency but providing also for a wide and safe distribution of it; that government creates money out of anything it chooses; that it should create only the best money, by which is meant a stable, full, legal tender currency; that the curse of an unstable currency is now upon us blighting our people; that an unstable currency is one whose volume is regulated by the owners of private banks, dependent upon the uncertain output of mines, and varying with the caprice of the few who hold and control it; that a material scarce by nature is not fit to receive the stamp of government, because it is sure to vary in supply; that the medium of exchange should be of material so plentiful that blind nature or designing men cannot reduce the supply of it below the government demand for it; that the money so created should be durable, easy of transportation, and difficult of counterfeiting; that paper money is the easiest of transportation, the most difficult to

be counterfeited, and in a sense the most durable, because so easily replaced when lost; that to base the medium of exchange upon value is as effectual as to stamp it upon value; that out of deference to foreign customs and the necessities of foreign trade, our government should buy up the gold and silver bullion of the country and hold for resale to those who have foreign balances to settle; that the country to-day is suffering from a contracted and contracting currency, on account of which the debtor class has had its burden doubled, to the corresponding advantage of the creditor class; that if contraction has been good for creditors, inflation must be good for debtors; that any measure, therefore, which looks toward an increase of the circulating medium is to be favored; that free silver coinage is to be favored; that instead of flying to the relief of the stall-fed speculators of Wall Street in times of financial stringency, it is time that the government was coming to the relief of the common people; that loans from the government should be made at a merely nominal rate of interest, not to exceed two per cent., because any higher rate is a congestor of wealth and gives capital a leverage over labor; that money-lending as a business, except on such a basis from the government to its subjects, should go out of fashion, and might be expected to disappear under a proper financial system; that the unemployed capital of the country would then seek investment, labor would then be employed, factories would hum and the credit system might go to the dogs; that rates of interest cannot be satisfactorily regulated by law until we have banks that are national in fact as well as in name, managed by salaried officials of the nation whose duty it shall be to make loans at cost, under wise and conservative rules, to those needing them who can bring themselves within the rules; that the proposed sub-treasury and land loan plans are suggestions in the right direction and calculated, when perfected, to bring the government into touch with the needy citizen, and make of it a distributor as well as a creator of money; that paper in the shape of checks and drafts already transacts ninety-one per cent. of the business of the country, and might be trusted to properly supplement our currency and make supply equal demand, were it not that the great bulk of our people are not known beyond the communities in which they live, and therefore are debarred

from using checks to any extent in the outside world; and that each piece of national currency, issued as a full legal tender, in the hands of the people, would be in the nature of a certified check, enabling the citizen to do business with despatch anywhere.

Running through the above statement of the independent doctrine of finance, we see that three ideas are most prominent. First, a desire that the government supersede avaricious man and blind nature in the creation and distribution of money, in order that money may be a stable purchasing power. Second, a determination that money shall no longer be a commodity to be bought, and sold, and manipulated, a leech upon labor in the hands of a few, but a convenience of trade, accessible to the many at first cost. Third, a demand that the misnamed national bank system of the present shall have its spirit of greediness exorcised, so that it may hereafter serve the people instead of its management. Are these ideas indefinite? Do they not mean "money at cost"?

We would now call attention to those facts which the western farmer says have opened his eyes, made him indifferent to the sneers of the banking class and its servitors, and fixed him in his purpose to effect a permanent change in the financial system of the country.

He says that the average profits of business enterprises in this country do not exceed three per cent.; that money loaning at six and seven per cent. of necessity congests the wealth of the nation; that eighty cents' worth of silver, stamped by government as a dollar, or a cent's worth of paper, bearing the same stamp, buys as much for him in the markets of the country as a gold dollar; that it is easier for him to pay his debts when money is plentiful; that the paper demand notes of '62, a full legal tender, stood at par with gold while the greenbacks, repudiated in terms by the very bill which created them, went skyward; that a contraction of currency has preceded every serious financial panic in the history of the country; that prosperity for the laborer, the producer, and the debt-payer has always accompanied currency expansion; that money lenders are strangely interested in keeping money scarce, and for that purpose fought gold in '50 when California and Australia threatened to flood us, the greenback in Lincoln's administration,

and silver in '73, '78, and '91; that the farmer's products have been refused a market within a year past because there was not money to handle them; that present rates of interest consume him; and that, with good security to offer, he is obliged to pay exorbitant rates for money and in many cases is refused it altogether.

Let us remember that the last word has not yet been spoken upon the financial question; that the world, even the financial world, has not seen all of truth and wisdom yet; that reason is better than authority, especially if the authority is open to a suspicion of prejudice; and that there may be a financial bigotry as hateful and unprogressive, and as much out of sympathy with this growing age, as is the dry-as-dust ecclesiasticism of the day. Every citizen should give courteous attention to the new voices that come to us from the West, and be careful that his decision, on the whole matter, is not influenced by his position as one of the creditors of the land.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

THE statements in this paper as to what was written in my presence purporting to be communications from "spirits," and as to the circumstances under which it was written, are scrupulously correct. The "communications," it is certain, are from an intelligent source. Mrs. Underwood is the person by whose hand they are put in form. That she is not laboring under a mistake in thinking that she is unconscious of the thought expressed until she has read the writing,—if, indeed, such a mistake in a sane mind is possible,—I am certain. Sometimes, owing to the illegibility of the writing, she has to study out sentences. The writing varies in style, not only on different evenings, but on the same evening; it is apparently the writing of not fewer than twenty persons, and generally bearing no resemblance whatever, so far as I can judge, to Mrs. Underwood's handwriting, which is remarkably uniform. The communications are unlike in the degrees of intelligence, in the quality of thought, and in the disposition which they show. Detailed statements of facts unknown to either of us, but which, weeks afterwards, were learned to be correct, have been written, and repeated again and again, when disbelieved and contradicted by us. All the writing has been done in my presence, but most of it while I have been busily occupied with work which demanded my undivided attention. The views expressed are often different from my own, and quite as frequently, perhaps, opposed to Mrs. Underwood's views.

Some will, doubtless, interpret these facts as evidence and illustrations of the multiplex character of personality, and will regard these communications, apparently indicating several distinct intelligences, as manifestations of different strata, so to speak, of the same individual consciousness. Knowledge of the facts unknown to our ordinary consciousness was, nevertheless, some will say, in the sub-consciousness of one of us, or perhaps of both. On this theory, of course it must be supposed that the mind has stored away in its depths knowledge acquired in ways unknown. By others all the phenomena related by Mrs. Underwood will be regarded as the work of disembodied, invisible, intelligent beings

who once dwelt in the flesh and lived on the earth, but who are now in a higher sphere of existence, yet able under certain conditions to make their presence and their thoughts known to us. It is not my intention here to advocate any theory as to the cause of the phenomena described by Mrs. Underwood. I simply testify now to the accuracy of all those statements in her paper in regard to her automatic writing.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

“The known is finite, the unknown is infinite; intellectually we stand on an islet in the midst of an illimitable ocean of inexplicability. Our business in every generation is to reclaim a little more land; to add something to the extent and solidity of our possessions.” — *Huxley in “Reception of the ‘Origin of Species.’”*

PUBLIC attention at this time especially is being called to various forms of psychic phenomena measurably through the efforts of the Society for Psychical Research in investigating and sifting the evidence for the stories of apparitions, hallucinations, forewarnings, etc., but more because so many who have heretofore scoffed at and doubted such stories, or who have been foiled in their efforts to obtain for themselves any satisfactory evidence that such phenomena really occur, are now able to testify from their own experience, in one form or another, that such are real facts of our existence.

The questions raised by the class of facts already elicited through this investigation are of supreme importance, and it becomes the duty of every serious-minded enquirer who has had experience of this kind to give the result of his investigations to the public, and thus aid those searching for the underlying cause of all such phenomena. Therefore after considerable hesitation, and with some inward shrinking from an obvious duty, I have concluded to take the consequences of publishing my own recent experience. A word of personal explanation may here be necessary. A sincere believer in Orthodox Christianity until my twentieth year, I have been led by careful study and unfaltering love of truth to give up my belief in Christian dogmas, and have for some years known no other name by which to designate my state of mind in regard to religious belief than that misunderstood and often misapplied term, agnostic. But at no stage in my mental progress have I ever felt sure that I had reached any conclusion which was final, and at no time have I been a believer in spiritualism, or been convinced

that we survive the present state of being; while always I have felt an interest in every undecided question in science and religion, and earlier have had some "intimations of immortality," which have caused me to think seriously on the subject and to long for more light. I have decided to lay the simple facts of my most recent experience before the readers of *THE ARENA*, and allow them to draw what conclusions they will without offering any theory of my own. More than a year ago my interest in psychic phenomena was awakened by reading the reports of the Society for Psychical Research, but it has been my own personal experience which has created a profound impression on my mind. If any one who reads this will try to imagine in what spirit he would greet an entire stranger or group of strangers, who through the telephone, for instance, should send him genial messages full of common-sense, philosophy, humor, and friendliness, giving him interesting details of a strange land, he can partially understand the state of mind in which, after many months of such intercourse, I find myself. Except on two or three occasions no one has been present but my husband, B. F. Underwood, and myself.

The *modus operandi* is the simplest possible. As I remembered that Mr. U. was rather averse to the planchette experiments of former years, thinking them unwholesome and deteriorating in their tendency, I at first said nothing to him of my new psychical experiments, though these were made oftenest in his presence in the evening when we both sat at one writing table, near each other, busied with our individual literary work. As I experimented in his absence as well as in his presence, I soon found that I got the most coherent writings when he was present. Indeed I could get nothing coherent, and very frequently nothing at all, when he was away, but when he was present the communications began to grow strangely interesting, and as he was called upon repeatedly, I felt obliged to invite his attention, when the most surprising answers were given, which roused his curiosity and interest. It has been explained that his presence is necessary for me to obtain writing, as "blended power is best." Two or three times, at the suggestion of this intelligence, we have asked two of our intimate literary friends — non-spiritualists — to

be present, but each time with comparative failure; afterwards we were informed that the cause of failure was the introduction of persons unused to the conditions, who broke up the harmonious relations necessary to communication; in time they could be of help.

It would take a volume to present all the interesting statements as to an advanced stage of existence, only hidden from us because of the inadequacy of our sense perceptions, and by the conditions imposed upon us at this stage of our progress, which have been given from this source. Explanations have been made why communication through the agency of certain persons, though not through all, are possible. The conditions, it is alleged, are not entirely dependent upon the superior intelligence or morality of the persons with whom the intelligences can become *en rapport*. These invisibles declare that they are as seriously and anxiously experimenting on their side to discover modes of untrammelled communication with us, as we on our side ought to be, if what they write be true, and if such a thing is possible. "Spirits" they persistently insist upon being called. In this paper I can give only a statement of some things which do not seem explicable on the hypothesis of mind-reading, thought transference, hypnotism, or subconsciousness. In all these experiments I have been in a perfectly normal state. The only physical indication of any outside influence is an occasional slight thrill as of an electric current from my shoulder to the hand which holds the waiting pen. Step by step I have been taught a series of signals to aid me in correctly reading the communications. I have no power to summon at will any individual I wish. I have repeatedly, but in vain, tried to get messages from some near and dear friends. It has been explained that on their side, as on ours, certain "conditions" must exist in order to get in "control." When "eh?" is written I know that the operator at the other end of the line is ready to communicate. When in the middle of a sentence or a word "gone" or "change" is written, I understand that the connection is broken, and I must not expect the completion of that message. When a line like this — is drawn, it is a sign that that sentence is completed or the communication ended. So with other things. Rhymes are often unexpectedly written, especially if the "control" professes to be a poet, and they are dashed off so rapidly that I

do not understand their import until the close when I can read them over. Impromptu rhyming is a feat utterly impossible to either Mr. U. or myself. Names persistently recur which are unknown to us. Many different handwritings appear, some of them far superior to my own. When I first began to get communications I destroyed, in a day or two after they were written, the slips of paper containing the writing, but as the developments became more interesting, Mr. U. suggested that they be preserved for reference. I acted on this suggestion, and thus in the instances of facts given outside our own knowledge, I am enabled to give the exact wording of each communication. Our questions were asked *viva voce*, and as they were often suggested by what had been previously written, I either at the time or soon afterward wrote them just above the reply. I am not, therefore, trusting at all to memory in the statements I shall make.

A gentleman of this city (whom I will call John Smith, but whose real name was a more uncommon one) with whom Mr. U. had been acquainted many years, but of whose family relations he knew little, died here more than a year ago. Mr. U. had met him but once in the year previous to his death, he having been away on account of failing health, staying, we understood, with a daughter recently married, whose home was in Florida. The first name of this married daughter, or of any of Mr. Smith's daughters except one, was unknown to Mr. U. I had met one of his daughters whose name I knew to be Jennie. I also knew that there was another named Violet. I was not sure, however, whether this was the name of the married one, or of another unmarried, but had the impression that Violet was unmarried. One evening, while waiting for automatic writing with no thought of Mr. Smith in my mind, and Mr. U. sitting near me at the table with his thoughts concentrated on an article he was preparing, this was written: "John Smith will now enter into conversation with B. F. Underwood." I read this to Mr. U. who laid aside his pen, and in order to test the matter, asked if Mr. Smith remembered the last time they met, soon after his return from the South, and a short time previous to his death. There was some delay in the answer, but soon reply came "On Madison St." "Whereabouts on Madison?" was asked. "Near Washington." "At what hour?" "About 10 A. M., raining." As it was

rarely that Mr. U. was in that part of the city at so early an hour, and especially on a rainy day, I doubted the correctness of this reply, but Mr. U. recalled to my mind the unusual circumstance which made it necessary for him to be in that vicinity on the day and at the hour named, on which he and Mr. Smith, he distinctly remembered, last met. Only a few words passed between them on account of the rain. After this, writing, purporting to be from Mr. Smith, came frequently. Very soon something was written which induced Mr. U. half sportively to inquire whether there was anything which troubled Mr. Smith, anything which he wished he had done but had omitted, before his death. The answer came, "One thing—change deeds on Violet's account. None of my wife's are at my daughter's disposal. All in her own disposal." Mr. U. asked if it was meant that he had not left his property—for he was a man of some wealth—as he now wished he had. "You are right," was written, "want all my girls to share alike." "Which daughter do you refer to?" was asked. "Went away from her in Florida—Violet," was the answer. I remarked, "Why, I thought Violet was one of the unmarried girls, but it must be that that is the name of the married daughter." Then Mr. U. was strongly urged to call on Mr. Smith's married son, James, with whom Mr. U. had a slight acquaintance, and tell him of this communication. "Clearly state my desire that my daughter Violet share equally with her sisters." Of course this was utterly out of the question. At that time we had no intention of informing any one of our psychic experience, and if we had, Mr. James Smith would have thought us insane or impertinent to come to him with so ridiculous a story, the truth of which we ourselves strongly doubted. Pages were, however, written concerning the matter in so earnest and pleading a manner that I came to feel conscience-stricken at refusing to do what was asked, and to shrink from seeing Mr. Smith's name appear. Once was written, "Say to James that in my new position, and with my new views of life, I feel that I did wrong to treat his sister Violet as I did. She was not to blame for following out her own convictions, when I had inculcated independent thought and action for all." This and other sentences of the kind seemed to convey the idea that Violet had in some way incurred his displeasure by doing according

to her own will in opposition to his. This was puzzling to us, as we knew that in her marriage, at least, the daughter we thought to be Violet had followed her father's wishes.

A few weeks later, however, came an unlooked-for verification of Mr. Smith's messages. In a conversation between Mr. U. and a business friend of Mr. Smith, who was well acquainted with all his affairs, regret was expressed that so wealthy a man had left so little for a certain purpose. Mr. U. then inquired as to what disposition had been made of his property, and was told that he had left it mainly to his wife and children—so much to this one, and that. "But Violet," continued Mr. U.'s informant, "was left only a small amount, as Mr. Smith was angry because she married against his wishes." "Why," remarked Mr. U., "I understood that he approved of the match, and the fact that he accompanied herself and husband to Florida, and remained with them some time, would seem to indicate that." "Oh, you are thinking of Lucy, the eldest girl; her marriage was all right, but Violet, one of the younger daughters, going to Florida with her husband, fell in love with a young man of whom her father did not approve, so she made a runaway marriage, and on account of his displeasure, Mr. Smith left her only a small sum." The intelligence writing was aware of facts unknown to either Mr. U. or myself, and no other persons were in the room when these communications were given.

One evening one of us spoke of the frequently false and mischievous statements purporting to come from spirits—predictions which did not come to pass, descriptions which were wholly wrong, and sending credulous believers on wild-goose chases after hidden treasure, etc., the occasion being an untrue statement made to us in regard to the death of a friend who was alive and well. We asked if this unseen intelligence would explain why this was allowed. Reply came promptly, "Rather tough problem. There are certain phases of our existence here which are not explainable to you on your plane, and the test we were obliged to make of your credulity was one of these." We protested against such tests, and I declared that I would not try to receive communications if they practised deception. "Why do you protest," was written, "when you already know you are but a tyro in this phase of being? You don't now wil-

lingly do the work assigned you, and B. F. U. is still harder to manage." Thereupon Mr. U. suggested "that without sense organs and a material environment, conditions would be such, perhaps, that they could not be expressed in terms known to us, nor be even conceived by us." Immediately was written: "Many wish to answer B. F. U.'s clear statement of the difficulties in the way of spirit intercourse with those still in the flesh, but now comes the one soul capable of clear answer. Blessed be they who question—gone." Next came this—"Boehme wants to reply." Here I have to confess that never having paid much attention to occult or mystical literature the name Boehme was utterly unknown to me, and at this point I asked Mr. U., "Did you ever hear of anyone by the name of B-o-e-h-m-e?" spelling the word. "Certainly," he replied, "Jacob Boehme, he was a German thinker who died—" my hand began to move just then, and he paused, and while the following was being written my mind reverted hazily to a German philosophical writer, who had died within a few years, and of whose life one of our friends had written a sketch. His name began with B, and I thought he was the one Mr. U. referred to, as I had forgotten what the full name was. I say this to explain that there could be no thought-transference in this instance from Mr. U.'s mind to mine. This was written rapidly. "Death and life are but two phases of one truth, and when what mankind calls death comes, it is as we experience the change that all our circumscribed relations to banded universalities become clear; but when we try to explain to those not yet beyond man's sphere we find ourselves at a loss because there is nothing parallel in this state of existence with your knowledge." Afterwards Mr. U. showed me in the encyclopædia a sketch of him (the name spelled Bohme, and in several other ways) in which it was stated "he had a very fertile imagination, and a remarkable faculty of intuition, and professed to be divinely inspired," and that he died in 1624. Since then I have found another sketch of his life which says that "owing to the fantastic terminology he thought fit to adopt, his writings are condemned by many as utterly unintelligible." This may explain the "Banded Universalities," a phrase I never in my life saw before, and only dimly understand now; I had never to my knowledge read a word of his writings. In my case, as in that of many who

profess to give spirit messages, frequently names of dead thinkers and heroes are signed. I protested against this, saying I did not believe that these individuals were the ones who communicated, and asked for some explanation. Immediately this answer was written: "Elaine and Guinevere were not real beings but types — so somewhere in our sphere are spirits who embody cleverness in creations of their fancy, and adopt names suited to their ideas." Since this explanation was given, I have had more patience with the communications signed by great names, since I have imagined that these are types aspired to by the real writers. But their "cleverness in creations of their fancy" extends sometimes to fair imitations of the thought and style of those whose names they borrow. For instance, since Elizabeth Barrett Browning is one of my favorite poets, it is not at all strange that her name and that of her husband might be suggested by my own mind; my own mind ought also to suggest the thought of the following, written as from Mrs. Browning, though the phraseology is not mine. "Robert gave me life. He gave me to Love. He and I are but two sides of one individuality. We both understand this, as you understand it." But then followed without any apparent pause for a word, this: —

" Let your own hearts deeply feel
The sweet songs of older lovers,
So shall song and sense appeal
To all that true emotion covers."

I never saw these lines anywhere, and I doubt whether anyone has seen them before, while I am confident that I did not compose them. I had not then read Browning's "One Word More," but two days later in a magazine article I came across a quotation from that poem in which occurs the phrase "older lovers," the magazine having been brought to the house that day, and two days after the verse was written. A day or two later at the close of a communication from an entirely different source, and one in no way suggestive of Browning, the words, "One Word More" were rapidly written, followed by this verse: —

" Round goes the world as song-birds go,
There comes an age of overthrow —
Strange dreams come true, yet still we dream
Of deeper depths in Life's swift stream."

This I did not compose, nor had I ever heard or seen it before.

One evening it was promised that "Brain workers of philosophical bent" would answer our questions. The first question asked was, "From your standpoint do you consider death the end of conscious existence?"

Ans. — "Death we know only as a phrase used to indicate change of environment."

Ques. — "Is death expected on your plane as on ours, or do all understand that the next change is progressive?"

Ans. — "Slow are even those on our plane to understand the law of unending evolution."

Ques. — "But we may apprehend what we do not fully understand or comprehend?"

Ans. — "Comprehension sees farther than understanding. Comprehend means complete understanding."

Ques. — "Do you mean that comprehension is a word of wider significance than understanding?"

Ans. — "You are right."

I had never given any thought to the difference between the words "understanding" and "comprehending," and when this was written was not satisfied in my own mind that comprehend did mean more than understand. On the following day I consulted Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary and to my surprise, under the word "comprehend" found this note: "Comprehend has a more extensive meaning than understand or apprehend." So in this case, as in several others I have not time to cite here, the intelligence which moved my hand to write gave me knowledge which I did not myself possess. Very often in place of writing, all I could get from them would be spiral lines. Sometimes a page would be crossed and recrossed with these lines as if with some definite purpose. This suggested to me the possibility that such lines held some meaning unknown to me, and I put the question. The answer was given, "We have different modes of thought from yours — and the spiral signs are most in use with us: Some of our less advanced scientists forget that on your plane our mode of control is not understood by you. Lines are made of such esoteric meaning that, while we understand at a glance, it is impossible for those on your plane to perceive any words." Mr. Underwood here remarked: "There are numerous spirals — all modifications of the primary straight line."

Ans. — “Yes, the spiral is a primal law, simple yet complex, which we who understand life’s manifold ascensions grow to symbolize in our thought, language, and writing.”

I am warned by the length of this paper that I must close without being able to give one tenth part of the many strange and surprising revelations, or statements, philosophical and other, which we have gained from this strange source. I have confined myself to those which show most strongly evidence of an intelligence outside of Mr. U. or myself, the only two persons who have been concerned in obtaining them. To me personally these are *not* the most wonderful phases of this influence. The reasonable explanations given of the laws governing another state of human existence, but very little different from this except in being a step forward in the direction of Mind — that is to me the most wonderful, but of that I cannot speak here.

I know that my experience at this time is by no means exceptional. Before I had ever said one word to any human being except Mr. U. in regard to it, there came to me a confidential letter from a valued friend in another State, a lady of intellect and culture, confessing that like, but far more varied, phenomena were occurring through her. Like myself her position had been that of an agnostic, and the communications to her are very similar to those I have obtained. I had not heard from her in a year previous to the receipt of this letter. I have been told of two or three other cases, so far unknown to the public, all occurring within the year, and to non-spiritualists. And I judge from magazine articles written by such well-known people as O. B. Frothingham, Elizabeth Phelps Ward, and M. J. Savage, as well as from public utterances of Mrs. Livermore and others, that this wave of communication from some not fully understood source is far more extensive than is generally suspected. It is, therefore, time that all whose opinions may have weight, who have personal knowledge of such phenomena, relate what they have seen or experienced in order that these experiences may be compared, and the real source from which they emanate may be discovered, if possible.

One other strange experience in this line came to me a few years ago at the bedside of a dear friend at the point of death, which, perhaps, may be related in this connection. It was near midnight; death was momentarily expected. All

the other watchers, exhausted by days of grief and care, were snatching an hour of rest; and I stood alone looking at the unconscious face before me which was distinctly visible, though the light was heavily shaded to keep the glare from the dying eyes. All her life my friend had been a Christian believer, with an unwavering faith in a life beyond this, and for her sake a bitter grief came upon me because, so far as I could see, there were no grounds for that belief. I thought I could more easily let her go out into the unknown if I could but feel that her hope would be realized, and I put into words this feeling. I pleaded that if there were any of her own departed ones present at this supreme moment could they not and would they not give me some least sign that such was the fact, and I would be content. Slowly over the dying one's face spread a mellow radiant mist—I know no other way to describe it. In a few moments it covered the dying face as with a veil, and spread in a circle of about a foot beyond, over the pillow, the strange yellowish-white light all the more distinct from the partial darkness of the room. Then from the centre of this, immediately over the hidden face, appeared an apparently living face with smiling eyes which looked directly into mine, gazing at me with a look so full of comforting assurance that I could scarcely feel frightened. But it was so real and so strange that I wondered if I were temporarily crazed, and as it disappeared I called a watcher from another room, and went out into the open air for a few moments to recover myself under the midnight stars. When I was sure of myself I returned and took my place again alone. Then I asked that, if that appearance were real and not an hallucination, would it be made once more manifest to me; and again the phenomenon was repeated, and the kind, smiling face looked up at me—a face new to me yet wondrously familiar. Afterwards I recalled my friend's frequent description of her dead father whom she dearly loved, but whom I had never seen, and I could not help the impression that it was his face I saw the hour that his daughter died.

A DECADE OF RETROGRESSION.

BY FLORENCE KELLEY WISCHNEWETZKY.

DURING the ten years which ended with 1889, the great metropolis of the western continent added to the assessed valuation of its taxable property almost half a billion dollars.

In all other essential respects save one, the decade was a period of retrogression for New York City. Crime, pauperism, insanity, and suicide increased; repression by brute force personified in an armed police was fostered, while the education of the children of the masses ebbed lower and lower. The standing army of the homeless swelled to twelve thousand nightly lodgers in a single precinct, and forty thousand children were forced to toil for scanty bread.

Prostitution, legalized in the purchase of besmirched foreign titles and forced upon the attention of youth in the corrupting annals of the daily press, was flaunted publicly as never before. Scientists competed for the infamous distinction of inventing appliances for murder by electricity, while in the domain of politics the sale of votes in the closing years of the decade was more notorious than at any period of the city's history. In a society in which all things are commodities to be had for money, the labor power of stalwart men and tiny children, the innocence of delicately cherished girlhood, the marriage tie, the virtue of the servant, and the manhood of the statesman, it is eminently fitting that the record of progress should be kept officially in dollars and cents.

This is done in all our communities in the report of the disbursing officer who is known in New York City under the title of the Comptroller. His report shows what money the city spends, the sources from which it is derived, and the purposes for which it is used. The following data taken from statement "G" of his report for '89, may be readily verified, and will prove, upon examination of the original, to be but few among many conspicuous indications of retrogression.

Expressed in dollars and cents, then, the growth of pauperism and crime was such in the decade which began with 1880, that we now spend more than a million each year in excess of the sum spent then for the same purposes. If we have grown in population so rapidly that the percentages remain unchanged, the fact cannot be ascertained for want of data. Nor is it important. The weighty fact is this, that pauperism and crime have gained upon us. Riches are greater and poverty is greater.

The moral and social retrogression indicated in this item of the Comptroller's report is thrown into bold relief by another item, the expenditures for schools. While the paupers and criminals have grown upon us by an annual expenditure of more than a million in excess of the sum needed in 1879, the school children's share of the public funds has grown by less than a million in excess of the requirements of 1879.

More shameful still is this retrogression when the item of police expenditure is considered, for this exceeds outright the appropriation for the Department of Education, and has grown more rapidly than the expenditure for schools. It appears that, under existing conditions, when property appreciates half a billion in value, it is necessary to have four and one half millions' worth of police to watch over and protect the half-billions' increase in assessed value from the ravages of our paupers and criminals.

It seems also that in 1879 our police cost less than our schools, while they now cost more. The problem assumes a still greater aspect when the expenditure for paupers, criminals, and police are taken together, for it then appears that they cost nearly twice as much as the schools.

Thus the community is clearly moving in the direction of more demoralized masses of population kept in check by the brute force of an armed police, since each year the excess grows which is spent for paupers, criminals, and police over the expenditure for education.

One retrogressive influence fails to find positive official expression, and is, therefore, the more worthy of notice. This is the collusion among officials to reduce primary school attendance. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment never approves the full appropriation made for the schools. The Board of Education strives to live well within

the sum allowed it, and crowds the greatest possible number of children upon each teacher, the regular enrolment being seventy primary pupils per teacher. Then to parry the charge of over-filling schoolrooms, it becomes the duty of the principal to reduce the enrolment per schoolhouse to the lowest point. Therefore, when a zealous Sunday-school teacher finds that one of her little charges has gone to work under age, the offices of the city's solitary factory inspector being out of the question, she hunts up a truant officer, who takes the child before a magistrate, who, in view of the want of school accommodations, promptly discharges the truant. Behind our local municipal administration lies our whole system of capitalistic production, calling for cheap hands and profit, not humane culture. And the school authorities do but seek to supply the demand of that system for lads who can read the papers enough to vote with the machine, and write and cipher enough to be available as clerks.

Everything beyond this being unprofitable, the great mass of our city children are turned out of school at the ages of ten, eleven, and twelve years, to furnish "cheap" hands for industrial purposes.

The Comptroller's report is substantiated, moreover, by the concurrent testimony of the State Superintendent of Education, who laments that:—*

"There is a large, uneducated class in the State, and our statistics show that it is growing larger. The attendance upon the schools has not kept pace with the advance of population. Recent legislation forbids the employment of children under thirteen years of age in any manufacturing establishment, but no adequate provision is made for gathering them into schools, and the number in the streets grows more rapidly than the number in the schools. Indeed, nothing practical has ever been done in this State by way of compelling attendance upon the schools. The result is sadly apparent and the premonitions are full of warning."

In 1889 (p. 13) the same official, Mr. Andrew S. Draper, says:—†

"The total attendance upon the schools, when compared with the whole number of school age, has grown less and less with strange uniformity."

* Report State Superintendent of Education. Report 1888, p. 12.

† Report State Superintendent of Education. Report 1889, p. 13

The factory inspectors in their report for 1886, say, p. 15:—

“The ignorance is something alarming. Thousands of children *born in this country, or who came here in early childhood*, are unable to write; almost as many are unable to read, and still other thousands can do little more than write their own name. Possibly one third of the affidavits of the parents examined by us in the factory towns were signed with a crossmark, and it seemed to us that when the children who now require these affidavits grow up and have children of their own about whom to make affidavit, the proportion of crossmarks to the papers will not be decreased.”

“Children born in Europe, and who lately came to this country, are much better informed than the children born and reared in our own State, and this condition of affairs has also been remarked by the factory inspectors of other States. Very few American-born children could tell the year of their birth, State they lived in, or spell the name of their native town.”

In the midst of his gloom, the Commissioner of Labor Statistics courageously endeavors to show that wages have increased for men in the labor organizations. But in so doing, he merely whistles to keep up his courage, for he dare not investigate now, as he did in 1883 and 1884, the employment of women and children, lest he show how much worse their condition has become during the intervening years, and thereby forfeit forever his position of laureate to the powers that be.

The omission of a State census in 1885 was a breach of the Constitution for which no previous decade affords a precedent, and the absence of a school census becomes, year by year, a graver sin of omission as the pressure of economic conditions makes child labor more widespread and more injurious.

In default of the State census and of adequate information from the State Bureau of Labor Statistics, and of efficient factory inspection, an eager welcome awaited the statement touching New York City, published in Mr. Carroll D. Wright's report of the National Department of Labor upon the working women in twenty cities, whereof the following speaks for itself.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright's report for 1889:—

“As respects ventilation, a properly regulated workshop is the exception. The average room is either stuffy and close, or hot and close, and even where windows abound they are seldom

opened. Toilet facilities are generally scant and inadequate, a hundred workers being dependent sometimes on a single closet or sink, and that, too often, out of order."

"Actual ill-treatment by employers seems to be infrequent; *kindness, justice, and cordial relations are the rule.*"

It would be interesting to discover the idea entertained at the department as to what constitutes ill-treatment.

"Out of 18,000 women investigated, the largest number, 2,647 earn \$200 and under \$250 per annum, 2,377 earn from \$250 to \$300. The concentration, it will be seen by consulting the tables, comes on earnings ranging from \$150 per year to \$350 per year."

"It is quite clear from the various investigations that have been made, that there is little, if any, improvement in the amount of earnings which a woman can secure by working in the industries open to her; her earnings are not only ridiculously low, but dangerously so."

"The summary by cities, tables xxx, pp. 530 to 531, would seem to indicate that *the majority are now in receipt of fair wages when the whole body of working women is considered.*"

When such self-contradictory "information" is placed before the public as the fruit of investigation, the question arises whether the Department of Labor is not one more link in that chain of appliances for confusing the voter which embraces a dozen State bureaus of irrelevant reformation created chiefly within the last decade. Certainly in comparison with the first report of Mr. Wright's Massachusetts incumbency, the present one indicates a retrogression as marked as it is injurious.

Defective as it is, however, this information is the latest that we have, and it indicates terrible poverty among the better situated manual workers.

The average wages of the employed during employment being decidedly less than a dollar a day, it is not strange that homelessness grows and the police department reports:—

"As will be seen, the enormous number of 4,649,660 cheap lodgings were furnished during the year, to which should be added the 150,812 lodgings furnished in the station-houses, making a total of 4,800,472. If tenement-house life leads to immorality and vice, certainly the fifty-eight lodging-houses in the Eleventh Precinct, furnishing 1,243,200 lodgings in one year,

must have the same or a worse tendency. Reflection upon the figures contained in the above will lead to the conclusion that we have a large population of impecunious people (all males) which ought to be regarded with some concern. It is shown above that an average of 13,152 persons, without homes and the influence of family, lodged nightly in the station-houses, and in these poorly provided dormitories, an army of idlers willing or forced. It is respectfully submitted that social reformers would here find a field for speculation, if not for considerable activity."

Into whose hands can our half a billion of added wealth have wandered, that it leaves more than twelve thousand human beings homeless throughout the year? And is the growth of such poverty, not retrogression?

It is urged from time to time that New York is no typical study for American conditions because of the immigration that forever flows through it, and the abnormally large proportion of the "*unfittest*" left as our residuum. But in comparison with the armies of the unfit systematically produced by our industrial system, the stratum of residuum deposited in the metropolis by the flood of immigration rolling westward, is too trivial to disturb the equanimity of candid observers. Only the perverted vision which leads New York's most famous charitable institutions to imprison beggars and kidnap the children of the very poor in the name of philanthropy, can so confuse cause and effect. If we were civilized, if we were doing the nation's work in an orderly manner, every recruit would be so much clear gain. It is the disorganization of our moribund industrial system which leaves no welcome for the immigrants save as the tenement-house agent may bleed them, and the sweating contractor "grind their bones to make his bread." It is this disorganization which turns the source of our finest reinforcement into a means of demoralization and temporary retrogression.

We have seen that in accumulated wealth, the city of New York increased by nearly half a billion dollars in the past ten years. A fair share of this material wealth was doubtless derived from the application of electricity to human uses, for that was pre-eminently the decade of electricity.

Yet, even in this respect the metropolis failed to hold its own. For, while the substitution of electricity for horse power has gone rapidly forward in the small cities of the West and South, New York has suffered an extension of its

slow, filthy, and pest-breeding horse-car transportation. There can be little doubt that the unspeakable state of the streets contributed largely to the deadliness of the epidemic which raged at the close of 1889.

Nor was the electric lighting of New York more successfully developed than the use of electricity for transportation. The last night of the ten years found the city buried in stygian gloom, because the duty of lighting its streets is still a matter of private profit; and the insolent corporation which fattens upon this franchise surrendered the privilege of murdering its linemen unpunished, only when its poles were cut and its wires torn down. A more classic application of the Vanderbilt motto in action it would be hard to find, or a more thorough demonstration of the inadequacy of capitalism to rule the genii itself has summoned. Characteristic of the low plane of humane feeling in State and city is the substitution of the electrician for the hangman in judicial murder, at a time when the effort is general upon the Eastern Continent to abolish capital punishment.

As the application of electricity rose, pre-eminently characteristic of the past decade among the uses of science, so architecture towered above all other arts. Yet, for one problem solved after the magnificent fashion of the Brooklyn bridge and the Dacotahs, hundreds of plans were devised with delicate ingenuity for filling up with bricks and mortar the small remaining air space in the rear of tenement blocks. And this noblest and most humane of all the arts was degraded in the service of millionaire land-owners and sub-letting agents until the problem of to-day is, how to kennel the greatest mass of human beings upon the least area with smallest allowance of air, and light, and water, without infringing the building laws. One of the simplest solutions is superimposing floor upon floor, so compelling tired women and puny children to mount narrow, dark, and gloomy stairs, and increasing to its maximum the danger of fire. The Egyptian pyramids and the catacombs of Rome centuries ago were not poorer in healthful light and air than were these homes of our fellow-citizens in our own decade of retrogression.

But does this mean that our civilization is a failure, and the prime of life past for the Republic? Far from it. It means, I take it, that capitalism has done its work, and has

become a hindrance, that the old industrial and social forms are inadequate to the new requirements and must be remodelled, and that promptly. It is now nearly half a century since Karl Marx wrote the following words, but they apply to the New York of to-day, as though he were among us and suffering with us:—

“It is the sad side which produces the movement that makes history by engendering struggle. . . . From day to day it becomes more clear that the conditions of production under which the capitalist class exists, are not of a homogeneous and simple character, but are two-sided, duplex; and that in the same proportion in which wealth is produced, poverty is produced also; that in the same proportion in which there is development of the productive forces, there is also developed a force that begets repression; that these conditions only generate middle class wealth by continuously destroying the wealth of individual members of that class, and by producing an ever-growing proletariat.”

OLD HICKORY'S BALL.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

It was in the year of our Lord 1806; the season, September; in the State of Tennessee, and the tenth year of its age, *as a State*.

The summer was over, the harvests ripe, the year growing ruddy. Down in the cotton fields the balls had begun to burst, and the "hands," with their great baskets, to trudge all day down the long rows, singing in that dreamy, dolefully musical way which belongs alone to the tongue of the Southern slaves and to the Southern cotton fields. Across the fields, and the rich, old clover bottoms that formed a part of the Hermitage farm, the buzz of a cotton gin could be distinctly heard, adding its own peculiar note to the music of Southern nature.

A cotton gin! it was a rare possession in those days, and General Jackson's was known from Nashville to New Orleans. Indeed, the whole of the previous year's crop had not yet been disposed of. The great bales were heaped about, waiting for the flat-boats that would carry them up the Cumberland, down the Ohio and the Mississippi, and land them at the great New Orleans market. A slow trip for the bulky bales. Could they have foreseen the time when the tedious river's journey would be shortened to one day's run over a steel track, what must the big bales have thought! And those gigantic heaps of cotton seed which all the cows in the county could not have consumed, could they have "peered into the future" and found themselves in the *lard cans*? The old gin would have groaned aloud could it have known that it was buzzing itself into history as surely as was the tall, spare, erect man coming across the field in the late afternoon to see that the day's work was well done.

What a heroic figure! and a face that even in youth bore the impress of a man marked by destiny for daring deeds. Imperious in temper, majestic in courage, and unyielding in

will, he was one born to lay hold of fate and *bend* it to his desires. Yet, there was a timidity in the eye which no *danger* could make quail. And when down the lane there came the clatter of horses' hoofs striking the hard, dry earth, and with the horses a vision of long, dark skirts waving like black banners in the breeze made by the hurrying steeds, the owner of the cotton gin stepped within and beyond the vision of the lady visitors.

But they were not to be out-generaled even by a general; and straight up to the gin the horses were headed.

"General Jackson," one of the ladies — there were but two — called to the timid hero who had run away at her approach. Instantly he appeared. He wore a large, white beaver hat, the broad brim half-shading the clear-cut, strongly outlined features. When he lifted it, even Beauty could not fail to notice the high and noble forehead, the quick, eager eye, and the delicate flush that swept across the patrician features. "General Jackson, I have come in the name of charity. No, no, you need not take out your wallet. We are not asking money."

A smile played across the strong, thin lips. "How?" said he, "doesn't charity always mean 'money'? I was of the impression the terms were synonymous."

"Then for once own yourself in the wrong," laughed Beauty. "We have come to ask the privilege of a charity ball at the Hermitage."

"A *what*?"

"A charity ball; and at the Hermitage."

A most comically pleased expression came into the earnest eyes of the master for an instant. Only an instant, and then a heavy frown contracted his forehead. A flash of scorn in the clear eye, and a curl of the proud, sensitive lip, told of the suppressed anger that had suddenly smitten him.

"The Hermitage," said he, "is the home of my wife. *She* is its mistress, and to her is confided its honor and the honor of its master. To her belongs, and to her alone, the right to choose its guests, and to open its doors to *her* friends. I am surprised you should come to *me* with your request."

Ah! she was forearmed; how fortunate. Beauty smiled triumphantly. "But your servant who opened the gate, told us that Mrs. Jackson was not at home."

"Ah!" the frown instantly vanished, and the hand ever ready to strike for her he loved with such deathless devotion was again lifted to the broad old beaver.

"I think," said he, "in that case I may answer for Mrs. Jackson, and pledge for her the hospitality of the Hermitage for—*charity*."

Again he lifted his hat; across the fields the sound of a whistle had come to him, and a servant waited, with polite patience, near by with the horse that was to carry his master down to the river where the boats were waiting to be inspected—the new boats which, like everything pertaining to the master of the Hermitage, were to have a place in history.

"Ladies," said he, "charity is not the only voice calling upon the Hermitage farmer. Our country,"—he waved his hand toward the river where the boats were being builded,— "or one who nobly represents her, is calling for those vessels now in the course of construction yonder."

"Will there be war?"

How the clear eyes danced and shone beneath that question which over and over again he had put to his own heart, — "*Will there be war?*"

"We hope so," he replied. "All the West wishes it, the people demand it, and the time is ripe for it. Already a leader has been chosen for it; those boats were ordered by him."

"Colonel Burr?"

"Aye, Aaron Burr."

The night was balmy and deliciously fragrant with the odors of cedar and sweet old pine. Balmy and silent, save for a rebellious mocking-bird that trilled and trolled, and seemed trying to split its musical little throat in a honeysuckle bush before the open window of a little "two-story" log house set back from the road in a tangle of plum trees, wild rose-bushes, and sweet old cedars.

Every window was wide open, and from both windows and doors streamed a flood of light, to guide and welcome the guests who came by twos, and threes, and half dozens to the Hermitage ball. They were not in full-dress array, for most of the guests were equestrians, or equestriennes, and brought their finery in the little leathern band-boxes securely

buckled to the saddle-horse. Stealthily the fair ones dismounted, and stealthily crept along the low piazza, through the side room, carefully past the pretentious "big room," and up the stairs, a narrow little wooden concern, each tenderly hugging her precious band-box.

There were but three rooms below, barring the dining-room which was cut off by the low piazza. The stairway went up from Mrs. Jackson's little bedroom into a duplicate guest-chamber above. Two others, as diminutive, one above and below, were tucked onto these. And this, with the big room, was the Hermitage. A very unpretentious cabin was the first Hermitage; the humble and honored roof of Rachel and Andrew Jackson, the couple standing under the waxen candles in the big room waiting to receive their guests. The master was resplendent, if uncomfortable, in his silken stockings, buckles, and powder, and rich velvet. For, whatever his faults, he was no coxcomb, and the knee breeches and finery had only been assumed for that one occasion, at the "special request" of *charity's* fair committee.

The vest of richly embroidered silk was held at the waist with a glittering brilliant, and left open to the throat, as if in deference to the flutes, and frills, and delicate laces of the white shirt bosom. There was a glitter at the knees where the silver buckles caught now and then a gleam from the waxen candles dangling from the low ceiling in a silver and iridescent chandelier, to the imminent peril of the white roll of powdered hair surmounting the tall general's forehead. At his side, proud, calm, and queenly in her womanly dignity and virtue, stood Rachel, the beloved mistress of the Hermitage. Her dress of stiff and creamy silk could add nothing to the calm serenity of the soul beaming from the gentle eyes, whose glance, tender and fond, strayed now and then to the figure of her husband, and rested for a brief moment upon the strong, gentle face with something akin to reverence in their shadowy depths. Her face, beautiful and beneficent, was not without a shadow: a shadow which grief had set there to mellow, but could not mar, the gentle sweetness of the patient features.

There was the sound of banjo and fiddle, as one by one the dusky musicians from the cabins ranged themselves along the wall of the big room, which had been cleared of its furnishings, and young feet came hurrying in when the

old Virginia reel sounded through the low rooms, calling to the dance.

More than one set of ivories shone at door and windows where the slaves gathered to "see the whi' folks dance." But prominent and conspicuous, in a suit as nearly resembling his master's as might be, and in a position at the immediate right hand of the slave who played the bass viol, stood Cæsar, the general's favorite man-servant. He bore himself with the same courtly dignity, the same dignified courtesy, and had stationed himself beside the viol in order to have a more thorough view of the dancers, and above all of his beloved master. He had faithfully ushered in the last guest, and had hurried to his place in order to see General Jackson step down the long line of dancers and bow to his partner. Not for worlds would he have missed that bow, to him the perfection of grace and dignity.

Two by two the couples entered, crossed to the centre of the room and bowed each other to their places opposite in the long, wall-like line which characterizes the stately reel.

The ladies dropped like drooping lilies for one brief moment in the midst of their silken stiffness, skirts that "stood alone," and made their courtesies to their swains with proper maiden modesty.

Cæsar saw it all from his post of vantage near the big viol, but he was not interested in the visitors, he knew what they could do. He was waiting to see his master "lay 'em all in the shade bimeby." Of course he would open the ball. He wasn't fond of dancing but it was the custom of the day, and he and Miss Rachel "knew their manners."

But for once the custom of the day was changed. Cæsar was destined to disappointment. Mrs. Jackson's rustling silk announced her approach before she appeared, leaning, not upon the arm of the general, but in company with a florid, rather fleshy gentleman, no stranger, however, to the Hermitage hospitality. Much to the negro's chagrin he led her to the very head of the long lines of bright dresses and gay gallants, and stepped himself, as Cæsar declared, "like a young cock," into the general's own place opposite. The master stood at the very foot, the escort of a lady Cæsar had never set eyes upon before, and who for the life of him he could not forgive for being the general's partner.

He was grievously disappointed, so that when the florid fat gentleman at the head danced down between the gay columns, and made his manners to the lady at the foot, as gallantly as anyone could have done, Cæsar expressed his opinion loud enough to be heard by the very gentleman himself.

"Mr. Grundy tryin' step mighty high to-night," he said.

But it was when "Miss Rachel" danced down in her silken skirts and met the master midway the line, and dropped a low courtesy, her full skirts settling about her like a great white umbrella, and the stately general bowed over his silver buckles like some royal knight of old, that Cæsar's enthusiasm got the better of his indignation.

"Beat dat, Mr. Grundy!" he said, in a low, if enthusiastic, whisper, "beat dat, sar." And Mr. Grundy pranced down again to "beat" the master in the "swing with the right" movement of the old-fashioned dance.

Promptly the general followed, meeting "Miss Rachel" half way with a second courtesy over the tips of her fingers, just visible under the lace ruffles at her wrists.

"Try *dat*, now, Mr. Grundy!" And this time Cæsar forgot his whisper so that a burst of applause followed the challenge, to Mr. Grundy's extreme chagrin; for he, alas! had forgotten his bow before swinging the lady.

It was then the dancing assumed something of the appearance of real rivalry.

Down the line galloped Mr. Grundy again, stopped, bowed, "swung with the left," and *bowed again*.

The general had been outdone, even Cæsar had to admit it, and the dancers laughed aloud and clapped their hands at the pretty little gallantry.

But the master was equal to the emergency. Again the stately figure met "Miss Rachel," the couple bowed, swung with the left, bowed again, hands still clasped, and then the powdered head of the master dropped for an instant over the lady's hand, that was lifted to his lips, and the dancers parted.

Amid the spirited confusion of "chasing the fox," passing under the gates held "high as the sky," and passing back again into line, Cæsar's voice could be heard still sounding the challenge:—

"Beat it, *if* you kin, Mr. Grundy. *Chassay to yer best*, Mr. Grundy! Back yerse'f *to de lead*, Mr. Grundy!"

Clearly, Mr. Grundy was not the favorite. Cæsar's "backing" had inspired confidence in the general.

However, if Mr. Grundy was, as he said, "a cock," he was nevertheless a game one. Down the centre he tripped again, flushed and determined, courtesied exceeding low, swung "with both" hands, then dropped for an instant upon one knee while the lady tripped back into line. There was a murmur of quick appreciation and all eyes were turned on Jackson. Would he, *could* he, think of anything so delightfully graceful?

Cæsar's mouth stood wide open. His confidence in his beloved and stately master never once faltered. He knew he would never suffer Felix Grundy to outdo him in the simple matter of a bow; but how? What?

Straight on came the general; bowed, extended his arms, when, as ill luck would have it, he set the toe of his shoe upon the front hem of "Miss Rachel's" silken gown, and, rising from her courtesy, there was nothing to do but drop forward into the arms extended, amid the shouts of the assembled guests, emphasized by Cæsar's emphatic —

"Dar!"

He had done a very awkward thing. One of those *happily* awkward things which crown a man conqueror more surely than all the tricks of art can do.

Nobody attempted to surpass that feat, and when the couples had each in turn passed their parade, for such is the old Virginia reel, and the dancers filed into the supper room, General Jackson was still, in the judgment of his servant at all events, the master of grace and chivalry.

A sumptuous supper and worthy the mistress who planned it. At the head of the table sat Jackson; at the foot, the young statesman and guest, Mr. Grundy.

When the company had all been seated, the master rose, his right hand resting upon a tiny tumbler of red wine, such as stood at every plate. He motioned Mr. Grundy, and lifted the tumbler. "The man honored by fate, and fostered by fortune. The man chosen and set apart for the service of the nation. A man whose name shall go down the years as the synonym of courage and of honor. The foremost man of the age," — and the voice ever strong for the friend, absent or near, pronounced the name of one at that moment tottering upon the brink of ignominious destruction and disgrace — "Aaron Burr."

There was an instant of intense silence, but not a tumbler was lifted. Insult to the host, or insult to conviction? was the thought which held each guest; when quick into the breach stepped Mr. Grundy. With one palm pressed upon the rim of his tumbler, and with head proudly lifted in a half defiant sternness, wholly belying the careless voice in which he offered the compromise, "No absent heroes," said he. "In lieu of that I offer Andrew Jackson! the future President of the United States of America." It was said in jest, yet not one but understood that Mr. Grundy refused to drink to the man with whose name one stinging, startling word was already cautiously whispered,—*traitor*.

General Jackson's fine eye flashed; but courtesy could unsheath no sword against a guest. And after all, it was nothing. A mere flash of words. Aye! yet something whispered that the flash carried a meaning, was, indeed, a spark from that mightier *flash of arms* that would, ere long, blaze out at the very mention of that name.

The ball was over; still wearing their evening finery the master of the Hermitage and his wife sat over the fading embers, smoking their "last pipe" before retiring.

Cæsar had bowed the last guest from the door, and was about to close it for the night, when the sound of galloping hoofs attracted his attention. It was a single horseman, and he was making straight for the Hermitage. The servant waited under the low piazza, curious but not uneasy. The horse stopped at the block, and into the long line of light streaming from the open doorway, came the figure of a man, hurrying as if to reach the door before it should close. He had ridden hard, and had barely arrived in time.

"Is General Jackson at home?" he asked. "I must see him to-night, at once. Tell him so."

The servant bowed, and silently ushered the late arrival into the deserted banquet room.

His keen eye took in the surroundings with a half-amused, half-bewildered expression. The banquet table, despoiled of its beauty, the half-emptied wine glasses, the broken bits of cake, crumbled by beauty's fair fingers; the odor of dying roses, smothered in their bloom, mingled with the scent of the undrunk wine; all told the story of revelry and its inevitable destiny.

The stranger crossed the room to the pillaged sideboard, and with the air of a man thoroughly at home, lifted a decanter and poured a tumbler full of wine, lifted it carelessly to his lips, drained it, and with the emptied vessel still in his hand turned to meet the master of the house.

He still wore the finery in which he had decked himself for the ball. In one hand he carried his pipe, over which he had been dozing with Rachel. But the eye was alive now; the quick, eagle eye. The ball had become a thing of the past. And as he stood for one brief moment in the doorway, himself, in his gala dress, seemed but another illustration of that indomitable grimness which hangs about a forsaken banquet room. At that moment the stranger lifted his face. It was a face stamped with the cunning of a fox, the courage of a lion, the simplicity of a child, the ambition of a god.

The master met the cool, fixed eye, and into his own leaped the smothered fire of outraged dignity. He lifted his hand, as if to curse.

"Do you know, sir, that the world is branding you a traitor? And that Felix Grundy refused to drink your health in my house to-night?"

A sneer flitted across the handsome features, but the low, rich voice only said, "*Let him.*"

It was the voice of Aaron Burr.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE ERA The constantly broadening sphere of woman's influence
OF is to me the most hopeful and important sign of our times.
WOMAN. The era of woman has dawned, bearing the unmistakable
 prophecy of a far higher civilization than humanity has ever
known. It is an incontestable fact that woman is ethically, infinitely superior to man; her moral perceptions are firmer and stronger, her unselfishness far greater, her spiritual nature deeper and richer than that of her brothers. She is to-day foremost in the great social, philanthropic, humanitarian, and ethical reforms, in which selfishness has no place. In her widening influence, growing liberty, and freedom, I see imperaled a prophecy of an altruistic era — a civilization triumphant — rising against to-morrow's purpling dawn.

In the fields of intellectual and scientific research she has grandly won her way, and that despite the marshalled forces of conservatism, which have stubbornly contested every step that has looked towards a broader, more independent and purposeful life. For centuries relegated to the rear, compelled to take thought second-hand, denied a healthful freedom and the right of a liberal education, so highly prized by man, her marvellous attainments since she has in a measure broken the bonds of conservatism and trampled under foot the baleful heritage of ancient thought, have been so splendid in their reality and so pregnant with prophecies of future triumph, that I confidently expect to find in her the one invincible ally of the forces warring for a higher, purer, more just and humane condition of life. In her epoch-marking victories she has lost none of her old-time charms, the wonderful refinement of sentiment, the delicacy of thought, the rich soul life, the deep emotional nature, the strong moral character, pure as the glistening snow-clad peaks in the midst of the moral degradation which taints manhood. These have remained in their pristine beauty since she has emerged from her age-long retirement into a more influential sphere; in truth they have been strengthened and made more impressive by the fuller development of her nature.

It must not be supposed, however, that her struggles are over. Before she can or will attain an influence commensurate with her work, she must emancipate herself from the bondage of *fashion*, which as seriously reflects on her good judgment as it wrecks her health and menaces the life and happiness of her offsprings. She must also repudiate the age-hallowed insult dwelt upon in the old Edenic legend of the fall of man, which for centuries has been brandished in her face to teach her humility, and make her feel degraded in the presence of her "lords and masters." An

essentially barbarous conception, born of a cowardly and brutal childhood age, and as unworthy of our day and generation as is the hideous, old-time conception of God, in which He was pictured as an angry and jealous Being, counselling the wholesale slaughter of men and little children, and the prostitution of daughters, wives, and mothers, by hordes of brutal invaders, whom He chose to designate his *peculiar people*.

Again, womanhood must refuse to heed the admonitions of Paul, which have for almost two thousand years been thundered from the pulpit, and persistently preached from the fireside as though they were oracles from heaven, rather than the natural expressions of a mind imbued with Grecian thought and ideals concerning womanhood. There is nothing surprising in Paul's observations on the sphere of woman; they were the reflex of the conservative and prevailing thought among the civilizations *with which he was familiar*. But the world has outgrown this ancient conception, and it is worse than folly to attempt to fasten the corpse of the past to the living body of the present. The evolution of society, a growing sense of justice in man, and the exigencies of life are rapidly diminishing the old-time reverence for the Pauline theory of woman's sphere. This is nowhere more significantly illustrated than in the expressed declaration of tens of thousands of pious, Christian women, and the active participation of a smaller number in public affairs, who would indignantly resent any intimation that they did not accept the plenary inspiration of the Bible.* The declarations of Paul, while in harmony with accepted ideas in his day, are absurd, and inapplicable to our age and generation, and as such are being discarded by enlightened public sentiment, as was the old theory of a flat earth finally given up after science fully exposed its falsity. Another duty of woman is to unitedly contend for the *right of suffrage for those who wish to exercise it*. There may have been a time when there was no pressing duty involved in this question, but that day has passed. Recent statistics show that there are in the United States to-day millions of women who earn a livelihood by their own individual exertions;† tens of thousands of these women are working for

*The hundreds of earnest organizers in the great reform movements of to-day; the sincere and profoundly religious women who preach the Christian gospel every Sunday; the leaders in the great temperance organizations who are also leaders in various Orthodox churches, have, in spite of their prejudices and the old-time faith which is often more a legacy from the past than the result of a many-sided investigation, yielded to the demands of their age, the crying needs of the hour, and in defiance of the dogmatic injunctions of Paul, have entered the vineyard of practical reform, while still maintaining the anomalous position of defending the verbal inspiration of the New Testament. This singularly illogical position, however, is always met with in a transition period, when a larger and more purposeful life is struggling with time-hallowed traditions and the memories and teachings made almost sacred by the childlike acceptance of loved parents, and teachers who have vanished down the vale.

†It has been variously estimated by careful statisticians that we have from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 girls and women in the United States who are making their own livings. The Commissioner of Labor, in his report for 1885, estimated that in New York City alone, there are over 200,000 employed in various wage-earning vocations. Mr. Carroll D. Wright's fourth annual report in the U. S. Bureau of Labor gives the results of statistics gathered from twenty-two cities of women engaged in manual labor, not including the great army engaged in professional and semi-professional voca-

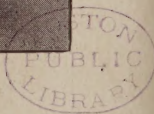
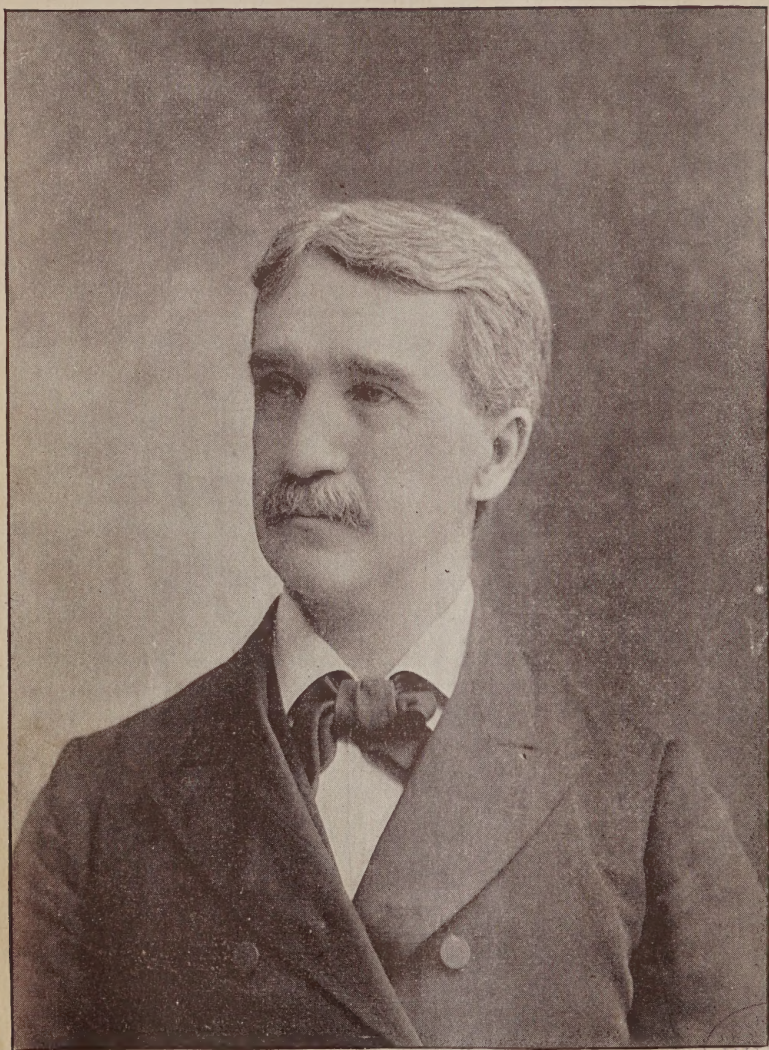
starvation wages, with the awful alternative ever before them "starve or sin." This condition will remain until women have a voice in the government equal to man's, and their numbers are so organized as to challenge the consideration of law-makers. The infamous "*age of consent laws*" which place the age of consent to her own ruin from seven to twelve years for girls *could only be enacted in man-governed States*. A noteworthy illustration of this is found in the fact that Wyoming, the only State where woman enjoys full franchise, has placed the age of consent at the legal age of majority, eighteen years, while Kansas, the State which more than any other approaches Wyoming in bestowing on women the rights of franchise, and where she exercises a greater influence in politics than any other American commonwealth save her younger sister, has also placed the age of consent at eighteen years. *All the other States trail the banner of morality in the dust before the dictates of man's bestiality.*

In the various spheres of activity in which woman has engaged, her influence has been that of a purifying, refining, and ennobling power, and barring rare instances where the spirit of intolerance has flashed forth,* her presence in public affairs has been uniformly beneficent.

For womanhood I cherish the deepest love and reverence. Her exaltation means the elevation of the race. A broader liberty and more liberal meed of justice for her mean a higher civilization, and the solution of weighty and fundamental problems which will never be equitably adjusted until we have brought into political and social life more of the splendid spirit of altruism, which is one of her most conspicuous characteristics. I believe that morality, education, practical reform, and enduring progress wait upon her complete emancipation from the bondage of fashion, prejudice, superstition, and conservatism.

tions, as something near 300,000, but the glaring discrepancy in the figures as they relate to the Empire City, shown by Helen Campbell, discredits the report. Certain it is that in the cities mentioned if one begins at the scrub women and passes through the various occupations, such as boarding-house keepers, millinery, dress-making, cash girls, clerks, sales-women, stenographers, type-writers, book-keepers, teachers, factory girls, and slaves of the clothing trade, as well as the artists, musicians, actresses, public speakers, physicians, lawyers, and the many other professions or vocations filled by women, that the number would be swelled to the millions. The last census returns for New York City reveal the fact that there are twenty-seven thousand married men in New York who are supported by their wives, who are mainly dressmakers, milliners, boarding-house keepers, artists, teachers, musicians, and actresses. Here we have an army of shiftless, dependent men, more than a quarter of one hundred thousand strong, having each a vote to cast or perchance to sell to the highest bidder, while the real bread-winners, the actual wealth-producers, in this case have no voice in the legislative halls.

*At times woman has shown a spirit of intolerance born of the intensity of her conviction which has led many thoughtful men and women to seriously question whether the right of suffrage might not prove a curse rather than a blessing, ending in repressive legislation and religious persecutions. I do not, however, fear these evils. The intensity of convictions is a compliment to her heart; and her innate love of justice and fair-play, would, I think, in a reasonably short time, expand the intellectual vision which prejudice and ancient thought has long obscured. Let the outcome, however, be what it may, we have no right to argue on lines of policy, when a question of right or justice is involved. It is simple justice for every woman to exercise the right of franchise who desires to so enjoy it, and this should be sufficient to settle the question in the minds of those who believe in according to others what is demanded for themselves.



Yours Respectfully
Geo. C. Forimer

THE ARENA.

No. XXII.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

THE NEWER HERESIES.

BY REV. GEO. C. LORIMER, D. D.

IT is a good thing that the Inquisition, Star-chamber, and other compulsory institutions of the dark past have departed from Europe, and have never been tolerated in America. Were it not so, at the present time there would be much excellent work for the rack, the thumbscrew, and the faggot. Heresy is in the air, especially in the northern latitudes of the United States. We inhale it with the morning breezes, it stimulates us to mental activity during the noon hour, and at times stifles us as by the sultry atmosphere of a blistering day. Everywhere it is being discussed, and by every kind of individual, qualified or unqualified for such high contentions. Daily journals, hitherto never remarkable for orthodoxy, have suddenly grown anxious as to the future of the faith; and other journals, that have always antagonized orthodoxy, are, figuratively speaking, rubbing their hands most gleefully and smiling through their editorial columns with a most perceptible "I told you so"; while religious papers, representing as they do, the conservative element in this country, are apparently staggered at the inroads which the so-called higher criticism has made of late. Aged people ominously shake their heads, and striplings of the limp-back Bible type are amazed at the stir which ideas are making in the community, and which threaten to disturb the peace and quiet of their mediocre godliness; and pious women engaged on crazy quilts, in the interest of noble benefactions, stop with punctured and

bleeding fingers to protest against all departures from ancient doctrinal symbols.

Suspects are numerous, and, as in the days of the worthy Council of Ten in Venice, no prominent person, especially a teacher, is beyond surveillance. If he adventures just a little from the beaten path, even though it may be to gather a thought, which, like a wild field daisy, given by the bounty of the Infinite One for the delight of his creatures, he has found growing on the wind-swept plain of natural religion, honored possibly by heathen seers and philosophers, he is likely to be summoned before the black draped, gloomy councillors and familiars of modern inquisitorial conservatism.

In my opinion there is no real need for the morbid anxiety that now prevails in certain quarters, and surely no serious alarm should be felt for the perpetuity and stability of truth. Truth is truth, and all the bad captains that ever sailed that bark, and all the bad navigators that ever misdirected its course, have never been able to run it on the lee shore, or bring it to final shipwreck, and never can; for over and above all human devices and guidings there is a divine hand that upholds and shields that which, next to his Infinite Self, is the most precious blessing yet conferred upon the human mind.

Let us remember that the heresies of the hour are not of the "damnable sort" which, as Peter declared, deny the Lord who bought us; neither are they mixed with such immoralities as Paul condemns in his letter to the Galatians. And if we may believe that the words of that same apostle have any pertinency in our times, then, when he declares that heresies or schisms must arise among us "that they which are proved may be made manifest," we may confidently expect that out of the present discussions and the "jangling of sweet notes out of tune" some broader thought and some nobler conception of divine teachings, revealed to us in Holy Scripture, will assuredly come to the church and to the world.

I think that the leaders who are solicitous for the ark of God ought to try to characterize the opinions which have given rise, in these latter days, to threatened trials for heterodoxy. It is so easy to say that a man who differs from ourselves is not orthodox, and to avoid an actual and

exact statement of what we mean; when in fact we deal unjustly with him, and produce a wrong impression on the community at large.

Let us notice the three distinctive and discriminating marks of so-called heresy in evangelical churches, and I think you will be persuaded that it is unwise for us to be alarmists, and imprudent "to breathe out threatenings and slaughters."

It will be observed that the newer heresies do not challenge the truth of Scripture inspiration, only the form and philosophy of such inspiration. The men who are suspected of entertaining erroneous opinions concerning the method of Divine impartation of truth are the strenuous advocates of the moral grandeur, spiritual authority, and faith-sufficiency of the heavenly oracles. They, it is true, deny what has been known as the verbal theory—a theory which owes more to the post-reformers' fear of an infallible pope, than to any real, intelligent cause—but by no recognized council or decree, acknowledged by Protestants, has that mechanical conception ever been made binding on the conscience. Modern scholarship is simply leading us to recognize a more rational criticism than was possible to our fathers; a mode of criticism which almost every Sunday-school teacher, in his humble way, adopts, and which is common, and has been in the most orthodox pulpits for unnumbered years, every man bringing the passage he is discussing to the test of knowledge that he has acquired and, in a sense, to the test even of his reason. I do not say that scholars have uttered the final word upon this great subject, nor is it possible for such a word to be pronounced at the present stage of investigation, but I do insist that we should recognize the authority of enlightenment, and that we should not carelessly brand as heterodox men of eminent attainments, who are merely seeking to guide us to foundations which, in the long run, shall prove absolutely indestructible.

We have to decide whether the Christianity of the immediate future shall be governed supremely by intelligence or ignorance. If ignorance is to rule supreme, then let us found no more universities, nor open any new theological seminaries. Let us not go through the farce of instructing, unless it be merely to insist on the assimilating by students of dogmas that must never be questioned, and from which

they will swear by the eternities they will never depart, either in spirit or in letter. But, if we believe that education means the quickening of a man's nature so that he will investigate, and if we really believe that God has more light yet to break in upon the world, through the casements and windows of holy scriptures, then, in his Divine Name, let us not be alarmed when, here and there, after infinite weariness and labor, a little ray penetrates the darkness of the ages and promises to give us a noonday view of the origin and influence of God's Word.

It should also be considered that the newer heresies are not primarily defections from Christian doctrine, only from the creeds which assume authoritatively to define such doctrine. Public teachers are being arraigned for their departure from certain standards, such as the Thirty-Nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, and the lugubrious compilation known as the New Hampshire Confession of Faith. These documents, with whatever excellency they may be accredited, were prepared by fallible men—some of them, indeed, exceedingly fallible—who were hardly qualified in their day to define the faith of Christ for the guidance of future ages, and were adopted in most cases by meagre majorities. Why we should suppose their statements are to be regarded as infallible, and why thinkers of our times should be strictly held to their formulas, is something that no one yet has had courage or intelligence sufficient to explain. What right has any body of men to insist on conformity to a creed prepared by beings like themselves, even though it has been venerated for a century or two? Who is Melancthon, and who is Luther, and who are the Westminster divines but "men by whom we have believed"? But are we bound to their word, or are we strictly held to the Word of our common Lord and Divine Teacher? Is Chillingworth's cry, "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible the religion of Protestants," a mere illusion? It certainly is, and the sacred idea concerning the right of private judgment, if the withered hand of men long dead is to hold the brain of the present in the grasp of death; if we respect ourselves and our avowed belief in the adequacy of Scripture as a rule of faith, then we had better make one huge bonfire of all the antiquated creeds, than denounce the so-called heretics who are, in reality, trying to bring us back to the

position of the primitive saints who allowed no human word to obscure or darken the divine Word given by revelation.

I think that every candid soul will admit, in addition to what I have stated, that the newer heresies are not revolts from the scriptural high ideal of Christian life, only a noble protest against narrow interpretations of that life. The men who have recently been arraigned before the tribunals of various denominations are eminent for their uprightness, their conscientious candor and tolerance. No word has ever been uttered to their moral detriment; they are, in this blameful age, among the most blameless of its people. They insist, however, that all doctrine should be regarded merely as moulds in which the life should be cast, and are valuable only in so far as they are able to shape the life in pattern of that one career which has excited the admiration of the ages and the adoring wonder of the heavens.

It hardly seems in accord with any just conception of our Master's faith that men and women who are trying to serve God and their generation should be branded with foul names, should be sneered at as reckless and dangerous guides, and as even denying the Lord whom they reverence and worship. Let us be careful. Heterodoxy of conduct is a greater evil than heterodoxy of creed, and I am free to say, though I may not, with my convictions regarding the atonement of Christ, understand how some eminently philanthropic people can enter the golden gates, yet I should hardly myself appreciate a place beyond their threshold if God could not plan, in some way consistent with His honor, to find a radiant seat of glory for them.

I write these things because I am not a heretic. I do not, of course, agree with the fathers, for, like other Scotchmen, I cannot agree with anybody else in the world; but I am perfectly satisfied with my own orthodoxy.

Occasionally I have been startled to find some adventurous soul giving utterance to views, as being novel and hazardous, which I have entertained, without any perturbation of spirit, for nearly twenty years. I was somewhat amused, not long since, on hearing a venerable theological professor, with tears in his eyes, perspiration on his brow, and anguish in his voice, relate how, after a fearful struggle, he had emancipated himself from certain of Calvin's dictums; but while some clergymen present seemed astounded, I remarked at the

close of the meeting that I had accomplished that feat for myself some quarter of a century ago, and what is more, though I did not say this to him, I did so without any tears, and without any anguish whatever. These personal references are merely to show that in taking up the cause of the newer heretics I am not in any wise biassed by a misdirected mind in their favor.

Let us have freedom. Let us think it out. Let the struggle go on, and let us not, with pallid faces and strident voices, cry out in fear; for the only tribunal that can righteously adjudicate the rightness of human thought is the tribunal, as Schiller has it, of history, which unquestionably is on earth the tribunal of the infinite God. He rules in the world of mind as well as in the globe of matter, and eighteen centuries ought to convince us that truth slowly emerges from warring opinions, conflicting theories, and especially from pathetic longings of the human soul to discover its hidden meanings and its widest and grandest applications. Alas! perhaps our ignorance and intolerance may render it necessary that now, as in the past, the prophets of God must first be stoned to death before we will give heed to their message or commemorate their greatness by the homage of our mind. But seriously, I would advise all who have any regard for their own comfort, happiness, and even self-respect, to have as little to do with this wretched stoning business as possible; for I have never yet been able to discover what satisfaction there can possibly be in helping a dear brother or sister to a martyr's crown at the expense of one's own fairness and kindly charity.

HARVEST AND LABORERS IN THE PSYCHICAL FIELD.

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

THERE is no living savant, one may say with little fear of contradiction, who surpasses Mr. A. R. Wallace in generous readiness to esteem at its full worth the work of other men. And one may add that this habit of mind, so attractive in a man of acknowledged eminence, is as a rule not attractive only, but actively serviceable to science; that it stimulates effort, and creates an atmosphere in which good work is zealously done.

Yet there may be cases in which this ready appreciativeness may prove a hindrance to progress rather than a help. If wrongly received, it may lead men who have done little to think that they have done much; it may deter others from embarking on needful tasks which they may suppose to have been already amply performed.

In two papers in *THE ARENA* for January and February, 1891, Mr. Wallace dwelt, partly with criticism, and partly with praise, on the work already done by the Society for Psychical Research. To his criticisms I make no demur; they are legitimate and interesting; and indeed where Mr. Wallace's opinions diverge from those which I have myself set forth, I am disposed to think that we are but looking on "the two sides of the shield," — a shield embossed on either side with devices so marvellous that no man's interpretation can as yet suffice to unriddle them.

But on the other hand, I cannot let pass without protest the sentence (*ARENA*, January, p. 130) in which Mr. Wallace speaks of the thanks due to the Society for Psychical Research, "for having presented the evidence in such a way that the facts to be interpreted are now generally accepted as facts by all who have taken any trouble to inquire into the amount and character of the testimony for them, — the

opinion of those who have not taken that trouble being altogether worthless." Now in the first place I do not think that all those who have studied our testimony are convinced by it. I received a letter (for instance) not long ago, from a distinguished American, an old friend of mine, who wrote in the most cordial terms to say that out of personal regard for me he had read "Phantasms of the Living" from beginning to end, and that he did not believe a word of it. Our readers' scepticism is perhaps seldom quite so robust; but nevertheless I should say that the attitude of at least half of them is best described by saying not that they accept our evidence *ex animo*, but that they have not yet exactly managed to see their way to upsetting it.

Nor can I possibly treat as unimportant the attitude of that great majority of *savants* who have paid no attention at all to the matter. Naturally, their opinion of our evidence does not affect my own opinion thereof, but it decidedly affects my view as to what lines our work ought to follow. Why is it that these men have not studied our *Proceedings*? It will not do to talk about indolence and prejudice. All men are more or less indolent and prejudiced; but *savants* as a class are certainly less indolent, and probably less prejudiced, than any other class that one could name. We must not count upon finding our *savant* "*semper vacuum, semper amabilem*," any more than Horace found his young ladies always in that condition of affable receptivity. The main reason why so many eminent men neglect our work may be stated in a much less offensive way. The minds of all of us move in certain orbits, from which we are sensibly deflected only by the approach of some new body of adequate mass. Now our "psychical" experiments and observations have plainly not as yet attained sufficient mass to be able to deflect the majority of those great bodies, the luminaries of science, from their accustomed paths through the heavens. *Tides*, indeed, we do create; there is a reflux washing to and fro of magazine articles about our topic; but we have not yet generated that wholesale perturbation of the scientific system which our facts, if facts they be, must in time inevitably effect.

"Some of the best workers in the Society," says Mr. Wallace again, "still urge that the evidence is very deficient, both in amount and in quality, and that much more must be

obtained before it can be treated as really conclusive. This view, however," he adds, "appears to me to be an altogether erroneous one." On the contrary, I venture to say, this assertion of the need of more work, and consequently of more workers, is of absolutely primary, absolutely urgent importance. What would have become of the evolution theory itself (if I may use an *argumentum ad hominem* of no disrespectful kind), what would have become of that theory itself, though urged at first by *savants* of such surpassing merit, had no one been able to repeat and confirm their observations? And we who are dealing, not with plants and animals which can be held fast and observed, but, for the most part at any rate, with phantasmal sights, subjective impressions, — surely we must feel a tenfold need of the multiplication of centres of experiment and observation, of the formation of fresh bodies of record in every country, and in each year that passes by. No single small group can ever gain leverage enough to divert the world's prevalent modes of thought, unless it is gradually reinforced by fellow-workers enough to make the possible mistakes or possible death of a few persons quite unimportant to the general result.

It has been suggested by Mr. Wallace and by other critics that we have been too exclusively preoccupied with the idea of *telepathy*, that we have tried to force into that category phenomena which need a different or a further explanation. Considering the complexity of these phenomena there may well be some truth in this criticism, yet we should surely be unwise if we relaxed our insistence on the importance of *telepathy*, or the transference of thought or feeling from mind to mind without the agency of the recognized organs of sense as the very root and basis both of experiment and of theory as concerning an unseen world. No one, of course, can suppose that the infinitely complex laws of which we are just now obtaining a precursory glimpse and first faint intimation, can possibly be summarized in any single expression. But the prime importance of *telepathy* lies in the fact that here, at last, is an action of unseen, uncomprehended forces which can be made the subject of actual experiment. Nay, more, the very fact that in this special direction experiment turns out to be possible, is in itself an augury that we are on a true scientific track; for it involves a remarkable coincidence between a theoretical conclusion and a practical discovery.

In the first place, let us try to realize theoretically what is involved in the supposition that any sort of invisible intelligence can become in any way known to us. I speak of the methods of communication only, without reference to the nature of the supposed intelligence, beyond the mere fact of its habitual invisibility. It is plain, I think, that the said intelligence must either so act upon visible matter as to affect our sense-organs in the ordinary way, or else must convey messages to our minds by some directer process, not depending on the intervention of our organs of sense.

Now probably no one will assume that the first method will alone be employed. Even those who insist, with Mr. Wallace, on the objectivity of apparitions, do not, I think, maintain that it is *only* by moving material objects that unseen intelligences affect our minds. Few will doubt that *if* there be communication from unseen beings at all, it will probably be at least partly in the second of the two modes already specified, that is, that it will reach our minds in some way more intimate and direct than by ordinary sense-perception. But if this be so, then there must be in our minds a certain power of reciprocity. We must be able to receive the message in the same impalpable way in which the unseen intelligence communicates it.

But if we suppose that man possesses this power of receiving direct or telepathic messages from unembodied or invisible intelligences, it is natural to inquire whether he is capable of receiving similar messages from embodied or visible intelligences. If we cannot find that he is thus capable, our belief in the supposed messages from the unseen will be doubly difficult; for we shall have to postulate both the new forms of intelligence and the new mode of intercourse. But if, on the other hand, we can show that the mode of intercourse here needed does already exist, and appears in man's relations with his fellow-men, then the transition to messages from the unseen will be so much the less violent. We shall only be supposing that man can receive from the disembodied a kind of message which he already receives from the embodied, and which has no obvious dependence on a corporeal embodiment. One single proved transmission, direct from mind to mind, of the most trivial fact or percept, will do more to make communion with the unseen *scientifically* conceivable,—I do not say more to make

it *morally* conceivable, — than all the poetry and all the rhetoric which has ever stirred the hearts of men.

Such, on the one side, is my deductive argument from the very conception of communication with unseen intelligences.

And do we, on the other hand, find, by empirical observation of the phenomena around us, anything which indicates the existence of a supernormal perceptivity such as theory would suggest? It is known to readers of the Society for Psychical Research *Proceedings* that we do find such indications, scattered at first, and appearing unsought-for amid the phenomena of mesmeric or somnambulist states; but now to some slight extent isolated into distinctness, and brought under experimental control.

To some slight extent only, I repeat; for the experiments thus far made, although completely convincing to those who, like myself, have witnessed many of them, under very varied conditions, have nevertheless not yet passed into that desired stage at which one may be able to repeat them before any observer, at any moment. At present they are proved by the same kind of evidence as certain rare pathological phenomena (I do not of course mean that telepathy is itself in any way a morbid product)—phenomena such as those surprising rises and falls of the human temperature which are unpredictable, sporadic, and transitory, and must rest for their evidence on the good faith and accuracy of comparatively few observers.

Yet these telepathic experiments have a very hopeful side. Experience has already shown that the phenomena may be developed at any moment, between quite normal persons, and with no bad effects of any sort whatever. Only we cannot tell except by actual trial, and trial of a patient and careful kind, between *which* persons, out of all mankind, these telepathic messages can be made to run.

What we desire, then, what we ask of all who sympathize with our efforts, is neither premature praise nor equally premature theorizing, but active co-operation in our endeavor to improve and extend our experiments in thought-transference. We want to get our telepathic transmissions distant, definite, and reproducible.

It is desirable to get them *at long distances*, — not because it is really more marvellous that thought should thus travel a million miles than that it should travel a millimetre, —

but for the merely practical reason that at long distances it is easy to avoid two main sources of error, namely, *hyperæsthesia*, which may be quite unconscious, and *fraudulent codes*, which may be hard to detect. Most, nay, probably all, of the so-called experiments in thought-transference which have been offered by "thought-readers," etc., from the public platform, have really had nothing at all to do with thought-transference, have depended either on abnormal delicacy of tactile and other sensory perception, or on the adroit use of preconcerted signals. It is only when the observer has complete control of the conditions (which he never has in any public exhibition), that it is worth while to conduct experiments between two persons in the same room.

And even in cases where the good faith—the *conscious* good faith—of everyone concerned is above suspicion, it must be remembered that there are both unconscious actions and unconscious perceptions which may wholly vitiate an experiment. The rule should be so to arrange the experiment that the percipient *cannot* profit by unconscious indications; that he cannot (for example) see the expression of the agent's face, or hear the sound of his pencil as he writes down a number to be guessed. Such precautions should be a matter of course; and when they are taken, these experiments near at hand are certainly the easiest and best for private experimenters to begin with, although the desirability of gradually increasing the distance between the persons concerned should always be kept in view.

Let A and P begin their trial, then, in quiet and calm of mind; let A, the agent, sit behind P, the percipient, and not in contact. Let A be provided with a full pack of cards, in which he replaces the card drawn, after each trial, or with a bag of known numbers—say from ten to one hundred—a range convenient for computation—in which bag he replaces and shuffles up the number drawn, after each trial. Let him draw a card (to take cards as our example) say, "Now!" and gaze fixedly at it. Let P keep his mind as blank as possible, and make his guess only when some kind of image of color, suit, or pips, in some way floats into his mind. His first guess only must be counted, and must be received in silence. Let A continue this process for some prearranged number of times, say ten times, and record accurately all the experi-

ments made. Let him renew the process, with intervals of hours or days between each batch of trials, until he has some hundreds of results to analyze. Then let him send his results, with description of the conditions under which the trials were made, to Dr. Richard Hodgson, 5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass. Dr. Hodgson will tell him if it is worth his while to go on, and will advise as to modifications in the form of experiment.

These hints must here suffice as to experiments made close at hand. But experiment, or observation verging into experiment, is often possible at long distances as well. It often happens that some one tells me that he (or she) has so peculiar a sympathy with some given friend that what one of the pair is actually feeling or thinking at a distance is reproduced by the sensation or thought of the other. To such communications my invariable reply is, "Keep a 'psychical' diary. Put down therein at once every incident which you intend to count, if it turns out (so to say) a telepathic success, and no incident which you do *not* intend to count. Let your friend keep a similar diary, without showing it to you; after a few months let me compare the two diaries with one another."

I am not armed with supernatural, or even with statutory powers; and my informants have for the most part thought that they had obliged me quite enough if they *promised* to do as I told them. But just as I was beginning to imitate the dictum, "Miracles do not happen," with the dictum, "Psychical diaries are not kept," the lady termed Miss X—, in Proceedings XIV. and XVI., came to furnish an exception to my rule. I shall not attempt to summarize the "Record of Telepathic and Other Experiences" in Proceedings XVI.; but I trust that it may be the prototype of many similar records, which can be kept the more easily now that this example has been set.

I will give in brief, one American example (to be found at length in S. P. R. Proceedings XVIII.) of well-recorded telepathic transmission. The incident thus transferred is trivial and even ludicrous; the fact of the transference was absolutely useless. But the case is not only none the worse for this; it is all the better. When we are trying to prove that such transmission exists, we want to keep clear, if we can, of emotional complications. If P is brooding over A's

approaching death, and sees a figure of A, then, even if the hour coincides, we cannot help a suspicion that the brooding may have produced the figure. But few, I think, will explain the following incident as a mere outcome of morbid sentimentality. We owe it to the kindness of Dr. Elliott Coues, who knows both ladies concerned, and happened to call on Mrs. C—— the very day on which that lady received the following letter from her friend, Mrs. B——.

Monday Evening, January 14, 1889.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I know you will be surprised to receive a note from me so soon, but not more so than I was to-day, when you were shown to me clairvoyantly, in a somewhat embarrassed position. I doubt very much if there was any truth in it; nevertheless, will relate it, and leave you to laugh at the idea of it.

I was sitting in my room sewing, this afternoon, about two o'clock, when what should I see but your own dear self; but, heavens! in what a position. Now, I don't want to excite your curiosity too much, or try your patience too long, so will come to the point at once. You were falling up the front steps in the yard. You had on your black skirt and velvet waist, your little straw bonnet, and in your hand were some papers. When you fell, your hat went in one direction and the papers in another. You got up very quickly, put on your bonnet, picked up the papers, and lost no time getting into the house. You did not appear to be hurt, but looked somewhat mortified. It was all so plain to me that I had ten to one notions to dress myself and come over and see if it were true, but finally concluded that a sober, industrious woman like yourself would not be stumbling around at that rate, and thought I'd best not go on a wild goose chase. Now, what do you think of such a vision as that? Is there any possible truth in it? I feel almost ready to scream with laughter whenever I think of it; you did look *too* funny, spreading yourself out in the front yard. "Great was the fall thereof."

This letter came to us in an envelope addressed: Mrs. E. A. C——, 217 Del. Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C., and with the postmarks, Washington, D. C., Jan. 15, 7 A. M., 1889, and Washington, N. E. C. S., Jan. 15, 8 A. M. Some further letters in the postmarks, are illegible.

Now the point is that every detail in this telepathic vision was correct. Mrs. C—— had actually (as she tells me in a letter dated March 7, 1889) fallen in this way, at this place, in the dress described, at 2.41, on January 14. The

coincidence can hardly have been due to chance. If we suppose that the vision preceded the accident, we shall have an additional marvel, which, however, I do not think that we need here face. "About 2," in a letter of this kind, may quite conceivably have meant 2.41.

The *definiteness* of the details here reproduced, is all, I think, that we can reasonably desire. But most important, and I fear, most difficult to obtain, of all the qualities of our ideal telepathic experiment, is that of *reproducibility*. This is, I think, a difficulty which inheres in the very nature of the phenomenon itself. We are mainly concerned here with the powers not of the waking or empirical, but of the submerged or unconscious self. The transference of the telepathic message, though it may be helped by conscious concentration, takes place (as I hold) mainly in strata of our being which lie below the threshold of ordinary consciousness. It seems as though the influence of the *percipient's* conscious self, at any rate, were merely hurtful to the experiment, so that to get the percipient at his best we have to catch him in a state of original innocence which he cannot long maintain. It too often has happened that so soon as his own curiosity was roused, so soon as he began to speculate on the process which was going on, and to wonder how he caught the impression, so soon did the impression cease to travel, and his unconscious self could send its message upwards no more.

I am disposed to think that for the present it is to hypnotism that we must look for cases where the telepathic message can be sent repeatedly and at will. It is in the rare cases of *sommeil à distance*, or such cases as those of Mrs. Pinhey, Dr. Héricourt, and Dr. Gley, reported in vol. II. of *Phantasms of the Living*, that there has as yet been the nearest approach to that clock-work regularity and repeatability which is the experimental ideal. It is, therefore, on the medical profession that I would urge the importance of watching for cases of this sort, which are likely to be found more frequently as the therapeutic use of hypnotism extends.

I have mentioned several different forms in which these telepathic messages may be observed by careful seekers. I certainly do not assert that the power or agency operative in each of these cases is precisely the same. On the contrary, I think it probable that there are varieties and complexities

quite beyond our present speculation. But at least these cases fall for us under the same primary or obvious category; they are all cases where a thought, a feeling, an impulse, a picture, has been transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense.

There are some, both among friends and among opponents, who are inclined to represent telepathic experiment as a petty thing. "What does it come to," say the opponents, "even though you do get a few silly thoughts or meaningless numbers out of one head into another?" "Enough of telepathy!" say the friends; "go on to something of vaster scope!"

These friends and these opponents are not those who have best realized the import of the telepathic claim. The true, the scientific opposition is of a quite different type. It asserts, not that the alleged discovery is a trifle which may be admitted with a sneer, but that it involves a new departure in science greater than its advocates can probably conceive, or have as yet come near to justify. Brushing aside all our further extensions of theory, they take their stand simply and decidedly against telepathy itself; and wisely so, for if telepathy be once admitted, there is, as seems to me, no logical halting-place until we reach a far-off point which I will not confuse my present argument by attempting to specify.

And over all this far-stretching field there is a harvest of experiment, a harvest of observation, which only needs labors to cut and carry, to thresh and winnow it. The reality, the extent, the importance of the phenomena which lie around us, unnoted and unexplained, are more fully recognized as each year's work adds at once to our knowledge and to our corresponding consciousness of ignorance. Such recognition, I say, is beginning to spread; but it has thus far brought with it all too little of active co-operation in the work of inquiry, that work which in America Dr. Hodgson, backed by Prof. W. James and Prof. W. S. Langley, pushes forward at once with caution and with energy. Those who wish to work to succeed must in some way help towards its success. No enterprise, I think, could promise more fairly. But we are still at the beginning of that great work and the end is far.

FASHION'S SLAVES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE last session of the International Council of Women discussed no question of greater importance to civilization than that of dress reform. The fact that this world's congress, representing the most thoughtful, conscientious, and broad-minded women of our age, has taken up this subject with a firm determination to accomplish a revolution which shall mean health and happiness to the oncoming generation, is itself a prophecy pregnant with promise of a substantial and enduring reform. It will not be surprising if in the near future it is found that this earnest though somewhat timid discussion marked a distinct step in the world's progress; certainly it was the most significant and authoritative utterance from united womanhood that has yet been made touching a problem which most vitally affects civilization.

To the student of sociology nothing is more perplexing or discouraging than society's persistency in blindly clinging to old standards and outgrown ideals which can no longer be defended by reason; and this is nowhere more marked than in the social world where fashion has successfully defied all true standards of art, principles of common sense, rules of hygiene and what is still more important, the laws of ethics which underlie all stable or enduring civilizations.

At the very threshold of this discussion, I ask the reader to, as far as possible, divest his mind of all prejudice arising from preconceived opinions, and view in a perfectly candid and judicial manner this problem upon which the last word will not be spoken until woman is emancipated. As long as free discussion is tabooed and conservatism finds it possible to dismiss the question with a flippant jest, a ribald joke, or a basely unjust imputation, the old order will stand; partly because woman feels her helplessness and largely because so few people stop to trace cause and effect or patiently reason upon results of the most serious character. Conservatism is

strongly entrenched in the minds of the millions, and to a certain degree mental lethargy broods over the world. It is true that in woman's sphere to-day mental activity is more marked than in any other age, and the best brains and most thoughtful women of our time are boldly denouncing the bondage of fashion and bravely pleading for such radical reforms in dress as will secure to womanhood health and comfort, while being genuinely artistic and graceful, breathing true refinement and conforming to æsthetic principles rather than the caprice of fashion. To me there is something infinitely pathetic in the brave protests that have from time to time flashed from the outraged sensibilities of those who represent the very flower of American womanhood, when discussing this subject, for running through their almost every utterance is the plaintive note of helplessness, mingled with the consciousness of the justice of the cause for which they plead. The talented and universally respected Mrs. Abba Woolson Gould some years ago thus gave expression to her feelings when writing of the long, heavy, disease-producing skirts of women :

Do what we will with them, they still add enormously to the weight of clothing, prevent cleanliness of attire about the ankles, overheat by their tops the lower portion of the body, impede locomotion, and invite accidents. In short, they are uncomfortable, unhealthy, unsafe, and unmanageable. Convinced of this fact by patient and almost fruitless attempts to remove their objectionable qualities, the earnest dress-reformer is loath to believe that skirts hanging below the knee are not transitory features in woman's attire, as similar features have been in the dress of men, and surely destined to disappear with the tight hour-glass waists and other monstrosities of the present costume. . . . Any changes the wisest of us can to-day propose are only a mitigation of an evil which can never be done away till women emerge from this vast swaying, undefined, and indefinable mass of drapery into the shape God gave to His human beings.

Mary A. Livermore voices a sad and terrible truth when she observes :

The invalidism of young girls is usually attributed to every cause but the right one ; to hard study — co-education — which, it is said, compels overwork that the girl student may keep up with the young men of her class ; too much exercise, or lack of rest and quiet at certain periods when nature demands it. All

the while the physician is silent concerning the glove-fitting, steel-clasped corset, the heavy, dragging skirts, the bands engirding the body, the pinching, deforming boot, and the ruinous social dissipation of fashionable society. These will account for much of the feebleness of young women and girls. For they exhaust nervous force, make freedom of movement a painful impossibility, and frequently shipwreck the young girl before she is out of port.

We have a theory, generally accepted in civilized society, which we never formulate in speech but to which we are very loyal in practical life. This theory, put in plain language, is as follows: God knows how to make boys; and, when He sends a boy into the world, it is safe to allow him to grow to manhood as God made him. He may be too tall or too short, for our notions, too stout or too thin, too light or too dark. Nevertheless, it is right, for God knows how to make boys. But when God sends a girl into the world, it is not safe to allow her to grow to womanhood as He has made her. Some one must take her and improve her figure, and give her the shape in which it is proper for her to grow.

Accordingly, the young girl comes some day from the dress-maker with this demand: "Mme. — (the dressmaker) says that I am getting into horrid shape, and must have a pair of corsets immediately." The corsets are bought and worn, and the physical deterioration begins.

Miss Frances E. Willard thus touchingly refers to the bondage of fashion:

"But there came a day — alas! the day of my youth — on which I was as literally caught out of the fields and pastures as was ever a young colt; confronted by a long dress that had been made for me, corsets and high-heeled shoes that had been bought, hair-pins and ribbons for my straying locks, and I was told that it simply 'wouldn't answer' to 'run wild' another day. Company from the city was expected; I must be made presentable; 'I had *got* to look like other folks.'

"That was a long time ago, but I have never known a single physically reasonable day since that sweet May morning, when I cried in vain for longer lease of liberty."

Mrs. Frances E. Russell, whose significant paper read at the Woman's Council elicited universal approbation, in the following extract from her able essay in *THE ARENA* sounds a more hopeful note than her illustrious predecessors, for she is nearer the dawn, and the horizon of woman's freedom is broadening:

The fiction that women have no legs is now fully discredited, for in the show windows of the largest dry goods stores stand dummies of the female figure dressed only in the combination undersuit made of wool or silk "tights," covering the whole body, except the head, hands, and feet. By this time everyone must know that woman, like man, is a biped. Can anyone give a good reason why she must lift an unnecessary weight of clothing with every step she takes,—pushing forward folds of restricting drapery and using almost constantly, not only her hands, but her mental power and nervous energy to keep her skirts neat and out of the way of harm to herself and others?

Much discussion has been wasted over the question whether a woman should carry the burden of her voluminous drapery from the shoulders or the hips. Why must she carry this unnecessary weight at all?

Now let us join hands, all lovers of liberty, in earnest co-operation to free American women from the dominion of foreign fashion. Let us, as intelligent women, with the aid and encouragement of all good men, take this important matter into our own hands and provide ourselves with convenient garments; a costume that shall say to all beholders that we are equipped for reasonable service to humanity.

Conservative critics have so frequently misrepresented those who have honestly pleaded for dress reform, that it is no longer safe to be frank, and this fact alone has constrained numbers of earnest writers from expressing their sentiments who have felt it their duty to speak in behalf of health, beauty, and common sense; indeed so certain is one to be misrepresented who handles this subject in anything like a reasonable and unconventional manner, and so surely will his views be assailed as improper, owing to the age-long cast of conventional thought, that were it not that this question so intimately affects fundamental, ethical, and hygienic laws, and bears such a vitally important relation to true progress, I frankly admit that I doubt whether I should have the courage to discuss it. But I find it impossible to remain silent, believing as I do most profoundly that the baleful artificial standards so long tolerated must be abolished, that the fetish of the nineteenth century civilization must be overthrown, and that it is all-important that people be thoroughly acquainted with the far-reaching and basic significance of this problem, through courageous and persistent agitation and education, in order that manhood and woman-



From 1860 to 1865. The era of hoop-skirts.

hood be brought up to the ethical plane which marks enduring civilization. In the examination of this subject I desire to very briefly notice it from æsthetic, hygienic, and ethical points of view. It

is a singular fact that every effort made toward a healthful and common sense reform in woman's apparel has been assailed as inartistic or immoral; while fashions at once disgusting, indecent, de-

structive to life and health, and degrading to womanhood have been readily sanctioned by conventionalism. This antagonistic attitude toward any movement for an improvement in woman's attire founded on the laws of health, art, comfort, and common sense was characteristically expressed in a recent editorial in a leading Boston daily, wherein the writer solemnly observed:

The simple truth is, the great majority of the women *appreciate the fact that it is their mission to be beautiful*, and the



From 1860 to 1865. The hoop-skirt era. The difficult feat of tying on a bonnet.

dress reformers have never yet devised any garment to assist the women in fulfilling this mission.

The author of the above fairly represents the attitude of conventional thought,—its servility to fashion, its antagonism to reformatory moves. The implied falsehood that fashion represents beauty and art, or is the servant of æstheticism has been reiterated so often that thousands have accepted it as truth.

In order to expose its falsity, I have reproduced in this paper plates taken from leading American and English fashion monthlies during the past three decades, in each of which it is notice-



1870 to 1875. The era of the enormous bustle and train of sweeping dimensions.

able that extremes have been reached. In 1860–65, the hoop-skirt held sway, and the wasp waist was typical of beauty. Then no lady was correctly attired according to the prevailing idea who did not present a spectacle curiously suggestive of a moving circus tent. During this era four or five fashionably dressed women completely filled an ordinary drawing-room; while the sidewalk was often practically monopolized by moving monstrosities, save when in front or behind the formidable swinging cages moved escorts, who with no less servility than American womanhood bowed to the frivolous and criminal caprice of the modern Babylon.



1870 to 1875. The era of the enormous bustle and train of sweeping dimensions.

But fashion is nothing if not changeable; fancy not art guides her mind. What to-day types beauty, is by her own voice to-morrow voted indecent and absurd. Thus we find in the period extending from 1870 to 1875 an entirely new but none the less ridiculous or injurious extreme prevails. The wonderful swinging cage, the diameter of which at the base often equaled the height of the encased figure, has disappeared, being no longer considered desirable or æsthetic, and in its place we have prodigious bustles and immense trains, by which an astonishing quantity of material is thrown behind the body, suggesting in some instances a toboggan slide, in others the unseemly hump on the back of a camel. This is the era of the enormous bustle and the train of sweeping dimensions.*

When we examine the prevailing styles which marked this period, we are struck with amazement at the power exerted by fashion over the intellect and judgment of society. Imagine the shame and humiliation of a woman of fashion, endowed by nature or afflicted by disease with such an unsightly hump on the back as characterized the fashionable toilet of this period!

Toward the end of the seventies, we find another extreme reached, which if possible was more absurd and injurious than those which marked the early days of this decade. This was the period of the tie-back, or narrow skirts and enormous trains. As in 1860 fashion's slaves vied with one another in their effort to cover the largest possible circular space, now their ambitions lay in the direction



1870 to 1875. "Suggesting in some instances a toboggan slide; in others, the unseemly hump on the back of a camel."

*During this period the ingenuity of man came to woman's rescue, by the invention of an interesting, and, judging by its popularity, exceedingly serviceable contrivance known as a dress elevator, which enabled ladies to instantly elevate their enormous trains when they came to a particularly muddy and filthy crossing.

of the opposite extreme:* the skirts must be as narrow as possible even though it greatly impeded walking, for as will be readily observed all free use of the lower limbs was out of the question during the reign of the "tie-back."

The reaction in favor of a more sensible dress which followed was of brief duration. During this time, however, the long trains were seldom seen, and thoughtful women began to hope that the arbitrary rule of fashion was over. It was not long, however, before the panier period arrived, and what was popularly known as the pull-back was accepted as the correct style in fashion's world.



1878. The period of the tie-back, narrow skirts, and enormous trains.

Of this latter conceit little need be said, for it has so recently passed from view that all remember its peculiarity, which to the ordinary observer seemed to be a settled

*It was in the midst of the period of the tie-backs that *Harper's Bazar* published two striking cartoons illustrating the poem given below. One represented a poor man's wife, "The slave of toil," and was pathetically powerful in its fidelity to truth; the other, drawn by the powerful Nast, represented a society lady of the day attired in the reigning tie-back, measuring at the hips a little more than double the width a short distance below the knees. This slave was chained to fashion's column.

SISTER SLAVES.

You think there is little of kinship between them?
Perhaps not in blood, yet there's likeness of soul;
And in bondage 'tis patent to all who have seen them
That both are fast held under iron control.
The simpering girl, with her airs and her graces,
Is sister at heart to the hard-working drudge;
Two types of to-day, as they stand in their places;
Whose lot is the sadder I leave you to judge.

One chained to the block is the victim of Fashion;
Her object in life to be perfectly dressed;
Too silly for reason, too shallow for passion,
She passes her days 'neath a tyrant's behest.
Thus pinioned and fettered, and warily moving,
Lest looping should fall her, or band come apart:
What room is there left her for thinking or loving?
What noble ambition can enter her heart?



The tie-backs of 1873 and 1879.

determination on the part of its originators to render walking as difficult and fatiguing as possible, while fully exposing the outline of the wearer's body below the waist at every step. What in '60 or '70 would have been accounted the height of indecency, is in the eighties perfectly proper in the fashionable world. During this time it was not enough to have the skirts very narrow, they must at

every step give the outline of the limbs [or as our Minnesota solon would put it, *nether* limbs], hence we find the pull-backs in which "two shy knees appeared clad in a single trouser."

And one, the worn wife of a grizzled old farmer;

She kneads the great loaves for the "men-folks" to eat.

In the wheat-fields the green blades are springing like armor;

Afar in the forests the flowers are sweet.

She lifts not her eyes. Within kitchen walls narrow

Her life is pent up. The most hopeless of slaves,

Though weary and jaded in sinew and marrow,
She never complains. Women *rest* in their graves.

Twin victims, for which have we tenderest pity—

For mother and wife toiling on till she dies,
Or the frivolous butterfly child of the city,

All blind to the glory of earth and of skies?

Is it fate, or ill fortune, hath woven about you
Strong meshes which ye are too helpless to break?

Shall we scornfully wonder, or angrily flout you,

Or strive from their torpor your minds to awake?



The pull-back of 1886.

Such have been the inconsistencies, incongruities, and absurdities of fashion as illustrated in the past three decades, in view of which one may well ask whether in fashion's eyes women are such paragons of ugliness that these ever-varying styles (introduced, we are seriously informed, to conserve to her beauty,) are absolutely essential, and by what rule of art can we explain the fact that the ponderous hoopskirt was the essential requirement of beauty in the sixties and the enormous bustles demanded in the seventies. The truth



Fashionable walking costume early in the seventies. Woman appreciating the fact "that it is her mission to be beautiful." See page 405.



Fashionable walking costume in the early sixties. Woman appreciating the fact "that it is her mission to be beautiful." See page 405.

is, fashion is supremely indifferent alike to all laws of art and

Yet, Venus of old, with your queenly derision,

How you would disdain the belle's tawdry array!

Free footsteps untrammelled, cool hand of decision,

Sweet laugh like bells pealing, were yours in the day

When you reigned over men by the might of your beauty;

No fetters were o'er you in body or brain;

The world would bow down in the gladness of duty

Could you but awake in your splendor again.

And, Pallas and Venus, if now you were holding A talk over womanhood, what would you say,

beauty, health and life, decency and propriety — a fact that must be patent to any thoughtful person who examines the prevailing styles of a generation. I submit that the wildest extremes to which well-meaning but injudicious dress reformers have gone in the past have been marked by nothing more inartistic than the costume of the reigning belle in 1860. Each successive decade has been marked by an extreme which, surveyed from the vantage ground of the present, is as ridiculously absurd as it has been wanting in beauty or common sense. Nowhere have the laws of true art been so severely ignored as in the realm of fashion. Yet this view of the problem falls into insignificance when we come to examine the question from the standpoint of health and life.

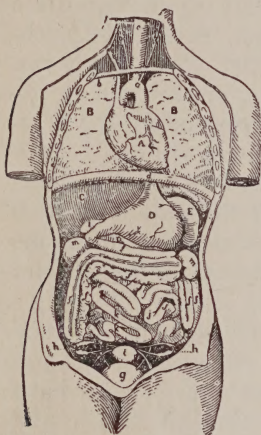
One would think that after thousands of years of sickness and death, with all the advantages of increased education and a broadening intellectual horizon, we would have arrived at such an appreciation of the value of health and the solemn duty we owe to posterity, as to compel this consideration to enter into our thoughts when we adopted styles of dress; yet nowhere is the weakness of our present civilization more marked or its hollowness so visible, even to the superficial thinker, as in the realm of fashion, *where every consideration of health and even of life, and all sense of responsibility to future generations are brushed aside as trivialities not to be seriously considered.* In vain have physicians and physiologists written, lectured, and demonstrated the fatal results of yielding to fashion. The learned Doctor Trall in writing on this subject wisely observes :

The evil effects of tight-lacing, or of lacing at all, and of binding the clothing around the hips, instead of suspending it from the shoulders, can never be fully realized without a thorough education in anatomy and physiology. And if the illustrations*

The words of wise counsel while you were unfolding,
 If some one should show you these pictures to-day?
 I dream of your faces : divinest compassion
 Would yearn the poor toiler to pity and save;
 And your largeness of scorn would descend on the fashion
 Which binds, unresisting, the idler a slave.

* I have reproduced the admirable cuts found in Dr. Trall's physiology, as they were essential to the understanding of the text quoted, and also because they convey more vividly than words the injury necessarily sustained by those who persist in outraging nature and violating the laws of their being by improper dress.

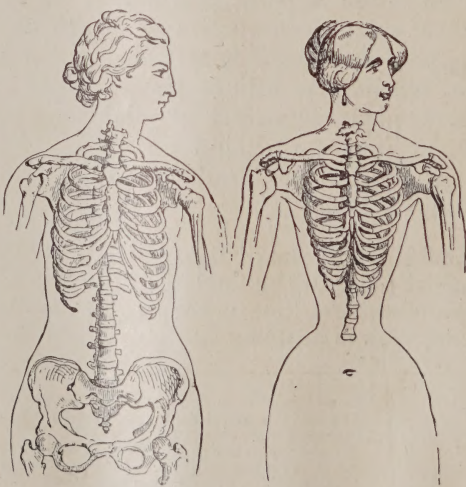
here presented should effect the needed reform in fashionable dress, the resulting health and happiness to the human race would be incalculable; for the health of the mothers of each generation



The internal viscera.

determines, in a very large measure, the vital stamina of the next. It is obvious that, if the diameter of the chest, at its lower and broader part, is diminished by lacing, or any other cause, to the extent of one fourth or one half, the lungs B, B, are pressed in towards the heart, A, the lower ribs are drawn together and press on the liver, C, and spleen, E, while the abdominal organs are pressed downward on the pelvic viscera. The stomach, D, is compressed in its transverse diameter; both the stomach, upper intestines, and liver are pressed downward on the kidneys, M, M, and on the lower portions of the bowels [the intestinal tube is denoted by the letters f, j, and k,] while the

i, and bladder, g. *Thus every vital organ is either functionally obstructed or mechanically disordered, and diseases more or less aggravated, the condition of all.* In post-mortem examinations the liver has been found deeply indented by the constant and prolonged pressure of the ribs, in consequence of tight-lacing. The brain-organ, protected by a bony inclosure, has not yet been distorted externally by the contrivances of milliners and mantua-makers; but, lacing the chest, by interrupting the circulation of the blood, prevents its free return from the vessel of the brain, and so permanent conges-



Anterior view of thorax in the Venus of Medicis.

The same in a fashionable corset-wearing lady of to-day.

tion of that organ, with constant liability to headache, vertigo, or worse affections, becomes a "second nature." The vital resources of every person, and all available powers of mind and body, are measurable by the respiration. Precisely as the breathing is lessened, the length of life is shortened; not only this, but life is rendered correspondingly useless and miserable while it does exist. It is impossible for any child, whose mother has diminished her breathing capacity by lacing, to have a sound and vigorous organization. If girls will persist in ruining their vital organs as they grow up to womanhood, and if women will continue this destructive habit, the race must inevitably deteriorate. It may be asserted, therefore, without exaggeration, that not only the welfare of the future generations, but the salvation of the race depends on the correction of this evil habit. The pathological consequences of continued and prolonged pressure on any vital structure are innutrition, congestion, inflammation, and ulceration, resulting in weakness, waste of substance, and destruction of tissue. The normal sensibility of the part is also destroyed. No woman can ever forget the pain she endured when she first applied the corsets; but in time the compressed organs become torpid; the muscles lose their contractile power, and she feels dependent on the mechanical support of the corset. But the mischief is not limited to local weakness and insensibility. The general strength and general sensibility correspond with the breathing capacity. If she has diminished her "breath of life," she has just to that extent destroyed all normal sensibility. She can neither feel nor think normally. But in place of pleasurable sensations and ennobling thoughts, are an indescribable array of aches, pains, weaknesses, irritations, and nameless distresses of body, with dreamy vagaries, fitful impulses, and morbid sentimentalities of mind. And yet another evil is to be mentioned to render the catalogue complete. Every particle of food must be aerated in the lungs before it can be assimilated. It follows, therefore, that no one can be well nourished who has not a full, free, and unimpeded action of the lungs. In the contracted chest, the external measurement is reduced one half; but as the upper portions of the lungs cannot be fully inflated until the lower portions are fully expanded, it follows that the breathing capacity is diminished more than one half. It is wonderful how anyone can endure existence, or long survive, in this devitalized condition; yet, thousands do, and with careful nursing, manage to bring into the world several sickly children. The spinal distortion is one of the ordinary consequences of lacing. No one who laces habitually can have a straight or strong back. The muscles being unbalanced become flabby or contracted, unable to support the trunk of the body erect, and a curvature, usually a

double curvature, of the spine is the consequence. And if anything were needed to aggravate the spinal curvature, intensify the compression of the internal viscera, and add to the general deformity, it is found in the modern contrivance of stilted gaiters. These are made with heels so high and narrow that locomotion is awkward and painful, the centre of gravity is shifted "to parts unknown," and the head is thrown forwards and the hips projected backwards to maintain perpendicularity.

In speaking of the destructiveness to health caused by woman's dress, Prof. Oscar B. Moss, M. D., declares :

Although the corset is the chief source of constraint to the kidneys, liver, stomach, pancreas, and spleen, forcing them upward to encroach upon the diaphragm and compressing the lungs and heart, its evils are rivalled by those resulting from suspending the skirts from the waist and hips, by which means the pelvic organs are forced downward and often permanently displaced. Now, add to these errors a belt drawn snugly around the waist, and we have before us a combination of the most malignant elements of dress which it would be possible to invent.

The waist belt enforces the evils which the corset and skirts inaugurate. Every proposition of anatomy and physiology bearing upon this subject appeals to reason. Did the abdominal organs require for their well-being less room than we find in the economy of nature, less room would have been provided. Nature bestows not grudgingly, neither does she lavish beyond the requirements of perfect health.

The same laws which govern the nutrition of muscles, apply also to the vital organs. Pressure that impedes circulation of blood through them must suppress their functions proportionally. With the lungs, heart, and digestive organs impaired by external devices, which force them into abnormal relations, health is impossible. Every other part of the body—nay, life itself—depends upon the perfection of these organs. The ancients fittingly called them the tripod of life.

Consumption, heart disease, dyspepsia, and the multiform phases of uterine and ovarian diseases are among the natural and frequent consequences of compressing the internal organs. Men could not endure such physical indignities as women inflict upon themselves. Should they attempt to do so, they would not long hold the proud position of "bread winners," which is now theirs by virtue of their more robust qualities.

It is difficult to imagine a slavery more senseless, cruel, or far-reaching in its injurious consequences than that imposed



Street costume. Spring, 1884.

by fashion on civilized womanhood during the past generation. Her health has been sacrificed, and in countless instances her life has paid the penalty; while posterity has been dwarfed, maimed, and enervated, and in body, mind, and soul deformed at its behests. In turn every part of her body has been tortured. On her head at fashion's caprice the hair of the dead has been piled. Hats and bonnets, wraps and gowns laden with heavy beads and jet have as seriously impaired her health as they have rendered her miserable; the tight lacing required by the wasp waists has produced generations of invalids and bequeathed to posterity suffering that will not vanish

for many decades. By it, as has been pointed out by the authorities cited, every vital organ in the body has been seriously affected. The heart and lungs, by nature protected by a cage of bone, have been abnormally crushed in a space so contracted as to absolutely prohibit the free action upon which health depended; while the downward pressure was necessarily equally injurious to her delicate organism. The tightly drawn corset has proved an unmitigated curse to the living and a legacy of misery and disease to posterity. And this cruel deforming of the most beautiful of God's creations was said to be beautiful simply because



Street costume. Summer, 1891.
(Compare waist with anterior view of thorax of corset-wearing lady of to-day.) See page 412.

fashion willed it. Nor was this all; enormous bustles and skirts of prodigious dimension have borne their weight largely upon that part of her body which above all else should be absolutely free from pressure. By this means the most sensitive organs have been ruthlessly subjected to down pressing weights which for exquisite torture and for the absolute certainty of the long train of agony that must result, rival the heartless ingenuity of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. Beyond this generation of debilitated and invalided mothers, rises a countless posterity robbed of its birthright of health while yet unborn.* A possible genius deformed and dwarfed by the weight of a fashionable dress; a brain which might have been brilliant rendered idiotic by the constant pressure of a corset, and the wearisome weight of a "stylish" dress pressing about the hips; a child whose natural capacity might have carried him to the seat of a Webster or into the laboratory of an Edison, condemned to drag a weakly, diseased, or deformed body through life, with mind ever chained to the flesh, through the heartless imposition which fashion imposed on his mother! What thought can be more appalling to a conscientious woman? Yet until a revolution is accomplished and a reign of reason and common sense inaugurated, this crime against the unborn will continue. But some argue the days of these extremes are past.

I answer not past, but they are assuming other forms. Since

* In discussing the solemn duty mothers owe to their offspring, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller sensibly observes:—

Are women ignorant of the mischief they do to their offspring, or are they indifferent to consequences? Has the true maternal love become extinct, in this age of advanced civilization, that women ignore all the laws of nature while anticipating the glory of motherhood? We know not; yet we often see what causes a thrill of pity in our soul for the future of the child yet unborn: a mother laced within stiff bones and steel, while the very instincts of being cry out against the sin of it. Surely every child has a right to be well born! Wealth may be a grand inheritance, but health is a better one, as any poor suffering creature will testify, whose misery the most expensive doctors have been called upon to alleviate without avail. And how can a child be well born unless its parents observe the laws of life bearing upon the birth and rearing of children? It is impossible. If a mother will so clothe herself that the vitality which properly belongs to her baby becomes exhausted and destroyed, the child is robbed, as a natural consequence, and perhaps the weakened, puny, distorted, fretful little creature, who is innocent of the cause of its own sufferings, will live to become a curse to the world instead of the blessing that it would have been had rational conditions been observed before its birth.

Tight corsets grudgingly loosened a quarter of an inch at a time, heavy skirts, and all the evil conditions we are so familiar with, are still retained as the months pass, bringing ever nearer what should be the very happiest hour of woman's existence—that in which she is to be intrusted with the keeping, training, and guidance of a new human soul. Perhaps her baby comes into the world dead or deformed, perhaps deprived of certain of its faculties; or it may be that it possesses life and all of its special senses and organs in such a diminished degree that the whole of its future becomes a pain rather than a joy, while its miserable, puny structure remains a lasting reproach to its parents as long as they live.



1860



1872



1878



1886

VAGARIES OF FASHION. PREVAILING STYLES IN WALKING COSTUMES DURING THE PAST THIRTY YEARS.

1890 dawned, the evils in some respects have been aggravated; for it must not be forgotten that the daughters of the present decade have, in order to be fashionable, compressed beyond all healthful bounds the flesh of their arms, retarding circulation and inviting pneumonia and other ills. And in order to look stylish, thousands of women wear dress waists so tight that no free movement of the upper body is possible; indeed in numbers of instances ladies are compelled to put their bonnets on before attempting the painful ordeal of getting into their glove-fitting dress waists. Many young women to-day, yielding to the spell of fashion, place the corset next to their flesh, while a still greater number have merely the thinnest possible undershirt between the flesh and the corset, after which they tightly draw the dress waist until it meets. This seems incredible, but it is vouched for by several ladies of my acquaintance, among whom are physicians whose large practice among their sisters gives them peculiar facilities for knowing the absolute facts. Health, posterity, and all the instincts of the higher self are ruthlessly sacrificed to the fickle folly of fashion's criminal caprice. And we must not forget that even now the sweeping train is coming in vogue and correctly attired ladies must consent to carry the germs of death with quantities of filth from the streets of our metropolitan cities into their homes of wealth and refinement. The corset and high-heeled shoes, the two most deadly foes to maternity and posterity, are also seen at the present time, on every hand.

If outraged nature could show the procession of mothers sacrificed on fashion's altar during the past generation, or unveil the suffering and deformity being borne by posterity at the present time, through this slavery, the world would be thrilled with an indescribable horror. Health, comfort, and human life have paid the penalty of a criminal servitude to the modern juggernaut, before whose car millions of our women are bowing in abject servility, knowing full well that at each turn of its wheel new pains or fresh diseases will be inflicted. And what power controls and gives life to this mistress of modern civilization? At whose behest is this crime against reason, life, and posterity perpetrated? *The cupidity of the shrewd and unscrupulous and the caprice of the shallow and frivolous.*

The moral aspect of this subject is even more grave than

the hygienic. Anything which injures the physical body, whether it be licentiousness, intemperance, gluttony, or vicious modes of dress, is necessarily evil from an ethical point of view. Not simply because the law of our being decrees that whatever drains or destroys the physical vitality must sooner or later sap the vital forces of the brain; but also because anything is ethically destructive which chains the mind to the realm of animality, when, unfettered, it should be unfolding in spiritual strength and glory. Thus it will be readily seen that any article of clothing which presses upon the vitals of the body so as to cause displacement of the delicate organism, or so cumbersome as to cause general fatigue, anything, as is the case with high heels, which throws the body out of its equilibrium, or any article of dress which makes the mind ever conscious of the



Vagaries of Fashion. A belle early in the sixties.



Vagaries of Fashion. A belle in the eighties.

any article makes the mind ever conscious of the body by virtue of its uncomfortableness, is injurious from an ethical point of view. This fact which has been so generally overlooked will become more apparent, if for the sake of illustration we suppose for a moment that a plant is endowed with reason and sensation,

and obeying the general law of its being, and the persuasive and inspiring influence of the sun and rain, is struggling to rise heavenward, and give to the radiant world above its impearled wealth—its gorgeous bloom, its marvellous fragrance and fruit; but by virtue of the bonds of a prison-house below,—a small pot or a rocky encasement, its lifework is thwarted, its bloom, perfume, and fruit, if they come at all, are stunted, limited, and imperfect. For generations woman's condition has been like that of the plant, the wealth of her nature has been dwarfed, the marvellous richness of her life has been marred by the imprisoned conditions of her body, and infinitely more sad and far-reaching have been the baleful consequences upon millions of her offspring, dwarfed, weakly, sickly, enfeebled in body and soul. *A mother whose thoughts have voluntarily or involuntarily been held in the atmosphere of the physical nature, necessarily imparts to her child a legacy of animality which, like the corpse of a dead being, clings to the soul throughout its pilgrimage.* Terrible as have been fashion's ravages on woman's physical health, the curse which she has exerted when the ethical aspect of the case is entertained, far transcends it.

It is a curious fact that almost all the opposition from women to proposed reforms in woman's dress comes from two extremes in society. Those who do no independent thinking, taking all their thoughts and opinions from the expressed views of the men with whom they associate, and the profoundly earnest and thoughtful, but conservative women of society. The opposition of the former class is merely the echo of husbands, brothers, fathers, and lovers; but the others are moved by conviction, and for this reason their views are worthy of consideration. They fear that any radical change will exert an immoral influence. Their minds are swayed by ancient thought which throughout all ages has cast its baleful shadow over the brain of the world. They are held under the spell of a conservatism which unquestioningly tolerates established institutions and existing orders, but has no confidence in aught that proposes to break with these, even though the new has reason and common sense clearly on its side. Thus time and again fashions have been tolerated, although known to be morally enervating and singularly repulsive to all refined sensibilities;

while proposals from without for reforms based on the laws of health and beauty have called forth the most determined opposition from this conscientious class, merely because the proposed innovations have not conformed to ideas entertained by virtue of prevailing fashions, and have been therefore regarded immoral. And herein lies an important point to be considered. Anything which is radically unlike prevailing standards or styles to which we have become accustomed will impress most persons as being immodest or indecent. *The unusual in dress is usually denounced as immoral* because we are all prone to allow our prejudice to obscure our reason and o'ersway our judgment. This point *must* be recognized before any real reform can be accomplished. When humanity has grown sufficiently wise to reason broadly and view problems on their own merits, aside from preconceived opinion or inherited prejudice, real instead of false standards of morality will prevail, and we shall cease to condemn anything as pernicious simply because it is unusual, radically unlike that to which we have been accustomed or revolutionary in its tendency. Let me make this if possible more apparent by an illustration, because it bears such relation to the main issue. If ages worn long flowing robes, composing their bodies, but on a certain day with one accord exchanged them for a costume similar to that now seen throughout the civilized world, society would experience a distinct shock; immoral, indecent, pernicious, and vulgar would mildly express the sentiment of conventional thought, until the same society had become accustomed to the change. To us at the present time it is difficult to conceive how women of sense and refinement submitted to

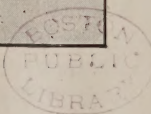
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From copyrighted photo by Sarony.

MARY ANDERSON AS PARTHENIA.



the swinging-cage paraphernalia of the sixties, or the Grecian bend of a later date. Yet in those days the severely plain skirts of the present would have seemed positively indecent. It has been necessary to dwell on this thought in order to sufficiently remove existing prejudice to enable a fair consideration of the question in its broader aspects. I have also introduced fair examples of prevailing fashions during the past generation and reproductions of Greek, Shakespearian and other simple costumes worn at the present time by the queens of the stage, to show by comparison how infinitely more graceful, beautiful, comfortable, healthful, and by their very elements of comfort and healthfulness, ethically superior, are these costumes to those which conventionalism sanctioned in the sixties, seventies, and eighties. Is there anything immodest, indecent, or suggestive of impropriety in Mary Anderson in the graceful Grecian costume of Parthenia, presented on the preceding page? Of the tens of thousands of people who have witnessed the performances of Madame Modjeska, Miss Anderson, Julia Marlowe, or Margaret Mather in the costumes given in this paper, it is not probable that a perceptible number have seen aught improper or even injuriously suggestive, notwithstanding they are so radically unconventional. Surely no mind accustomed to think broadly and view problems on all sides, and unaccustomed to revel in the sewer of sensualism would see in the attire of these estimable ladies aught but costumes at once graceful, refined, and apparently infinitely more comfortable and healthful than those represented in any of the fashion plates I have reproduced, and which millions of women of good sense have under the stress of conventionalism been compelled to wear. Let us compare Miss Anderson's Grecian costume with the dress of a society belle in the seventies, which required from twenty to thirty yards of material, and when completed and fitted transformed the wearer into a monstrosity with an unsightly hump on the back, and a street cleaner of immense dimensions trailing for several feet in her rear.

From artistic, hygienic, economical, and ethical points of view, to say nothing of common sense and comfort, is not the simple and beautiful costume of Parthenia incomparably superior to that which marked the second decade of the past generation? Would not woman to-day clothed in close-



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JULIA MARLOWE.



HELENA MODJESKA.



MARGARET MATHER.



HELENA MODJESKA.

fitting garments of silk or woollen fabric, with an outer robe or loose dress fashioned something after the order of the ancient Grecian or Roman pattern, be far more beautiful than she is as a slave to fashion's fickle fancy, while the requirements of life, health, and comfort would be fully met? Again, let us compare one of the plates of the sixties with its wonderful expanse of skirt to the simple, graceful attire of Miss Marlowe as Viola in the "Twelfth Night," and laying aside all preconceived opinions (with the influence which we have seen the unusual plays in fashioning our ideas of propriety,) does not our reason and common sense sustain the view that the latter is far more refined, simple, and less vulgarly ostentatious than the inflated garment of the early sixties? Or if we compare the pictures of Modjeska and Miss Marlowe in Shakespearian roles, or that of the former in the neat and graceful gathered gown, and Miss Mather in the simple peasant dress, are they not one and all far more chaste, artistic, sensible, and healthful than the hoop-skirt, bustle, and train, or the tie-back? Do not, however, understand that I advocate the introduction of any of these costumes. It is for woman and woman alone to decide what she will wear, and in this paper I am merely seeking to second the splendid work that has by her been inaugurated, and by speaking as one of the younger men of this decade, to voice what I believe American womanhood will find to be the sentiment of the rising generation, whenever she makes a concerted effort to emancipate herself from the slavery of Parisian fashions. There are many evidences that the hour is ripe for a sensible revolt, and that if the movement is guided by wise and judicious minds it will be a success. Two things seem to me to be of paramount importance.

(1.) The commission of women acting for the Council should decide definitely upon the nature and extent of changes desired. The ideal costume should be clearly defined and ever present in their mind. But it would be exceedingly unwise to attempt any radical change at once. This has been more than anything the secret of the partial or total failures of the movements of this character in the past. The changes should be gradually made. Every spring and autumn let an advance step be taken, and in order to do this an American fashion commission or bureau should be established, under the auspices of the dress reform com-



From copyrighted photo by Falk, N. Y.

MISS MARLOWE AS VIOLA.

mittee of the Women's Council, which at stated intervals should issue bulletins and illustrated fashion plates. If the ideal is kept constantly in view, and every season slight changes are made toward the desired garment, the victory will, I believe, be a comparatively easy one, for the splendid common sense of the American women and men will cordially second the movement. *Concerted action, a clearly defined ideal toward which to move, and gradual changes*—these are points which it seems to me are vitally important. One reason why the most ridiculous and inartistic extremes in fashion have been generally adopted is found in this policy of gradual introduction, a fact which must impress anyone who carefully examines the fashions of the past. First there has been a slight alteration, shortly becoming more pronounced, and with each season it has grown more marked, although perhaps not for four or six years has the extreme been reached. At every step there have been complaints from various quarters, but steadily and persistently has the fashion been pushed until it reached its climax, after which we have had its gradual decline. This was the history of the hoop skirt and the Grecian bend, and has been that of most of the extremes which have marked the past, and we can readily believe that in no other way could womanhood have been ensnared by such supreme and criminal folly as has characterized fashion's caprices in unnumbered instances.

(2.) Another very essential point is the proper education of the girls of to-day, for to them will fall, in its richest fruition, the blessings of this splendid reform if it be properly carried on, and if they be everywhere instructed to set health above fashion, and seek the beauty of Venus de Medici rather than the pseudo beauty of the wretched, deformed invalid, who at the dictates of the modern Babylon has trampled reason and common sense, health and comfort, the happiness of self and the enjoyment of her posterity under foot. Teach the girls to be American; to be independent; to scorn to copy fashion, manners, or habits that come from decaying civilizations, and which outrage all sentiment of refinement, laws of life, or principles of common sense. The American girl is naturally independent and well endowed with reason and common sense. Once shown the wisdom and importance of this *American* movement, and she will not be slow to cordially embrace it. In many respects

the hour is most propitious, owing to a combination of causes never before present, among which may be mentioned the growing independence of American womanhood; the enlarged vision that has come to her through the wonderfully diverse occupations and professions which she has recently embraced; the growing consciousness of her ability to succeed in almost every vocation of life. The latitude enjoyed by her in matters of dress in the mountains and seashore resorts; the growth of women's gymnasiums; the emphasis given to hygienic instruction in schools, and the recent quiet introduction of a perfectly comfortable apparel for morning wear, which, strange to say, has originated where one would least expect, among the most fashionable belles of the Empire city.* This significant innovation which is reported by the daily press, as becoming quite popular among the young ladies of the wealthy districts of New York, consists of a comfortable blouse worn over knickerbocker trousers. Clad in this comfortable attire, the belles come to breakfast, nor do they subsequently change their dress during the morning if they intend remaining indoors. If a sedate or fastidious caller is announced, a beautiful tea-gown, which is at hand, is slipped into, and the young lady is appropriately clad to suit even conventional requirements. The bicycle and lawn tennis costumes now becoming so popular also exercise a subtle but marked influence in favor of rational dress reform, not only giving young ladies the wonderful comfort and health-giving freedom which for ages have been denied her sex, but also by accustoming them to these radically unconventional costumes.†

*In speaking of this practical dress reform on the part of the belles of New York, the Boston *Daily Globe* recently observed editorially: The great question now agitating the fashionable women of Fifth Avenue is: "Do you wear knickerbockers?"

Stripped of all apologetic circumlocution, "knickerbockers" are simply loose, easy trousers, above which is worn a becoming blouse waist, and thus attired, the belles of New York come down to breakfast. Nor are the trousers subsequently removed while the ladies are about the house, unless some conservative caller is announced, when a stylish tea-gown can be jumped into in a second, and the lady is in faultless female costume.

That women should be handicapped in their locomotion in their own homes is simply a relic of oriental slavery and prudery, and the revolt against it is sensible and wholesome. That they have come to stay is evident, while improved costumes for shop girls, and other women engaged in business every day in the year, are certain to follow in the order of progress.—*Boston Globe*.

It might be well also for the council to recommend the formation of societies in each community where social or society gatherings of those interested might be held at stated intervals, at which all members would appear in dresses made with special regard to health, comfort, and beauty, and in which all garments would conform to the general ideal recommended by the council.

† As the paper is being set up my attention has been attracted to a remarkably sensible signed editorial in the Boston *Sunday Globe*, of July 26, by the brilliant



Some of Liberty's recent dresses. The Grecian Costume.

cles. When conventionalism in dress is fully discredited, practical reform is certain to follow. The knell of the one means the triumph of the other.

Believing as I do that the cycle of woman

writer and sensible thinker, Adelaide A. Claffin, from which I extract the following:

Bishop Coxe's fulmination against the riding of bicycles by women has attracted considerable attention, but to the student of social movements it is not strange that Bishop Coxe should object. The real oddity is that scarcely anybody else, apparently, has objected.

That young girls from the best families should within a short time have betaken themselves to whirling through the public thoroughfares, like so many boys, is certainly a new departure from all old fashioned canons of feminine decorum, at least as startling as many that have brought down all sorts of thunderbolts from pulpit and press. Had it been a prerequisite that an amendment to the United States Constitution, or even a statute of a State Legislature should be obtained, the girls would doubtless have had to wait many a weary year.

It is not long since another church dignitary, Dr. Morgan Dix, objected to the entrance of girls into universities, because it was not "proper for young women to be exposed to the gaze of young men, many of whom were less bent upon learning than upon amusement."

Another encouraging sign of the times is the increasing demand on the great and fashionable house of Liberty & Co., of London, for the Greek and other simple costumes by fashionable ladies, who are using them largely for home wear. I have reproduced two recent styles of dresses made by Liberty. All fabrics used are rich, soft, and elegant, and the effect is said to be gratifying to lovers of art, as well as far more healthful and comfortable than the conventional dress. The most important fact, however, is the effect or influence which is sure to follow this breaking away from the ruling fashions in wealthy circles.



Some of Liberty's recent dresses. *The Juliet.*

has dawned, and that through her humanity will reach a higher and nobler civilization than the world has yet known, I feel the most profound interest in all that affects her health, comfort, and happiness; for as I have before observed, her exaltation means the elevation of the race. A broader liberty and more liberal meed of justice for her mean a higher civilization, and the solution of weighty and fundamental problems which will never be equitably adjusted until we have brought into political and social life more of the splendid spirit of altruism, which is one of her most conspicuous characteristics. I believe that morality, education, practical reform, and enduring progress wait upon her complete emancipation from the bondage of fashion, prejudice, superstition, and conservatism.

However little she may realize it, every girl who rides her steel horse is a vivid illustration of one of the greatest waves of progress of this century, the advancement of women in freedom and opportunity.

A wise physician once said that the opinion that a good woman should stay closely at home had killed more women than any other one cause. In the days of our grandmothers the suggestion of regular gymnastic training or athletics for girls would have been received with horror. It was hardly proper for a woman to have any knowledge of the construction of her physical system.

It is a curious historical fact that the first women lecturers upon physiology were women's rights women, and viewed by the majority of people as dangerous to female modesty, while the Ladies' Physiological Institute in Boston was at first much disapproved of by the clergy. So long, too, as old-fashioned "stays" (laced up sometimes by the aid of equally old-fashioned bed-posts) remained in vogue, neither physiology nor athletics stood much chance with women.

But the often derided dress reformer has had her way, to a great extent. Bathing dresses, gymnastic and tennis suits which would have frightened an eighteenth century dame into one of her favorite fainting fits.

Meanwhile the girls have mounted their bicycles. Bless you, my children; what endless vistas of good times are before you! What glorious landscape views and ocean moonrises, what freedom, what fresh, airy delight in young life and strength!

Already one young doctor has departed with his bride on a wedding tour to Texas, each upon a bicycle. Other strange affairs will no doubt take place. By and by the bishops will see no more irreverence in bidding Godspeed to girls starting on a journey to California upon bicycles than to girls departing to Europe on a steamship.

UN-AMERICAN TENDENCIES.

BY REV. CARLOS MARTYN, D. D.

THE monarchial conception is that a few are born booted and spurred to ride, and that the many are born saddled and bridled to be ridden. The republican theory is that "Everybody is cleverer than anybody," to quote the epigram attributed to Talleyrand; and that government, in Lincoln's phrase, should be "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The United States is the only nation in history which has dared to base itself upon an absolute trust in the people.

There have been republics (so-called) *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*. "Greece," cries one of the foremost of our orators, "had her republics, but they were the republics of one freeman and ten slaves; and the battle of Marathon was fought by slaves unchained from the doorposts of their master's houses. Italy had her republics; they were the republics of wealth and skill and family, limited and aristocratic. Holland had her republic, the republic of guilds and landholders, trusting the helm of state to property and education. The Swiss republics were groups of cousins. And all these which, at their best, held but a million or two within their narrow limits, have gone down in the ocean of time."

The Spanish-American Republics are nondescripts. They owe their existence to *pronunciamientos*. They are the puppets of successful soldiers, and are administered by generals who follow one another like the ghosts that walked in the vision of "Richard Third," and do not hold office long enough to be photographed. They are based on mongrel races, steeped in ignorance, cramped by superstition, and physically rotten before they get ripe.

Our fathers built a commonwealth on the foundation of manhood. They recognized no other qualification, save for a period of inconsistency, *color*; which, happily, is now wiped out of the fundamental law, though not entirely out of popular prejudice.

The faith in the people which Jefferson, Sam Adams, and the men of '76 cherished as the distinctive tenet of their political creed, has been justified by results. Their gigantic creation launches into the second decade of its second century, belted with power, aggrandized with *El Dorados*, the amazement of the world, the "Arabian Nights" translated into every-day reality.

Unfortunately, however, in the face of this unprecedented record of prosperity, certain un-republican tendencies begin to exhibit themselves among us. These may well give thoughtful patriots startled concern.

Half a century ago, before time had been annihilated by the telegraph, and distance abolished by steam, nations were comparatively isolated; and the American most of all. Europe was three thousand miles away. Now-a-days, the old world is next-door neighbor to the new. Saint John's apocalyptic vision is realized; there is "no more sea." It is bridged by steamers, and flashed out of existence by the electric cable. What is the consequence? The consequence is that while Europe borrows many of our ideas, America borrows more of hers. With the increase of travel, the growth of wealth, the enlargement of our leisurely class, there is an aping of English and German habits of thought and modes of life which are utterly repugnant to republican institutions. While Europe should seem to be almost ready to discard baby-house distinctions and the embroidered rags of aristocracy, America, strange to say, appears willing to put on and wear the disreputable finery. We are becoming disagreeably familiar with what Mr. Gladstone characterizes in an inspired phrase, as the *classes* in contrast with the *masses*.

This interchange of national customs comes inevitably from the facilitated intercourse of our day, from the intimacy begotten by inter-marriage, by commerce, by travel. But it is sad if we are to borrow more than we lend, and if the balance of trade is to be perpetually against us. We must find or invent a remedy if republicanism is to survive. The widespread alarm felt among our humbler citizens shows how real the danger is. Take, for instance, the growing distrust of universal suffrage manifested by our cultivated classes. Certain journals, the organs of wealth and monopoly; social-science conventions, composed of pert specialists poisoned by caste feeling; even pulpits, which should be

the guardians and exponents of democracy,—cautiously, tentatively, but as positively as they dare, discuss the propriety of restraining the ballot, and sigh for a property or an educational qualification.

Now, if there be one feature of American republicanism which is supremely characteristic, it is universal suffrage. This interpenetrates our political system as veins run through a block of marble. The patriots and sages who framed our Constitution grouted it with this principle. They believed and declared that it was safe to trust men with self-government. They recognized, of course, the fact that in every community there would be an element of ignorance and inefficiency. But by putting the ballot in every hand they deliberately took bonds of wealth and culture to enlighten this ignorance and train this inefficiency. They enlisted the self-interest of the Commonwealth on the side of popular education. They said, practically, to the well-to-do and to those who had interests at stake: See to it, if you would save your possessions, that you share them with the poorest and the lowest, at least to the extent of lifting them to the level of self-control and self-respect. In fact, this is the meaning of our free schools, of trial by jury, and of the ballot-box. Tocqueville, whose insight into republican institutions was marvelous, distinctly traces our prosperity, in his survey of American democracy, to universal suffrage, with all that it necessitates. So on the other side of the water, when, in 1867, Parliament doubled the English franchise, Robert Lowe leaped to his feet and cried, amid the cheers of the House of Commons: "*Now* the first interest and duty of every Englishman is to educate the masses." Previously, if the Court of St. James stooped to put intelligence on one side and morality on the other side of the cradle rocked by poverty and vice, it was pity that dictated the gracious act. Now it is self-preservation. Who does not know how much stronger self-interest is than pity as a motive? Who cannot see the far-sighted wisdom of our fathers in thus ingrafting this powerful motive upon the fundamental law?

Moreover, universal suffrage is educational in itself. Responsibility educates. Nothing else does. By throwing the responsibility upon the people they are necessarily lifted, sobered, broadened. Our women do not vote. What is the result? Not one woman in a thousand has any interest in,

and not one in two thousand has any acquaintance with, political affairs. Their ignorance would be laughable were it not sad. Every father, husband, brother, can testify to the impenetrable ignorance of his feminine belongings concerning matters of public moment. It forms the topic of universal comment in male circles. It is not because women are naturally incapable. It is because having no responsibility they naturally have no interest. Why should a woman inform herself of what does not concern her? Occasionally, some woman, exceptionally placed, or born with a genius for politics, studies and masters state-craft. But exceptions do not invalidate, they prove rules. Women, like men, cannot be expected to take any intelligent interest in affairs that lie outside of their life.

Our men, on the contrary, are politicians down to the infant in the cradle. A boy baby cries, "Mr. Chairman!" as soon as he can talk, and calls the next crib to order. Men know that the maturing of politics, the selection of administrations, the distribution of offices, the adjustment of taxes, are their function. This knowledge whets the edge of interest. The significant fact is that it is not the people who are indifferent to politics. This indifference is found among merchants who are too busy making money to attend to the public weal; among scholars buried alive in their books, with no interest in any question that is not musty; among men of leisure, aping old world aristocracy, and out of touch with democracy; among those who *say* that all men are equal and are afraid they *will* be, — never among the people.

The plainer men are the greater is their political interest. Our naturalized citizens, shut out in their native land from all participation in government, and hence appreciating citizenship here, are among the most alert. These are they who crowd the halls during the recurring canvasses, and who are always early at the polls. And is it possible to overrate the instruction they get at meetings where they hear great questions discussed by master minds, when issues are torn open and riddled with light? Thus universal suffrage is itself a normal school, the people's college.

It is often said that, judged by its power to govern great cities, universal suffrage is a failure. This is true. The failure, however, is due to local causes. It does not come from the inherent incapacity of the masses, but is the spawn

of accidental and removable evils. Chief among these is the corner grog-shop. This is the blazing lighthouse of hell. Here it is that morals and manners are debauched. It is over this counter that what an old poet calls "liquid damnation" is dealt out. If the *quid-nuncs*, instead of railing at universal suffrage, would combine to help shut that door, republicanism would speedily lose its reproach. The constituency of the grog seller is the ready made tool of the demagogue. A true democracy can only exist on the basis of sobriety. A drunken people cannot be trusted with the dearest rights and most vital possessions of freemen. Better the merciless tyranny of the Czar, or the military despotism of the Kaiser, far better the class rule of England, than the staggering, hiccoughing, bedevilled government of the grog-gery!

Aside from the great centres of population, the common people are more trustworthy than the corporations, the colleges, or the newspapers. The selfishness, the preoccupation, the anti-republicanism of these, are proverbial. We know that editors are echoes, not leaders, printing what will sell, not what is true. Landor declared that there is a spice of the scoundrel in most literary men. Everybody understands that a corporation's gospel is a good fat dividend. Who would exchange universal suffrage for college suffrage, or corporation suffrage, or newspaper suffrage?

Our danger to-day does not lie in universal suffrage. It lies in the steady encroachments of wealth, in the multiplication of monopolies, in the too rapid growth of fungus millionnaires, in the increasing number of well educated idlers, in the sinister prominence of the saloon in politics, in the tendency of the country to submit to bureaucracy, in the transformation of the national Senate into a club of rich men, housed and fed at the national expense, in the change of the House of Representatives into a huddle of clerks to register the decrees of greedy capital, in the chronic distrust of the people felt among book-educated and professional men; in one word, in the appalling gravitation towards government by "boodle" in the hands of unscrupulous minorities.

The only hope of deliverance lies in the people,—in their honesty, fair play, and decision. No; it is not universal suffrage that has brought disgrace on the country. If the rancor of party spirit, if the dry-rot of legislative corruption,

if the tyranny of incorporated wealth, if the diabolism of intemperance are to be curbed, it is universal suffrage which must hold the reins. Talk of taking the ballot out of the hand of the poor citizen! As well fling the revolver out of window when the burglar is in the house. One of the keenest critics of American life has said: "Corruption does not so much rot the masses; it poisons Congress. Credit mobilier and money rings are not housed under thatched roofs; they flaunt at the capital." The real scum is the so-called better class. If anybody is to be deprived of a vote, it should be the railroad king, the mill owner, the indifferent trader, and the Europeanized Yankee who spends abroad what his father earned at home, and mistakes Paris for Paradise.

As another illustration of the un-republican trend, observe the obsequious attitude of our government towards monarchs and monarchies. We are to-day cheek by jowl with the despots of Europe. Instead of being the torch bearer of freedom we occupy a position of apology for what we are and of gaping admiration for what they are. When an opportunity offered the other day to recognize the new Republic of Brazil, the toadies at Washington equivocated and postponed. One would suppose that the disappearance of the last monarchy from the new world would have been greeted in the great Republic with the ringing of bells and the blaze of bonfires — would have been answered by a regular Fourth of July outburst. Bless you, no! The Czar was displeased. The Emperor of Germany was in the sulks. Queen Victoria put on mourning. Why should the Dons at Washington be out of fashion?

On the other hand, when Carlos I. was crowned at Lisbon last December, the American Squadron of Evolution was in the harbor, and behold! the officers of the Republic's war-ships paraded side by side with the other flunkies of royalty in honor of the coronation — thus showing that they belonged to the Squadron of Reaction. For so misrepresenting their country they ought to be cashiered. Republicans refusing to recognize a new republic, but hastening to recognize a new king! What a spectacle! Spirits of Otis and Franklin, of Jefferson and Hamilton, what think ye of such democracy as this?

No one would have the United States play the role of a bully, or enact the demagogue. But surely there is a medium

between that and the despicable inconsistency of unfriendliness towards those of our own political faith, and of lackey serviceableness towards a crowned head. Kings do not hesitate to discourage republicanism everywhere. A republic should not hesitate to encourage it anywhere. Self-respect in such a matter would win the respect of the world by deserving it. But when Americans sell their daughters to European profligates for a title, and pay millions to boot; when republicans in profession become tuft-hunters in practice, and haunt the back stairs of palaces; when the United States government, the eldest born and guardian of democracy, de-credits its own political creed and parades in royal processions, — is it not time to cry a halt?

We need in this country a revival of republicanism. There is a tendency to flunkeyism at the bottom of human nature. Most men "dearly love a lord," as Burns affirmed. Hence, a full-fledged aristocrat attracts flunkies as a magnet draws iron filings. Lucian tells of an exhibition in Rome in which monkeys had been trained to play a human part; which they did perfectly, before the beauty and fashion of the city — until a wag, in the midst of the performance, flung a handful of nuts upon the stage, and straightway the actors were monkeys again. Some of our republicans are monkeys in human attire. They get on well enough until the nuts of class distinction are flung among them, — then they are on all fours.

Let us make democracy the fashion. Send devitalized Americans to Coventry. Make an un-republican word or deed the unpardonable political sin. Do this: or else ship the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World back to France, and ask her to set it in the harbor of Marseilles.

Another of these un-republican tendencies is the current movement for civil service reform. Every thoughtful citizen perceives and laments the evils attendant on the present spoils system. It is the quartering of the conquerors upon the conquered. It makes public office the reward of party service. It loads half a dozen men (the President and his Secretaries) with the responsible but impossible duty of filling hundreds of thousands of offices, on the grab-bag principle:

With the best intentions, the civil service reformers would make a bad matter worse. On their plan, the un-American method of fixed tenure by competitive examination and

appointment by irresponsible cabals would replace the method of political appointment for party service. Thus they would fasten upon the country a great army of permanent officials. It is out of harmony with our whole system. Every other officer is elected, and for a specified term. Why, even in the ministry, the tendency is to break up the life-pastorate. The largest of our religious denominations has deliberately adopted the principle of rotation. And the other bodies, while nominally retaining the life theory, have practically borrowed the Methodist plan.

No wonder civil service reform is unpopular. It goes to work at the wrong end — works away from instead of towards republicanism. In England, in Germany, where families reign, and where governmental servants might consistently hold office for life, such a system has a warrant — though even there it is found to be obstructive and reactionary. But in a republic, where universal suffrage is the law, nothing more intolerable could be conceived. The idea of creating a class distinct from all other classes, independent of the administration and unaccountable to the voters, fixed and immovable save for causes proven — why, it is, not a *step*, it is a *stride* towards absolutism. Such a proposition, like “Hamlet’s” case,

“ — makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.”

That the civil service needs reform goes without the saying. But the reform should be pushed along consistently republican lines. The proper, the democratic method would be a further and broader application of universal suffrage. Make *all* the offices elective.

Instead of *appointing* Custom-House officials and postmasters, *elect* them. Put the responsibility where it belongs upon the respective communities they serve. Then, men that are locally known and respected would be selected. If the people are capable of electing their own presidents, governors, representatives and judges, surely they might be trusted to elect Custom-House officers and postmasters! Otherwise, our republicanism is a humbug. This would abolish the Washington grab-bag. It would also avoid the creation of a class of life-officials than which nothing could be more dangerous and unsavory.

If our fathers, with no precedents on the file, could announce their sublime faith that all men are endowed by their Creator with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; if they could discard the probate-court idea, and adopt universal suffrage; if, in spite of inconsistencies and imperfections, their conception has flowered in the best, and happiest, and most prosperous nation on the globe, — cannot their children show a faith as serene, a courage as brave? One thing is certain, the European experiment has failed, while ours is a miracle of success — and most successful when most consistently worked out. In such circumstances, shall we exchange this for that, and go back from the nineteenth century to the fourteenth?

When Hume derided his mother's faith, and exhorted her to get rid of her Christian prejudices, she answered: "My son, can you show me anything better?"

EXTRINSIC SIGNIFICANCE OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN JAPAN.

BY KUMA OISHI, A. M.

ALL students of history are aware that the revolution of 1688 succeeded in consolidating constitutional government in England; that, though toward the middle of the last century it had not yet assumed its present admirable aspect, the English idea of political liberty and religious toleration attracted the attention of Montesquieu and Voltaire, who introduced it to their country; and that, since then, accelerated by the establishment of the federal government in America, and the triumph of the revolutionary principle in France, the theory has spread over the continent with astonishing rapidity.

Now that constitutional government is established in Japan, will she not exercise the same influence over the Asiatic continent as that which England has exercised over the European? To this, three great objections may be raised. I. The pervading conservatism of Asia. II. The prevailing ignorance among the Asiatic nations. III. The doubtfulness as to their adaptability to the representative form of government. We shall try to answer these objections in the above order.

I. If it be argued that the Asiatic people are conspicuously characterized by the conservative spirit, that they seem well satisfied with their present social and political organizations, such as they are, it must be remembered at the same time, that this was also the appearance which the French people presented, before their attention was called to the political superiority of England. "In general," says Lecky, "there runs through the great French literature of the seventeenth century a profound content with the existing order in Church and State, an entire absence of the spirit of disquiet, scepticism, and innovation that leads to organic change."*

That the conservative spirit and the seeming contentment of some of the Asiatic nations are not in themselves forces

* Lecky's History of England, Vol. V., p. 301.



Cordially yours,

Anna Oishi

strong enough, when the time comes, to dispel the charm, as it were, possessed by the theory of representative government, that in short, conservatism is no match for "progress," as such a movement is popularly called, can be illustrated by the history, not of the European nations alone, but of some Asiatic nations themselves. To the general conservative tendency of Asia, Japan was no exception until about twenty-five years ago. No rational being would have then believed that in the course of a few years, Japan would become one of the most progressive nations on the face of the earth. The revolution of 1867, from which the birth of New Japan is dated, was originally a dispute between the Mikado and the Shogun for the *de facto* sovereignty, and not the struggle of the lower classes to rise to political eminence. The tottering dynasty of the Shoguns came to an end, not because they were tyrannical, not because the people felt the special need of social amelioration, but because they saw that the Shogunate had been the instrumentality of usurping the imperial authority, while the nominal Emperor was shut up in his palace, and closely watched by the agents of the Shogun. In Japan loyalty and patriotism meant one and the same thing; therefore the people could not long tolerate this state of affairs. They needed only an occasion to deprive the Shogun of his political power, and to restore it to the Emperor. At last the occasion came. The demand of the Western nations to open certain seaports of the country, accompanied by the threats of armed force, compelled the Shogun to yield. But this step proved fatal to him. If the people were opposed to the Shogun's usurpation, they were still more opposed to his new policy, simply because it was new. They were blind to the innumerable advantages that could be derived from international commerce and communication. As a hermit nation, the people looked down upon the foreigners with mingled distrust and disdain. Knowing nothing of the Western civilization they were determined that no "savage strangers" should step upon the "sacred land of gods." To them the admission of the foreigners signified nothing less than unprecedented disgrace and possibly more — a prey to the ambition and treachery of the "foreign devils." The conservative spirit of the people carried them to a pitch of excitement as high as the exactly opposite principle carried the French people during

the revolution. The Emperor became doubly dear to them, because he was a sovereign *de jure*, and because he was opposed to the new policy. Thus the revolution which followed owes its triumph to the conservatism of the people. Even with their zealous attachment to the Emperor, and their deep hatred of the Shogun, it is an open question whether events would have taken the same course, if the Mikado had advocated and the Shogun opposed the new policy, so strong was prejudice of the people. No more unfavorable condition and time could have been chosen for the introduction of the European civilization. However, in spite of their abhorrence of the Western people, the Western ideas and customs, in spite of all their efforts to shut them out, the appearance of some formidable men-of-war, floating the flags of different nations, compelled Japan to enter into the terms of treaty with them. Twenty years have passed since then, and within that short period, the nation has undergone a marvellous transformation under the magic touch of progress. It would be telling an old story to enumerate the series of innovations that have been written socially and politically, until the promulgation of the new constitution, in which culminated the national pride of the people. The matter to be noted here is that the European civilization encountered but a few obstacles, notwithstanding its inopportune introduction, and was soon adopted with determined zeal. The like progressive phenomenon on a smaller scale is also recurring in Korea, but of this later.

II. Having thus seen from well known historical examples in Europe and Asia that the conservatism is not in itself a force strong enough to resist progress, which leads to the establishment of constitutional government, let us proceed to meet the second objection, namely: the prevailing ignorance among the Asiatic nations. Here the nature of our inquiry involves three distinct topics. 1. Was the general intelligence of the Japanese people, before they came into contact with the Western civilization, higher than that of the other Asiatic nations? 2. Is there not a peculiar characteristic among the Japanese which impels them to progress? 3. Consequent upon the exposition of these two topics, investigation must also be made as to why the Chinese Empire does not show a similar progressive tendency.

1. Besides being the most dangerous enemy of representative government after its establishment, ignorance is

most hostile to its establishment. *Prima facie*, people must possess a certain degree of capacity, mental and moral, to understand what civilization is and what representative government is. The Batta of Sumatra may have their own alphabet, and the Fans of the West Coast may excel in iron work,* but even these fall short of the pre-requisites, not intellectually only, but morally also. We cannot conceive of them, seated around a camp-fire, discussing the merits of two chambers system, or defining the rights and duties of a citizen, while their vile lips are stained with the blood of their fellow-man, whose flesh they have just devoured. Not to expatiate further on this self-evident fact, it is certain that the Japanese people were sufficiently intelligent to understand and appreciate the Western ideas, when they were thrust to their notice. Certain, too, that in some branches of æsthetic art, they were somewhat superior to the neighboring nations. But beyond this, thirty years ago, a careful observer could have detected in the Japanese people no conspicuous intellectual attainment, except, of course, such points of dissimilarity as exist between any two nations equally civilized. Japan, Korea, and China had the same system of education and the same "classics," and each was composed of followers of Confucius and believers in Buddhism. True, Japan was then under the feudal system, and China and Korea were and still are under monarchy, but in point of absolutism, their governments were all alike. The greater differentiations were the facts that the Japanese had their own system of religious belief besides, called Shintoism, that the Japanese and the Koreans each had, in addition to the Chinese characters, their own syllables, and that the styles of their dress were different in no small degree. But the former, being a belief, principally concerned with the hereafter, has no more connection than the latter two with the subject of our inquiry, which relates to the intellectual phases of these people only in so far as they influence their political ideas.

2. Nor can we find any peculiar characteristic in the Japanese people, to which we may ascribe their progressive tendency. The only predominant characteristic that we know is their imitative power. This they have remarkably exhibited in their adoption of the Chinese civilization,

* Peschel's, "The Races of Man," p. 163.

which they modified and made their own, and more remarkably in their recent adoption of the Western civilization. Let us examine what relation this bears to the conservative and the progressive spirit of the people. Mr. Herbert Spencer attributes two motives to imitation, either reverential or competitive.* It is with the latter that we are concerned. This, coming as it does from a desire of an imitator to assert his equality with the one imitated, implies the recognition of superiority of the latter, and the acknowledgment of inferiority of the former. Conservatism, in the sense we have been using the term, defies any recognition and acknowledgment of this sort; therefore it defies imitation. In other words, a man does not imitate what he dislikes or scorns, and since conservatism is aversion to, or contempt for, say a new political institution, the imitative trait has no part to play, while that aversion or contempt continues. Evidently, then, the imitative power of the Japanese was not the force which served to make the conservative people progressive; only when conservatism gives way, and admiration for what is new is awakened, can this power assume its full activity.

Were we to admit for the sake of argument that the Japanese people were far superior in intelligence to the other people of Asia, or that they possessed a peculiar characteristic which impelled them to the adoption of the Western civilization, or even both, our position will not be altered, for the progressive idea of Japan has already reached across the sea to the continent of Asia, giving rise to an event in Korea. In December, 1884, the two political factions of that country, one of which was liberal and the other conservative, respectively, representing the Japanese and the Chinese principles, disputed for supremacy. The positive and negative currents, as of electricity, met at the peninsula, and produced a spark of revolution.†

* "His Principle of Sociology," Vol. II., p. 209.

† There was another agitation in Korea in 1882, but this was a mere uprising of the mob against the Japanese staying in that country, and not of grave political importance. For the details of both these events, the reader is referred to "A Korean Coup D'Etat," an entertaining article by Perceval Lowell, *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1886. This poverty-stricken country, with an imbecile sovereign at the helm of state, and with no organized army, is practically under the control of the Chinese government, though nominally she is independent. Some European powers, who seem to consider that the greatness of a nation is commensurate with its success in its territorial aggrandizement are casting eyes at her, in vain let us hope, for the sake of Korea. While the influence of China is so predominant, she cannot accomplish much. A *coup d'etat* might be needed a few times more, before she can become an independent nation in the fullest sense of the words. At any rate, her prospect is dubious enough at present.

Although, unfortunately for Korea, the liberals were vanquished, and its chief leaders were banished from their native country, the significance of the phenomenon does not lose its weight on that account. The tidal wave of progress, once repulsed, is not likely to subside forever. Meantime, it is worth while to notice, that even under the undisputed administration of the victorious conservatives, the nation could not remain aloof from the rest of the world. Besides entering into treaties with some western and eastern nations, Korea is availing herself of the services of European abilities, for the purpose of internal improvement.

3. "But," some one may ask, "if the establishment of constitutional government in Japan is due principally to the inherent excellence of the institution itself, and not to the superior intelligence of the Japanese people, nor yet to their peculiar characteristic, how can the non-progressive tendency of China be accounted for?" The vast extent of her dominion,* the immense number of her population,† and her almost inexhaustible national resources, all combine to make the question in regard to her future policy a momentous one. With the best form of government, and under the guidance of an able statesman, it is within her power to promote the advancement of whole Asia, and mould the destiny of the world. Yet, to all practical intents and purposes, she is evidently indifferent to the possibility of such a noble mission. Nay, more; she ignores it. She reminds us of an opium smoker. The world is awake, but she reposes in profound slumber, and little does she care what others are doing. The doctrine of *Laissez-Faire* is the sinew of her policy toward the European states. She lets them alone so long as they let her alone, leaving them to wonder for what she was born. When some one comes and strikes her on the face, she stands up, still half asleep, slowly gathers whatever strength is in her, returns blow for blow, but the moment her enemy disappears torpidity again overtakes her, she relapses into dreamy indifference. Of what is this opium composed that she smokes?

I must not be understood to mean *absolute* irresistibility of constitutional government. Already I have touched upon one exception, viz: inadequate capacity, mental and moral,

* About 4,179,559 sq. miles. — *The Statesman's Year Book*, 1891.

† About 404,180,000. — *Ibid.*

of people. Instead of excepting Japan from the pervading conservatism of Asia, I am inclined to make causes resisting or retarding the establishment of constitutional government in China exceptions to its irresistibility, side by side with ignorance. Such causes are, doubtless, multitudinous. Nevertheless, a careful observer will be able to single out two principal ones among many others: territorial and intellectual.

We have seen that the average intelligence of the Chinese people is not much inferior, if at all, to that of the Japanese, previous to the revolution. Even those Chinese who come to this country for manual labor, can read and write to some extent. Undoubtedly there is a large number of illiterate and brutal outcasts, who are a standing disgrace to humanity at large, but they can be found in every nation at present. The average intelligence of the middle class in China is, next to Japan, perhaps, the highest among the Asiatic nations. But the greatest evil from which Chinese intellect is suffering is its bombastic antiquarianism. This differs from conservatism, in that it is not the cautious distrust of new institutions for the improvement of the existing ones, but an effort to move backward, and to revive the ancient order of things, which crumbled into dust a thousand years before, from its inadaptability. The goal toward which modern civilization is striving, is the attainment of justice, the security of property and of the lives of individuals. The ideal society of the Chinese is one in which the simplicity of primitive tribes makes the administration of justice unnecessary, in which the possession of property and the protection of lives are unknown. Eulogies are lavished throughout their literature to the peaceful reigns of the primitive kings, when no one locked his house at night, or touched another's article which he happened to find on his way. To them antiquity is adorable instead of venerable. They consider themselves insignificant by the side of their godly ancestors. No doubt the doctrine of Confucius, which the Chinese people endeavor to carry out to a letter, has played a large part in producing this effect. Instead of unfolding the possibilities of the future, he recapitulated the virtues and achievements of the past. I am not attempting to depreciate the inestimable service, which his system of philosophy has rendered toward enhancing the standard of

rectitude among his disciples. But for him Asia might have sunk into the depths of moral chaos. This much at least must be said in justification of his doctrine, that evidently it was not his intention to reproduce an exact duplicate of the primitive Chinese civilization. "Let each day bring a new order of things," and "A sage's principles change as time," are among the precepts he enunciated. But these aphorisms, upon which the Anglo-Saxons would have laid a great stress, have been set at naught by his followers to the detriment of their own welfare.

This antiquarianism also existed in Japan, before the introduction of the European civilization, but here it had lacked much of its intensity, through its non-originality. The Japanese had no inventive pride, and it was with little reluctance that they abandoned their old theories which they borrowed from China, and adopted new civilization of the West. The Chinese cannot forget that whatever civilization they possess is their own, and that, at one time, theirs was the "Celestial Empire," which gave law, literature, and art to the neighboring nations. Every one knows that all the people still believe their civilization far superior to that of Europe. And since they do not care to compete with the civilization which they regard as inferior, they are striving to model themselves after the features of their own ancient civilization, which, for aught we know, might have been purer because younger, but which, existing in the less developed stage of society, must have been necessarily cruder. They are not aware that a society developed to any extent is a composite organism; that an originally simple cluster of people had grown into a complex community, through double methods, the multiplication of its own offsprings, and its union with another cluster or clusters of people.* This gradual growth of a society is followed by a corresponding diversity in the division of labor, thus making the social structure also complex.† Whatever else they can do, the Chinese will never realize their ideal of ancient simplicity, with their present complex social structure and system. A human society can either fall backward or progress forward, but it cannot *progress backward*. In China the active movement for social and political ameliora-

* Spencer's "Principle of Sociology," Vol. II., pp. 436-458.

† Ibid., pp. 459-472.

tion is restrained by the erroneous idea that they will aggravate evils and increase the distance between the present and the past. The unemployed energy of the nation, like an unemployed human muscle, is losing its vitality. Unable to go backward, unwilling to go forward, the nation is at standstill, and its civilization is stagnant with vices of the worst sort, the growth of which is checked by no iron hands of heroic reformers.

Another cause acting against the susceptibility of China to the European civilization is the vastness of her territory. The power of resistance being equal, a force requires longer time to travel larger distance, but when the power of resistance against the force of civilization is much stronger, as in the case of China, in comparison with Japan, the required length of time becomes still greater. The vast and thickly populated Empire of China naturally contains the various aggregates of people, with diverse inclinations and antagonistic interests, which makes their joint effort for any achievement extremely difficult, especially when the central authority is weak. The disadvantages are further multiplied by the difficulty of travelling and communication. On account of these hindrances, the Western civilization has not as yet time to permeate the whole Empire of China, and give the people an impetus for progressive movement. It may be well questioned whether "the fathers" could have succeeded in organizing the federal government, if the colonies were as large, and contained as great a population as the present United States. As it was, several States refused to enter into the confederation at first.* Taking into consideration her better facility for communication, and her proximity to the other European powers, perhaps Russia owes to the size of her territory, the successful maintenance of her absolute monarchy as much as China. But here the decisive battle is already impending. At this moment she is trembling with apprehension lest the palace of the Czar be at any moment levelled to its foundation by the terrible explosion of a nihilist's bomb. The more the employment of force is resorted to as the means of suppression, the greater the violence of resistance. It may take the Chinese people generations before they are seized with

* New York, Virginia, North Carolina, and Rhode Island. Bryce's *The American Commonwealth*, Vol. I., p. 32.

such political fanaticism, but judging from precedents, it is a rational probability that the absolute monarchy of China may yet become the object of furious attack by her now inert and abject populace, apparently in happy ignorance of the nature of sovereign authority, the free and unrestrained exercise of which they may learn to covet too soon.

Ignorance, antiquarianism, and large territory, then, are some principal causes which retard the march of progress. There remains only the third and last objection to be met — the adaptability of the Asiatic people to the representative form of government.

III. If two thousand years of Asiatic despotism has given her people one lesson, that lesson is obedience, and obedience is, according to John Stuart Mill, a quality essential to the people under constitutional government.* Not only they must be obeyed, but also they must obey. Law, which is constitutional, commands their obedience, so long as it is not repealed, whether it promotes, or is detrimental to, their welfare. This is especially the case in England, where parliament is supreme and not the constitution, as in the United States, though in both countries *vox populi* will tell in the end. On the other hand it may be disputed that if long despotism taught the Asiatic people to be subservient to public authorities, it also made them meek and slavish, entirely eradicating the spirit of independence, indispensable to self-governing people. Granted, but how shall this defect be remedied? Because they are too slavish and not sufficiently independent, are they to crawl under absolute despotism for another two thousand years, which would make them all the more slavish, and all the less independent? Slavishness is obedience plus something more. If political liberty were given the Asiatic people, when they had just learned to obey, slavishness would never have become their fault. The very fact of their being slavish proves that despotism should have ceased to exist long before, and should cease now, in order to cure them of this despicable disease. As far as this question is concerned, then, the slavishness of the Asiatic people, instead of being against their adaptability to constitutional government, is for it. In the words of Macaulay, "If men are to wait for liberty until they

* His Representative Government, pp. 85, 86.

become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever."*

There may be a thousand other infirmities among these people, but most of them doubtless are, or were, found among the highly civilized people of to-day. Every nation can point with pride to some men of admirable achievement, of brilliant genius, of saintly virtues, but that same nation also contains the countless number of inebriates, robbers, and murderers. Differences in environments and in the stage of civilization have contributed much in differentiating the inhabitants of the globe, but we must bear in mind that they are all made by the same hand of the Creator, and are, in general, striving to do good according to the dictates of their conscience. What characterizes civilization is not so much the quality of goodness revealed, as its quantity. Between aborigines and highly advanced people, there exists a wide gulf, but that gulf becomes perceptibly narrower between the so-called semi-civilized and the civilized, much narrower than the word "semi" indicates with the force of scientific exactness. But behind all these arguments, there lays the most fundamental condition of the adaptability, namely: that the people should be desirous of establishing it. No other Asiatic nations beside Japan have expressed their desire to this end, either by words or by action, and therefore they are incapacitated.

This objection would be fatal, if we were advocating that the Asiatic people ought to have constitutional government. But we have not been. We have been arguing that since constitutional government has irresistible attraction to those who can understand what it is, and since it has already been established in Japan, the other Asiatic nations will begin to desire it, notwithstanding their seeming ignorance and conservatism; and because they are adapted for it in all the respects but one, the want of desire to establish it, when that desire is enkindled within their breasts, then a "great democratic revolution," which De Tocqueville said was going on in Europe,† and which is still going on there, will also go on in Asia. We may observe in passing, that Sir Henry Maine's arguments against the irresistibility of popular government‡ have no connection with our position,

* His Essay on Milton.

† His Democracy in America, Vol. I., p. 2.

‡ His Popular Government, pp. 70-74.

being directed against the ultra-democratic tendency of modern times which is beyond the scope of our present discussion.

But will this new institution of Japan possess permanency? Constitutional government has shown in many cases the lack of stability. In France and Spain especially it has been established and overthrown again and again.* Can *Tei Koku Gi Kai* † prove itself above such frailty and stand for ages a majestic monument of the people capable of self-government? Or must it pass away in ignominy and gloom through its own weakness, or of the constitution, or of the people, or of all these combined? Hitherto we have been discussing the extrinsic significance of constitutional government in Japan, but this important question introduces us into the field of its intrinsic excellence. To answer the question we must examine the constitution itself in its details, besides tracing the steps which led to its promulgation. Perhaps a volume may be necessary for this most interesting and profitable study. At any rate, the space which we have already occupied renders a further discussion of the subject impossible for the present. But we cannot lay aside our pen without expressing our fondest anticipation, and most earnest desire, that guided by statesmen of genius, and supported by the prudent and patriotic people, this first institution ever founded on the Asiatic soil for the development of political liberty, may be crowned with brilliant success, not only for the sake of Japan, but for the sake of all Asia, whose myriad sons it is her noble duty, as well as privilege, to rescue from the yoke of ever-detestable bondage.

* Ibid, pp. 17, 18.

† Literally, "The Deliverative Assembly of the Empire," being the comprehensive name for the two legislative chambers of Japan, corresponding to Parliament of England or Congress of the United States.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

BY PROF. WILLIS BOUGHTON, OF OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

UNIVERSITY extension is a movement intended to bring the people at large into closer communion with the college and the university. Though it had a lowly birth in England, it has become a great institution permanently wedded to Oxford and Cambridge. For some years the idea has been growing that our American colleges ought to be doing something in this same line. The world is full of students who are unable to attend the university; some are prevented by family ties, and some by business relations; but mature though they be, there are everywhere real students who are lamenting the fact that they seem forever shut out from the light of knowledge as it is shed abroad from our higher educational institutions. To such are added those young people who have been by circumstances early forced into industrial pursuits, but who are hungry after such training as will enable them to command better situations and better salaries. The success of the Chautauqua movement indicates how many there are that are bent upon improving themselves.

This Chautauqua movement is only an attempt to Americanize university extension. In various ways, however, it fails to perform the full function of the latter institution. While Chautauqua work is carefully planned, it is elementary; the student is left almost entirely to his own, often misdirected, efforts; and there is little or no chance of his coming into personal contact with the experienced educator and specialists. Though the circles have, through lack of direction, sometimes neglected education for entertainment, the organization as a whole has accomplished a wonderful work in the elevation and the instruction of great numbers of people.

University extension, on the other hand, profiting by the experience of Chautauqua, proposes not only to plan courses

of study, but to direct, supervise, and test the work of its students as well. In doing all this, it employs the lecturer, the syllabus, the class, the travelling library, and the examination. It has adopted methods whereby it can reach people of as varied occupations as those reached by Chautauqua, and it can thus furnish them with information having a positive educational value.

The lecturers are college-bred men or women, and specialists in different lines of educational work. If actively engaged in teaching at some reputable college or university, their chances of success are greater, and the character of their work is of a better grade. It promises well for the future of university extension to record that some of America's most popular and celebrated professors have added to their already heavy duties the burdens of some line of extension teaching. But all college professors are not adapted to this work. The successful extension lecturer must be of a versatile nature — a good lecturer, an earnest student, a practical teacher. It is his duty to interest a mixed, popular audience in an educational subject, and to inspire numbers of his hearers with a determination to enter upon a systematic and thorough course of study. The teacher who can do so must have within him the spirit of the reformer, and the earnestness that will enable him to arouse and to enthrust to action the numbers that are dying of lethargy and ennui. The teacher who can do this has here a field of labor extensive enough for the highest ambition, and may be repaid by a success grander than can be attained in the limited circle of the college or the university.

The work of the lecturer arranges itself into unit courses. The unit course consists of a series of six related lectures, so arranged that they will cover a definite field of study. Though less comprehensive, the unit course may be compared to a course of study in a college curriculum. As extension students are the busy people of this world, these lectures occur only at intervals of one week, thus giving the student time for the extra reading and study that he is asked to do. A unit course, then, will cover a period of six weeks; and four unit courses, extending over a period of twenty-four weeks, constitute an extension year. It is superfluous to attempt to estimate how much the earnest solitary student may accomplish in a year through the assistance and the impetus thus

given his efforts. Much, however, depends upon the personal effort of the student, and the syllabus is intended to direct his private study.

The syllabus is much more than a carefully prepared outline of a unit course. It must form a skeleton for the student's diligent work; it must recall and elaborate the points brought out in each lecture; it must give a comprehensive list of reference books upon the course—a bibliography of the subject—with information as to the best editions and as to how to use the books to the best advantage; it must suggest lines of research—comparisons and parallelisms; it must outline for the student paper work with full instructions as to how to write upon the subject; it must, in short, be a sort of teacher, full of methods and of suggestions, supplementing the work of the class.

The class immediately follows the lecture and is conducted by the lecturer himself. It is here that the student comes into the most direct contact with the educator. Just as the lecture is for the popular audience, many of whom seek pleasure rather than information, so the class is pre-eminently the earnest student's workshop. It is here that he has the privilege of turning questioner and of putting to the lecturer such queries as have puzzled him in his private work. The papers that have been prepared during the week are criticised and discussed, and experienced lecturers claim that some extension students can and do prepare papers which show as deep an insight and as broad an understanding of the subject as are manifested by the ordinary college student. The class then is, from the student point of view, the select portion of the audience, and still it often happens that only a small proportion of this class even can be induced to do systematic and thorough work; they are regarded as the fruit of the lecture and measure the speaker's ability to interest a popular audience.

As an adjunct to class work, the travelling library is proposed. In order to do effective work, the student must have books, and university extension proposes to arrange with public libraries so that the necessary volumes can be furnished the isolated student at a cost little in excess of that of transportation. There is such competition among express companies that there will be little trouble in getting rates of transportation which will render this feature of exten-

sion teaching practicable. What Mudie's Circulating Library is to England, the extension travelling library may be to America. The result will be to place in the reach of all the best copyrighted books, and to strangle the reprints of worthless publications that are bought only because they are cheap.

Finally there comes the examination. For the assurance of timid and sensitive persons, it may be stated that extension work is optional, and may be carried to any desired stage of completion. The many enter upon the work because it is popular and interesting; and as soon as it assumes the character of study, the class will often dwindle down to a small portion of the audience. The requirements for an examination will weed this remainder until there is found but a handful that will submit to the test. These workers are usually mature, and often prove themselves to be thorough and proficient students. The examination is intended to be a thorough test, and if it proves the work to have been creditably done, a certificate to that effect is awarded.

Any community that arranges for one or more unit courses is termed a local centre. In order to introduce and conduct this plan of work, there must be some kind of a local organization. Often there already exists, even in a small town, some literary club or other society organized for purposes of education or culture. Such societies, if in a thrifty condition, may be utilized for extension purposes. If they prove to be responsible for the expense of one or more unit courses, no further organization is needed; but in towns where no such society exists, a local centre may be formed by the co-operation of a few citizens. A public meeting may be convened or other means taken to elect a local committee consisting of a half dozen members, with at least a chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer as its official board. The first work of the committee is to raise a guarantee fund to cover the expense of one or more unit courses. Responsible persons are willing enough to subscribe to such a fund upon the assurance that it will not be used except in case of a deficiency caused by a limited sale of student or course tickets. Experience in Philadelphia has proved that, ordinarily, enough tickets will be sold to more than cover the expense of the course.

The guarantee fund raised, the local committee is ready to secure the services of a lecturer, and is brought into business connections with the nearest branch, as the next higher stage in the system is denominated. The branch is located at a railroad centre, and in the vicinity of some college or university. For example, the Philadelphia branch is the business centre for the entire region within a radius of fifty miles. It draws its lecturers from the faculties of the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Bryn Mawr, Haverford, and Swarthmore. The branch acts as the middle man between the college and the local centre. Its functions are to supply a competent corps of lecturers, to systematize the work within its jurisdiction, and to organize new local centres. Already the Philadelphia branch has formed twenty-five local centres, some of which another season will give a full year's work consisting of four unit courses.

Located in Philadelphia in the midst of colleges, this organization is purely national in its aims. It brings with it system out of chaos. While university extension was groping aimlessly about, it came to the attention of one of the leading educators of our country. As provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. William Pepper has proved himself to be a man of great executive ability. Comprehending to the fullest extent the future of our educational system, with wonderful foresight, he saw in the extension movement a future far more important than for a mere matter of missionary diversion for certain charitably inclined professors. He at once suggested plans for uniting the efforts of those engaged in the work and of harmonizing them throughout the country. Accordingly Mr. George Henderson was sent to England to study the movement in all of its bearings, and to gain a thorough insight into the English system. Upon his return the American Society was organized with Dr. Pepper as president, and Mr. Henderson as Secretary. But Dr. Pepper, already burdened with the executive duties of a great university, as well as with the labors of an extensive profession, was soon obliged to withdraw from the active presidency, and Dr. Edmund J. James was elected to that office. Such, in brief, is the origin of the National Society.

This American Society comes in as a helpmate to the local centre, the branch, the college, and the university.

Its functions are distinct and various. Coming forward with the accumulated experience of a quarter century in England, it can enable extension workers in this country to profit thereby. It has employed a corps of practical business men to systematize the work, and to attend to the necessary details; it is publishing a monthly journal called *University Extension*; for the purpose of gathering and disseminating information regarding the movement; it publishes syllabi and furnishes them to the student and to the public at the lowest possible cost; and employs organizers to help in the formation of local centres, and to get them in working order. It must be recognized at once that no single educational institution can do this general work, and that the American Society, instead of becoming a competitor with the university in extension work, renders it practical for even the smaller colleges to enter this field of usefulness.

In the performance of its functions, then, the National Society must ordinarily deal with the greater centres of organization; still when it is impracticable to form a branch, it may deal directly with the local centre. Nor is its influence bounded by any conventional barriers. It can enter the home where the solitary student sits by his evening lamp, and direct his work. In this home work, of course, the student rarely comes into direct contact with the educator, but through systematized correspondence his work may be directed and finally tested. It can thus be given a true educational value. It must not be ignored that a startling proportion of our great business men are what are termed self-educated. So will it be in the future; but it is far from visionary to believe that university extension will open paths whereby the solitary student need no longer employ an expensive tutor nor waste his time, groping in the labyrinth paths of knowledge, without a thread, at least, to direct his wanderings to pleasanter fields of light and learning.

While this system of study is popular, and has all the glitter of novelty, many insincere persons will enroll their names. Some will seek only entertainment, and will be satisfied with the popular lecture alone. Others, through timidity and lack of self-confidence, may attend the class but will not attempt the paper work or the examination.

But in every community are scores of earnest, hungry students anxious to learn but knowing not how to get the knowledge that they crave,—mature students settled in homes and in business,—to such university extension offers chances for improvement and refreshing labor that were never known before. Then it is no longer imperative to reside in the vicinity of the university, or to forever remain ignorant of university learning, for wherever a score or more of students may congregate, there can be brought from college halls a master workman to direct the work.

It is easy, then, to realize the scope of the American society. It can stretch its influence into every corner of the country; it can enter every town and city; it can enter even the isolated home. Ordinarily colleges and universities of the country are anxious to work with the National Society, for in this way even the small college becomes a link in this great chain of organization, and the efforts of its faculty may bear fruit, whereas unsystematized work is little better than a failure. By such co-operation the work of extension teaching may have come to have such a positive educational value that its certificates, when awarded by the members of a college faculty, may, in that institution, at least, pass current for a definite amount of the work required for a degree. At Cambridge, England, students from centres that are in affiliation with that institution can thus save one year's residence at the university. Is it, then, visionary to expect as much here?

University extension, however, offers no royal road to learning; it is as yet, as it were, laying the ties for a broad gauge track where only those that have the strength to work their passage may travel. But when operated by the American Society, it is far in advance of the overland or Panama routes of the forty-niners in extension travel. This society seems to have solved the problem, and promises to become the great American University that Washington proposed, Jefferson planned, and scores have, since the founding of our government, prophesied and awaited.

POPE LEO ON LABOR.

BY THOMAS B. PRESTON.

IN reading the encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII. on the condition of labor, one is chiefly struck by his earnest desire for the welfare of all mankind, his clear recognition of the existence of a grave social problem, and the singular want of logic which he exhibits in his attempt to solve it. His views on this subject certainly deserve careful and thoughtful analysis on account of the influence which they are bound to exert in the world, owing to his peculiar position as head of the largest of the Christian churches. They should be read without bias, each argument being given its due weight irrespective of any conclusions but those of common sense and right reason. Unfortunately there is much division of opinion as to the value of the document. Those Catholics who are superstitious give to these opinions of the Pope the force of a revelation from God. And on the other hand there are many so-called liberals who regard these utterances as the words of a crafty old man, ambitious of acquiring wealth, power, and fame in the world for himself and for the hierarchy of his Church. Putting aside all prejudice of either kind, let us examine what Pope Leo says in the light of reason, having faith enough to believe that the interests of true religion cannot suffer in the slightest degree from such an examination.

In his opening sentences the Pope speaks in a tone of regret of the "spirit of revolutionary change" predominant in the nations, and seems to connect it with "a general moral deterioration." He does not appear to have considered that the change may be evolutionary rather than revolutionary, and that the "general moral deterioration" is quite as much due to the efforts of reactionary politicians and churchmen who aim to retain for the classes all the constantly increasing wealth-producing power of the world, keeping the masses down to the same bare level of subsist-

ence as formerly, while their capacity for enjoyment has been vastly enlarged through the increased general average of civilization and refinement. This naturally produces on the one side the piled-up accumulations of individuals garnered by the few, an inordinate display of wealth and luxury, and the vices of intemperance and immorality; while on the other, maddened and starving crowds are likely to resort to violence, and the poorer population to indulge whenever they get a chance in the same pleasures as the rich. But with all these disadvantages in the modern economic situation it may fairly be questioned whether the general moral deterioration is as great as in the good old times, the "ages of faith," when the Inquisition flourished along with the Borgias, the *droit du seigneur* was a recognized custom, and bribery and violence were everywhere prevalent.

"Public institutions and the laws," says Pope Leo, "have repudiated the ancient religion." But is not this repudiation in large part due to the refusal of the ministers of the ancient religion to accommodate themselves to new conditions in the world's history, so that with the growth of modern civilization the world has moved more rapidly than the Church, and the latter has become dissociated from the masses, chiefly owing to the ignorance and intense conservatism of her rulers and their entirely unnecessary distrust of the discoveries of science? Pope Leo admits that this is "an age of greater instruction, of different customs, and of more numerous requirements in daily life," but he cannot divest himself of the trammels of ecclesiasticism which seem to mould his thoughts and lead him to consider it "essential in these times of covetous greed to keep the multitude within the line of duty." With him it is "the multitude" who seem possessed of an insane desire to break out of the line of duty. His theory is like that of the man who accounted for the overcrowding in large cities on the ground that the poor and unfortunate had a strange and uncontrollable propensity for swarming in tenement-houses. He does not give sufficient force to the influence of conditions upon human acts, and apparently is chiefly anxious that "strife should cease," forgetting that until justice be done the worst thing that could happen would be the cessation of strife.

The flattering surroundings and aristocratic training of Pope Leo cannot, however, dull the generous sympathies of

his heart, or blind his clear vision of "the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor." He says: "The condition of the working population is the question of the hour." This will be a rude awakening to those conservative Catholic churchmen who have in recent years been insisting that things as they are were altogether lovely, and that the talk about the misery of the poor was only the exaggeration of a few cunning agitators who wanted to excite the people so that in a general upheaval these agitators themselves might personally profit. Pope Leo's voice of sympathy is heard declaring that there is a social problem, and that "it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power."

Charity, as Pope Leo frequently understands it, would indeed effect a wonderful amelioration in the world. But it is that charity "which is always ready to sacrifice itself for others' sake" and the chief characteristic of which is the love of justice. It has been degraded in these later years into the sense of alms-giving, so that the Christian pulpits of every denomination have too often thus been preaching charity while ignoring justice.

Is it any wonder the world rebelled? The victories of the Church were won when she possessed the sublime strength of weakness, and when her martyrs and saints in language only matched by that of the radicals of to-day were proclaiming the essential liberty, fraternity, and equality of all men, and denouncing the iniquities of imperial Rome. But when she took the fatuous step, and placed on her own brow the crown of the Cæsars, then she too became conservative, then the words of her popes began to be regulated by policy, then charity became alms-giving, and piety degenerated into ecclesiasticism. Authority was strained until it snapped, and a suffering world revolted from the outrageous assumptions of ecclesiastical power. A return to Christianity is, indeed, needed, but the Church will have quite as much of a journey to go as the world, so far as her methods are concerned.

With regard to the position of the family in the state, Pope Leo is the advocate of freedom as against the interference of public authority in domestic affairs. He admits, however, that the state should interfere in cases of family dis-

turbance "to force each party to give the other what is due," herein differing from the philosophical anarchists. He discerns clearly that the interests of labor and of capital are not antagonistic, but what he does not see is that the interests of labor and capital may both be antagonistic to the interests of monopoly, and that until the latter is destroyed the two former will be continually forced into positions of seeming antagonism. He denounces "rapacious usury," and says that it was "more than once condemned by the Church," conveniently overlooking the fact that the *usuria*, which was condemned, was not only "rapacious" but was all taking of money for the use of money, all interest on loans—a condemnation which, if insisted upon by the Church to-day, would soon empty her sanctuaries. He refers to the "greed of unrestrained competition" but does not grasp the idea that under conditions of justice unrestrained competition would be an advantage, constantly leading men to emulate each other, and becoming a sure guarantee of progress. It is the competition of those who have nothing but their labor, or their brains, or their capital to sell with the owners of vast monopolies who exact from production an ever-increasing toll that needs to be restrained, and this not by abolishing "the custom of working by contract," or by state interference and legislative tinkering, to which the Pope leans in spite of his protests against socialism, but by the abolition of the monopolies or their absorption into the functions of the state.

The Pope is almost a Spencerian in his bias towards individualism, but he forgets that individualism can never be maintained in practice except through the assumption by the state of those monopolies which, if left in private hands, would benefit the few at the expense of the many. True individualism requires equality of opportunity. The instant the idea of monopoly enters, equality of opportunity becomes impossible, and individualism is destroyed. It is through want of seeing this fact that the Pope, in common with most political economists, goes floundering round in a sea of contradictions, now proclaiming principles almost like those of the anarchists, and again favoring extreme socialism, while all the time imagining himself an individualist. Their theories remind one of the labored attempts to explain the solar system by the old Ptolemaic method of epicycles and deferents, when the one simple law of centripetal and centrifugal

gal force was enough to account for all the majestic movements of the universe. What other outcome can there be of this want of a regulator in economics — like a governor in machinery — than an endeavor to patch up the machine of humanity, adding a little here, taking off a little there, doing the best that occasion seems to allow, and all the while impressed with a profound and sad conviction that the machine is in a bad way, and certain to smash up, whatever is done? Consequently we have just such weak documents as this encyclical letter, emanating now from an eminent agnostic scientist, now from a millionaire “philanthropist” and now from the Pope — all conflicting with each other, the first denying that man has any more rights than a rattlesnake, the second lauding a “triumphant democracy” which has not the courage to attack the monopolies through which he has acquired his millions, the third writing a long paper full of pious platitudes and injunctions to the rich to give to the poor, and to the poor to be contented, and then everything will be lovely.

The main portion of the encyclical letter is directed against “socialism,” and the Pope’s arguments are effective as against what he evidently means by socialism. They are sadly weakened, however, by his want of a logical conception of what constitutes private property. He shows in more than one place that he believes private property to be only the result of human labor, but when he comes to apply his ideas, he admits of its extension to land and other monopolies, without realizing that because such monopolies are not the creation of human labor they cannot therefore be rightfully considered as private property. He is like the man who would divide the human race into men, women, and poets, or in enumerating the New England States would include Boston after having mentioned Massachusetts. His arguments are still further weakened by his evident leaning towards compulsory Sunday rest, and an eight-hour day, trades-unionism, and regulation by church societies, all of which savor of the very socialism which he is combatting.

He argues well, however, against the theory which proposes that the state should administer individual property as common property for the benefit of all. This would be more correctly termed state socialism or, in its extreme form, communism. But the Pope fails to recognize that there is

such a thing as public property, created by the mere presence of large communities, and which those communities have a perfect right to administer. While endeavoring to uphold the rights of private property, he impugns what Father William Barry called in a recent review article, "The Rights of Public Property." His Holiness' ignorance on this point can be best shown by a quotation:—

"If one man hires out to another his strength or his industry, he does this for the purpose of receiving in return what is necessary for food and living; he thereby expressly proposes to acquire a full and real right, not only to the remuneration, but also to the disposal of that remuneration as he pleases. Thus, if he lives sparingly, saves money, and invests his savings, for greater security, in land, the land in such a case is only his wages in another form; and, consequently, a workingman's little estate thus purchased should be as completely at his own disposal as the wages he receives for his labor."

It would be interesting to know what the Pope would say if the workingman invested his savings in a slave, and whether the Holy Father would consider the slave only the workingman's "wages in another form." Pope Leo certainly never could have intended to state that the mere purchase of a thing was sufficient to convey ownership. Yet that is just what the last sentence quoted amounts to. The justice of the ownership depends entirely upon whether the thing purchased be rightfully capable of ownership, in the first place, and whether it be obtained from the rightful owner, in the second.

"As effects follow their cause," Pope Leo says a little further on, "so it is just and right that the results of labor should belong to him who has labored."

There he strikes the key-note of the right of property upheld alike by the best churchmen and economists in all ages. That is the natural law of labor. It is opposed to the theory of State socialism, and to what many in this country understand by nationalism. If the Pope had adhered to that proposition, he would have been saved from his illogical position. It is undoubtedly true that a man is entitled to that of which he is the producing cause. And in some branches of labor which are more intimately associated with the earth than others, such as agricultural operations, it

is true that the results of labor, and the improvements made upon land, become physically inseparable from the land itself, so that he who would own what his labor has produced must also have security of tenure, and exclusive possession of "that portion of nature's field which he cultivates."

It is for want of distinguishing carefully between possession and ownership that the Pope falls into his ludicrous economic blunders. This part of his encyclical is absolutely self-contradictory. He is arguing for the securing to the laborer of the fruits of his labor. The workman on land must have ownership of those things he has produced, and hence must have exclusive possession of that part of the earth which he tills. He must have such disposal of it as will enable him by the exertion of his labor to secure a proportionate reward. But this is not ownership. Ownership carries with it something more than this. Once "divide the earth among private owners," as the Pope puts it, and you have this condition of things: that those who do not happen to be among the private owners must compete for the privilege of living on the earth, they must pay a part of the results of their labor for permission to work, and on the other hand the fortunate owners receive something for which they themselves render no labor. It is strange that the Pope did not see the absurdities of his own propositions. He says:—

"Moreover the earth, though divided among private owners, ceases not thereby to minister to the needs of all; for there is no one who does not live on what the land brings forth. Those who do not possess the soil contribute their labor; so that it may be truly said that all human subsistence is derived either from labor on one's own land, or from some laborious industry which is paid for either in the produce of the land itself or in that which is exchanged for what the land brings forth."

Pope Leo is mistaken. All human subsistence is not derived either from labor on one's own land or from some laborious industry. Some human subsistence, as the Pope says, is derived from labor on one's own land. Some human subsistence is derived from laborious industry on the land of others. And—what the Pope seems to ignore—some human subsistence is derived by owning land and letting others work upon it, taking from them part of the fruits of their labor in exchange for the mere permission to labor.

By no construction can such ownership be classed as a "laborious industry." Yet such owners generally enjoy the very best of "human subsistence."

Nevertheless, a few sentences further on, the Pope naïvely asks: "Is it just that the fruit of a man's sweat and labor should be enjoyed by another?" Had the Pope pondered over that question more profoundly, he might have come to far different conclusions from those which he seems to have reached.

It is unfortunate that the Pope through a desire to uphold the just rights of property should have been led to maintain the privileges of monopoly, and still more unfortunate that so many Catholics will consider his blunder an article of faith and feel it binding upon their consciences to oppose all further efforts to impair private ownership of land by taxation—the only way in which individual possession can be reconciled with the common right of all mankind to the earth.

In one place the Pope seems to doubt the extent to which the principle of private ownership is applicable to land, for he says: "The limits of private possession have been left to be fixed by man's own industry *and the laws of individual peoples.*" But if the laws should tax the monopoly value out of land, then the holder of land would not be able to get any profit out of it except by his own labor. It would be no longer such ownership as exists to-day which allows private owners to confiscate the results of other's labor. The Pope here abandons the unqualified ownership which he elsewhere maintains. It might well be asked if he is prepared to excommunicate the legislators and assessors who, in nearly every civilized country to-day, do tax land, and thus to a certain extent impair ownership. And if the same principle were extended so that the tax would equal the entire rental value there would be no chance for the land monopolist to exploit the earnings of labor. Man's means should not be "drained and exhausted by excessive taxation," as the Pope seems to fear, showing that he has a vague idea of the method by which it is proposed to destroy ownership. But as the rental value to-day is already paid by labor, the proposed plan could not drain or exhaust labor any more than at present, while such a tax falling upon lands held for speculation would cause their abandonment, and thus open new

fields for labor. Workingmen would then be really "encouraged to look forward to obtaining a share in the land," and that prosperity which the Pope hopes for would result. He seems to be ignorant of the fact that taxing land, unlike a tax upon any product of labor, makes it cheaper and easier to obtain for possession and use.

More than all does he forget that what labor needs is not the protecting arm of Church or State, but equal opportunity and the fullest possible freedom of access to Nature's bounties. He is untrue to himself and talks like the veriest socialist when he says: "Among the purposes of a society should be to try to arrange for a "continuous supply of work at all times and seasons." Bountiful nature in the great storehouse of the earth has provided a "continuous supply of work" for the whole human race for all future ages. Make monopoly, by taxation, loosen her grip upon the earth, and labor would have abundant opportunity for all time to come without the necessity for paternal, socialistic tinkering on the part of either State or Church.

THE AUSTRIAN POSTAL BANKING SYSTEM.

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER.

THERE is a possibility that the plan for the establishment of postal savings banks, so ably advocated by the postmaster-general, may result in a radical change in our entire banking system. The demand for postal savings-banks is so popular that it is not likely that there will be much further delay on the part of Congress in realizing the project. Now it happens that among the new political issues that have arisen, the question of the currency has assumed a most prominent place. There can be no doubt of the intensity of the feeling that has developed against the national banks, which have supplied a large proportion of the circulating medium since the war, and the demand for a currency issued directly by the government, without the intervention of the banks, is growing both in volume and in force.

The sense of the inadequacy of the national banks to the financial necessities of the country is by no means confined to those who, by theory or experience, have been made hostile to them, and regard them as detrimental to our institutions, and as dangerous instruments for the oppression of the common people. It extends to those who recognize that the national banks have been of invaluable service to the country, and are a vast improvement over the banking system that preceded them. Nevertheless they feel that grave defects are showing themselves, and that for the security of the community something better is needed. There is not the confidence on the part of the business community that there should be, and events like the recent occurrences in connection with the Keystone National Bank, in Philadelphia, are not likely to enhance that confidence. One of the most frequent of surmises is as to how many similar cases there may be, and a very commonly heard query is that as to the state of affairs that a general finan-

cial panic might reveal, with the banks loaded with collateral upon which it would be hardly possible to realize at such a time.

Then there is the moral aspect of the case, so well expressed in an essay* by one of the soundest philosophical and political thinkers whom America has known, the late David Atwood Wasson. Said he: "At present the government permits itself to become indirectly, — or, if we speak of the State governments, worse, sometimes, than indirectly, — confederate with those who amass fortunes by making credit precarious, and forcing the hazards of the gaming-table into all the legitimate operations of business. The comptroller of the currency has publicly said that about one half, on an average, of the means of the national banks, in one chief city — institutions, observe, created by government, and charged, in effect, with one of its most distinctive functions, that of supplying a medium of exchange — are loaned to speculators; that is, to men who subsist largely on artificial disturbances of credit, upon corners in the stock market and money market, upon alternations of inflation and stringency, the ups and downs of a disordered constitution. Without going into the matter closely, which is aside from my present purpose, I leave before the reader the main facts of the case: that the system of credit centred in the modern banking system plays a vast and increasing role in our civilization; that while of a utility not easily overstated, it affords peculiar opportunities of fraud and exaction; that aside from these, its unregulated condition is dangerous, resulting in alternations of inflation and depression, like the alternate extremes of fever and ague; that vast and growing combinations exist for producing artificially this disorder; that those institutions which credit has created under the express sanction of government, at once to supply its necessities and hold it healthily in check, are managed only as private property; that much oppression, alike of labor and capital, and also, I fear, much demoralization — which is an interior and worse oppression — are suffered in consequence; and that hitherto our statesmanship wants the studious leisure, and our method of government the stability and precision of operation, which these exigencies demand."

* "The New Type of Oppression," in "Essays: Religious, Social, Political." Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A truer statement of the case never was made, and these words should be well pondered by patriotic citizens.

Probably the reason why the feeling against our present banking system has not yet taken shape in legislation is because no sound constructive measures have been proposed. Faulty as the system is, what is there better that can take its place? is asked, and to this no satisfactory reply has been given. Even though the notes of the national banks should be retired, and currency issued directly from the national treasury should take their place, we must have banking facilities of some kind.

Absolute security of bank deposits is what is desired, and any measure that would secure that end could hardly fail to be joyfully welcomed by the business community, with the exception of the small minority either selfishly interested in present banking corporations, or whose prosperity is derived from operations based upon a state of insecurity. Powerful as these interests are, there is no reason why they should be permitted to stand in the way of the realization of a better condition of affairs, should that prove attainable.

The leading merit of the national banking system comes from the absolute security of its circulating medium, proceeding from the governmental guarantee. Meanwhile the interests of the depositors, in supplying whose convenience the bank derives its business, remain inadequately guarded. Is not some system possible whereby in place of this partial guarantee we may have a complete guarantee, covering both circulating medium and deposit?

Fortunately, with the experiences of other countries furnishing examples so available as they do nowadays, we are not left entirely to our own resources in devising solutions for problems that confront us. We have but to look to Austria for a most successful example of a truly national banking system, that completely meets the demand. When Austria established its postal savings bank, in 1882, a regular check and clearing system was made a feature thereof. This, offering substantially the same convenience as our ordinary private or national banks in this country, together with the additional advantages of absolute security of deposits, and checks good in all parts of the country, has become enormously popular with the mercantile public, so

that the regular banking department has quite overshadowed the savings department, important as the latter is.

Every post-office in Austria, therefore, has the function of both a savings-bank and a bank of deposit. A permanent deposit of one hundred florins, or forty dollars, is sufficient to make a person a member of the check and clearing department. No limit is placed on the amount that may be deposited, but a single check cannot be drawn for more than ten thousand florins [four thousand dollars]. Interest is paid on deposits at a rate not exceeding two per cent., while the interest on savings may not exceed three per cent. A charge of two kreutzers [eight mills] is made for each entry, together with a commission of one fourth per mille. Another function of the postal bank is the buying and selling of government securities, for which a commission of two per mille is charged, with a commission of one per mille for the cashing of coupons.

It is interesting to learn that two years before the adoption of this system by Austria, a very similar plan was advocated by an able American student of finance, the Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. In his book, "The Science of Money and American Finances," published in 1880, he said: "The government ought to provide a deposit system of absolute safety to depositors for all who choose to avail themselves of it. A system of postal savings-banks somewhat similar to the British should be adopted. The government receiving a deposit, and allowing the depositor to check out at the same or any other office, paying no interest and doing no loaning, receiving the use of the funds while on deposit, as compensation for storage and transportation of funds. No actual transportation would, of course, be required, except to settle balances between offices. This would be the safest possible deposit and most convenient exchange system, and is quite as proper for the government to undertake as the postal or money-order business. As it is, the government coins money and transfers money, but will not take it on storage, which is absurd, and forces the people to deposit with loan and discount concerns, liable to explode at any time and leave them penniless."

Although interest on deposits is paid in Austria, there appears to be no good reason why it should be paid were the system adopted in this country. There is no need of it as an

inducement, for the absolute security and the greatly increased convenience of the system would be sufficient for that. The present national banks pay no interest on deposits, the facilities afforded being adequate to secure all the deposits needed.

It appears desirable, however, to pay interest on deposits of savings. In the bill prepared by Postmaster-General Wanamaker, it is provided that this shall not exceed 2.4 per cent. This low rate is fixed upon in order that the interest may be considerably less than the average paid by private bankers to depositors. The great obstacle to the establishment of postal savings-banks in this country has been the lack of available means for the investment of the funds, the rapidly decreasing national debt making government bonds out of the question for the purpose. Mr. Wanamaker proposes to overcome this obstacle by loaning the funds to national banks within the State where the deposits are made. The objection to this course lies in the objection to the national banks themselves, as heretofore stated. To give them disposition over such a vast amount—it is estimated that the deposits in the postal savings-banks would soon reach \$500,000,000—would be to increase vastly their power for harm.

Mr. Wanamaker's alternative proposition, to utilize the funds in the direction of greater and much needed expenditures for public buildings, particularly post-office structures, is, on the other hand, a sound one. They might also be employed to advantage in providing the means for the much needed extension of the postal service now so widely demanded, as in the adoption of a parcels post equal to that of Germany, England, and other countries, and in nationalizing the telegraph and telephone and incorporating them into the postal department.

The deposits in the proposed check and clearing department would place an enormous amount at the disposal of the government, in addition to the postal savings-bank funds. Paying no interest on these deposits, the government might utilize the money in its own expenditures, and thus to a considerable extent reduce taxation. Or, just as the ordinary banks loan their deposits, the government might loan this money for mortgages on land and on staple products, somewhat as demanded in recent agitations.

A person so eminent in the discussion of these questions as Mr. Edward Atkinson has recently stated, in substance, that, increase the volume of the currency as we may, still it would not be adequate to certain exigencies of regular recurrence, like the annual moving of the crops. He thus practically concedes the justice of the farmers' demand, as formulated in their "sub-treasury project," but he would supply this want through private banking institutions organized expressly to loan money for this purpose.

Such institutions would, however, naturally take advantage of the necessities of the farmers by obtaining the highest rates of interest possible, while the underlying purpose of the other plan would be that of making the loans at the lowest rates consistent with the expense of the transactions. Is it not better, it may be asked, and more in accordance with the principles of true self-help, for the people thus to supply their own financial needs in the cheapest way possible through the instrumentality of their governmental organization, rather than depend upon "private enterprise" organized to take advantage of their necessities for its own profit?

At first glance there might seem to be an objection in the fact that, while the government was lending money at two per cent. it was paying on savings deposits interest possibly as high as 2.4 per cent., which would appear to be an unbusiness-like and unprofitable proceeding. But on striking an average between the sums on which it was paying that rate and the large amounts on which it was paying no interest, but receiving two per cent., it would probably be found that it was getting the whole at a rate considerable less than two per cent.

A more valid objection to the lending of money by the government at a fixed low rate of interest, instead of at whatever rates it might obtain according to the state of the money market, as private banking institutions would do, might be found in the liability that the parties to whom it was loaned might reloan it at higher rates, and thus use the good offices of the government as a means of personal profit. The measure could hardly fail, however, to lower very greatly the general rate of interest in the business world. It would be important, of course, to keep this large sum in circulation, and thus avoid the evils arising

from hoarding. Its utilization for the regular expenditures of the government would be likely to do this, and the consequent reduction of taxation would be a great public advantage. Although the idea of loaning money at fixed low rates upon certain securities, such as land and staple products, might prove impracticable from various considerations—such, for instance, as the injustice of discriminating in favor of any particular classes in the community, as such a scheme would appear to do—there should be no difficulty in devising some practicable system for using to the advantage of the entire public the extensive funds which thus would be placed at the disposal of the government.

The postal banks would doubtless very largely take the place of present institutions of deposit. To what extent this would be the case, it is, of course, impossible to say. For all ordinary purposes, and for the needs of the average business man, their advantages could not fail to be great. Their effect would probably be to withdraw from the market large sums now available for speculative purposes, and divert them to legitimate uses. The speculative tendency would, therefore, be likely to be discouraged by so much. Necessary limitations might make the postal banks unavailable for those whose financial transactions are conducted on a great scale, and their wants would continue to be met by private institutions, which would offer special inducements to large depositors, just as the trust companies now offer special inducements over the present national banks by paying interest on deposits.

ANOTHER VIEW OF NEWMAN.

BY WM. M. SALTER.

I SUPPOSE I should never have felt toward Cardinal John Henry Newman as I do, had I not been once in a certain state of mind. It was my lot, as a divinity student, to feel under the necessity of examining into the grounds of my religious belief. I could not accept what my teachers gave me, simply because it was taught, much as I revered some of them. I had to test, examine, and conclude for myself. I evidently felt the difficulties of belief, as most of my fellow-students did not. At New Haven the main outlines of evangelical orthodoxy, at Cambridge the fundamental ideas of theism, were accepted, as a rule, without serious question. I envied my fellows their assurance; I, too, craved assurance, but I had to get it in my own way, and I was plunged into investigations, and beset by doubts that did not seem to occupy or perplex them. The question was, where could I find a point to start from; not what was the whole truth, but what was the truth I could be immediately sure of,—what was light that I could not question (or, at least, reasonably question)? For, once in possession of that, other things might naturally and logically follow. It seemed to me, that if there was any sure ground for the Christian believer, it was to be found in Christ himself; that if ever a voice from another world had spoken to this, it had been through him. The fundamental problem was, Was his consciousness to be trusted? It was after three years of examination into the origin and trustworthiness of the gospel records, of effort to form a faithful picture of Jesus' mind, of weighing of probabilities as to whether he could have been mistaken, and a decision that he could not have been, and that he was, under God, my appointed Lord, and Saviour, and Judge, as he was that of all men,—it was at this time that I fell in with the writings of Newman, and that he began to exercise a charm over me,

which, amid all my subsequent changes of thought, I have never been willing to disown.

I felt in the first place that he had a profound sense of the difficulties of faith. There was no evidence that certain questions had ever been open questions to him (such as the being of God and the reality of a revelation), but he seemed to be as keenly aware of the difficulties attending them as if they had been. He believed and yet he knew the other side. Few are the apologists who have dared to say what he has said; few are the unbelievers who could state their case more strongly than he has stated it for them. It was this width of imagination that, for one thing, separated him from the ordinary theologian. One of his precepts to a zealous follower was, "Be sure you grasp fully any view which you seek to combat." Let me illustrate. Newman admitted in so many words that it was a great question whether atheism was not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world as the doctrine of a creative and governing power. He allowed Hume's argument against miracles to be valid from a purely scientific aspect of things, and doubted the conclusiveness of the design argument (though not the argument from order) for the being of God. He knew to the full how hard it was to hold one's faith in God in face of all that seems amiss and awry, purposeless, blind, and cruel in the world. He held this faith, he believed there were reasons for it (chiefly in man's conscience), it was the starting-point of his religious system, and yet when he looked out of himself into the world of men, the lie seemed to be given to it and the effect was as confusing, he said, as if it were denied that he was in existence himself. "If I looked into a mirror [these are his words] and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living, busy world and see no reflex of its Creator. . . . Were it not for the voice speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an Atheist, or a Pantheist, or a Polytheist. . . . To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship, their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken

of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths; the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes; the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity; the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary, hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race so fearfully yet exactly described in the apostle's words, 'Having no hope and without God in this world'; all this is a vision to dizzy and appall, and inflicts upon the mind a sense of profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution." To have one's doubts, one's misgivings, one's own blank confusion portrayed with such appreciation and in such vivid detail by another — how could it fail to powerfully affect me? Surely, I said to myself, whether this man's faith was true or not, he did not hold it because the tremendous obstacles in the way of it had not been brought home to him. Similarly he appreciated the difficulties in connection with revelation itself, as when he said that God "has given us doctrines which are but obscurely gathered from scripture, and a scripture which is but obscurely gathered from history," as when he admitted the real obstacles in the way of the Jews admitting that Jesus was their Messiah.

But I will not linger over this point, and pass on to say that Newman impressed me as one of those few men, in any age, who have an intellectual life of their own. His was no hereditary belief; he had faced the problems of religion for himself. What looks like faith in many cases, he himself said, was a mere hereditary persuasion, not a personal principle, a habit learned in the nursery, which is scattered and disappears like a mist before the light of reason. His own admiration went out evidently to the "bold unworldliness and vigorous independence of mind" shown by one of his early teachers, Thos. Scott; to the type of mind illustrated by an Oxford associate, who had an intellect, he says, "as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold." Whately, he records, had taught him to see with his own eyes and to walk with his own feet; he thought of dedicating his first book to him, in words to the effect that he had not only taught him to think, but to think for himself. It was a first hand dealing with almost all the problems he took up, that

I had the sense of in reading Newman's pages, however far ahead he was of me in the line of (what seemed then) religious advance.

And because he had thought, he had moved, he had had a history. He started with certain truths (as he supposed them to be), but instead of accepting them mechanically, he thought them out; he studied to see what they implied, what other truths were consistent with them and what were not; in other words, he gradually worked his way out to something like a system, and therein consisted his history. The ordinary idea of Newman (leaving the past tense for the moment) seems to be that he sacrificed his intellect, that out of weariness he threw himself into the Catholic fold. Such may be a true account of some conversions, but it is a pitiable travesty of the facts in the case of Newman. Newman went into the Church because it seemed rational to him to do so; and it is still the great question, whether once assuming certain fundamental ideas held by Protestant and Catholic alike, any other course is rational. The "trouble" with Newman, as with his brother Francis (in some ways also a remarkable man), was simply that, as the London *Truth* banteringly said, neither was able to swallow the Athanasian creed in a comfortable and prosaic way, as good Britons should; or, as the *Saturday Review* in all seriousness urged, that he did not hold as his supreme principle pride in the Church of England as such, determination to stand shoulder to shoulder with others "in resisting the foreigner, whether he came from Rome or from Geneva, from Tübingen or from Saint Sulpice"; in other words, that he opened the windows of his mind, instead of keeping them shut; that he set out on living a life of reason instead of one of prejudice; that he determined to seek out and follow the truth on whatever shores that quest should land him.

"Most men in this country," Newman once wrote, "like opinions to be brought to them, rather than to be at the pains to go out and seek for them." But Newman himself was cast in another mould; rationality, consistency, were an imperative craving with him; and feeling that the popular religious creed lacked these things, he went in search of them and started, as it were, on a journey. A memorandum, written down at the age of twenty-eight, speaks of himself as "now in my room in Orell College, slowly advancing, etc., and led

Enid

on by God's hand blindly, not knowing whither He is taking me." His touching verses, beginning "Lead, kindly Light," betray the same feeling. Gloom did encircle him, but in the midst of it there was a light, which he strove and craved to follow. Though mystical, in a certain sense, by temperament, he resolved, he tells us, to be guided, not by his imagination, but by his reason. He had once a strange emotional experience, but when it was over he wished that it should not unduly influence him. "I had to determine its logical value," he says, "and its bearing on my duty." "What are we doing all through life, both as a necessity and as a duty," he wrote many years afterwards, "but unlearning the world's poetry and attaining to its prose? This is our education as boys and as men, in the action of life and in the closet or library; in our affections, in our aims, in our hopes, and in our memories. And in like manner it is the education of our intellect." This is little more than saying that the supreme rule of life is reason, that it is our life-task to bring all the varied motions of our minds into harmony with this ideal. The fact is that he became ultimately persuaded that the Catholic creed was that rational and consistent creed of which he was in search—rational and consistent that is, in the sense of being in harmony with, and an outgrowth of, those fundamental ideas of a God and of a revelation with which he started; and in addressing others after he became a Catholic, he said, "Be convinced in your reason that the Catholic Church is a teacher sent to you from God, and it is enough. I do not wish you to join her till you are."

Yet while he was in search of the truth, while he was on the journey, he excited no little suspicion and distrust. The very thing that lends him charm to those who love to see intellectual movement and development allowed apostles of prejudice and good, but narrow-minded, men to think of him as insidious, leading his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was veiled. But, says Froude, who tells us this, and was himself at Oxford in those early days, he was on the contrary "the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in the world refuses to move till he knows whither he is going." Such are the words of one who, though he felt the spell of Newman, soon

struck on a different intellectual path. Matthew Arnold, too, experienced the spell. "Who could resist," he says in a lecture on Emerson, "the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music — subtle, sweet, mournful." To Arnold, he was a man "never to be named by a son of Oxford without sympathy;" and this, though Arnold, too, regarded his solution for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day as impossible. Once Charles Kingsley brought against him a charge of intellectual dishonesty and falsity; but, as Mr. Conway remarks, Kingsley's sword broke in his hands and on all sides the demolition which he received in Newman's reply (the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*) has been regarded as complete. Even the *Saturday Review* says, "His conversion was transparently honest; no one, save the most contemptible of party scribes, can ever hint a doubt of that." "He deliberately shut his eyes," an "intellectual suicide," "his sympathies and sensibilities were always his ultimate test of right thought and action." Such are the comments of a recent reviewer; but on the morning of the day in which Newman was received into the Catholic Church, he wrote to a friend, "May I have only one tenth part as much faith as *I have intellectual conviction* where the truth lies! I do not suppose any one can have had such combined reasons pouring in upon him that he is doing right."

But how can Newman have had *reasons* for his course? we may incredulously ask. And here I revert to my particular state of mind years ago. The question for me was, holding as I did that in Jesus, God had spoken to the world, and that under God he was the Lord, and Saviour, and Judge of men, could I remain standing in such a position? It was a starting-point, but did it not lead somewhere? Holding so much, despite the difficulties, was it not possible that consistently therewith, I must hold more, despite further difficulties? Looking about me among Unitarians, with whom I was then associated, I felt that even this faith had scant acceptance among them. For example, taking a country church for a year, I found that not in a decade or more had there been any additions to the church membership, or even efforts in that

direction; the church was, practically, simply an assemblage of pew-holders. My own efforts to induce persons to confess Jesus as their Lord, to take his name, to become his avowed follower before the world (i. e. to join his church), were something novel; yet a church, an assembly of followers, was essential to my idea of Christianity,—Jesus having said, “Whoever will confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father who is in heaven,” and a king without a kingdom (or right to a kingdom) being in itself absurd. I could not help the foreboding that Unitarianism was not a finality or more than a camp for a night; nay, the question was whether Unitarianism was not doing more to dissipate Christianity, than to build it up in any historical sense of the term.

Moreover, Protestant orthodoxy did not have any firm hold on some fundamental parts and evident implications of the faith I already held, and was struggling to keep. The idea of the Church itself was weak in most Protestant minds; they “spiritualized” it, as they said; but when Jesus spoke of confessing him *before men*, he evidently laid the foundations of a visible Church. Again, Jesus felt that he spoke with Divine authority, and as he was commissioned, so he commissioned others to stand for him before the world, and to speak in his name. He left them to be his witnesses, to continue his message and his work after he should be gone. He had the power to forgive sins, for example, and he conveyed it to others, solemnly saying that whatever was bound or loosed on earth, should be bound or loosed in heaven. Was it exactly natural, I asked myself, that divine light and guidance and forgiveness should be thus present, as it were, on earth for a few years, and then become entirely a matter of history and antiquarian research? If there was reason for Jesus’ commissioning the apostles, was there not equal reason for the apostles commissioning others who should take their places? Protestants said the revelation was in a book; but Jesus never spoke of a book. If something else was authoritative in the apostolic days, what absurdity was there in supposing that something else might be authoritative in later days? And yet, no Protestant church or synod or council ever claimed to be such a living witness of God on the earth. The most zealous Protestants were careful to say that they gave only their human, fallible interpretations of

the distant revelation ; that it was even blasphemous for a man to claim to forgive sins ; that the Bible, and the Bible only, was their religion. And yet, the Bible, it was severally claimed, gave the basis to the Presbyterian creed, to the Methodist creed, to, one might say, a hundred creeds, even including the slender one of Unitarians. How certain words of Newman came home to me in the midst of such reflections ! “ There is an overpowering antecedent improbability in Almighty God’s announcing that He has revealed something, and then revealing nothing ; there is no antecedent improbability in His revealing it elsewhere than in an inspired volume.” I do not mean to say that I was converted by Newman ; but I was open to light on that side. I did not shut my mind, as most Protestants seemed to, and I dimly felt, I had a sort of foreboding that, if what I already held was true, reason might be on his side. And it was reason — the demand for a set of views that should be harmonious and consistent — that made me dissatisfied ; and so I could give credit to the idea that Newman in his changes, and in his final act, was influenced by reason.

To Newman, the main difficulty of all lay in the being of God. If there was a God, it seemed rational to him that there should be a revelation, taking into account the actual condition of men. If there was a revelation, the Catholic Church presented more signs of being its bearer and custodian than any other body or institution of men. I think if we are disposed to question the rationality of his course, we shall find, if we examine the matter carefully, that it is because we question his postulates, not his reasoning or results. Granted that there is a God, as men ordinarily understand that term, and I think that a revelation is antecedently probable ; granted that a revelation has been made, as Protestants (save Unitarians) are agreed, and I think it but reasonable to suppose that some such body as the Catholic Church claims to be should be its bearer and unerring interpreter to men. We are mistaken if we think that Newman devised any short-cut to mental peace, or used any other instrument or method for arriving at his results than we ordinarily employ in sound reasonings of every day. He claimed no intuitions, no vision of theological truth, and he was less arbitrary and fanciful in defending Catholic dogma than I have known “ philosophers ” to be in defending the being of God and the immortality of

the soul. He tells us in his *Apologia* that he believed in a God on a ground of probability, that he believed in Christianity on a probability, and that he believed in Catholicism on a probability, and that these three grounds of probability, distinct from each other in subject-matter, were still, all of them, one and the same in nature of proof, as being probabilities — probabilities of a special kind, a cumulative, a transcendent probability, but still probability.

But did he not by some magical metamorphosis turn these probabilities into a certainty? No; he simply claimed that they were sufficient to produce certitude, which is a different matter. Certitude, he held, was a quality or habit of mind; certainty, a quality of propositions; and probabilities that did not reach to logical certainty might suffice for a mental certitude. We are mentally sure almost every day of many things which could not be demonstratively proved; we are practically as sure of them as if they could be proved; we are ready to act on the basis of them, and that is the test of practical certitude. The word of a friend on a matter of which we are ignorant is an example; we may be as sure of what he tells us as if we had seen it ourselves; yet he may be mistaken; strictly speaking, his word is only probable evidence. But did not Newman substitute faith for reason? Yes, in a sense; but not in a sense in which it is of itself irrational to do so. How much could the reason of any of us tell us of Central Africa? We know of it by testimony, do we not? not by reason. From our own notions alone we could not tell whether it was a desert or a forest; whether it was inhabited or uninhabited; whether full-grown human beings or dwarfs lived there; but a Livingstone, a Du Chaillu, a Stanley, tell us, and we accept their word. The fact is, that trust in testimony is what we daily practise. We learn of what is going on in a neighboring town, of much in our own town, of much in our own house (unless we are there all the time, and in every part of it at the same time) not by reasoning about it, any more than by sight, but by faith in what others tell us. "Why should we be unwilling to go by faith?" asks Newman. "We do all things in this world by faith in the word of others. By faith only we know our positions in the world, our circumstances, our rights and privileges, our fortunes, our parents, our brothers and sisters, our age, our mortality; why should religion be

an exception? Why should we be willing to use for heavenly objects what we daily use for earthly?" There is really nothing mystical about faith; it is not peculiarly a religious principle, nor is it the ideal way of getting knowledge. As Newman says, "The word of another is in itself a faint evidence compared with that of sight or reason. It is influential only when we cannot do without it."

Now it may be difficult to suppose that God has ever spoken in the world. But if we think He has, it cannot be irrational to take His word and believe it; it cannot be absurd to trust a Divine message, when we are every day trusting human messages. And one thing further. When we trust a friend's report, we do not make our previous ideas of what is probable, a test of how much we shall believe of what he says. If we were already competent to say what happened, we should not go to him for information. Unless it is impossible, or against all the laws of probability, we assent to what he says, however much it may surprise, or startle, or alarm us; if we cannot do this, we have not real trust. But trusting it is irrational "to pick and choose;" to say this we will accept and that we will reject, according as it seems antecedently likely or not. Surely this must be also true of divine testimony. If God, the perfect, the unerring intelligence, speaks, we are at least to give Him the same respect we should show to a fellow-man; we are not to say, "this is credible and I accept it; that is strange, mysterious, and I must reject it." If we knew beforehand what was true, to what end would God give the revelation? And if we do thus sit in judgment, we simply show (unless we are dishonest) that we do not believe that God has spoken. Hence, what is called the submission of reason, which, in the large sense of the word, it is only rational to give, if God has indeed given a message to the world. Protestants so submit to the teachings of the Bible; Catholics do to the teachings of the Church. If God really speaks in either, it is as rational to do so as it is to trust Stanley's reports of the lakes and jungles, the weird forests and strange inhabitants of Central Africa—yes, as much more so as Stanley is a man, and God is God. Most simply and frankly does Newman say, in speaking of early converts, "The Church was their teacher; they did not come to argue, to examine, to pick and choose, but to accept whatever was

put before them." This attitude of arguing, examining, picking, and choosing in relation to things of which we really know nothing, and can know nothing, in our mortal state (though supposedly God knows and has given a certain amount of light) Newman calls Rationalism; and if God has spoken, surely such Rationalism is irrational. The doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, that one creed is as good as another, and that all is opinion, Newman calls Liberalism; but if God has revealed the truth such Liberalism is false.

In writing of Newman as I have, I have been moved by old attachment and personal veneration. But if I have incidentally contributed to show that a Catholic need not necessarily be either a weak man or a dishonest one, as is sometimes taken for granted among Liberals, I shall not be sorry. My opinion is that Newman differed from the stock Protestantism of his day, largely because he sought out light and sought it with a mind which for eagerness, keenness, subtlety, depth, has rarely been surpassed; that he left the Church of England because it was neither fish nor fowl — and rationality and consistency were not in it; that he went to Rome, because, taking his premises for granted, reason pointed that way. And yet the guarded way in which I have spoken has probably been noticed by my readers. I have not said that reason, abstractly speaking, was on his side, but that starting from his premises his course was reasonable—his premises being those to which most Christians hold. The difference was that he took them seriously and they became living principles, germs of ample growth in his mind, while others held them unthinkingly; that he had the rare power of realizing his ideas, while others took them as mechanically as we often take the stars at night—points of light they are to us and nothing more. But whether his premises were really sound is another question. My mature judgment is that they were not; had I been able to hold my Christian faith as I once held it, could I have resisted the solvents that science, and criticism, and philosophy were bringing to bear upon it, I should have gone I know not where; as it is, I am a Liberal (though not in Newman's sense). The ordinary idea of God I cannot hold, nor does it seem likely that I shall ever hold an idea of God with which the idea of a special revelation would be congruous; and even were the ordinary idea of God a true one, I think that the

matter-of-fact evidence of a revelation through Jesus is insufficient. Reluctant as I was to admit it, struggle as I might against it, the share of Jesus in the errors and illusions of his time (the sense of which grew upon me) made it impossible for me at last to absolutely trust his consciousness; however great, however sublime a figure he was, it appeared that he belonged after all to our fallible humanity. Hence in my view we were thrown back on ourselves; we may have great and consoling beliefs about life and its purpose, about death and what lies beyond, about the fathomless Power from which we come and on whose bosom we rest; but a revelation we have not; they are beliefs which we ourselves form and do not receive from without. Rationalism, though not in the sense in which Newman used it, becomes the only method; and Liberalism, in the sense that whatever creed one may hold none can claim to be infallible, or of exclusive divine authority, and that good men of different creeds should respect and tolerate one another, becomes at once a necessity and a duty.

Newman has taken his way; other men, let us trust, with the root of piety in them as truly as it was in him, have taken theirs; the ways are far apart—which is truer, time, the future, perhaps the ages alone can tell. But we are bound not to revile him, as he in sober truth never reviled us.

INTER-MIGRATION.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

THE immigration problem, which I have been discussing in previous numbers of *THE ARENA*, cannot be unravelled without considering one important thread which adds to the entanglement. I shall apply to it the term "Inter-migration," a word not found in the dictionary, because it is freshly coined for the purpose. Let me try to define its meaning.

A person is said to migrate when he leaves his native land, seeking a new home in some other country. Around the word emigrant or immigrant hovers always the idea of an exchange of habits, customs, and language of one country with those of another. The immigrant, when he arrives at the place which he has chosen for his new settlement, appears by his dress, his language, his manners, yea, even by his features, a stranger; one who has apparently no right to press himself upon the community; one who must not feel offended if he is mistrusted, until he has shown that his arrival will not prove dangerous to the old settlers. Around the word emigrant hovers the idea of distance; he comes from far-off countries, from a place which cannot be easily reached, or from which information concerning himself cannot be readily obtained. We call a person an immigrant who comes to us from a distance of at least a few thousand miles, and from a country that differs from ours in the forms of government as well as in customs and manners. We would surely not call a person an immigrant who comes from a village of Maine or New Hampshire to Boston, nor even if he should come from the far South or from the extreme West.

Yet, what is the difference? He is a person who has left his native home, who is as much a stranger among us as the one who comes across the ocean. His manners may be as different from ours, his features may show at a glance, whether he is a southerner, a western man, or whether he comes from down east; even his language may be strange

on account of the peculiar accent which he gives his words, and the idioms which he uses. It may frequently happen that two people, who both think they speak the English language, will be unable to understand each other, on account of the difference in dialect. The new-comer may prove to be as much, or even more, of an undesirable element among us, as the one who comes from Ireland or China; his presence in the labor market may tend as well to reduce the rates of wages as if he had come from Hungaria or Bulgaria. There is no denying the fact that a locomotion has taken place, that an individual has transplanted himself from one place to the other, either on account of the urging of his venturesome spirit, or for the sake of finding a better market for his abilities, or driven out by force of adverse conditions. There is little difference whether a person leaves Russia on account of his dissatisfaction with the government, or an arbitrary legislation which deprives him of his opportunities; or whether he leaves a village in Nebraska because he finds he is unable longer to withstand the grinding process of the land sharks, or the sweating system of the factory owners. His intentions are to better his condition; precisely the same as are those of him who crosses the Atlantic. The one will sell his all to pay his passage on the steamer, the other to pay for his railroad ticket, and both will arrive penniless. Yet the one is called an emigrant or immigrant, and the other is not, although the distance from which the latter comes may be the same or even greater than that from which the former hails.

In order to distinguish between these two classes of migration, I call this latter one "Inter-migration," and desire the term to stand for a change of habitation occurring within the boundaries of a land that is under the same government.

Inter-migration, although it has never before reached the development to which it has risen in the present, is not a new form of the migratory habit of peoples. Ancient records tell us that a forced inter-migration has frequently taken place. The conquerors of old, desirous of making one nation out of the many peoples they subdued by their valiant sword, would transplant large numbers of individuals from one province to another distant one, giving their land and their possessions in exchange to settlers, whom they drew

from some other country. Their scheme, however, rarely succeeded, because the difficulties of a long journey made it impossible for them to transplant a sufficiently large number of people; the masses remained undisturbed, the few new-comers were soon absorbed by them, and the desired change of sentiment was not produced. The moment the government was attacked by a new conqueror, all provinces would at once rise in revolt, and thus hasten the downfall of empires, such as was, for instance, the Persian, before the onslaught of so small an army as that with which Alexander the Great crossed the Hellespont.

The golden era of the Roman Empire, and the prosperity and the culture which then prevailed, were made possible solely through the facilities which were given to inter-migration. Good roads connected the ends and dissected the width and breadth of the great Roman Empire. Travel was well protected. A well-drilled army suppressed highway robbery, and an excellent navy put down piracy. A resident of Gaul could with ease settle in Syria, while the Syrian, if he so desired, could find with ease a home in Gaul. The residents of Brittania and Greece could with comparative ease inter-migrate, and had not the floods of barbarians which deluged the Roman Empire put an end to civilization, and with it the possibilities of inter-migration, we might stand to-day on a much higher round of culture, and our knowledge might have been much greater than it is.

If the inventions of the nineteenth century have made possible emigration to such an extent to-day as never before existed, it has still more facilitated inter-migration. It has almost destroyed the equilibrium between the centripetal and centrifugal forces, giving the advantages to the latter. The facilities of locomotion have made people restless; the times have passed by when grandchildren would live in the same house in which their grandparents lived or when they consider it a hardship and misfortune to move out of such a habitation, or to see it change owners; time has been, when only the adventurer left his native place, and when it was considered dangerous to go into the world, which at that time could be circumscribed by a radius of a few miles; time has been, when people lived for generations in the same house, in the same street, in the same village or town, when even the household furniture became venerable on account of its an-

tiquity and the remembrances connected with it. What boy or girl in our day plays around the chair which their great-grandfather used to occupy? To sell one house and move into another; to leave one city and seek settlement in another, is now the rule and not the exception; and it is mainly this inter-migration, stirring up the masses, to which is due our increased prosperity and our progress in all branches of knowledge. Inter-migration keeps us from stagnation; it removes shyness and fear at the sight of a stranger, accustoms us to an intercourse with different people, removes prejudices and superstitions, and facilitates the exchange of thoughts and ideas.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that intermigration has also its drawbacks; that it will easily flood the labor market so as to screw down wages; it will foster the venturesome spirit, induce people to risk a certainty for an uncertainty, and especially has it tended to draw people from the rural districts to the large cities.

All the complaints heard against immigration, and all the pressure that is brought to bear upon the government to restrict it, do not come from the rural districts, but from the large cities; and it is generally overlooked that the competition, which presses down the compensation for labor to such a degree that the wages earned for hard work are sometimes not sufficient to support one person, and far less a family, is not brought about solely by the immigrant who comes from abroad, but is, to a very great extent, the consequence of inter-migration, of the influx of villagers into the cities. While in country places there is a scarcity of labor, thus in New England, for example, while many farms are vacant, there are people starving in the cities, unable to obtain work. The increase of large cities and of their population is beyond the proportion in which it formerly stood to that of the country. This has aroused the thoughts of many long-headed people, and investigations are being made on every hand, especially because some people are moved by fear that city life will corrupt morality. They take it for granted that country people are virtuous, and that vice finds its domicile only in the large centres of population, and having established these premises, they argue that the tendency of country people to move into cities shows a degeneracy on their part, or that the abnormal growth of cities is a sure

token of the moral depravity which has taken hold of the people. This, however, is not true. There is as much iniquity in proportion in small communities as in large ones, and not unfrequently wickedness and viciousness are attributed to actions which, after all, are neither wicked nor vicious, but merely strange to one who is not accustomed to them. The tide of inter-migration, which swells the population of the cities, has its natural causes, of which moral corruption is the least.

The philosophers of the individualistic school will take exception, when I name as the first cause of the tendency to leave the village for the city, the fact that the more society becomes organized, the more each individual becomes a part of a system, the easier it is to obtain comfort, and that, having found the proper place, one can more easily excel in that sphere of life. True, a man living in a village may be able to secure for himself, without excessive labor, food that would keep him from starvation, and raiment and fuel to protect him against the inclemency of the weather; but man needs more than bread and meat, a coat and a pair of shoes. There are a thousand other things which bring cheer to him and make his life worth living, that he cannot obtain in rural solitude. He claims a right to these comforts, and tries to obtain them by seeking them where they are to be found. If simple support, which rustic life insures, was preferable to the insecurity of earning a livelihood in the city; if plenty of coarse food and the healthier habitation which the village offers, were sufficient to induce the over-worked, half-starved, and ill-tenanted city laborer to give up for them the other comforts which city life offers him, we should soon behold an exodus from the city to country places, instead of observing the growth of the centres of population. It is the tendency to work in a system and with a system which increases as the human being rises in culture and civilization. This is the magnet which draws people to large cities, and holds them there, despite the many drawbacks which naturally adhere to it.

The facility of locomotion and of transportation have made possible an interchange of commodities which has never been so before. The world has become one market-place, upon which the commodities are thrown, and in which he who is able to sell an article of the same quality at the

lowest rate will have most customers. When grain can be produced in large quantities in the West, so that it can be sold at a lower rate in the East than the cost of its production would be there, it is quite natural that the Eastern farmer must go to the wall, and it is no wonder he deserts his farm. The less the raw material can be used in its natural state, and the more our refinement demands a long process of converting it into a commodity, the more does it require systematic, organized, skilled labor to perform that conversion. With sufficient land a few people can raise such an abundance of raw material that the labor of thousands of people will be called for to change it into useful articles. It is the system, the developed social organization, which draws the villager to the city, and as an illustration I shall point to the sudden and unparelled growth of the city of Berlin.

Twenty-five years ago Berlin was not quite as large in population as is Boston to-day, and its area was much smaller. Berlin is situated in a sandy, sterile country; so to say, in a desert. There is no navigable river to connect it with the ocean, nor are minerals or coal found in its immediate neighborhood. When Berlin was made the seat of the German government, the first result was that thousands of government officials were removed from other places to this city; then the garrison was enlarged. More commodious roads were built to connect the capital with the provinces. This attracted business men, as well as thousands whose services in all branches of life were required. The manufacturer soon followed, and Berlin became in a short time a commercial centre. Leipsic lost its prestige and Nuremberg its renown. The organized net-work of labor makes it possible now for a million and a half of people to live and prosper on that sterile ground. Let Berlin cease to be the capital of Germany, through any unforeseen event, and its population will melt away at once. Like iron filings hanging on a magnet, in which one particle attracts and holds the other, thus are people attracted to and held in places where society, and with it labor, is organized.

Another and weighty reason to account for inter-migration, and especially for the increase of population in cities, is that agriculture, too, has undergone a change. The inventive genius of our age, which keeps on creating labor-saving machinery, has not left this branch of occupation untouched.

As the mechanic had to go in order to be replaced by the factory owner, thus the small farmer can no longer exist beside a syndicate which will systematically cultivate large tracts of land. The tendency of the time is to apply system also to agricultural pursuits, to take that art out of the sphere of instinct and to transplant it into the sphere of science.

In this paper I have merely sought to bring before the mind of the reader important facts which are usually overlooked in the discussion of the problem under consideration, believing it to be necessary to adduce all the important evidence which bears upon the subject in order that he may form a just and enlightened opinion on a great living question of the first magnitude, as a frank statement of a problem is of far greater value to the honest investigator than any amount of ingenious reasonings from a narrow or distorted point of view.

HE CAME AND WENT AGAIN.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

HE was the humblest man in the world. He wore ragged clothing and lived in the filthiest tenement-house in New York. He was unlettered, had never opened a book, and seemed to know little of the ways of men. His hair and beard were long, and like golden silk; his eyes held the blue of infinite space.

When wealthy people passed him they shook their heads and said, "He is demented;" but the poor, who knew him, lowered their voices when he was near and whispered that he belonged to a better world, for in his eyes they saw a strange light of eternal kindness.

"Why are you so good to me?" the poor would ask, marvelling over his tears of sympathy.

"Because I love you," he would answer, "and love is the mother of all that is good. If you will love men as I do your way of life will be strewn with roses from heaven and your vision know no end."

He had never been in a church nor heard one word in the Bible, and yet, with a far-away light in his eyes, he used to talk of immortality and infinite love. "Love is everlasting life," he would say, "love is eternal."

His poor old mother did not understand him, and she was often troubled on his behalf. She used to plead with him to stay with her more and not to give up his life so completely to others.

"Why," she would argue plaintively, "even the great clergymen who preach in the grand churches, and who are said to be the best of men, do not risk their lives and love others as you do. They seldom come here where everybody is so poor." Once he asked her to tell him what the clergymen taught, and when she tried to explain the creeds of the different denominations, he shook his head and turned pale with perplexity and pain.

"I cannot understand," he said sorrowfully. "It all makes my heart ache. It seems to me that the church-members, too, are in the dark. Love is food for the soul and they are starving. People everywhere are dying in crime and pain and no one offers to help them."

One day, after he had been laboring for a week without sufficient food and sleep among the fever-stricken poor, he fell ill, and his mother thought he was about to die. She ran, her gray locks streaming in the wind, to the parsonage of a little church near by and inquired for the minister, but was told by his wife that he had been gone for several weeks to a watering place in the mountains. The old woman ran on further, till she came to a great church whose majestic spire seemed to touch the clouds. A stately rectory was near. Soft music, mingled with merry voices, came out to her through the open doors. Awkwardly and tremblingly she went up the polished marble steps and rang. A servant in livery told her gruffly that his master was dining with his bishop and other distinguished personages, and that she would have to wait.

She replied with a groan that she feared her son was dying. The man went to his master and came back saying, "He cannot see you now."

She sat down in the great hall and tried to pray. Before her hung a costly painting representing Jesus with a child in his arms, a lamb at his side. She smelt the fragrance of flowers, and heard the clinking of wine-glasses, the tinkling of silver and rare china, short speeches and laughter.

"The dean, it seems," she heard the bishop say, "was reproving one of the young clergymen for becoming intoxicated. The young scamp's reply quite took the dean off his feet. 'If I mistake not, sir,' said the young priest, 'the liquor I drank came from your celebrated art-gallery and bar-room.'"

This story was greeted by hearty laughter, and then the old woman heard the bishop giving a description of a new yacht which he had just bought. By and by the rector came out. His cheeks were slightly flushed, his manner betrayed impatience."

"Well," said he to her, "what is it? I am very busy."

"I am afraid my son is dying," she said timidly, abashed by the splendor of his dress and abrupt manner. "I thought some minister ought to see him."

"Where do you attend church?" he asked, looking down at her tattered attire.

"I do not go to any," she faltered.

"I have as much as I can attend to in my own parish," he frowned; "besides my bishop is here as my guest; there is a young theological student with me who will go." And he went back to the dining-room and sent a young man out to her.

"Show me the way," said the student, and he shrugged his shoulders, and blushed because the footman seemed to comprehend the situation.

Without a word she led him through the squalid streets to the house, and up the narrow stairs to her miserable room. The sick man lay alone on a hard couch.

"What can I do for you?" asked the visitor.

A look of hope came into the pallid features of the one addressed. His voice was low and eager when he replied:—

"A poor woman downstairs has fallen and broken her spine. I fear she is without attention. I was trying to reach her when I fell ill. Perhaps you will go to see her; I need nothing."

"His mind is wandering," said the student, turning to the mother. "He could not comprehend anything I might read or say now. He needs medical treatment. You should apply to the public charities." And he went away, brushing the sleeve of his coat which had caught a cobweb.

At her son's request the mother went below. Presently she returned with the information that the injured woman's needs had been attended to. Then she got a Bible and began to read to him for the first time in life. When she had read a few passages he asked her what it was, and she replied:—

"They say it is the Word of God, and that it shows us how to live."

When she was reading of the life of Christ he listened with a profound look of perplexity on his pale face. But when she pronounced the words, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sat up in his bed.

"I have spoken those words before!" he cried, "but in a different language. It was in another life which seems like a dream. I lived long, long ago, in a far-away land. I had

another mother there, Mary was her name, and a good father whom the people called Joseph. I lived there as I do here, but the world mocked me because I tried to teach them to love one another — they could not understand. They put me to death. They made a cross, and hung me on it, on a hill in the direction of the setting sun from Jerusalem. A multitude gathered to see me die."

Amazed at his radiant and transformed countenance, which held in it the light of eternity, she fell down before him crying:—

"My Lord! My Master!"

He lifted her up, his weakness gone.

"Rise," said he gently. "Call me not 'Master,' for I am but the son of God, as you are His daughter. The Father of us all, in His love, is not better than the humblest of His children."

She was going out to cry aloud in the streets that Jesus, the son of God, had come to earth, but he prevented her.

"Speak not of me to them," he said softly; "they could not understand; it would be even as it was before."

That very day he went about according to his humble wont, among the poor and the miserable, spreading joy and comfort everywhere. Wan-faced courtesans, with death and hate in their eyes, despairing thieves, murderers, and would-be suicides, listened to his words of hope and began life anew. He went to the houses of the wealthy and plead in the behalf of suffering men and women, misguided children, and mistreated animals, but was called a tramp and sent away.

One day his mother lead him to the corpse of a dead friend. "Make him live again," she whispered.

He looked down at the dead and smiled infinitely. He took a flower from a vase, and put it into the hand that was cold. "This is the birthday of our friend," he said. "Should I wish to alter the work of my Father, in whose eyes all things are perfect? Our friend is this day delivered from the womb of earthly travail."

One bright morning she came and laid herself at his feet.

"I have heard strange things to-day," she said, "things I have not learned before because I am so ignorant. They say that all the great and good churches in Christendom have grown up upon the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth."

"Nazareth," he repeated dreamily, "I lived in Nazareth."

"They worship him that was crucified on Calvary; ah! they would listen to you now, my Master. You have lived in their memories for centuries. Hear, the bells are ringing. It is the Sabbath, the Lord's day!"

"My Father's day has neither beginning nor end."

"Come, go with me," went on the woman eagerly, "we shall hear them praise your name."

"I will go with you," said he, a strange look in his eyes.

She ran from the room and presently came back with a suit of new clothes which she had borrowed from a dealer. Her face was aglow with pride and joy as she spread them before him.

"What are they for?" he asked in gentle surprise.

"For you," she said, "that you may go into the house of the Lord robed as — as others are."

A blended look of wonder and pain passed over his face.

"The spirit of the man is not clothed with the wool of the sheep that was slain," he said gently. "I will go as I am, and fear naught in my Father's presence."

She led him down several streets till they reached a grand thoroughfare. Along this they went side by side, jostled by the fashionable throng, till they came to a stately church. Going up the broad stone steps they entered the great Gothic doors. A group of men in the vestibule laughed at his long hair and ragged attire. Elegantly dressed ushers were seating the people as they entered. They did not speak to the woman and her son, but smiled at one another, and passed some jests in undertones. After awhile one of them drew near, and said to her: —

"Have you not made a mistake, my good woman? This is St. —— Church. St. ——'s is the next below."

Tears were in her eyes as she led her son away. By and by they came to another edifice. In a niche in the stone wall near the entrance was the figure of Jesus on a cross. He paused and looked at it for several minutes, murmuring, "Strange! Strange!"

In the vestibule she was so awed by the imposing interior of the structure and the fashionable congregation, that she drew him to one side.

"Perhaps we had better stand here," she whispered. "We seem to be unlike the rest. We shall not be in the

way out here, and through the door we can see and hear the service."

He made no answer. He was looking at a grand window on which stood a representation of Jesus, in a stream of light from heaven, bearing the words, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." "Strange, very strange!" she heard him whisper, and tears were in his eyes.

No one offered to give them seats, and they remained standing in the vestibule against a wall. A grand organ began to peal out the music of Gounod's Saint Cecilia Mass. Presently it died down; there was a short pause, then, like the rising of a musical storm came the subdued voices of the choristers from the closed vestry. The door was gradually opened, and the music swelled out into the church. The crucifer, a beautiful lad, attired in a blood-red cassock and a white, lace-trimmed cotta, entered. Behind him, chanting, came a long train of choir-boys, followed by two acolytes who swung by chains of brass censers from which rose clouds of fragrant smoke. Two priests brought up the rear; one, the celebrant of the Holy Communion, was magnificently garbed. He wore a trailing black cassock of richest silk, and over it a short lawn cotta trimmed with priceless lace, an enormous cloth-of-gold cope on the back of which blazed a cross wrought in jewels. About his neck he had a white stole, over an arm a snowy manipule, upon his head a priestly beretta.

"Is it not beautiful?" asked the poor woman of her son. But he did not hear her. His eyes, blinded by tears of infinite sorrow, were resting on the white statue of the Virgin near the snowy altar of marble, on which burnt a constellation of tapers and candles around the red lamp of the "Holy Presence."

His breast heaved; a sob escaped him, and his head sank upon his chest.

"And they do this in the name of love," he said, as if in prayer. "They make an idol of my memory while my brothers and sisters are dying for the lack of love and kindness. They do all this to praise me whom they have so little understood. O God, my Father, let this trial pass, or make me as you are that I may, this time, set them right, for I suffer past endurance."

The short sermon ended. The celebration of Mass began. The wafer and the wine were consecrated. The priest raised

the wafer before the eyes of the congregation and said, "This is my body," and all heads bowed low.

"At the very instant you hear the bell strike," whispered a man to a boy near the mother and son, "at that very instant the Saviour will be there — listen!"

"Father, forgive them," the woman heard her son say, and she followed him out of the church. They had reached the street when three strokes from a silver bell was heard.

A few minutes later, as they were passing through a squalid street on the way home, they came to a little church. He read her wishes in her face, and they went in. A man approached and showed them to a back seat. On a platform a preacher was striding to and fro shouting, singing snatches of hymns, and praying. In his excitement he would fall on his knees and raise his hands heavenward; again he would spring up and beat himself with his hands, and violently kick the floor, preaching, singing, and praying alternately.

"Save yourselves from the eternal wrath of an angry God!" he cried. "I tell you that hell is yawning for you; the burning breath of countless devils is about you. Christ died to save you; will you not trust in him? Now is the only time; to-morrow it may be too late!"

After awhile the congregation began to sing a hymn, and the preacher went on: "Come forward all who want the prayers of the church. Come now, and embrace salvation!" And men, women, and children trembling with fear, and weeping and groaning, went to the altar and threw themselves on their knees.

The poor woman looked at her son. His face was pale and set as with the agony of death. She glanced over the congregation. People sat there wrestling with the greatest problem of their lives, their faces white, their eyes dilated. Others were smiling as if highly amused at the preacher's actions. Members of ritualistic churches, who had come out of curiosity, were frowning contemptuously, and congratulating themselves on the dignity of their own form of worship.

"I must go," said the son to his mother. "I must be with those that need me. Here they teach that the Eternal Father hates His children. If only they knew Him they would not be afraid."

He never entered a church again. He continued his life as he had begun it, teaching human love and gentleness to all he knew. Once he was trying to save a half-demented drunkard from being beaten by an inhuman policeman, and was put into prison. While he was there his mother died, and when he was released, his health was broken.

A week passed in which he could get no food to eat. He was starving. One moonlit night he rose and staggered out to search for bread, suffering indescribable tortures. His voice had gone. He stood on the corner of a street, and mutely held out his hands to passers-by, but they paid no heed to him. Along the street he tottered till he came to a brightly lighted building. A church was holding a festival. Beautiful women in the height of fashion, children in the daintiest of dresses, were promenading about. He looked in at the door, and when he saw the long tables filled with eatables, his eyes gleamed with the desire of a famished animal. He staggered across the threshold, but was stopped by the door-keeper. "Ticket," said the man. The outcast did not understand, he could see nothing but the food within. A policeman stepped forward and laid his hand on his arm.

"This is no place for you," he said roughly. "You have no money, move on!"

"He looks hungry, wait!" said a little girl, who was pinning some flowers on the lapel of a young minister's coat, and she ran to a table and brought a piece of bread to the starving man. He hugged it in his arms, and tottered out into the night, chuckling to himself in joy. A square where trees and flowers grew was before him. He entered it, and sank on to a bench near a fountain. He looked at the bread, and a savage content captured his features. He was about to break it when a man arose from a seat across a walk, and came and sat down beside him, eyeing the food covetously. He touched the thin hand that held it, and the two men looked into each other's eyes.

"I am starving," said the breadless one. "I have no means. I belong to a family who have descended from kings; I cannot beg. I thought you looked as if you did not want it. I am dying."

The other clutched the food tightly in both his hands for an instant. A look of ferocious desire wrung his face, and

he raised it to his lips. Then a divine smile dawned in his eyes, and he proffered it to the other. The man took it eagerly, and slipped into the darkness, that he might eat it unseen. As he turned away the head of the giver sank slowly to his breast.

Brightly lighted streets stretched away in several directions. A procession of men and women bearing banners and beating drums and tambourines passed along, singing hymns, and pausing now and then to kneel on the cobblestones to pray or to urge the little clusters of idlers to join them in their march to safety. Above the wondrous stars and moon were shining as they had shone at the dawn of eternal thought. They shone on the Vatican at Rome, the imperial cradle of saints; on the comfortable homes of ministers in the church; on the "palaces" of gentle-blooded bishops; on assemblages of men who were wrangling over creeds; on gatherings where earnest searchers after truth were being tried for heresy; on prisons where inmates of dark, silent cells were praying for a gleam of light, for but the voice of an insect to keep madness from their tortured brains; on millions of suffering human beings — on the cold, dead form of one who understood naught but love.

O THOU WHO SIGHEST FOR A BROADER FIELD.

JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT.

O THOU who sighest for a broader field
Wherein to sow the seeds of truth and right,
Who fain a nobler, wider power wouldst wield
O'er human souls that languish for the light ;

Search well the realm that even now is thine !
Canst not thou in some far-off corner find
A heart, sin-bound, as tree with sapping vine,
That waiteth help its burdens to unbind ?

Some human plant, perchance beneath thine eyes,
Pierced through by hidden thorns of idle fears ;
Or, drooping low for need of light from skies
Obscured by doubt-clouds, raining poison tears ?

Some bruised soul the balm of love would heal ?
Some timid spirit faith would courage give ?
Or maimed brother who, though brave and leal,
Still needeth thee to rightly walk and live ?

Oh, while *one* soul thou find'st that hath not known
The fullest help thy soul hath power to give,
Sigh not for fields still broader than thine own,
But, steadfast, in thine own more broadly live !

AN EVENING AT THE CORNER GROCERY.

A WESTERN CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

COLONEL PEAVY had just begun the rubber with Judge Gordon of Cerro-Gordo County. They were seated in Robie's grocery, behind the rusty old cannon stove, the checker-board spread out on their knees. The Colonel was grinning in great glee, wringing his bony yellow hands in nervous excitement, in strong contrast to the stolid calm of the fat Judge.

The Colonel had won the last game by a large margin, and was sure he had his opponent's "dodges" well in hand. It was early in the evening, and the grocery was comparatively empty. Robie was figuring at a desk, and old Judge Brown stood in legal gravity warming his legs at the red-hot stove, and swaying gently back and forth in speechless content. It was a tough night outside, one of the toughest for years. The frost had completely shut the window panes as with thick blankets of snow. The streets were silent.

"I don't know," said the Judge, reflectively, to Robie, breaking the silence in his rasping, judicial bass, "I don't know as there has been such a night as this since the night of February 2d, '59, that was the night James Kirk went under — Honorable Kirk, you remember, — knew him well. Brilliant fellow, ornament to western bar. But whiskey downed him. It'll beat the oldest man — I wonder where the boys all are to-night? Don't seem to be anyone stirring on the street. Aint frightened out by the cold?"

"Shouldn't wonder." Robie was busy at his desk, and not in humor for conversation on reminiscient lines. The two old war-dogs at the board had settled down to one of those long, silent struggles, which ensue when two "champions" meet. In the silence which followed, the Judge was look-

ing attentively at the back of the Colonel, and thinking that the old thief was getting about down to skin and bone. He turned with a yawn to Robie, saying:—

“This cold weather must take hold of the old Colonel terribly, he’s so damnably thin and bald, you know,—bald as a babe. The fact is, the old Colonel aint long for this world, anyway; think so, Hank?” Robie making no reply, the Judge relapsed into silence for a while, watching the cat (perilously walking along the edge of the upper shelf) and listening to the occasional hurrying footsteps outside. “I don’t know when I’ve seen the windows closed up so, Hank; go down to thirty below to-night; devilish strong wind blowing, too; tough night on the prairies, Hank.”

“You bet,” replied Hank, briefly. The Colonel was plainly getting excited. His razor-like back curved sharper than ever as he peered into the intricacies of the board to spy the trap which the fat Judge had set for him. At this point the squeal of boots on the icy walk outside paused, and a moment later Amos Ridings entered, with whiskers covered with ice, and looking like a huge bear in his buffalo coat.

“By Josephus! it’s cold,” he roared, as he took off his gloves and began to warm his face and hands at the fire.

“Is it?” asked the Judge, comfortably, rising on his tip-toes, only to fall back into his usual attitude, legal legs well spread, shoulders thrown back.

“You bet it is!” replied Amos. “I’d know when I’ve felt the cold more’n I have t’-day. It’s jest snifty; doubles me up like a jack-knife, Judge. How d’ you stand it?”

“Tollerble, tollerble, Amos. But we’re agein’, we aint what we were once. Cold takes hold of us.”

“That’s a fact,” answered Amos to the retrospective musings of the Judge. “Time was you an’ me would go t’ singing-school or sleigh-riding with the girls on a night like this and never notice it.”

“Yes, sir; yes, sir!” said the Judge with a sigh. It was a little uncertain in Robie’s mind whether the Judge was regretting the lost ability to stand the cold, or the lost pleasure of riding with the girls.

“Great days, those, gentlemen! Lived in Vermont then. Hot-blooded—lungs like an ox. I remember, Sallie Dearborn and I used to go a-foot to singing school down the valley four miles. But now, wouldn’t go riding to-night with

the handsomest woman in America, and the best cutter in Rock River."

"Oh! you've got both feet in the grave up t' the ankles, anyway," said Robie from his desk, but the Judge immovably gazed at the upper shelf on the other side of the room where the boilers, and pans, and washboards were stored.

"The Judge is a little on the sentimental order to-night," said Amos.

"Hold on, Colonel! hold on. You've *got* 'o jump. He! he!" roared Gordon from the checker-board. "That's right, that's right!" he ended, as the Colonel complied reluctantly.

"Sock it to the old cuss," commented Amos. "What I was going to say," he resumed, rolling down the collar of his coat, "was, that when my wife helped me bundle up t' night, she said I was gitt'n' t' be an old granny. We *are* agein', Judge, the's no denyin' it. We're both gray as Norway rats now. An' speaking of us ageing reminds me, — have y' noticed how bald the old Kyernel's gitt'n'?"

"I have, Amos," answered the Judge, mournfully. "The old man's head is showing age, showing age! Getting thin up there, aint it?" The old Colonel bent to his work without reply, and even when Amos said, judicially, after long scrutiny, "Yes, he'll soon be as bald as a plate," he only lifted one yellow, freckled, bony hand, and brushed his carroty growth of hair across the spot under discussion. Gordon shook his fat paunch in silent laughter, nearly displacing the board.

"I was just telling Robie," pursued Brown, still retaining his reminiscent intonation, "that this storm takes the cake over anything —"

At this point Steve Roach and another fellow entered. Steve was Ridings' hired hand, a herculean fellow, with a drawl, and a liability for taking offence quite as remarkable.

"Say! gents, I'm no spring rooster, but this jest gits away with anything in line of cold *I* ever see."

While this communication was being received in ruminative silence, Steve was holding his ears in his hand and gazing at the intent champions at the board. There they sat; the old Judge panting and wheezing in his excitement, for he was planning a great "snap" on the Colonel, whose red and freckled nose almost touched the board. It was a

solemn battle hour. The wind howled mournfully outside, the timbers of the stove creaked in the cold, and the huge cannon stove roared in steady bass.

"Speaking about ears," said Steve, after a silence, "dummed if I'd like t' be quite s' bare 'round the ears as Kernel there. I wonder if any o' you fellers has noticed how the ol' feller's lost hair this last summer. He's gittin' bald, they's no coverin' it up — gittin' bald as a plate."

"You're right, Stephen," said the Judge, as he gravely took his stand behind his brother advocate, and studied, with the eye of an adept, the field of battle. "We were noticing it when you came in. It's a sad thing, but it must be admitted."

"It's the Kyernel's brains wearin' up through his hair, I take it," commented Amos, as he helped himself to a handful of peanuts out of a bag behind the counter. "Say, Steve, did y' stuff up that hole in front of ol' Barney?"

A shout was heard outside, and then a rush against the door, and immediately two young fellows burst in, followed by a fierce gust of snow. One was Professor Knapp, the other Editor Foster, of the *Morning Call*.

"Well, gents, how's this for high?" said Foster in a peculiar tone of voice, at which all began to smile. He was a slender fellow with close-clipped, assertive red hair. "In this company we now have the majesty of the law, the power of the press, and the underpinning of the American civilization all represented. Hello! There are a couple of old roosters with their heads together. Gordon, my old enemy, how are you?"

Gordon waved him off with a smile and a wheeze. "Don't bother me now. I've got 'im. I'm laying f'r the old dog. Whist!"

"Got nothing!" snarled the Colonel. "You try that on if you want to. Just swing that man in there if you think it's healthy for him. Just as like as not, you'll slip up on that little trick."

"Ha! Say you so, old True Penny? The Kunnel has met a foeman worthy of his steel," said Foster in great glee, as he bent above the Colonel. "I know. *How* do I know?" quotha. "By the curve on the Kunnel's back. The size of the parabola described by that backbone accurately gauges his adversary's skill. But, by the way, gentlemen,

have you — but that's a nice point, and I refer all nice points to Professor Knapp. Professor, is it in good taste to make remarks concerning the dress or features of another?"

"Certainly not," answered Knapp, a handsome young fellow with a yellow mustache.

"Not when the person is an esteemed public character, like the Colonel here? What I was about to remark, if it had been proper, was that the old fellow is getting wofully bald. He'll soon be bald as an egg."

"Say!" asked the Colonel, "I want to know how long you're going to keep this thing up. Somebody's dummed sure t' get hurt soon."

"There, there! Colonel," said Brown soothingly, "don't get excited, you'll lose the rubber. Don't mind 'em. Keep cool."

"Yes, keep cool, Kunnel, it's only our solicitude for your welfare," chipped in Foster. Then addressing the crowd in a general sort of way he speculated, "Curious how a man, a plain American citizen like Colonel Peavy, wins a place in the innermost affections of a whole people."

"That's so!" murmured the rest. "He can't grow bald without deep sympathy from his fellow-citizens." The old Colonel glared in speechless wrath.

"Say! gents," pleaded Gordon, "let up on the old man for the present. He's going to need all of himself if he gets out o' the trap he's in now." He waved his fat hand over the Colonel's head, and smiled blandly at the crowd hugging the stove.

"My head may be bald," grated the old man with a death's-head grin, indescribably ferocious, "but it's got brains enough in it to 'skunk' any man in this crowd three games out o' five."

"The ol' man rather gits the laugh on y' there, gents," called Robie from the back side of the counter. "I haint seen the old skeesix play better'n he did last night in years."

"Not since his return from Canada, after the war, I reckon," said Amos from the kerosene barrel.

"Hold on, Amos," put in the Judge warningly, "that's out-lawed. Talking about being bald and the war reminds me of the night Walters and I — By the way, where is Walters to-night?"

"Sick," put in the Colonel, straightening up exultantly. "I waxed him three straight games last night. You won't

see him again till spring. Skunked him once, and beat him twice."

"Oh git out."

"Hear the old seed twitter!"

"Did you ever notice, gentlemen, how lying and baldness go together?" queried Foster reflectively.

"No! Do they?"

"Invariably. I've known many colossal liars, and they were all as bald as apples."

The Colonel was getting nervous, and was so slow that even Gordon (who could sit and stare at the board a full half hour without moving) began to be impatient.

"Come! Colonel, marshal your forces a little more promptly. If you're going at me *echelon*, sound y'r bugle; I'm ready."

"Don't worry," answered the Colonel, in his calmest nasal, "I'll accommodate you with all the fight you want."

"Did it ever occur to you," began the Judge again, addressing the crowd generally, as he moved back to the stove and lit another cigar, "did it ever occur to you that it is a little singular a man should get bald on the *top* of his head first? Curious fact. So accustomed to it we no longer wonder at it. Now see the Colonel there. Quite a growth of hair on his clap-boarding, as it were, but devilish thin on his roof."

Here the Colonel looked up and tried to say something, but the Judge went on imperturbably.

"Now I take it that it's strictly providential that a man gets bald on top of his head first, because if he *must* get bald it is best to get bald where it can be covered up."

"By jinks, that's a fact!" said the rest in high admiration of the Judge's ratiocination. Steve was specially pleased, and drawing a neck-yoke from a barrel standing near, pounded the floor vigorously.

"Talking about being bald," put in Foster, "reminds me of a scheme of mine, which is to send no one out to fight Indians but bald men. Think how powerless they'd —"

The talk now drifted off to Indians, politics, and religion, edged round to the war when the grave Judge was telling Ridings and Robie just how "Kilpatrick charged along the Granny White Turnpike," and on a sheet of wrapping paper was showing where Major John Dilrigg fell. "I was

on his left about thirty yards, when I saw him throw up his hand — ”

Foster in a low voice was telling something to the Professor, and two or three others, which made them whoop with uncontrollable merriment, when the roaring voice of big Sam Walters was heard outside, and a moment later he rolled into the room, filling it with his noise. Lottridge, the watchmaker, and Erlberg, the German baker, came in with him.

“*Hello, hello, hello!* All here, are yeh?”

“All here waiting for you — and the turnkey,” said Foster.

“Well, here I am. Always on hand like a sore thumb in huskin’ season. What’s goin’ on here? A game, hey? Hello, Gordon, it’s you, is it? Colonel, I owe you several for last night. But what the devil yo’ got your cap on fur, Colonel? Aint it warm enough here for yeh?”

The desperate Colonel who had snatched up his cap when he heard Walters coming, grinned painfully, pulling his straggly red and white beard nervously. The strain was beginning to tell on his iron nerves. He removed the cap, and with a few muttered words went back to the game, but there was a dangerous gleam in his fishy blue eyes, and the grizzled tufts of red hair above his eyes lowered threateningly. A man who is getting swamped in a game of checkers is not in a mood to bear pleasantly any remarks on his bald head.

“Oh! don’t take it off, Colonel,” went on his tormentor hospitably. “When a man gets as old as you are, he’s privileged to wear his cap. I wonder if any of you fellers have noticed how the Colonel is shedding his hair.”

The old man leaped up, scattering the men on the checker-board which flew up and struck Judge Gordon in the face, knocking him off his stool. The old Colonel was ashy pale, and his eyes glared out from under his huge brow like sapphires lit by flame. His spare form clothed in a seedy Prince Albert frock towered with a singular dignity. His features worked convulsively a moment, and then he burst forth like the explosion of a safety valve: —

“Shuttup, dumyeh!”

And then the crowd whooped, roared, and rolled on the counters and barrels, and roared and whooped again. They

stamped and yelled, and ran around like fiends, kicking the boxes and banging the coal-scuttle in a perfect pandemonium of mirth, leaving the old man standing there helpless in his wrath, mad enough to shoot. Steve was just preparing to seize the old man from behind, when Judge Gordon, struggling to his feet among the spittoons, cried out, in the voice of a Colonel of Fourth of July militia:—

“H-O-L-D!”

Silence was restored, and all stood around in expectant attitudes to hear the Judge’s explanation. He squared his elbows, shoved up his sleeves, puffed out his fat cheeks, moistened his lips, and began pompously:—

“Gentlemen —”

“You’ve hit it; that’s us,” said some of the crowd in applause.

“Gentlemen of Rock River, when in the course of human events, rumor had blow’d to my ears the history of the checker-playing of Rock River, and when I had waxed Cerro-Gordo, and Claiborne, and Mower, then, when I say to my ears was borne the clash of resounding arms in Rock River, the emporium of Rock County, then did I yearn for more worlds to conquer, and behold, I buckled on my armor and I am here.”

“Behold, he is here,” said Foster, in confirmation of the statement. “Good for you, Judge, git breath and go for us some more.”

“Hurrah for the Judge,” etc.

“I came seekin’ whom I might devour like a raging lion. I sought foemen worthy of my steel. I leaped into the arena and blew my challenge to the four quarters of Rock —”

“Good f’r you, settemupagin! Go it, you old balloon,” they all applauded.

“Knowing my prowess I sought a fair fout and no favors. I met the enemy and he was mine. Champion after champion went down before me like—went down like—Ahem! went *down* before me like grass before the mighty cyclone of the Andes.”

“Listen to the old blow-hard,” said Steve.

“Put him out,” said the speaker, imperturbably. “Gentlemen, have I the floor?”

“You have,” replied Brown, “but come to the point. The Colonel is anxious to begin shooting.” The Colonel,

who began to suspect himself victimized, stood wondering what under heaven they were going to do next!

"I'm a gitt'n' there," said the orator with a broad and sunny condescension.

"I found your champions an' laid 'em low. I waxed Walters, and then I tackled the Colonel. I tried the *echelon*, the 'general advanced,' then the 'give away' and 'flank' movements. But the Colonel *was there*. Till this last game it was a fair field and no favor. And now, gentlemen of Rock, I desire t' state to my deeply respected opponent, that he is still champion of Rock, and I'm not sure but of Northern Iowa."

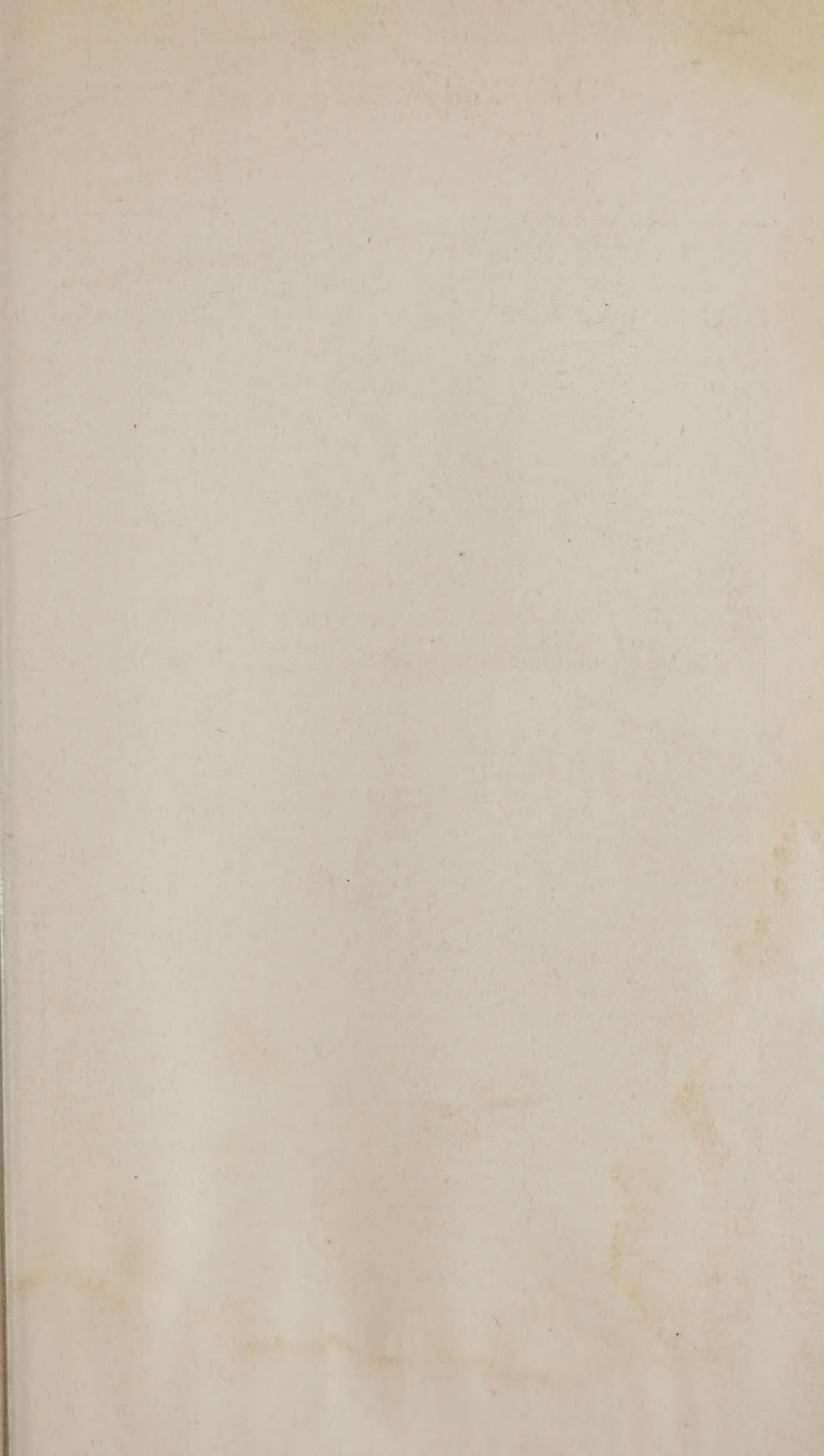
"Three cheers for the Kunnel!"

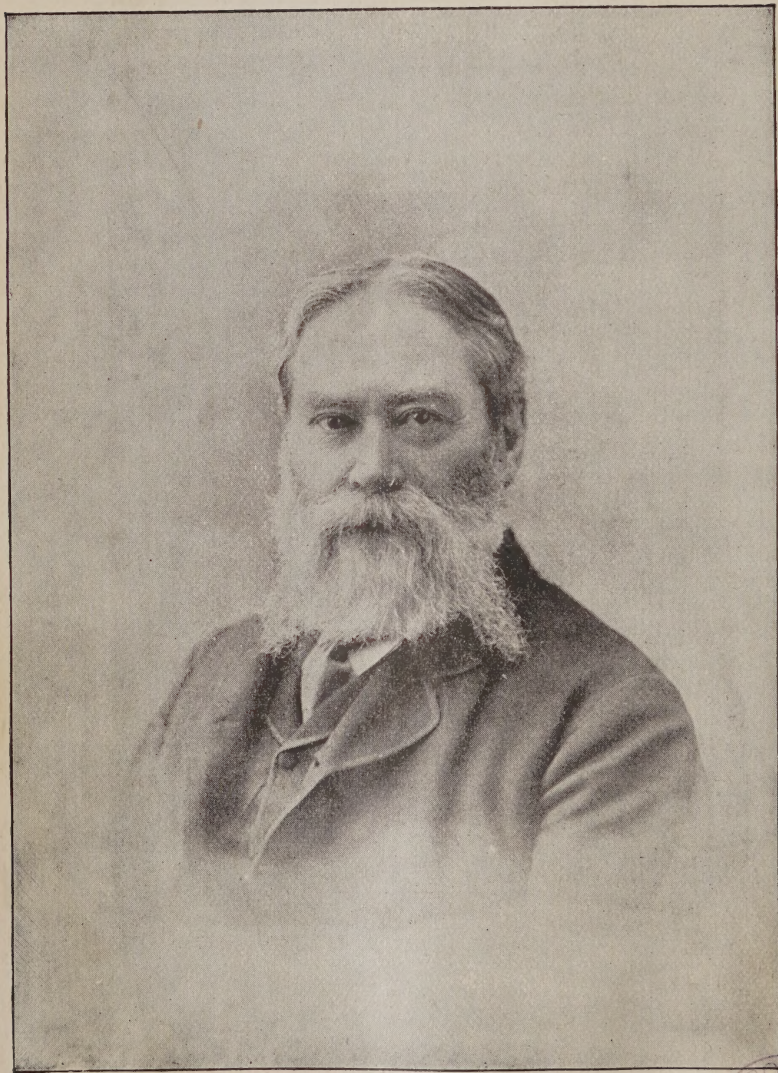
And while they were being given the Colonel's brows relaxed, and the champion of Cerro-Gordo continued earnestly:—

"And now I wish to state to Colonel the solemn fact that I had nothing to do with the job put up on him to-night. I scorn to use such means in a battle. Colonel, you may be as bald as an apple, or an egg, yes, or a *plate*, but you can play more checkers than any man I ever met, more checkers than any other man on God's green footstool.—With one-single, lone exception—myself."

At this moment, somebody hit the dead-beat from Cerro-Gordo with a decayed apple, and as the crowd shouted and groaned Robie turned down the lights on the tumult. The old Colonel seized the opportunity for putting a handful of salt down Walters' neck, and slipped out of the door like a ghost. As the crowd swarmed out on the icy walk, Editor Foster yelled:—

"Gents! let me give you a pointer. Keep your eye peeled for the next edition of the Rock River *Morning Call*." And the bitter wind swept away the answering shouts of the gang.





J. M. Lowell



THE ARENA.

No. XXIII.

OCTOBER, 1891.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY GEORGE STEWART, D. C. L., LL. D.

With loving breath of all the winds, his name
Is blown about the world ; but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

WHEN Longfellow had reached his sixtieth year, James Russell Lowell, then in his splendid prime, sent him those lines as a birthday greeting. Lowell, since then, received in his turn many similar tributes of affection, but none that seemed to speak so promptly from the heart as those touching words of love to an old friend. To himself they might well have been applied in all truthfulness and sincerity. Of the famous group of New England singers, that gave strength and reality to American letters, but three names survived until the other day, when, perhaps the greatest of them all passed away. Whittier and Holmes remain, but Lowell, the younger of the three, and from whom so much was still expected, is no more to gladden, to delight, to enrich, and to instruct the age in which he occupied so eminent a place. Bryant was the first to go, and then Longfellow was called. Emerson followed soon after, and now it is Lowell's hand which has dropped forever the pen. At first his illness did not cause much uneasiness, but those near him soon began to observe indications of the great change that was going on. At the last, dissolution was not slow in coming, and death relieved the

patient of his sufferings in the early hours of Wednesday, August 12th. Practically, however, it was conceded that his life-work had been completed a few months ago, when his publishers presented the reading world with his writings in ten sumptuous volumes, six containing the prose works, and the other four the poems and satires. He was, with the single exception of Matthew Arnold, the foremost critic of his time. Everything he said was well said. The jewels abounded on all sides. His adroitness, his fancy, his insight, his perfect good-humor, and his rare scholarship and delicate art, emphasize themselves on every page of his books. His political and literary addresses were models of what those things should be. They were often graceful and epigrammatic, but always sterling in their value and full of thought. Long ago he established his claim to the title of poet, and as the years went by, his muse grew stronger, richer, fresher, and more original. As an English critic, writing pleasantly of him and his work, in the London *Spectator* said lately: "His books are delightful reading, with no monotony except a monotony of brilliance which an occasional lapse into dulness would almost diversify."

James Russell Lowell was descended from a notable ancestry. His father was a clergyman, the pastor of the West Church in Boston. His mother was a woman of fine mind, a great lover of poetry, and mistress of several languages. From her, undoubtedly, the gifted son inherited his taste for *belles-lettres* and foreign tongues. He was born at Cambridge, Mass., on the 22d of February, 1819, and named after his father's maternal grandfather, Judge James Russell. After spending a few years at the town school, under Mr. William Wells, a famous teacher in his day, he entered Harvard University, and in 1838 was graduated. He wrote the class poem of the year, and took up the study of law. But the latter he soon relinquished for letters. His first book was a small collection of verse entitled "A Year's Life." It gave indication of what followed. There were traces of real poetry in the volume, and none who read it doubted the poet's future success in his courtship of the muse. In 1843 he tried magazine publishing, his partner in the venture being Robert Carter. Three numbers only of *The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical*

Magazine, were published, and though it contained contributions by Hawthorne, Lowell, Poe, Dwight, Neal, Mrs. Browning, and Parsons, it failed to make its way, and the young editor prudently withdrew it. In the next year he published the "Legend of Brittany, Miscellaneous Poems and Sonnets." A marked advance in his art was immediately noticed. His lyrical strength, his passion, his terse vocabulary, his exquisite fancy and tenderness illumed every page, giving it dignity and color. The legend reminded the reader of an Old World poem, and "Prometheus" too, might have been written abroad. "Rhœcus" was cast in the Greek mold, and told the story, very beautifully and very artistically, of the wood-nymph and the bee. But there were other poems in the collection, such as "To Perdita Singing," "The Heritage," and "The Forlorn," which at once caught the ear of lovers of true melody. A volume of prose essays succeeded this book. It was entitled "Conversations on some of the Old Poets," and when Mr. Lowell became Mr. Longfellow's successor in the chair of modern languages and *belles-lettres* at Harvard, much of this material was used in his lectures to the students. But later on, we will concern ourselves more directly with the author's prose.

In December, 1844, Mr. Lowell espoused Miss Maria White, of Watertown. She was a lady of gentle character, and a poet of singular grace. The marriage was a most happy one, and it was to her that many of the love poems of Lowell were inscribed. Once he wrote:—

"A lily thou wast when I saw thee first,
A lily-bud not opened quite,
That hourly grew more pure and white,
By morning, and noon-tide, and evening nursed:
In all of Nature thou had'st thy share;
Thou wast waited on
By the wind and sun;
The rain and the dew for thee took care;
It seemed thou never could'st be more fair."

She died on the 27th of October, 1853, the day that a child was born to Mr. Longfellow. The latter's touching and perfect poem, "The Two Angels," refers to this death and birth:—

" 'T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud."

A privately printed volume of Mrs. Lowell's poems appeared a year or two after her death. Mr. Lowell's second wife was Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Maine, whom he married in September, 1857. She died in February, 1885.

Mr. Lowell was ever pronounced in his hatred of wrong, and naturally enough he was found on the side of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Whittier, in their great battle against that huge blot on civilization, slavery in America. He spoke and wrote in behalf of the abolitionists at a time when the anti-slavery men were openly despised as heartily in the North as they were feared and detested in the South. He wrote with a pen which never faltered, and satire, irony, and fierce invective accomplished their work with a will, and moved many a heart, almost despairing, to renewed energy.

"The Vision of Sir Launfal" was published in 1848, and it will be read as long as men and women admire tales of chivalry and the stirring stories of King Arthur's court. Tennyson's "Idyls" will keep his fame alive, and Lowell's Sir Launfal, which tells of the search for the Holy Grail, the cup from which Christ drank when he partook of the last supper with his disciples, will also have a place among the best of the Arthurian legends. It is said that Mr. Lowell wrote this strong poem in forty-eight hours, during which he hardly slept or ate. Stedman calls it "a landscape poem," a term amply justified. It contains many quotable extracts, such as, "And what is so rare as a day in June," "Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak, from the snow five thousand summers old," and "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us." We are constantly meeting these in the magazines and in the newspapers. The vision did much to bring about a larger recognition of the author's powers as a poet of the first order. He had to wait some time to gain this, and in that respect he resembled Robert

Browning, at first so obscure, at last compelling approval from all.

The field of American literature, as it existed in 1848, was surveyed by Lowell in his happiest manner, as a satirist, in that clever production, by a wonderful Quiz, *A Fable for Critics*, "Set forth in October, the 31st day, in the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway." For some time the authorship remained a secret, though there were many shrewd guesses as to the paternity of the biting shafts of wit and delicately baited hooks. It was written mainly for the author's own amusement, and with no thought of publication. Daily instalments of the poem were sent off, as soon as written, to a friend of the poet, Mr. Charles F. Briggs, of New York, who found the lines so irresistibly good, that he begged permission to hand them over to Putnam's for publication. This, however, Mr. Lowell declined to do, until he found that the repeated urging of his friend would not be stayed. Then he consented to anonymous publication. The secret was kept, until, as the author himself tells us, "several persons laid claim to its authorship." No poem has been oftener quoted than the fable. It is full of audacious things. The authors of the day, and their peculiar characteristics (Lowell himself not being spared in the least), are held up to admiring audiences with all their sins and foibles exposed to the public gaze. It was intended to have "a sting in his tale," this "frail, slender thing, rhymey-winged," and it had it decidedly. Some of the authors lampooned took the matter up, in downright sober earnest, and objected to the seat in the pillory which they were forced to occupy unwillingly. But they forgave the satirist, as the days went by, and they realized that, after all, the fun was harmless, nobody was hurt actually, and all were treated alike by the ready knife of the fabler. But what could they say to a man who thus wrote of himself?—

"There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme,
 He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
 But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
 The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
 Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
 His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
 But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
 And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
 At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem."

Apart from the humorous aspect of the fable, there is, certainly, a good deal of sound criticism in the piece. It may be brief, it may be inadequate, it may be blunt, but for all that it is truthful, and decidedly just, as far as it goes. Bryant, who was called cold, took umbrage at the portrait drawn of him. But his verse has all the cold glitter of the Greek bards, despite the fact that he is America's greatest poet of nature, and some of his songs are both sympathetic and sweet, such as the "Lines to a Water-fowl," "The Flood of Years," "The Little People of the Snow," and "Thanatopsis."

But now we come to the book which gave Mr. Lowell his strongest place in American letters, and revealed his remarkable powers as a humorist, satirist, and thinker. We have him in this work, at his very best. The vein had never been thoroughly worked before. The Yankee of Haliburton appeared ten years earlier than the creations of Lowell. But Sam Slick was a totally different person from Hosea Biglow and Birdofredum Sawin. Slick was a very interesting man, and he has his place in fiction. His sayings and doings are still read, and his wise saws continue to be pondered over. But the Biglow type seems to our mind, more complete, more rounded, more perfect, more true, indeed, to nature. The art is well proportioned all through, and the author justifies Bungay's assumption, that he had attained the rank of Butler, whose satire heads the list of all such productions. Butler, however, Lowell really surpassed. The movement is swift, and there is an individuality about the whole performance, which stamps it undeniably as a masterpiece. The down-east dialect is managed with consummate skill, the character-drawing is superlatively fine, and the sentiments uttered, ringing like a bell, carry conviction. The invasion of Mexico was a distasteful thing to many people because it was felt that that war was dishonorable, and undertaken solely for the benefit of the slaveholder, who was looking out for new premises, where he might ply his calling, and continue the awful trade of bondage, and his dealings in flesh and blood. Mr. Lowell's heart was steeled against that expedition, and the first series of his Biglow papers, introduced to the world by the Reverend Homer Wilbur, showed how deeply earnest he was, and how terribly rigorous he could be, when the scalpel had to be used. The first knowledge that the

reading world had of the curious, ingenuous, and quaint Hosea, was the communication which his father, Ezekiel Biglow, sent to the *Boston Courier*, covering a poem in the Yankee dialect, by the hand of the young down-easter. It at once commanded notice. The idea was so new, the homely truths were so well put, the language in print was so unusual, and the "hits" were so well aimed, that the critics were baffled. The public took hold immediately, and it soon spread that a strong and bold pen was helping the reformers in their unpopular struggle. The blows were struck relentlessly, but men and women laughed through their indignation. There were some who rebelled at the coarseness of the satire, but all recognized that the author, whoever he might be, was a scholar, a man of thought, and a genuine philanthropist, who could not be put down. Volunteers were wanted, and Boston was asked to raise her quota. But Hosea Biglow, in his charmingly scornful way said :—

"Thrash away, you'll hev to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn.

Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yaller
'Fore you git ahold o' me!"

The parson adds a note, sprinkled with Latin and Greek sentences, as is his wont. The letters from the first page to the last, in the collected papers, are amazingly clever. The reverend gentleman who edits the series is a type himself, full of pedantic and pedagogic learning, anxious always to show off his knowledge of the classics, and solemn and serious ever as a veritable owl. His notes and introductions, and scrappy Latin and Greek, are among the most admirable things in the book. Their humor is delicious, and the mock criticisms and opinions of the press, offered by Wilbur on the work of his young friend, and his magnificent seriousness, which constantly shows itself, give a zest to the performance, which lingers long on the mind. The third letter contains the often-quoted poem, "What Mr. Robinson Thinks."

"Gineral C. is a drefle smart man:
He's ben on all sides that give place or pelf;

But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
 He's ben true to *one* party,— an' thet is himself:—
 So John P.
 Robinson, he
 Sez he shall vote for Ginerall C.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
 That th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller tail coats,
 An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
 To get some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
 But John P.
 Robinson, he
 Says they didn't know everything down in Judee."

Despite the sometimes harsh criticism which the Biglow papers evoked, Mr. Lowell kept on sending them out at regular intervals, knowing that every blow struck was a blow in the cause of right, and every attack was an attack on the meannesses of the time. The flexible dialect seemed to add honesty to the poet's invective. The satire was oftentimes savage enough, but the vehicle by which it was conveyed, carried it off. There was danger that Lowell might exceed his limit, but the excess so nearly reached, never came. The papers aroused the whole country, said Whittier, and did as much to free the slave, almost, as Grant's guns. In one of the numbers, Mr. Lowell produced, quite by accident, as it were, his celebrated poem of "The Courtin'." This was in the second series, begun in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he was, in 1857, one of the founders, and editor. This series was written during the time of the American Civil War, and the object was to ridicule the revolt of the Southern States, and show up the demon of secession in its true colors. Birdofredum Sawin, now a secessionist, writes to Hosea Biglow, and the poem is, of course, introduced as usual, by the parson. The humor is more grim and sardonic, for the war was a stern reality, and Mr. Lowell felt the need of making his work tell with all the force that he could put into it. In response to a request for enough "copy" to fill out a certain editorial page, Lowell wrote rapidly down the verses which became, at a bound, so popular. He added, from time to time, other lines. This is the story of the Yankee courtship of Zekle and Huldy:—

"The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',

An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her chair a jerk
As though she wished him further,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

' You want to see my pa, I s'pose? '
' Wall,— no — I come dasignin' — '
' To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo's
Agin to-morrer's i'nin.'

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't 'ould be presumin',
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes natural to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, ' I'd better call agin; '
Says she, ' Think likely, mister; '
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wall, he up an' kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer wind
Snow-hid in Janooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Till mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they war cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday."

During the war, Great Britain sided principally with the South. This the North resented, and the Trent affair only

added fuel to the flame. It was in one of the Biglow papers that Mr. Lowell spoke to England, voicing the sentiments and feelings of the Northern people. That poem was called "Jonathan to John," and it made a great impression on two continents. It was full of the keenest irony, and though bitter, there was enough common sense in it, to make men read it, and think. It closes thus patriotically:—

"Shall it be love, or hate, John?
 It's you thet's to decide;
 Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
 Like all the world's beside?"
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
 Wise men forgive,' sez he,
 'But not forgit; an' some time yit
 Thet truth may strike J. B.,
 Ez wal ez you an' me!'"

'God means to make this land, John,
 Clear, then, from sea to sea,
 Believe an' understand, John,
 The *wuth* o' bein' free.'
 Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
 God's price is high,' sez he;
 'But nothin' else than wut He sells
 Wears long, an' thet J. B.
 May larn, like you an' me!'"

The work concludes with notes, a glossary of Yankee terms, and a copious index. The chapter which tells of the death of Parson Wilbur is one of the most exquisite things that Lowell has done in prose. The reader who has followed the fortunes of the Reverend Homer, is profoundly touched by the reflection that he will see him no more. He had grown to be a real personage, and long association with him had made him a friend. On this point, Mr. Underwood relates an incident, which is worth quoting here:—

"The thought of grief for the death of an imaginary person is not quite so absurd as it might appear. One day, while the great novel of 'The Newcomes' was in course of publication, Lowell, who was then in London, met Thackeray on the street. The novelist was serious in manner, and his looks and voice told of weariness and affliction. He saw the kindly inquiry in the poet's eyes, and said, 'Come into Evan's and I'll tell you all about it. I have killed the Colonel.'"

So they walked in and took a table in a remote corner, and then Thackeray, drawing the fresh sheets of manuscript

from his breast pocket, read through that exquisitely touching chapter which records the death of Colonel Newcome. When he came to the final *Adsum*, the tears which had been swelling his lids for some time trickled down upon his face, and the last word was almost an inarticulate sob.

The volume "Under the Willows," which contains the poems written at intervals during ten or a dozen years, includes such well-remembered favorites as "The First Snow-fall," for an autograph "A Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire," "The Dead House" (wonderfully beautiful it is), "The Darkened Mind," "In the Twilight," and the vigorous "Villa Franca" so full of moral strength. It appeared in 1869. Mr. Lowell's pen was always busy about this time and earlier. He was a regular contributor to the *Atlantic* in prose and verse. He was lecturing to his students and helping Longfellow with his matchless translation of Dante, besides having other irons in the fire.

It is admitted that the greatest poem of the Civil War was, by all odds, Mr. Lowell's noble commemoration ode. In that blood-red struggle several of his kinsmen were slain, among them Gen. C. R. Lowell, Lieut. I. I. Lowell, and Lieutenant Putnam, all nephews. His ode which was written in 1865, and recited July 21, at the Harvard commemoration services, is dedicated "To the ever sweet and shining memory of the ninety-three sons of Harvard College, who have died for their country in the war of nationality." It is, in every way, a great effort, and the historic occasion which called it forth will not be forgotten. The audience assembled to listen to it was very large. No hall could hold the company, and so the ringing words were spoken in the open air. Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, stood at one side, and near him were Story, poet and sculptor, fresh from Rome, and General Devens, afterwards judge, and fellows of Lowell's own class at college. The most distinguished people of the Commonwealth lent their presence to the scene. There was a hushed silence while Lowell spoke, and when he uttered the last grand words of his ode, every heart was full, and the old wounds bled afresh, for hardly one of that vast throng had escaped the badge of mourning, for a son, or brother, or father, lost in that war.

“Bow down, dear land, for thou hast found release!
 Thy God, in these distempered days,
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
 And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace’
 Bow down in prayer and praise!
 No poorest in thy borders but may now
 Lift to the juster skies a man’s enfranchised brow.

O Beautiful! My Country! ours once more!
 Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
 O’er such sweet brows as never other wore,
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath’s pale eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.

What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,
 Among the nations bright beyond compare?
 What were our lives without thee?
 What all our lives to save thee?
 We reckon not what we gave thee;
 We will not dare to doubt thee,
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare.

“The Cathedral,” dedicated most felicitously to the late James T. Fields, the author publisher, written in 1869, was published early in the following year in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and immediately won the applause of the more thoughtful reader. It is a poem of great grandeur, suggestive in the highest degree and rich in description and literary finish. Three memorial odes, one read at the one hundredth anniversary of the fight at Concord Bridge, one under the old elm, and one for the Fourth of July, 1876, followed. The Concord ode appears to be the more striking and brilliant of the three, but all are satisfactory specimens, measured by the standard which governs the lyric.

“Heartsease and Rue,” is the graceful title of Mr. Lowell’s last volume of verse. A good many of his personal poems are included in the collection, such as his charming epistle to George William Curtis, the elegant author of “Prue and I,” one of the sweetest books ever written, inscribed to Mrs. Henry W. Longfellow, in memory of the happy hours at our castles in Spain; the magnificent apostrophe to Agassiz; the birthday offering to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; the lines to Whittier on his seventy-fifth birthday; the verses on receiving a copy of Mr. Austin Dobson’s “Old World Idyls,” and Fitz Adam’s story, playful, humorous, and idyllic.

In his young days, Mr. Lowell wrote much for the newspapers and serials. To the *Dial*, the organ of the transcendentalists, he contributed frequently, and his poems and prose will be found scattered through the pages of *The Democratic Review*, *The North American Review*, of which he ultimately became editor, *The Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, and the *Boston Courier*. His prose was well received by scholars. It is terse and strong, and whatever position history may assign to him as a poet there can never be any question about his place among the ablest essayists of his century. "Fireside Travels," the first of the brilliant series of prose works that we have, attract by their singular grace and graciousness. The picture of Cambridge thirty years ago, is full of charming reminiscences that must be very dear to Cambridge men and women. "The Moosehead Journal," and "Leaves from the Journal in Italy, Happily Turned," are rich in local color. "Among My Books," and "My Study Windows," the addresses on literary and political topics, and the really able paper on Democracy, which proved a formidable answer to his critics, fill out the list of Mr. Lowell's prose contributions. The literary essays are especially well done. Keats tinged his poetry when he was quite a young man. He never lost taste of Endymion or the Grecian urn, and his estimate of the poet, whose "name was writ in water," is in excellent form and full of sympathy. Wordsworth, too, he read and re-read with fresh delight, and it is interesting to compare his views of the lake poet with those of Matthew Arnold. The older poets, such as Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and Pope in English, and Dante in Italian, find in Mr. Lowell a penetrating and helpful critic. His analyses are made with rare skill and nice discrimination. He is never hasty in giving expression to his opinion, and every view that he gives utterance to, exhibits the process by which it reached its development. The thought grows under his hand, apparently. The paper on Pope, with whose writings he was familiar at an early age, is a most valuable one, being especially rich in allusion and in quality. He finds something new to say about the bard of Avon, and says it in a way which emphasizes its originality. Indeed, every essay is a strong presentation of what Lowell had in his mind at the time. He is not content to confine his

observation to the name before him. He enlarges always the scope of his paper, and runs afield, picking up here and there citations, and illustrating his points, by copious drafts on literature, history, scenery, and episode. He was well equipped for his task, and his wealth of knowledge, his fine scholarly taste, his remarkable grasp of everything that he undertook, his extensive reading, all within call, added to a captivating style, imparted to his writings the tone which no other essayist contemporary with him, save Matthew Arnold, was able to achieve. Thoreau and Emerson are adequately treated, and the library of old authors is a capital digest, which all may read with profit. The paper on Carlyle, which is more than a mere review of the old historian's "Frederick the Great," is a noble bit of writing, sympathetic in touch, and striking as a portrait. It was written in 1866. And then there are papers in the volumes on Lessing, Swinburne's Tragedies, Rousseau, and the Sentimentalists, and Josiah Quincy, which bring out Mr. Lowell's critical acumen even stronger. Every one who has read anything during the last fifteen years or so, must remember that bright *Atlantic* essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." It is Mr. Lowell's serenest vein, hitting right and left skilful blows, and asserting constantly his lofty Americanism. The essay was needed. A lesson had to be given, and no better hands could have imparted it. Mr. Lowell was a master of form in literary composition, — that is in his prose, for he has been caught napping, occasionally, in his poetry, — and his difficulty was slight in choosing his words.

As a speaker he was successful. His addresses before noted gatherings in Britain and elsewhere are highly artistic. In Westminster Abbey he pronounced two, one on Dean Stanley, and the other on Coleridge, which, though brief, could scarcely be excelled, so perfect, so admirable, so dignified are they. The same may be said of the addresses on General Garfield, Fielding, Wordsworth, and Don Quixote. Mr. Lowell on such occasions always acquitted himself gracefully. He had few gestures, his voice was sweet, and the beauty of his language, his geniality, and courteous manner drew every one towards him. He was a great student, and preacher, and teacher of reform. He was in favor of the copyright law, and did his utmost to bring it

about. He worked hard to secure tariff reform, and a pet idea of his was the reformation of the American civil service system. On all these subjects he spoke and wrote to the people with sincerity and earnestness. When aroused he could be eloquent, and even in later life, sometimes, some of the fire of the early days when he fought the slaveholders and the oppressors, would burst out with its old time energy. He was ever outspoken and fearless, regardless, apparently, of consequences, so long as his cause was just.

As professor of *belles-lettres* at Harvard University, he had ample opportunity for cultivating his literary studies, and though he continued to take a lively interest always in the political changes and upheavals constantly going on about him, he never applied for office. In politics he was a Republican. His party offered him the mission to Russia, but he declined the honor. During the Hayes administration, however, when his old classmate, General Devens, had a seat in the Cabinet, the government was more successful with him. He was tendered the post of Minister to Spain. This was in 1877, and he accepted it, somewhat half-heartedly, to be sure, for he had misgivings about leaving his lovely home at Elmwood, the house he was born in, the pride and glory of his life, the *locale* of many of his poems, the historic relic of royalist days. And then again, he did not care to leave the then unbroken circle of friends, for Dr. Holmes, John Holmes, Agassiz, Longfellow, Norton, Fields, John Bartlett, Whipple, Hale, James Freeman Clarke, and others of the famous Saturday club, he saw almost every day. And then, yet again, there was the whist club, how could he leave that? But he was overcome, and he went to Spain, and began, among the grandes and dons, his diplomatic career. His fame had preceded him, and he knew the language and literature of Cervantes well. It was not long before he became the friend of all with whom he came into contact. But no great diplomatic work engaged his attention, for there was none to do. The Queen Mercedes died, during his term, much beloved, and Mr. Lowell wrote in her memory one of his most chaste and beautiful sonnets: —

“Hers all that earth could promise or bestow,—

Youth, Beauty, Love, a crown, the beckoning years,

Lids never wet, unless with joyous tears,

A life remote from every sordid woe,

And by a nation's swelled to lordlier flow.

What lurking-place, thought we, for doubts or fears,
When, the day's swan, she swam along the cheers
Of the Acalá, five happy months ago?
The guns were shouting Io Hymen then
That, on her birthday, now denounce her doom;
The same white steeds that tossed their scorn of men
To-day as proudly drag her to the tomb.
Grim jest of fate! yet who dare call it blind,
Knowing what life is, what our humankind?"

In 1880, he was transferred to London, as "his excellency, the ambassador of American literature to the court of Shakespeare," as a writer in the *Spectator* deliciously put it. He had a good field to work in, but, as the duties were light, he had ample time on his hands. He went about everywhere, the idol of all, the most engaging of men. Naturally, his tastes led him among scholars who in their turn made much of him. He was asked frequently to speak or deliver addresses and he always responded with tact. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred on him their highest honors and the ancient Scottish University of Saint Andrew elected him rector,—a rare compliment, Emerson only being the other citizen of the United States so marked out for academic distinction. Some of his compatriots hinted that his English life was making him un-American. Others more openly asserted that the United States minister was fast losing the republic feelings which he took from America, and was becoming a British Conservative. The reply to those innuendoes and charges will be found in his spirited address on Democracy, which proves undeniably his sturdy faith in American institutions, American principles, and American manhood. Mr. Lowell maintained to the letter the political and national views which had long guided his career. His admirable temper and agreeable manner won the hearts of the people, but no effort was made to win him away from his allegiance, nor would he have permitted it had it been tried. In addition to being a great man and a well-informed statesman, he was a gentleman of culture and refinement. His gentleness and amiability may have been misconstrued by some, but be that as it may, the fact remains, he never showed weakness in the discharge of his diplomatic duties. He represented the United States in the fullest sense of the term. In 1885, he returned to America, Mr. E. J. Phelps taking his place, under President Cleveland. Though a Republican, Mr.

Lowell differed from his party on the presidential candidate question. He favored the election of the Democrat nominee. Had he been in America during the campaign, he would have been found with Mr. George William Curtis, and his friends, opposing the return of Mr. Blaine. From 1885 to the date of his death, he added little to the volume of his literary work. He spent part of his time in England, and part in the United States. A poem, a brief paper, or an address or two, came from his pen, at irregular intervals. He edited a complete edition of his writings in ten volumes, and left behind him an unfinished biography of Hawthorne, which he was preparing for the American Men of Letters Series.

HEALING THROUGH MIND.

BY HENRY WOOD.

TRUTH may be considered as a rounded unit. Truths have various and unequal values, but each has its peculiar place, and if it be missing or distorted, the loss is not only local but general. Unity is made up of variety, and therein is completeness. Any honest search after truth is profitable, for thereby is made manifest the Kingdom of the Real.

During the fifteen years just past, but more especially within the last third of that period, a widespread interest has been developed in the question: Can disease be healed through mental treatment? If so, under what conditions and subject to what limitations? Has mental healing a philosophical and scientific basis, or is it variously composed of quackery, superstition, and assumption? In the simplest terms, how much truth does it contain? Any candid inquirer will admit that even if a minimum of its claims can be established, the world needs it. If it can be of service in lessening or mitigating the appalling aggregation of human suffering, disease, and woe, it should receive not only recognition, but a cordial welcome.

At the outset, it is proper to state that I have no professional nor pecuniary interest in any method of healing. The evolution of truth is my only object. To this end, critical and impartial investigation is necessary. While a personal experience of great practical benefit first aroused my interest in the subject, I have cultivated conservatism and incredulity in forming opinions, which are made up from a careful investigation of its literature, its philosophy, and its practical demonstrations.

The first point noticeable is the peculiar attitude of popular sentiment toward this movement. The unreasonable prejudice which has been displayed, and the flippant condemnation that it has generally received in advance of any investigation, illy befit the boasted impartiality and liberality of the closing decade of the nineteenth

century. When the "Fatherhood of God" and the "Brotherhood of Man" are so much on men's lips, and when the spirit of altruism is supposed to be at the floodtide, here is what claims to be the essential quality of them all denied even a hearing. The testimony of hundreds of clergymen, philanthropists, Christians, and humanitarians, is classed as "delusion," and the experience of thousands who have received demonstrations in their own persons [information of which is accessible to any candid investigator], is passed by as an idle tale. It furnishes material for satire to the writer for the religious weekly, and a prolific butt for jokes to the paragrapher of the daily journal. The news of its failures is spread broadcast in bold head-lines by the sensational press. The fact that other kinds of treatment denominated "regular" also fail, seems never to be thought of. The mental healer, regardless of his success, is looked upon as an enthusiast, or worse, and even the citizen who modestly accepts the theory of possible mind-healing, is regarded as credulous and visionary by those who pride themselves upon their practicality. Why does this prejudice exist, when advancement in physical science uniformly meets with a friendly reception?

Perhaps the most important reason why "there is no room in the inn" for truth of the higher realm, is the prevailing materialism. Our western civilization prides itself upon its practicality; but externality would better define it. We forget that immaterial forces rule not only the invisible but the visible universe. Things to look real to us must be cognizant to the physical senses. Matter, whether in the vegetable, animal, or human organism, is moulded, shaped, and its quality determined by unseen forces back of and higher than itself.

We rely upon the drug, because we can feel, taste, see, and smell it. We are color-blind to invisible potency of a higher order, and practically conclude that it is non-existent.

One reason for the prevailing adverse prejudice is that this new thought disturbs the foundation-stones of existing and time-honored systems and creeds. The literalism and externality of formulated theology are rebuked by the simplicity of the spiritual and internal forces which are here brought to light. The barrenness of intellectual scholasti-

cism is in sharp contrast with the overflowing love and simple transparency which reveal the image of God in every man, and as an incidental result, possible health and harmony.

History ever repeats itself in the uniform suspicion with which advanced thought has been received by existing institutions. It seems difficult to learn the lesson, that the human apprehension of truth is ever expanding, while creeds are but "arrested developments, frozen into fixed forms." As might be inferred, the clergy and the religious press, as a rule, are distrustful of this advance, and see little that is good in it. It is fair to admit that this disposition is often due more to misunderstanding, than to intentional injustice.

Another cause for its unwelcome reception is that it distrusts the dominant medical systems. All honor to the multitude of noble and brave men who from the old standpoint have battled with disease, and who have ever been on the alert to utilize every possible balm, in order to restore disordered humanity. But systems are tenacious of life in proportion as they are hoary with age. They mould men to their own shape; to break with them is difficult: tradition, pride, professional honor, and loyalty, and often social and pecuniary status, are all like strong cords, which bind even great men to their conventional grooves.

A further ground for the general unbelief is found in the peculiarities of the apostles and exponents of the new departure. A division into schools and cliques, the out-cropping of personality, exclusiveness, and internal criticism, statements of doctrine in forms likely to be misunderstood, and a technical phraseology have, in a measure, prevented a free and full understanding of principles, which are really simple and transparent.

Popular distrust is also awakened by the fact that, as a rule, mental healers have not regularly studied pathology, nor even anatomy. But it will be seen that if the principle of mental causation for disease is once admitted, mentality rather than physiology should furnish the field for operations. In order to heal, the mind of the patient must be brought into unison with that of the practitioner, and therefore, the latter must wash his own mind clean of spectres and even of studies of disease, and fill it to overflowing with ideals of health and harmony.

Another reason for misapprehension is the fact that mind healing is not demonstrable by argument. It is not intellectually apprehended. It concerns the inner man and can only be grasped by the deeper vision of intuitional and spiritual sense. It is like a cyclorama, the beauty of which is all inside. An outside view is no view at all.

Is there a necessity for some radical reinforcement to conventional instrumentalities to aid us in our warfare with human ills? Is it desirable to find some new vantage ground, and some more effective weapons? There can be but one answer. While surgery has been making rapid strides toward the position of an exact science, confidence in *materia medica* is on the wane. The surgeon is only a marvellously skilful mechanic who adjusts the parts, and then the divine, recuperative forces vitalize and complete his work. He only makes the figures, while the principle solves the problem. The adaptability of drugs to heal disease is becoming a matter of doubt, even among many who have not yet studied deeper causation. *Materia medica* lacks the exact elements of a science. The just preponderance for good or ill of any drug upon the human system is an unsolved problem, and will so remain. The fact that a fresh remedy seems to work well while it is much talked about, and then gradually appears to lose its efficacy, suggests that it is the atmosphere of general belief in the medicine, and not the medicine itself that accomplishes the visible result. It is well known that bread pills sometimes prove to be a powerful cathartic, even from individual belief; but general belief would be necessary in order to make them always reliable. General beliefs often have a very slight original basis, but gradually grow until their cumulative power is enormous. If scientific, the same remedies once adopted should remain; but instead, there is a continual transition. Fashions and fads are not significant of exact science. Elixirs of life, lymphs, and other specifics have their short run, and then join the endless procession to the rear. Many lives are sacrificed in experiments, but no criticism is made because the treatment is administered by those who are within the limits of the "regular" profession. After centuries of professional research, in order to perfect the "art of healing," diseases have steadily grown more subtle and numerous. Combinations, distillations, extracts, and decoctions of almost every known material substance have

been experimented with, in order to discover their true bearing upon that ever-receding ideal, the banishment of disease. If materia medica were a science, disease should be in a process of extermination. It does not look as if this were expected, for doctors with diplomas are multiplying in a much greater ratio than the population, and already we have more than three times the proportionate quota of Germany. As our material civilization recedes from nature and grows more artificial, diseases, doctors, and remedies multiply. What can be more beautiful and perfect than the human eye; yet how commonly this organ requires artificial aid. The human senses are losing their tone, and if present tendencies continue, it seems almost as if the future man would be not only bald, but toothless and eyeless, unless he receives an entire artificial equipment. Only when internal, divine forces come to be relied upon, rather than outside reinforcement, will deterioration cease.

Scores of the most eminent physicians, who have risen above the trammels of system, have vigorously expressed themselves regarding the utterly unreliable character of the drug system. Emerson affirmed that "The best part of health is a fine disposition." Said Plato, "You ought not to attempt to cure the body without the soul." A distinguished doctor of to-day remarked, "Of the nature of disease, and from whence it comes, we still know nothing, but thanks to chemistry we have new supplies of ammunition. For every drug of our fathers, we have now a hundred. We have iodides, chlorides, and bromides without number; sulphates, nitrates, hydrochlorates, and prussiates beyond count. But we do not believe in heroic doses. We give but little medicine at a time and change it often." With such supplies of "ammunition," people within range are liable to get hit.

A mere sketch of the rise and progress of the mind-healing movement may be proper before considering its philosophy. Its novelty having worn off, it is perhaps less prominent as a current topic than formerly, but its progress, though quiet, has been remarkable during the past five years. Careful estimates by those in the best position to judge place the number of those who accept its leading principles, in the United States, at over a million. Owing to the distrust of public opinion, a large majority hold their views quietly but none the less firmly. But a small fraction of its adherents

are identified with its organizations, and yet within the limits of one school [those distinctively known as Christian Scientists], there are about thirty organized churches, and also one hundred and twenty societies which maintain regular Sunday services, though not yet having church organization. There are also between forty and fifty dispensaries and reading rooms, and a rapidly increasing literature, both of standard works and periodicals. One of the other schools, distinctively known as Mind Cure, has also a large number of organizations similar in character. The number of regularly graduated practitioners cannot be accurately estimated, but they are numbered by the thousand. Of the million more or less of believers in the principles of mind healing, it may be admitted that perhaps a large majority, in the event of severe acute illness, would still make some use of old remedies, or would combine both where circumstances would allow. Life-long habits are tenacious; to defy the force of public opinion, the importunity of friends and the overwhelming aggregation of surrounding belief, is a trying ordeal. Until public opinion softens, mental healing in its purity will be mainly employed in chronic troubles, or at least for those which are not of a sudden and acute nature. Mind healers would differ in acute cases, as to how far those who have had no previous growth of trust in unseen forces should be left to those alone. In the present stage of progress in mind healing, there should be nothing which would require anyone to dispense with reasonable nursing nor with common sense. Some things which are ideally and abstractly true, can only be fully realized in the future, and it is not well to prematurely use them before the conditions are fully ripened.

All new innovations, no matter how much needed, have had to pass through a period when "they were everywhere spoken against." The time is not distant when personal liberty in respect to choice in one's method of healing may be enjoyed without unpleasant criticism or notoriety.

The more important schools which agree in the one cardinal principle of healing through mind, designate their respective systems as Christian Science, Mind Cure, and Christian Metaphysics. These terms, in common use, are somewhat interchangeable. There are also those who combine mind healing with Theosophy, and still others who differ in non-

essentials. What is distinctively known as "Faith Cure" has little in common with those before named. Its theory is that disease is healed by special interposition in answer to prayer. None of the other systems accept anything as special, but believe in the universality and continuity of orderly law.

There are many leaders, authors, and workers in this movement, who are eminent; but as principles are more important than personality, their names need not be enumerated.

Why did this movement originate among women, and why have so large a proportion of its exponents belonged to the so-called weaker sex? Because the intuitional and spiritual senses of women are keener than those of men, and mental healing is not the result of profound reasoning. It is the seeming "weak things of the world which confound the strong." Men are largely immersed in intellectual and formulated systems, and when the time was ripe for new light and attainment in spiritual evolution to dawn upon humanity, it might have been expected that its first delicate rays would be detected by woman.

The one great principle which underlies all mind healing is contained in the assumption that all primary causation relating to the human organism is mental or spiritual. The mind, which is the real man, is the cause, and the body the result. The mind is the expressor, and the body the expression. The inner life forces build the body, and not the body the life forces. The thought forms the brain, and not the brain the thought. The physical man is but the printed page, or external manifestation, of the intrinsic man which is higher and back of him.

Materia medica deals with effects rather than primary causes. It seeks to modify the expression, which can only be done through the expressor. It is axiomatic that to change results we deal with causes. This principle is so widely recognized that it is seen in an endless variety of phases, even among barbarous and half-civilized races. The charms and incantations used for healing among Indian tribes have this significance. With all their barbarism they are near to nature and keen in locating causation. With nothing more than a superstitious basis, charms, incantations, dances, images, ceremonies, and shrines have a wonderful influence for healing. They divert the mind from the ailment,

and stimulate a strong faith which awakens the recuperative forces to action, and thus cause a rapid recovery.

A traveller in Algiers relates the following conversation he had with a Moorish woman of high class: "When ill do you go to the doctor?" he asked. "Oh, no; we go to the Marabout; he writes a few words from the Koran on a piece of paper, which we chew and swallow, with a little water from the sacred well at the Mosque. We need no more and soon recover."

If a skilful exercise of baseless superstition upon mind can be so efficacious, what results are possible by a judicious use of the truth? Mental causation is abundantly proved by the well-known effects of fear, anger, envy, anxiety, and other passions and emotions, upon the physical organism. Acute fear will paralyze the nerve centres, and sometimes turn the hair white in a single night. A mother's milk can be poisoned by a fit of anger. An eminent writer, Dr. Tuke, enumerates as among the direct products of fear, insanity, idiocy, paralysis of various muscles and organs, profuse perspiration, cholera, jaundice, sudden decay of teeth, fatal anæmia, skin diseases, erysipelas, and eczema. Passion, sinful thought, avarice, envy, jealousy, selfishness, all press for external bodily expression. Even false philosophies, false theology, and false conceptions of God make their unwholesome influence felt in every bodily tissue. By infallible law, mental states are mirrored upon the body, but because the process is complex and gradual, we fail to observe the connection. Mind translates itself into flesh and blood.

What must be the physical result upon humanity of thousands of years of chronic fearing, sinning, selfishness, anxiety, and unnumbered other morbid conditions? These are all the time pulling down the cells and tissues, which only divine, harmonious, and wholesome thought can build up. Is it surprising that no one is perfectly healthy? If man were not linked to God, and unconsciously receiving an inflow of recuperative vital force, the multitudinous destroyers would soon disintegrate his physical organism. Can the building forces be strengthened, stimulated, and made more harmonious and divine? Yes, through mind. The mind surely but unconsciously pervades every physical tissue with its vital influence, and is present in every function; throbbing in the heart, breathing in the lungs, and weaving

its own quality into nutrition, assimilation, sensation, and motion.

A conscious fear of any particular disease is not necessary to induce it. The accumulated strands of the unconscious fear of generations have been twisted into the warp and woof of our mentality, and we find ourselves on the plane of reciprocity with disease. Our door is open to receive it. What is disease? A mental spectre, which to material vision has terrible proportions. A kingly tyrant, crowned by our own beliefs. It has exactly that power which our fears, theories, and acceptances have conferred upon it. It is not an objective entity, but our sensuous beliefs have galvanized it into life. "As a man thinketh, so is he." Realism to us may be conferred upon the most absolute non-entity, if we give it large thought space, and fear it. As a condition, disease is existent; but not as a God-created entity, in and of itself. It appears veritable to us, because we have unconsciously identified the Ego with the body.

The material standpoint is false. We are immaterial; not bodies, but spirits—even here and now. Having lost spiritual consciousness, we practically, — though not theoretically, — feel that we are bodies. To grasp our divine selfhood and steadily hold it, disarms fear and all its allies, and promotes recuperation and harmony. When the intrinsic man dethrones the false and sensuous claimant, and asserts his divine birthright of wholeness [holiness] the body as a correspondence falls into line and gradually expresses health on its own plane. Normally and logically, that which is higher should rule the lower. The body, instead of being the unrelenting despot, then becomes the docile and useful servant. In its subordinate position, where it rightfully belongs, it grows beautiful and harmonious. Men live mainly in their bodily sensations. Such living, though apparently real, is a false sense of life. There is a profound significance in the scriptural injunction, "Take no thought for your body." The dyspeptic thinks of his stomach, and the more he has it in mind the more abnormally sensitive it becomes. The sound man has no knowledge of such an organ, except as a matter of theory. The body, when watched, petted, and idolized, soon assumes the character of a usurper and tyrant. Retribution is sure and inherent under such conditions.

A change of environment often cures, simply because novelty diverts thought which before has been centered upon the body. The improvement, however, is often credited to better climate, water, or air. Human pride seeks for its causation without rather than within. Secondary causation is really effect, though not often so diagnosed. The draft occasions the cold, but it gets its deadly qualities from cumulative belief and fear. Who has not seen persons in which this bondage and sensitiveness have become so intense that even a breath of God's pure air alarms them. In this way a great mass of secondary causation has been invested with power for evil, and mistaken for that which is primary. Noting the tremendous power of grown-up accumulations of false belief, we may glance at the *modus operandi* of mental healing.

There are two distinct lines of treatment which may effect a cure; one by intelligent and persistent self-discipline and culture, and the other through the efforts of another person called a healer. Often there is a combination of both. The power does not lie in the personality of the healer, nor in the exercise of his will-power. Neither hypnotism nor mesmeric control are elements in true mind-healing. The healer, in reality, is but an interpreter and teacher. The divine recuperative forces which exist, but are latent, are awakened and called into action. The patient is like a discordant instrument containing great capabilities, only waiting to respond in unison to active harmony. His distorted thought must be elevated and harmonized, so that he will see things in their true perspective. The healer gently guides him up into the "mount of transfiguration," where he feels the glow of the divine image within, and sees that wholeness is already his, and will be made manifest as he recognizes it. A successful healer must be an overflowing fountain of love and good-will. He is but a conduit through which flows the divine repletion. He makes ideal conditions present. He steadily holds a mental image of his patient as already whole, and silently appeals to the unconscious mind of the invalid, to induce him to accept the same view. The patient's mental background is like a sensitive plate, upon which will gradually appear outlines of health as they are positively presented. Improved views of his own condition spring up from within, and seem to him to be original. As

they grow into expression in the outer man, his cure is complete.

Do failures occur? Undoubtedly, and often. Even infallible principles can have but imperfect application because of local limitations. The failure of a particular field of grain does not disprove the universal principle of vegetable growth. The imperfection of the healer, and the lack of receptivity in the patient, are local limitations. There are sudden cures, but as a rule recovery will be in the nature of a progressive growth. Lack of immediate results often causes disappointment, and leads to an abandonment of the treatment before the seed has had time to take root. The healer is the sower, and the patient's unconscious mind is the soil. Often rubbish must be cleared away before any fertile spot is found. The cure must come from within. Sometimes the patient is cherishing some secret sin, or giving place to trains of thought colored with envy, jealousy, avarice, or selfishness. These are all positive obstacles to both mental and physical improvement, for thoughts are real things. The patient must actively co-operate with the healer, and make himself transparent to the truth. That which is misshapen has to grow symmetrical. Even if the mind could be instantly permeated with the belief of health, the body will need a little time to completely change its expression. Should these limitations discourage anyone? Not in the least, but rather the reverse. The fact that the cure is in the nature of a growth, is evidence that it is normal and permanent, rather than magical or capricious. Limitations are present, but they can be surmounted.

The phenomenon of pain, so commonly regarded as an evil, is only a warning voice to summon our consciousness from its resting-place in the damp, morgue-like basement of our being, to the higher apartments, where sunshine and harmony are ever present. It is beneficent when its message is heeded, for it is thereby transformed into blessing. Our resistance to it, and misunderstanding of its significance, prevent that possible transformation. The process of cure through mind, though in itself a steady growth, often appears to the consciousness of the patient as vibratory and uneven.

Many could heal themselves without the aid of another, if they appreciated the tremendous power for good of concen-

trated mental delineation of the ideal. By such exercises of mind, a wholesome environment can be built up, even if at first the process seems almost mechanical. But instead of such self-building, out of an infinitude of divine material, the average man is inclined to vacate the control of his being, put his body into the keeping of his doctor, and his soul [himself] into the care of his priest or pastor.

Efficiency for self-treatment is increased as the power of abstraction is cultivated. Hold a firm consciousness of the spiritual self, and of the fact that the material form is only expression made visible. Firmly deny the validity of adverse sensuous evidence, and at length it will disappear. Silently but persistently affirm health, harmony, and the divine image. Give out good thought, for thoughts are real gifts. In proportion as you pour out, the divine repletion pours in. Look upon the physical self as only a false claimant for the Ego. Hold only the good in your field of vision, and let disease and evil fade out to their native nothingness, from lack of standing-room. Even a warfare against evils as objective realities, tends to make them more realistic. At convenient seasons, bar out the external world, and rivet the mind tenaciously to the loftiest ideals and aspirations, and for the time being forget that you possess a body. Oh, victim of nervous prostration and insomnia, test these principles and see if they are not superior to anodynes, opiates, bromides, and chorals, and be assured that they leave no sting behind. The great boon which they bestow is not limited to nervous and mental disorders; its virtue penetrates to the outermost physical limits.

The whole atmosphere of race thought in which we live is sensuous. This vast unconscious influence must be overcome. The mental healer is like one rowing against the current of a mighty river. Humanity is "bound in one bundle," and it is with difficulty that a few can advance much faster than the rythmical step of the mass. Even the Great Exemplar in some places could not do many mighty works because of surrounding unbelief.

Man is peering into the dust for new supplies of life, which are stored around and above him. Is it not time that he should make a serious effort to throw off the galling yoke of cruel though intangible masters, and achieve freedom and emancipation?

Turning to the religious aspect of mental healing, it is seen to be in harmony with revelation, and also with the highest spiritual ideal in all religions. While rebuking scholastic and dogmatic systems on the one hand, and pseudo-scientific materialism on the other, it vitalizes and makes practical the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. The healing of to-day is the same in kind, though not equal in degree to that of the primitive church. It is in accord with spiritual law, which is ever uniformly the same under like conditions. The miracles of the Apostolic Age were real as transactions, but their miraculous hue was in the materialistic vision of the observers. Healing is the outward and practical attestation of the power and genuineness of spiritual religion, and ought not to have dropped out of the Church. The divine commission to preach the gospel and heal the sick, never rightly could have been severed in twain, because they are only different sides of one Whole. By what authority is one part declared binding through ages and the other ignored? Who will assert that God is changeable, so that any divinely bestowed boon to one age could be withdrawn from a subsequent one? The direct assurance of the Christ, that "these signs shall follow them that believe," is perpetual in its scope, because "them that believe" are limited to no age, race, or condition. As ecclesiasticism and materialism crept into the early church, and personal ambitions and worldly policies sapped its vitality, spiritual transparency and brotherly love faded out, and with them went the power — or rather the recognition of the power — to heal.

Wonderful works are not limited alone to those who accept the Christian religion; but in proportion as other systems recognize the supremacy of the spiritual element, and catch even a partial glow of "that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," their intrinsic qualities will be made outwardly manifest. A right conception of God, as infinite present Good, strongly aids in producing the expression of health. "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." An abiding concept of such truth directly promotes trust, harmony, healing. Seeming ills are not God-created powers, but human perversions and reflected images of subjective states. As a higher and spiritual standpoint is gained, apparent evils dissolve, and then in bold relief is seen the fair proportions of the Kingdom of the Real.



MR. AND MRS. JAS. A. HERNE.



MR. AND MRS. HERNE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

IN May last, in a small hall in Boston, on a stage of planking, hung with drapery, was produced one of the most radical plays from a native author ever performed in America. Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne, unable to obtain a hearing in the theatres for their play, which had been endorsed by some of the best known literary men of the day, were forced to hire a hall, and produce *Margaret Fleming* bare of all mechanical illusion, and shorn of all its scenic and atmospheric effects. Everybody, even their friends, prophesied disaster. In such surroundings failure seemed certain. But a few who knew the play and its authors better, felt confident that there was a public for them. It was a notable event, and the fame of *Margaret Fleming* is still on its travels across the dramatic world.

There were two reasons for this result, the magnificent art of Mrs. Herne, which "created illusion by its utter simplicity and absolute truth to life," and second, because the play was, in fact, as one critic said, "an epoch-marking play." It could afford to dispense with canvas, bunch-lights, machinery, as it dispensed with conventional plot and epithet, and as its actors discarded declamation and mere noise.

The phenomenal success of Mr. and Mrs. Herne brought them prominently before the literary public. Interest became very strong in them as persons as well as artists, and from an intimate personal acquaintance with them both, I have been asked to give this brief sketch of their work previous to *Margaret Fleming*, for epoch-marking as it was, it was only a logical latest outcome of the work the Hernes have been doing for the last ten years.

Mr. Herne is a man of large experience, having been on the stage for thirty years. He has been through all the legitimate lines. He has been a member of a stock company, manager of theatres, and author and manager of several plays of his own, previous to the writing of *Margaret*

Fleming. His first real attempt at writing was *Hearts of Oak*. The home scenes, and notably the famous dinner scene, which became such a feature, showed the direction of his power. This play, produced about twelve years ago with Mrs. Herne as "Crystal," was their first attempt to handle humble American life, and was very successful.

Mr. Herne's next venture was an ambitious one. It was the writing of a play based upon the American Revolution. In the spring of '86 he produced at the Boston Theatre *The Minute Men*, where it was received with immense enthusiasm. It was somewhat conventional in plot, but in all its scenes of home life was true and fine. The central figures were Reuben (a backwoodsman), and Dorothy, his adopted daughter. Whatever concerned these two characters was keyed to the note of life. Like all Mr. Herne's acting, Reuben was utterly unconscious of himself. He went about as a backwoodsman naturally does, without posturing or swagger. With the sweetness and quaintness of Sam Lawson, he had the comfortable aspect of a well-fed Pennsylvania Quaker.

Mrs. Herne's Dorothy was a fitting companion piece, faultlessly true, and sweet, and natural. Her spontaneous laugh is as infectiously gleeful as Joe Jefferson's chuckle. Those who have never seen her in this part can hardly realize how fine a comedienne she really is.

Mr. Herne's next play was simpler, stronger, and better, though less picturesque. *Drifting Apart* was based upon the commonest of life's tragedies—the home of a drunkard. It is the most effective of sermons, without one word of preaching. The drifting apart of husband and wife through the husband's "failin'" is set forth with unexampled concreteness, and yet there is no introduction of horror. We understand it all by the sufferings of the wife, with whom we alternately hope and despair. I copy here what I wrote of it at the time when I knew neither Mr. and Mrs. Herne, nor any other of their plays.

The second act in this play for tenderness and truth has not been surpassed in any American play. A daring thing exquisitely done was that holiest of confidences between husband and wife. The vast audience sat hushed as death before that touching, almost sacred scene, as they do when sitting before some great tragedy.

What does this mean, if not that our dramatists have been too distrustful of the public? They have gone round the earth in search of

material for plays, not knowing that the most moving of all life is that which lies closest at hand, after all.

Mrs. Herne's acting of Mary Miller was my first realization of the compelling power of truth. It was so utterly opposed to the "tragedy of the legitimate." Here was tragedy that appalled and fascinated like the great fact of living. No noise, no contortions of face or limbs, yet somehow I was made to feel the dumb, inarticulate, interior agony of a mother. Never before had such acting faced me across the footlights. The fourth act was like one of Millet's paintings, with that mysterious quality of reserve—the quality of life again.

In this play, as in *Hearts of Oak*, there was no villain and no plot. The scene was laid in a fishing village near Gloucester. I can do no better than to give you a taste of the quaint second act.

It is Christmas eve and Jack and Mary have been married a year. Jack is preparing to go out. Mary is secretly disturbed over his going but hides it. "Mother" sits by the fire knitting. Mary is sewing by the window.

Jack. Say, Mary! D'you know, I can shave myself better'n any barber thet ever honed a razor?

Mary. I always told you you could, Jack, if you'd only try.

Jack. Feel my face now — ain't it as smooth as any baby's?

Mary. (*Feeling his face.*) Yes, Jack, as smooth as any *old* baby's.

Jack. Oh! say, look here now, thet ain't fair; a feller don't know nothin' till he's forty, does he, mother? Old baby's! (*sitting on the arm of Mary's chair*) I ain't too old to love you, Mary, that's one thing. I've loved you ever since you was knee-high to a grasshopper. I rocked you in y'r cradle — I'm blessed if I didn't make the cradle you was rocked in, didn't I, mother?

Mother. Yes, Jack, an' d'ye remember what yeh made it out of?

Jack. A herrin' box. (*General laugh.*)

Mary. (*Tenderly.*) I married the man I love, Jack.

Jack. Honest?

Mary. Honest.

Jack. (*Kissing her.*) Then what'n thunder you want to talk about a feller's gettin' old for? Where's my clean shirt? Say, mother, don't you forget t' hang up them stockin's.

Mary. Oh! Jack, what nonsense.

Jack. No nonsense at all about it. Christmas is Christmas. It only comes once a year an' I'm goin' to have th' stockin's hung up. So for fear you'd forgit 'em I'll hang 'em up myself.

Mary. Please, Jack, give me those stockings.

Jack. Now it ain't no use, little woman. Them stockin's is a-goin' up. Mother, you give me three pins.

Mary. Don't you give him *any* pins, mother. Suppose the neighbors should come in and see those stockings hangin' up.

Jack. Let 'em come in, I don't care a continental cuss. Why, Mary, everybody wears stockin's nowadays, everybody that can afford to. I want the neighbors to see 'em, then they'll know we've got stockin's. (*Holding up the three stockings.*) Got one apiece anyhow.

Mother. Oh, Jack, Jack! you'll never be anything but a great overgrown boy, if you live to be a hundred (*goes off*).

Mary. (*Tenderly.*) Jack!

Jack. Hey?

Mary. (*Putting her arms about his neck.*) Did you never think that perhaps next Christmas there might be another stocking, just a tiny one, to hang in the chimney corner?

Jack. Why, Mary, there's tears in your eyes. (*Goes to wipe her eyes with the work she has in her hands; it is a baby's dress.*) Bless my soul! What's this, Mary?

Mary. (*Falteringly.*) Do you remember Bella and John in "Our Mutual Friend" that I read to you?

Jack. Yes. Warn't they glorious?

Mary. Well, these are sails, Jack, sails for the little ship that's coming across the water for you and me.

I quote a few lines from another scene.

Christmas morning. Hester and Silas, some young friends, have come in to take breakfast. All are seated at the table with much bustle and laughter. Lish Mead, Mary's foster father, pokes his head in the door.

Lish Mead. Wish you Merry Christmas.

All. (*Hilariously.*) Merry Christmas! Come in.



Mr. Herne as Reuben Foxglove in "The Minute Men."
See page 544.

Lish. Can't less some on ye hol's th' door open.

Silas. I'll hold it, *Lish.* (*Lish enters, hauling a warehouse truck on which is a barrel of flour and a large hamper.*)

Lish. Mister Seward wanted I should hand ye these with his compliments.

Mary. Oh, how kind of Mr. Seward, and how good of you to bring 'em.

Jack. Set down here, *Lish*, and have a bite o' breakfast.

Lish. (*Taking off mittens, cap, comforter, etc.*) Whatcher got? Chicking? Waal, that's good 'nough. (*Sits himself at table.*) Say, *Jack*, d' you know, you left a goose a-layin' on *Jim Adamses* bar las' night? I was goin' to fetch it along but *Jim* said you gin it to him, swore you made him a present on it.

Mother. *Jack* *Hepburn*, did you give that goose —

Mary. (*Interrupting her.*) Have a cup of coffee, mother.

Lish. *Jack*, have you got the time o' day? (*Chuckles.*) Here's y'r new *Waterbury*. The boys wanted I should fetch her 'round; ye went off las' night without her.

Jack. Ye can take her back again; I don't want her.

Mary. O *Jack*!

Jack. No, *Mary*, I don't. I wish the durned ol' *Waterbury* 'd never been born.

Mary. The boys meant well, *Jack*; I wouldn't send back their present.

Jack. All right, *Mary*, if you say so, I'll take her. There's one thing sure, every time I wind her up she'll put me in mind how durn near I come to losin' the best little wife in the whole world.

This play brought me to know Mr. and Mrs. Herne. It needed but an hour's talk to convince me that I had met two of the most intellectual artists in the dramatic profession, and also to learn how great were the obstacles which lay in the way of producing a real play, each year adding to the insuperableness of the barriers. Mr. Herne was at that time (two years ago) working upon a new play, in some respects, notably in its theme, finer than *Drifting Apart*. It was the result of several summers spent on the coast of Maine, and is called *Shore-Acres*. The story is mainly that of two brothers, Nathaniel and Martin Berry, who own a fine "shore-acre" tract near a booming summer resort. An enterprising grocer in the little village gets Martin interested in booms and suggests that they form a company and cut the shore-acre tract up into lots and sell to summer residents.

Martin comes with the scheme to Nathaniel.

Martin. I'd like t' talk to yeh, an' I d' know's I'll hev a better chance;

Uncle Nat. I d' know's yeh will.

Martin. (*Hesitates, picks up a stick and whittles.*) Mr. Blake's ben here.

Uncle Nat. (*Picks up a straw and chews it.*) Hez 'e?



Mrs. Herne as Dorothy Foxglove in "The Minute Men." See page 544.

Martin. Yes. He 'lows thet we'd ought to cut the farm up inter buildin' lots.

Uncle Nat. Dooze 'e?

Martin. Yes. He says there's a boom a-comin' here, an' thet the lan's too valu'ble to work.

Uncle Nat. I want t' know 'f he dooze. Where d's he talk o' beginnin'?

Martin. Out there at the nothe eend o' the shore pint?

Uncle Nat. Yeh don't mean up yander? (*Pointing with his thumb over his shoulder.*)

Martin. (Slowly.) Y-e-s.

Uncle Nat. Dooze 'e calkilate t' take in the knoll thet looks out t' Al'gator Reef?

Martin. I reck'n he dooze.

Uncle Nat. Did yeh tell him thet mother's berried there?

Martin. He knows thet 's well 's you do. (*Sulkily.*)

Uncle Nat. What's he calkilate t' do with mother?

Martin. He advises puttin' her in a cimitry up to Bangor.

Uncle Nat. She'd never sleep comfort'ble in no cimitry, mother wouldn't.

Martin. He says thet's the choice lot o' the hull pass'll.

Uncle Nat. Then who's got so good a right to it as mother hez? It was all her'n once. Thet's the only piece she ast t' keep. Yeh don't begrutch it to her, do yeh, Martin?

Martin. I don't begrutch her nothin', only he says folks hain'ta-goin' to pay fancy prices 'thout they hev ther pick.

Uncle Nat. D'ye think any fancy price hed ought to buy mother's grave?



Mrs. Herne as Mary Miller. "Here was tragedy that appalled and fascinated like the great fact of living." "Drifting Apart." Act IV. See page 545.

Martin. Yeh seem to kinder shameface me fer thinkin' o' partin' with it.

Uncle Nat. Didn't mean to. Law sakes! who'm I thet I should set my face agin improvemints, I'd like t' know? Go ahead, an' sell, 'n build, an' git rich, an' move t' Bangor, only don't sell thet! Leave me jes' thet leetle patch, an' I'll stay an' take keer th' light, keep the grass cut over yander, an' sort o' watch eout fer things gin'rally. . . .

Ann. Sakes alive! Martin Berry, bean't you a-comin' to your dinner t'day? Come, Nathan'l, y'r dinner'll be stun cold. I say yer dinner'll be stun cold. 'Twon't be fit f'r a hawg t'eat.

Little Mildred. (*Going to Nat, looks up into his face.*) He's cryin', momma.

This estrangement, and the results that flow from it, form the simple basis of *Shore-Acres*, a play full of character studies, and permeated by that peculiar flavor of sea and farm, which the New England coast abounds with. The theme is the best and truest of all Mr. Herne's plays of humble life.

Mr. and Mrs. Herne have lived for twelve years in Ashmont, a suburb of Boston. They have a comfortable and tasteful home, with three children, Julie, Crystal, and Dorothy [aged ten, eight, and five], to give them welcome when they come back from their seasons on the road. Mr. Herne is very domestic and lives a very simple and quiet life. And he enjoys his pretty home as only a man can whose life is spent so largely in fatiguing travel. He is fond of the fields which lie near his home, and very many are the long walks we have taken together. He is very fond of wild flowers, especially daisies and clover blossoms, and in their season is never without a bunch of them upon his desk. Books are all about him. He writes at a flat-top desk in the room he calls his, but his terrific orders to be left alone are calmly ignored by the three children who invade this "study," and throw themselves upon him at the slightest provocation. He is much tyrannized over by Dorothy, whose dolls he is forced to mend, no matter what other apparently important work is going forward.

Mrs. Herne is a woman of extraordinary powers, both of acquired knowledge and natural insight, and her suggestions and criticisms have been of the greatest value to her husband in his writing, and she had large part in the inception as well as in the production of *Margaret Fleming*. Her knowledge of life and books, like that of her husband, is self-acquired, but I have met few people in any walk of life



Mr. and Mrs. Herne in "Drifting Apart." Act II. See page 545.

with the same wide and thorough range of thought. In their home oft-quoted volumes of Spencer, Darwin, Fiske, Carlyle, Ibsen, Valdes, Howells, give evidence that they not only keep abreast but ahead of the current thought of the day. Spencer is their philosopher, and Howells is their novelist, but Dickens and Scott have large space on their shelves. All this does not prevent Mr. Herne from being an incorrigible joker, and a wonderfully funny story-teller. All dialects come instantly and surely to his tongue. The



Mr. and Mrs. Herne in "Drifting Apart." Act III. See page 545.

sources of his power as a dramatist are evident in his keen observation and retentive memory. Mrs. Herne's poet is Sidney Lanier, and she knows his principal poems by heart. "Sunrise" is her especial delight. But to see her radiant with intellectual enthusiasm, one has but to start a discussion of the nebular hypothesis, or to touch upon the atomic theory, or doubt the inconceivability of matter. She is perfectly oblivious to space and time if she can get someone to discuss Flammarion's supersensuous world of force, Mr. George's theory of land-holding, or Spencer's law of progress.

Her enthusiasms bear fruit not only in her own phenom-

enal development, but in her power over others, both as an artist and friend. . . . Wherever she goes she carries the magnetic influence of one who lives and thinks on high planes. Her earnestness is tremendous.

They are both individualists in the sense of being for the highest and purest type of man, and the elimination of governmental control. "Truth, Liberty, and Justice," form the motto over their door. Mr. Herne has won great distinction as a powerful and ready advocate of the single tax theory, and they are both personal valued friends of Mr. George. It is Ibsen's individualism as well as his truth that appeals so strongly to both Mr. and Mrs. Herne. They are in deadly earnest like Ibsen, and *Margaret Fleming* sprang directly from their radicalism on the woman question. The home of these extraordinary people is a charged battery radiating the most advanced thought. As one friend said: "No one ever leaves this house as he came. We all go away with something new and vital to think about."

I give these personal impressions in order that those who saw them in *Margaret Fleming* may know that its power was certainly a reflection of the high thought and purity of moral conviction and life which Mr. and Mrs. Herne brought to its production and its performance. It voices their love of truth in art, and freedom in life, and specifically their position on the woman question.

The story of *Margaret Fleming* is briefly:—

Philip Fleming is a fairly successful business man in a town near Boston. He has a devoted wife, a child just reaching its first year's birthday. The first scene develops the situation by a conversation between Fleming and his family physician. Fleming offers a cigar which Dr. Larkin refuses.

Philip. You used to respect my cigars. (*Laughing.*)

Doctor. I used to respect you. . . .

Philip. Why not, for heaven's sake?

Doctor. Because you've no more moral nature than Joe Fletcher has.

Philip. Oh! come now, Doctor, that's rather—

Doctor. (*Looking sternly at him.*) At two o'clock last night, Lena Schmidt gave birth to a child.

Philip. (*His eyes meet those of the Doctor, then drop to the floor.*) How in God's name did they come to send for you?

.
Doctor. I don't believe she'll ever leave that bed alive.

Philip. Well, I've done all *I* can to —

Doctor. Yeh have, eh?

Philip. She's had all the money she needed. . . . If she'd a' done as I wanted her to, this never'd a' happened. I tried to get her away six months ago, but she wouldn't go. She was as obstinate as a mule.

Doctor. Strange that she should want to be near you, aint it? If she'd got tired of you and wanted to go, you wouldn't have let her.

Philip. (*With a sickly smile.*) You must think I'm —

Doctor. I don't think anything about it. I *know* just what such animals as you are.

Philip. Why, I haven't seen her for a —

Doctor. Haven't yeh! well, then, suppose you go and see her to-day.

Philip. (*Alarmed.*) No, I won't. I can't do that!

Doctor. You will do *just* that.

Philip. (*Showing temper.*) I won't go near her.

Doctor. (*Quietly.*) Yes, you will. She sha'n't lie there and die like a dog.

Philip. You wouldn't dare — to tell —

Doctor. I want you to go and see this girl! (*They face each other.*) Will yeh or won't yeh?

Philip. (*After a pause subdued.*) What d' ye want me to say to her?

Fleming had been unfaithful to his wife at the time when he should have been most devoted. The next two scenes show us Margaret in her lovely home with



the baby crowing about her. Fleming, with the easy shift of such natures, has thrown off his depression, and is in good spirits the following morning. Dr. Larkin calls to warn Fleming that he had better take Margaret away at once. She has trouble with her eyes which a nervous shock might intensify. He promises to do so, but the act closes with Margaret's departure to visit Lena Schmidt, who has sent for her. The third act takes place in Mrs. Burton's cottage, where the girl is dying. Dr. Larkin enters, finds Mrs. Burton holding the babe in her arms. I quote the conversation as a fine example of its truth and suggestion.

Mrs. Burton. O Doctor! I didn't hear ye knawk. Did I keep y' waitin'?

Doctor. No. How're the sick folks?

Mrs. Burton. Haven't y' seen Dr. Taylor! Didn't he tell yeh?

Doctor. Haven't seen him. I suppose you mean—

Mrs. Burton. Yes.

Doctor. Humph! When'd she die?

Mrs. B. 'Bout half an hour ago.

Doctor. I had two calls on my way here. When did the change come?



Mr. Herne as Joe Fletcher in "Margaret Fleming."
Act I. "Can't I sell ye a bath sponge?" See page 553.

Mrs. B. Ther' wa'n't no change t' speak 'f. About two hours ago, she et a nice cup o' grule, and asked me to fix the pillers so's her head 'd be higher. I done it. Then she asked f'r a pensul 'n paper, an' she writ f'r quite some time. After that she shet her eyes an' I thought she was asleep. She never moved till the Doctor come, then she opened her eyes 'n smiled at him. He asked how she felt, an' she gave a l-o-n-g sigh—an' that was all there was to it.

Margaret comes in and Dr. Larkin, horrified, tries in vain to get her to return. Maria, the dead girl's sister, comes out of the bedroom, with a letter in her hand, and with barbaric ferocity turns upon Margaret. A scene of great dramatic power follows, and under



Mrs. Herne as Margaret Fleming. Act II. See page 554.

the stress of her suffering, Margaret goes blind. It all ends in the flight of Fleming, and the destruction of their home. Several years later a chain of events brings wife and husband together in the office of the Boston Inspector of Police. Joe Fletcher, a street pedler, and husband of Maria, the sister of Lena Schmidt, was the means of bringing them together again. Fleming runs across Joe on the

Common, and Joe takes him to see Maria. Margaret has found Maria and her child, which Maria had taken. Philip's altercation with Maria brings them into the police office. After explanations, the inspector turns to the husband and wife, and voicing conventional morality, advises them to patch it up. "When you want me, ring that bell," he says, and leaves them alone. There is a hush of suspense, and then Fleming, seeing the work he had wrought in the blind face before him, speaks.

Philip. Margaret!

Margaret. Well!

Philip. This is terrible

Marg. You heard the inspector. He calls it a "common case."

Philip. Yes. I was wondering whether he meant that or only said it.

Marg. I guess he meant it, Philip. We'll be crowded out of his thoughts before he goes to bed to-night.

Marg. Ah, well, it's done now, and—

Philip. Yes, it's done. For four years I've been like an escaped prisoner that wanted to give himself up and dreaded the punishment. I'm captured at last, and without hope or fear,—I *was* going to say without shame,—I ask you, my judge, to pronounce my sentence.

Marg. That's a terrible thing to ask me to do, Philip. . . . (*She hesitates.*)

Philip. Of course you'll get a divorce?

Marg. Don't let us have any more ceremonies, Philip. . . . I gave myself to you when you asked me to. We were married in my mother's little home. Do you remember what a bright, beautiful morning it was?

Philip. Yes.

Marg. That was seven years ago. To-day we're *here!* . . .

I am calm. My eyes have simply been turned in upon myself for four years. I see clearer than I used to.

Philip. Suppose I could come to you some day and say, Margaret, I'm now an honest man. Would you live with me again?

Marg. The wife-heart has gone out of me, Philip.

Philip. I'll wait, Margaret. Perhaps it may come back again. Who knows?

Philip. Is it degrading to forgive?

Marg. No; but it is to condone. Suppose *I* had broken faith with you?

Philip. Ah, Margaret!

Marg. I know! But suppose I had? Why should a wife bear the whole stigma of infidelity? Isn't it just as revolting in a husband? . . .

Then can't you see that it is simply impossible for me to live with you again?

Philip. That's my sentence. . . . We'll be friends?



Marg. Yes, friends. We'll respect each other as friends. We never could as man and wife.

As they clasp hands, something latent, organic rushes over her. She masters it, puts his hand aside: "Ring that bell!"

Played as Mrs. Herne plays it, this act is the supreme climax toward which the action moves from the first. It is her knowledge of its significance, her belief in its justice, and her faith in its beneficence, that makes her

Mr. Herne and his daughter Dorothy as Joe and little Lena on the Common. See page 557.

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Margaret. Act V. "It is simply impossible for me to live with you again. . . . Ring that bell." See page 557.

reading so intellectually powerful and penetrating. She seems to be all of the woman, and something of the seer, as she stands there as Margaret whose blindness has somehow given her inward light, and conviction, and strength. She seemed to be speaking for all womankind, whose sorrowful history we are only just beginning to read truthfully. It is no wonder that Mrs. Herne appealed with such power to the thinking women of Boston. Never before has their case been so stated in America.

One of the most noticeable and gratifying results of Mr. and Mrs. Herne's performance was the forced

abandonment by the critics of conventional standards of criticism. Every thoughtful word, even by those most severe, was made from the realist's standpoint. It forced a comparison with life and that was a distinct gain.

The critics got at last the point of view of those who praise an imperfect play simply for its honesty of purpose, and its

tendency. My own criticism of *Margaret Fleming* is that it lacks the simplicity of life. It has too much of plot. Things converge too much, and here and there things happen. Measured by the standard of truth it fails at two or three points in its construction, though its treatment is markedly direct and honest. Measured by any play on the American stage, it stands above them all in purpose, in execution, in power, and is worthy to stand for the new drama. It was exposed to the severest test, and came out of it triumphantly. What the effect will be upon the American drama, it would be hard to say. Certainly whether great or small, that influence will be toward progress, an influence that is altogether good.

Already it has precipitated the discussion of an independent American theatre, where plays of advanced thought and native atmosphere can be produced. It has given courage to many who (being in the minority) had given up the idea of ever having a play after their ideal. It has cleared the air and showed the way out of the *cul de sac* into which monopoly seemed to have driven plays and players. It demonstrated that a small theatre makes the production of literary plays possible, and the whole field is opening to the American dramatist. The fact that the lovers of truth and art are in the minority, no longer cuts a figure. The small theatre makes a theatre for the minority not only possible, but inevitable.

In the immediate advance in truth, both in acting and play-writing, Mr. and Mrs. Herne are likely to have large part. The work which they have already done entitles them not only to respect, but to gratitude. They have been working for many years to discredit effectism in acting, and to bring truth into the American drama. They have set a high mark, as all will testify who saw the work in Chickering Hall. Now let who can, go higher.

SOME WEAK SPOTS IN THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

LAST autumn the third French republic completed the second decade of its checkered existence, and has thus proved itself to be the most long-lived government which France has known since the advent of the great Revolution a century ago. No previous government has been able to stand eighteen years, so that the present republic has outstripped all its predecessors, whether republican, imperial, or monarchical, leaving even the most fortunate of them two or three years behind, and bidding fair to increase the distance indefinitely. Its longevity has been greater than the first and second republics taken together, which covered a period of a little over sixteen years; while if we combine the existence of all three republics, equal to about thirty-six years, we again find that no other regime has shown such prolonged vitality, — the two empires having lived for only twenty-eight years, and the two monarchies for about thirty-three and a half years.

But the early years of the third republic — from 1870 to 1879 — like the declining period of the first and second republics, were more monarchical than republican. And again, there are so many weakening influences in the present institutions of France, that the decisive conclusions which might otherwise be drawn from the foregoing considerations need, I regret to say, to be considerably qualified. Previous to the election to the presidency of M. Grévy, in 1879, the government was happily styled “a republic without republicans.” But since that date the same party — the republican — has had supreme control. Practically, therefore, the third republic has been in operation about twelve years, and has, therefore, still to pass that dangerous turning-point in the history of French governments, the twentieth year.

I now come to the consideration of some of the more serious causes of lack of faith in the duration of the present regime. But it should be pointed out right here at the start that many of these blemishes, most all of them in fact, have characterized every government in France, so that they are not peculiarly republican; and I hasten to add that my object in pointing them out, in analyzing them and dwelling on them, is not for the purpose of belittling or ridiculing the estimable government now controlling the destinies of France. As an American and a republican who has observed contemporary French history on the spot since 1874, who has been an eye witness of many of the crucial episodes of this critical period, who has known personally several of the leading actors and who wishes well for the present institutions, I take up this subject not so much in order to find fault with what is, as to endeavor to discover how far these imperfections and weaknesses endanger the existence of a form of government in which all Americans take such a lively and sincere interest. Nowhere else in the civilized world, not even in France itself, would the fall of the third republic cause such deep regret as in the United States. Hence it is that we desire to know what likelihood there is of such a disaster being brought about, in the hope that by calling attention to the dangers, we may, perhaps, do something to prevent such a lamentable catastrophe.

The greatest peril that has threatened the republic since its foundation in 1870, was the recent Boulanger adventure. Though this rather addle-brained general is now quite dead politically, the causes which gave him strength and nearly plunged France once more into a chaos whence would probably have issued a tyranny of some sort, still exist and are continually on the point of cropping out again. The principal one of them is the lack of union among republicans. Just as the republic owed its final triumph to the circumstance that the royalists and imperialists could not coalesce during the years immediately following 1870, so Boulanger, backed by these same royalists and imperialists, nearly won the day two years ago, almost wholly because the republicans were divided among themselves. Union among republicans is scarcely less necessary to-day than it was during

the dark days of Marshal MacMahon's presidency and the threatened Boulangist *coup d'état*.

Since the republicans have had control of the two houses, the minority, especially in the chamber of deputies, has been very strong, the Right to-day numbering about one hundred and seventy deputies, and the Boulangists about thirty more, making a grand total of two hundred in a membership of less than six hundred. That is to say, the Opposition, mustering more than a third of the chamber. And when it is borne in mind that this minority is not simply a constitutional Opposition, that its advent to power would mean the eventual overthrow of the republic, we perceive how radically different such an Opposition is from that found in the parliament of other countries, where whether the outs come in or the ins go out, no vital change occurs in the nature of the government.

The existence of this recklessly revolutionary minority and the fickleness of republican union are the chief causes of ministerial instability, one of the worst features of the present regime. The ministry has changed so often during the last twenty years, that many republicans have been led to doubt the advantages of the English parliamentary system, and have turned their eyes toward its modification in the United States, where the existence of the Cabinet is independent of a vote of the House. It was this admiration of the American system which led M. Naquet and M. Andrieux — once prominent republican deputies, and the former still a member of the Chamber — to espouse Boulangism, and the general obtained not a little of his popular strength from his oft-repeated assertion that he would put an end to ministerial instability. That this evil is not exaggerated, though the proposed remedy would probably have been worse than the disease, is shown by the most casual glance at French cabinet history since the fall of the second empire.

Since September 4, 1870, up to the present day, there have been no less than twenty-eight different ministries, which makes, on an average, a new ministry about every nine months. There were three ministries in each of the years 1873 and 1877, while in 1876, 1879, 1882, 1883, 1886, and 1887, there were two each. The longest ministry was the second, presided over by M. Jules Ferry, which lasted from February 21, 1883, to April 6, 1885, or a few

weeks over two years. Gambetta's famous ministry — called in derision "*le grand ministère*" — lasted two months and a half. M. de Freycinet, the present prime minister, has been in power four times since 1879, the first time for nine months, the second for six months, the third for eleven months, and the fourth since March of last year. Among the shortest ministries were those of M. Dufaure, from May 18 to May 25, 1873; General de Rochebouet, from November 23 to December 13, 1877, and M. Fallières from January 29 to February 21, 1883.

The persistency with which the reactionists refuse to recognize the legal government of France, is another source of weakness in the present institutions. When M. Carnot gives a reception at the Elysée Palace you never see a deputy or a Senator of the Right advancing to salute the president and his wife, and when he offers a grand state dinner to parliament, he does not invite members outside of the republican party because he would run the risk of receiving a curt regret.* What is true of M. Carnot and the Elysée holds good also for all the ministers and other high functionaries: they are left severely alone by Monarchists and Bonapartists alike.

This sulking in the tent on the part of the reactionists has in it something worse than their simple absence from all official social ceremonies. The talents, experience, and patriotism of this *élite* are almost wholly lost to the country, and to the government. From the ministries, the judiciary, the foreign embassies, the prefectures, and the rectorships of the universities, they are necessarily excluded. The ancient nobility of the old regime with its wealth and traditions, and the younger nobility of the first and second empires; the blue blood *bourgeoisée*, especially of the provinces, and the aristocratic ladies of all classes, turn their backs, almost without exception, on the new order of things, and sigh for court and king or emperor.

In the provinces this detestation of the republic sometimes becomes ludicrous. In Montpellier, for instance, "polite

*There is a slight modification to be made in this statement. When the Bureaux of the two Chambers are invited either by the President of the Republic, the President of the Senate, or the President of the Chamber, no distinction is made in regard to politics, and on these occasions the members of the Right condescend to break bread with the republicans. I should explain that the Bureaux are composed of a president, four vice-presidents, and eight secretaries, chosen each session by the senators and deputies. Two of the secretaryships are given by courtesy to the Right.

circles" absolutely boycott the republican official world. The prefect has a palatial residence but does not dare to throw open his *salons*, for none of "the first families" would respond to his invitation. When the mayor of the city, before whom all marriages must be performed, is invited to the reception at the house, none of the reactionary *coterie* will have a word with him and none of their young men will dance with his daughter. I have heard similar stories from Pan, Castres, and Albi, and doubtless the same thing is true of many other cities. But royalists and Bonapartists would not feel too much out of place in the French republic, for it is astonishing, at least to an American, to see how many monarchical customs have been preserved by the present government. And this brings me to the consideration of a new source of weakness of the republic. I refer to its unrepblican features. A few examples will explain what I mean.

The "military household" is one of the imperial institutions which the third republic accepted and continued. The first president, however, did not revive it. "M. Thiers never had a military household," M. Barthélémy Saint Hilaire, his private secretary and *fidus achates* writes me; "however, in order to honor the army, he had two orderlies." But when Marshal MacMahon became president in 1873, it was only natural that he should surround himself with soldiers. At first the "Cabinet of the Presidency" consisted of three officials, one of them being a colonel. In 1875 this cabinet had grown to five members, two of them colonels, and one an artillery officer. In 1879 the "Cabinet of the Presidency" was reduced to two members with a colonel at its head, but was supplemented with a "military household" — the first appearance of this institution under the third republic — consisting of six officers, so that Marshal MacMahon had seven officers in all as his immediate attendants.

At this point M. Grévy enters the Elysée. He throws out the military member of the Cabinet of the Presidency, but increases by one his military household, so that there were as many officers at the Elysée under the lawyer president as under the marshal president. Nor has M. Carnot, the engineer president, departed from the example set by his two predecessors.

When I asked M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire the explanation of this custom, he answered: "Our kings were always provided with a military household, in which marine officers also figured. It is doubtless this precedent which has surrounded civilian republicans with a body of officers. The custom is due less to necessity than to a desire to show respect for the army and navy."

This same military parade is seen at the senate and chamber. During a sitting of either of these bodies a company of infantry is kept under arms in a room adjoining the legislative hall, and when the president of either house enters the building, he advances between two files of soldiers presenting arms, and is escorted to his chair by the commanding officer.

This military element in the present government is as unnecessary as it is dangerous and pernicious. It is dangerous because it might be turned by an ambitious president against the very constitution he has taken an oath to defend. Two instances of this danger are afforded by the action of Napoleon I. on the 18th *Soumaine* and by that of Napoleon III. on the 2d of December, 1852. It is pernicious because it keeps alive in France that love for military display, and that thirst for conquest, which have been the curse of the country since the days of Louis XIV.

Another one of these monarchical growths which still flourishes under the republic is the excessive reverence and even awe which the public shows to its high officials. When President Carnot appears anywhere, his reception scarcely differs from that shown to Emperor William in the course of his numerous journeys. The president is allowed six hundred thousand francs for "entertaining and travelling," and his balls and dinners at the Elysée, and especially his official tours through the country smack of royalty to an extraordinary degree. A year ago I had an opportunity at Montpellier to study one of these official visits in all its details, and I was astonished at the royal aspect of the whole affair. The conferring of decorations, the dispensing of money to deserving charities, the cut and dried speeches of the president and the mayors, the military honors, — all this is far removed from that "Jeffersonian simplicity" which Americans at least associate with a republic.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of these tours is the excessive manner in which "the republic" is kept to the fore. In his speeches while "swinging around the circle" President Carnot is continually informing expectant mayors and delighted citizens that "the government of the republic" is watching over their every interest, and he then hastens to thank them for the enthusiastic welcome which they have given to "the republic" in his humble person. The phylloxera has destroyed the vineyards of this or that region, but "the republican minister of agriculture" is successfully extirpating the injurious insect. The new schoolhouses of another city owe their magnificence "to the deep solicitude of the republic for the education of the masses," while the recently constructed bridge over the river is the work of "the engineers of the republic." In a word, the farmer and his crops, the mechanic and his house-rent, the schoolmaster and his salary, the wine growers and their plaster, the day laborers and their hours of work, and of course the politicians and their constituents, if the former be republicans, are, according to presidential oratory, the special care of the republic.

Nor is it President Carnot alone who thus proclaims the extraordinary virtues of the ever watchful republic. The ministers, who are continually indulging in brief tours into the provinces, doing *en petit* what M. Carnot does *en grand*, are even more assiduous than the president (because their political position is less secure,) in sounding on all occasions the praises of the republic.

Nor is this ringing of the changes on the word republic confined to the oratory of presidential and ministerial junketings. The obtrusion is brought about in many other ways. Thus M. Carnot is always spoken of in the newspapers and elsewhere as "the president of the republic." M. Waddington at London is "the ambassador of the republic." The district attorney is "the attorney of the republic." An official bust of the republic is given the place of honor on the walls of the town council chamber, the public schoolroom, and the courtroom. A new bridge will have carved on its arches the monogram R. F. (République Française) while the same familiar letters stare at you from the fronts of all the public buildings erected since 1870.

The practice is impolitic, to say the least. We have already seen how large and powerful is the body of enemies of the present institutions. It is a mistake thus to force them to admit, at every turn, that they are being governed by a regime which they detest. At a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of Foreign Affairs declares that "the government of the republic," not France, is negotiating this or that matter. The Minister of the Interior is called upon to explain some rather high-handed measure against obstreperous agitators, and he informs the deputies that "the republic" will not permit laws to be broken with impunity. The Minister of Public Instruction presents a bill for the reorganization of the university system, and in his speech in its support dwells on "the solicitude of the republic for the education of the masses," thus exciting the opposition of a third of the members of the Chamber. Some of the stormiest and most disgraceful scenes that have occurred in the Chamber of Deputies during the past twenty years are traceable to this foolish parading of the word republic. The republican party could cut the ground from under the feet of their opponents, and bring over thousands of fresh recruits to the new institutions if they would only speak less of the republic and more of France.*

Another grave error of the republic is its break with the Catholic Church. I have no space here to place the blame where it belongs. I wish simply to point out the lamentable fact that the whole powerful organization of Rome is arrayed against the present government of France. The danger from this source cannot be exaggerated. It has made the whole body of women enemies of the republic, and "a government which has the women against it is lost," says Laboulaye. And if Cardinal Lavigerie and the Pope are, at the eleventh hour, coming around to the republic, is it to be wondered at that the Radicals declare that the Church is changing front for the purpose of capturing rather than supporting the republic?

* When, during the *Seize Mai* crisis, MacMahon's message adjourning the sittings for a month was read to the Chamber, the republicans protested with repeated cries of "Vive la République!" to which the Right responded with "Vive la France!" A month later, when the decree dissolving the Chamber was laid before the Chamber, the republicans shouted: "Vive la République! Vive la Paix!" and the Right answered with "Vive la France! Vive le Maréchal!" When it was announced in full Congress that M. Grévy had been elected President, and again when M. Carnot's name was proclaimed in the same way, the republicans once more hurraed for a form of government, while their opponents posed as the defenders of the country and the nation.

Attacking the purse is quite as grave a mistake as attacking the religion of the thrifty, economical, and provident Frenchman. The financial policy of the republic is unpopular. The annual deficit and the increasing taxation are crying evils even more difficult to handle than are religious troubles, while conservative republican statesmen, like Senator Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, tell me that the national debt keeps on increasing at such a rate that the bankruptcy of France seems sure in the more or less distant future. The present tendency towards a high protective tariff is an attempt to bring money into the national treasury, and thus relieve the peasant and manufacturer not only from foreign competition, but from the disagreeable claims of the tax-gatherer.

The Alsace Lorraine imbroglio must, of course, be mentioned in any list of the dangers threatening the French republic. But it is not so dangerous as might appear at first blush, for, although it is quite true that a war with Germany, especially if it should terminate disastrously, would shake the republic to its foundations, and perhaps topple it to the ground, this same Alsace-Lorraine difficulty is, in home affairs, almost the only question in whose consideration all parties unite on the common ground of patriotism. A republican orator is sure to win the applause of the Right when he refers in eloquent terms to the "Lost Provinces," "about which," as Gambetta said, "a Frenchman should always think but say nothing."

My picture is full of dark colors. But I do not think that I have exaggerated the faults and weaknesses of the third republic. But it should be borne in mind that in this brief paper I have dealt alone on the faults and weaknesses. If I were to go farther and examine the merits and strong points of the present government of France, I could easily prove that notwithstanding these faults and weaknesses, it is highly probable that the various royal and imperial pretenders, their children and their children's children, will live and die without ever being able to set up again in France the throne of the Capets or that of the Bonapartes.

LEADERLESS MOBS.

BY H. C. BRADSBY.

OFFICE-HOLDING politicians who have heretofore led the people, are leading them now, until we, the hapless voters, find ourselves confronted with the following so-called issues, or rather absurdities:—

Protection with reciprocity—*Republicanism*.

Free trade with incidental protection—*Democracy*.

The Democratic ex-President and the Republican President are in perfect agreement on the question of remonetizing silver and many sub-leaders and able party newspapers on both sides are in accord with these two successors of Washington, and the sub-lieutenants pass the word around, "Do not discuss the silver question, it is an immaterial issue."

These are the anomalous conditions of American politics stated in all seriousness as they appear to a layman.

A professional politician, even the man who hopes for future office, understands that real issues are things to be avoided, because he would rather placate than antagonize, and he needs friends and supporters, both in the nominating convention and at the polls; and he is in his best form when he can campaign without a real issue and help select his adversaries "in buckram and Kendall green" to have it out with, on the stump. He knows that a plump, simple issue would reach the average voter's comprehension, and compel him to a simple "yes" or "no" that might blast his hopes, destroy this happy equilibrium of voting parties, and the trade of politics might actually go out of fashion. Pricked by his fears of all real issues, he becomes a genius in inventing handy apparent ones that are usually glittering nothings—impalpable shadows about which he can talk so learnedly by the life-time, and say nothing and mean nothing. So rapidly has this expert developed in our land of politics that one man shouts, "I am for tweedle-dum" and the other answers defiantly back, "I am for tweedle-dee," and the "campaign of education" is on, the jockeys mounted,

the race begins, and as the cloud of dust rises, "the greasy caps" fill the air. "Spotted Free Trade" is ridden by the "Old Flag"; "Revenue Only" by the "Screaming Eagle," and the excited voter stakes his future hopes on "Flag" or "Eagle," most probably as did his father before him.

It seems this is the wretched outcome of the hundred years of American education in politics — making of every man not only a sovereign, but a possible candidate for President. What is it all but a roaring farce? If we could forget that this is real government coupled with all the pains and penalties which are the heritage of ignorance, and not mere child's play, then even serious intelligence might smile though commiserating the follies of grown men. Have we finally reached the condition tending toward national political dementia, or is there no meaning whatever attached any longer to the name of statesman?

Let us look a little further into the absurdities over which American statesmen are so vehemently wrangling. Our government assumes the old time function of all governments to make and regulate the currency or money for the transaction of business — a mere convenience for the measure of values in buying and selling — in another way a thing performing functions similar to the yard-stick in measuring, and the great statesmen are wrangling over the problem of what particular material that convenience shall be made. And our nation, through Congress and the President, is ever tinkering, changing, altering, and reversing regulations concerning this "value measurer" — this convenient representative of property, and the basis of all commerce, gold, silver, copper, nickel, and paper to-day, and on this basis contracts and multitudinous transactions are based; then apparently that confusion and ruin may follow, an act of Congress may be passed to-morrow changing the whole thing by demonetizing one or remonetizing the other; and the government finally opens a junk-shop, and is engaged actively in the "second-hand" trade, or is in sharp competition with the rag-picker. And our great political educators fall to wrangling about a proposition that could be paralleled only by some phenomenal crank beating up recruits for a new party upon a platform that all yard-sticks must be made of hickory wood, and he shall be deemed a counterfeiter who dares to use any other, and the length of the yard-stick

must be flexible so that "a yard shall always contain a yard's worth of cloth." The children open a play store, and there the legal tender for all goods is pins, where the size of the pin or the exact composition it is made of are never considered. There is, to my mind, no question but the children should teach our great statesmen some of the fundamentals of common sense. These are specimens of the economic problems evolved from our hundred years of voting experiment — the ripened fruit of self-government. Books and papers are filled with discussions of whether both gold and silver should be legal tender for debts or only gold. And the rank sophistries that mark the flood-tide of a campaign discussion either of this or the problem of taxation are surely to be considered among the curiosities of our civilization. Just why men should range themselves on respective party lines on these questions and shut their eyes to evils that are eating their way to the heart of government and that unchecked must end in common ruin, passes comprehension.

The organization of a powerful party machinery with the authority to discipline recalcitrant or discordant members is a natural outgrowth of our universal voting. The active politicians and place hunters will control the machine, and when office and place are made glittering prizes, then comes the inevitable scramble, the selfishness, trampling the weak by the strong, corruption, chicanery, the unspeakable crimes, and finally the Pandora's box is opened, and the swarming evils darken the heavens. Inferior men with greatest cunning and least scruples soon push their way to the front; all sight of good government is eventually lost, the Washingtons and Jeffersons in time disappear with a constantly increasing ratio from public life, and the end is the great Leaderless Mob and bloody chaos. Even at best our politicians and party publications sing in unison, all struggling to the same end, victory at the polls and the elimination, as far as possible, of real issues. Their quadrennial platforms are ever coming nearer and nearer together—not omitting a plank expressing "profound sympathy" with the poor, persecuted people of some part of the Old World. A large majority of the Democracy are openly in favor of free trade and free silver, while the average "favorite son" is only in favor of "reform" in tariff, and hence you can find

men in favor of a prohibitory tariff calling themselves Democrats; while many of the lay members of the Republican party are the earnest advocates of free trade and free silver. If our statesmen do not use words to conceal ideas, then there is no question but that the rank and file, those caring nothing about the offices personally, are in advance of their leaders and party publications. Unfortunately the average voter studies the science of politics—good government,—only when thumb-screwed by bad legislation. When happy and revelling in plenty, this cunning thrift of politicians is good enough “statesmanship” for pretty much all of us; then we can really admire the brightness of the great “Magnetic” when he says, “Boys, I am a model high tariffite, and in favor of reciprocity;” even the vitriolic ravings of the iridescent—sparkling phrases without ideas, torchlight jeremiaids about the poor Southern negro, are all brilliant statesmanship; so long as the waters are smooth and prosperous, plenty is coming to everybody. But when the pinch of misgovernment comes in the form of the gaunt wolf then the people rise up, and without a “statesman” to lead, without a newspaper to educate, but with a holy wrath, crush out these official puppets. For at least sixteen years the unbiased intelligence of the Democratic party (not politicians) has been urging party leaders to take the bold stand for free trade. During the same time the Republican voters have urged their leaders to declare for “protection for protection’s sake.”

In 1888 the Republican Convention boldly challenged Democrats to the open issue of protection absolute *versus* free trade. The best voters on the other side were eager to pick up this gauge of battle, but their leaders, covert protectionists, and makeshift office seekers, bade them nay, and a Democratic “stump speech” in that campaign was a curiosity. Part first would demonstrate the infamy of all “protection” taxes; part second would demonstrate that the orator was in favor of “protection” to a certain degree. Thus handicapped, the Democratic office seekers fought out the long campaign and lost as they deserved. Happily for the country, because that victory convinced every Republican in the land, except the man of Maine, that the people wanted prohibitory tariffs, all foreign commerce destroyed, and that they honestly believed there was such a thing as “home

markets" to be regulated by statute. And the "three Bow Street tailors in Congress" proceeded in all sincerity to carry out what they, in their simplicity, judged to be the instruction given by the people at the polls. The "great secretary" alone of the "smart" men of the land, understood the people in the '88 election better; he, it seems, well understood that "protection" carried to prohibition was the yawning grave of any party responsible for it without providing some loop-hole of escape in the burial ceremony, and this unequalled politician in the nick of time startled the country with the cry of "Reciprocity" — spotted free trade. His messmates turned upon him with objurgations deep, yet he had saved them from themselves, by the bold dash of a "plumed knight." Had he been in the Kansas senator's place, Kansas would have been again cajoled and humbugged into silence, and possibly have given an increase on its 82,000 Republican majority.

Mr. Blaine was constantly defeated in his ambition to be President. General Harrison was successful and fills the place that *ex-officio* makes him leader. He is nominally the party captain, while in truth there is more real power in one hand of his armor bearer than there is in the loins of the Executive. Now the author of the bill increasing taxes thinks he is on the road to the White House by campaigning Ohio on the beauties of protection — with reciprocity or "free trade in spots" left out entirely, — Blaine's happiest invention and the only thing that will save "the Napoleon" if saved at all, from crushing defeat this Fall in his own State. The Democrats have put up against him Governor Campbell with the plankless platform of the "McKinley bill," and an internal discussion on the silver question. Thus the two parties of that great State are marshalling in battle array their lines under banners that might be labelled "Tweedle-dum" and "Tweedle-dee." The last Democratic President was a product of the long successes of the Republican party and its mistakes, chief among which was the covert act demonetizing silver in 1873. It brought its train of wrong and disaster to our nation; while the people were unconscious of the cause, yet they could feel the pangs, and results ripened in 1884 in the election of the Buffalo mayor. As President and as ex-President he is the natural party leader, but he has endorsed the monstrous act of 1873

in regard to silver, the very mistake that chiefly made him President, and now should that bar forever the door of the White House to his re-entry therein, the result would not be one of the seven wonders of the world.

These happenings, so fresh and patent, remind one of the sworn testimony of an eminent general of the late war before the Senatorial Committee in describing the battle of Gettysburg: "After the lines are formed and fighting commences all is confusion and hap-hazard." Apparently there is no science in statesmanship, and our politics are but a ruthless trampling on the simple maxims of political economy. These were the forces that secretly working through the patient years of misrule and folly caused to bloom and fruit in a night, this stalwart tribe of rural statesmen who so remorselessly struck down the Republican party in its State of largest majority, and so disfigured the fortunes of the master polytechnic orator. A hayseed sprouted and grown in a night like unto Jack's beanstalk, and without leaders — all concert action mere incidents, the people marched to the polls in Kansas and amazed the world and themselves. The leaderless mobs met other leaderless mobs — that proved to be mere skeletons of organizations led and composed chiefly of wrangling, quarrelling, purposeless, and nearly idealess politicians. The leaderless mob was in profound earnest while the "statesmen" as usual were merely masquerading, with no other weapons of defence against attacks save that of Samson's when he fought the Philistines — all jaw.

Politicians discuss with amazing brilliancy their beautiful issue of a little higher tariffs or a little lower tariffs, while the people bluntly talk of protection to the full, or absolute free trade. Politicians really enjoy having made gold the only money, and then talk learnedly about the government buying so much metal monthly and coining it, so that silver will be both money and not money, while the people talk about free silver or gold only.

These are the conditions existing on the only two national questions now under consideration. To a layman's mind neither of them should have ever been made a national question at all. And men called "great statesmen" who have pushed aside all real economic questions worthy of consideration among civilized men, and forced these figments forward, are neither statesmen nor safe politicians. Look

at them! Their discussion of tariffs is whether we must have higher or lower taxes *per se*. Their contentions on the money question are simply the vicious acts of Congress that are the same as if we should pass laws every two years changing the length of our yard-sticks. These are the great issues breeding our wonderful race of "great statesmen" — the mountain labored and the little mouse came forth.

There are vital questions that should, especially in our experimental voting government, be ever present to all our people for investigation and permanent settlement, to wit: —

How to turn back this stream of paternalism in government — the monster criminal, the murderer of the dead nations and civilizations, the river of woe flowing forever round the world.

How to make the best of governments by ever-lowering taxes?

How to perfect a "civil service" by burdening officials, lessening fees and salaries, abolishing patronage, and sealing salaries below the pay of similar private employ?

How to better education and thereby check this stream of "learned ignorance"?

How to reach the consummation of the best government because the least governed?

How to reform our judiciary until justice between men shall be nearly instantaneous and the next cheapest thing to air and water?

How to save the weak (the majority) from the strong and selfish?

How to be the freest and therefore the best people that have ever lived?

How to prevent crime and suffering by removing causes?

How to destroy this struggle for government employ, this passion to be a public parasite and live off of others' toil?

How to make and regulate nearly all government institutions upon the principle of our postal system — self-supporting by the voluntary tax from those who use its powers or its offices?

How to eradicate all this flunkeyism that makes idols of office-holders — mere fetiches producing a species of the lowest order of hero-worship — a nation of snobs who can meanly admire mean things?

How to call out statesmen and abolish demagogues?

How to understand that real statesmen repeal and never enact?

How to prevent governments from inflicting upon the innocents unspeakable wrongs, under the monstrous plea that the few must suffer for the good of the many?

These and similar questions that are as deep as life itself, and that should come even to our little children in their romps and plays, the same as they learn to avoid the pit, or to fear a vicious dog, are the vital problems of mankind. These are questions essential to the preservation of life, and touching the progress of civilization; the natural economic problems that real statesmen should set before the people. Intelligent study and voting upon these and similar questions would give us real statesmen for present demagogues.

The average American is always more than satisfied with his perfect surroundings so long as he can point out his advantages over the wretched victims of paternalism in Europe. This is both a low and ignorant self-laudation. Of course, wretched though you may be, you are incomparably better off than the miserales of cruel Russia, because our national government could not possibly be as outrageous as is of necessity that of the Czar. It has taken many centuries to evolve such a monster cuttle-fish as the Russian government that has fastened its tentacles upon its millions of people, and is slowly crushing out their lives. *This is but government paternalism full and ripe.* Who shall say that if paternalism in this country goes on as it is to-day, growing and strengthening, the time is not coming when we no longer can boast over the people of the God-forsaken land? Mankind is much the same to-day and forever; *so is government paternalism; once a foothold gained, it can only be washed out in blood.* The Russians have been giving over their souls and their lives to their national fetich which has accepted their patriotic and contrite offerings, and is now leisurely devouring them. The ancient migrating barbarian when he camped at night, got his supper by cutting it out of the hams of the ox that had all day borne him and his load on the weary journey — he had to have his supper, and just so it is with Russian government. Just so it will be in any government when it is

impossible longer for the Leaderless Mob to spring into existence and into power.

Therefore, rural statesmen, all hail! Grant it that one of your political measures is rank imbecility, your acts in exposing the essential knavery of our phenomenal humbugs are beautiful and full of goodness and wisdom. And your worst, in the face of all jibes, is so incomparably superior to those of the "great statesmen" that they may be esteemed actually respectable. When the two parties had become Leaderless Mobs, because even their fictions or absurd issues had reached a common point, then arose the people in the might of their Leaderless Mob, and turned the river into the Augean stables. Who is it anyhow of the "magnetic" tribe that may cast the first stone at the "hay-stack"? They simply broke party shackles and struck boldly for justice,—blindly it may be—as well it should be, because they could not well hit amiss. In this scramble and hurly-burly where is the "statesman" who can point to any similar act of his own in behalf of his fellow-man? Their most arrant follies at least are not mean compared to the "issues" as made up by our "great statesmen" of a little higher tax, or a little lower tax, or a frequent change in the money standard of the country.

It is time for intelligent men to tire of all this burlesque of politics and this solemn joke of calling it "great statesmanship," that is breeding these ungainly toadies—squat and warty. A country is great only as her political institutions are good and wise—not merely when it is strong in numbers, large in acres, and swarming with politicians and parasites that are worshipped as great and good statesmen. That is not the kind of greatness of country that I hanker for very seriously. I would wish a better education for our children than we have had—one that would cure them of this disease of ignorance in politics, worship of demagoguery and admiration of that cheap and nasty politics that is our national disease, and that is making on our body politic abhorrent warts and angry sores. The mistaken fanatics who are striving to put "God in the Constitution" are not to blame; they are the offspring of this growing paternalism, this fetich worship, this public education by these relays of "great statesmen."

MADAME BLAVATSKY AT ADYAR.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

WHEN Madame Blavatsky was on her way to found the Theosophical Society in India, I met her in London, at the house of an American family,—devout spiritualists. She had a reputation for picking up teapots from under her chair, and our hostess seemed somewhat disappointed that she did not accord me some miracle. Although nothing unusual occurred, Madame Blavatsky was herself sufficiently phenomenal to make the evening interesting. She was not then, 1878, so huge as she afterwards became, and was rather attractive. She was humorous, entertaining, affable; she had the air of a woman who had tried every experience,—the last person I should have suspected of interest in spiritual or other philosophy. We next heard of her as the high priestess of a new cult in India. Rumors reached London, where I was residing, that this new religion was spreading among the Hindus, giving much trouble to the missionaries, and that Madame Blavatsky was suspected of being in the pay of the Russian government. That way of meeting the new movement was silenced by threats of prosecuting any who should make personal charges against the leaders of Theosophy. It was presently reported that Madame Blavatsky had made converts of A. P. Sinnett, editor of the *Pioneer of India*, and Mr. Allan Hume, formerly connected with the Indian government. Presently Mr. Sinnett came to London, and gave us lectures in drawing-rooms on Theosophy. He expatiated on the wonders performed by Madame Blavatsky with the aid of certain “Mahatmas,” who by secret knowledge, had gained powers of prolonged existence, and of appearing in their “astral” forms at vast distances from their retreat in the Himalayas.

As I was contemplating a journey round the world, which would bring me to India, I asked Mr. Sinnett, in private conversation, whether I could make a pilgrimage to the abode of these mighty Mahatmas, and converse with them. “Do

you mean?" he asked, "as you now converse with me?" — "Yes." — "No." — "Why not?" — "Oh, it would take too long to explain." Thereafter I tried to find out something that would aid a practical investigation from Mr. Sinnett's books, but found them uninformative and sensational. In the autumn of the same year, I was in Australia, and found there a good deal of excitement about Theosophy. At Sydney, where spiritualists and secularists had formed a curious alliance, Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott were mentioned as grand personages, — she a countess, he a famous warrior of the United States army. The marvels they wrought were of only English size in Australia, but on the approach to India they loomed up in oriental magnitude. Madame had only to walk in any garden to pick brooches from flowers, and find rupees at will, like the fabled tree that yielded whatever was asked of it.

At length I reached the headquarters of Theosophy, at Adyar, some fifteen miles out of Madras, and not far from St. Thomé, where the doubting disciple left his footprints blood-stained on the spot of his martyrdom. Entering Madame's park I passed the pasteboard carcasses of two blue elephants which had stood at the gateway on the occasion of a recent Theosophist anniversary. Through the large and leafy park, luxuriant with palm and mango, I drove up to the handsome mansion, with a growing suspicion that too much had been said of the sacrifices made by the New York journalist and the medium in founding their new religion. While awaiting Madame's appearance, I sat in the veranda, on a cushioned sofa of fine Indian work, beside a table holding the newest books and magazines, receiving an impression of the charms with which self-sacrifice has been invested since the days of poor St. Thomas. Presently I was approached by a young Hindu, dreamy and picturesque, who said Madame Blavatsky would soon be with me. Next there advanced a youth who almost seemed an apparition; he proved to be a "lay chela," and his snowy garment gave a saintly look to his delicate beauty. He sweetly apologized for not taking my offered hand, saying he was forbidden by his "Guru" (Mahatma) to shake hands, this being one of the conditions of his farther development.

Madame Blavatsky gave me a cordial welcome. She sent off my carriage, and urged me to pass the night. She had

already been informed by our friend, Professor Smith, of Sydney University, that I was coming, and regretted Colonel Olcott's absence. Her dress was the white gown, without belt, which makes a noon costume of Russian ladies in summer. Her manner was easy, her talk witty, and she disarmed prejudice by her impulsive candor. In addition to the two Hindus already mentioned, others joined us, among these Norendranath Sen, editor of the *Indian Mirror*, and relative of the Brahmo apostle Keshub Chunder Sen. All of them spoke good English. Another person present was W. T. Brown, an educated young Scotchman, and Dr. Hartmann, of Colorado. These young men, the Hindus especially, were eager to relate their marvellous experiences in receiving from the distant Mahatmas immediate answers to their letters. The letters, it was explained, were placed "in the shrine," and I at once proposed to write a note, referring to some matter known to myself alone, in order to carry home evidence of the existence and knowledge of the Mahatmas.

"What a pity!" broke in Madame Blavatsky, who had not participated in the conversation, "only three days ago I was told by my Guru that the shrine must not be used for letters any more!"

"It has generally been my luck," I said, perhaps betraying vexation. "For thirty years I have been unwearied in trying to test alleged phenomena, but have always happened to be a little too late or a little too early. I was assured that it would be otherwise here!"

The young Hindus had eagerly approved my proposal to test the Mahatma, and had evidently heard nothing of the prohibition. Madame Blavatsky, who betrayed no embarrassment whatever, presently arose, invited me to accompany her, and led me to a secluded room. Here she shut the door, lit a cigarette, offered me one, and sat serenely awaiting my next move. I told her that I had a sincere purpose in coming. Some of my valued friends were deeply interested in Theosophy. If extraordinary events were really occurring, none could be more ready to acknowledge them than myself. I had a congregation in London, and we were not afraid to recognize new facts if verified. "Now," I said, "what do these rumors mean? I hear of your lifting teapots from beneath your chair, summoning lost jewels, conversing with Mahatmas a thousand miles away."

"Your questions shall be answered," said Madame Blavatsky. "You are a public teacher and ought to know the truth. It is glamour; people think they see what they do not see. That is the whole of it."

I could not repress some homage to the sagacity of this unwitnessed confession. Forewarned that I was coming, Madame had received from her Guru a convenient prohibition against further use of the shrine as a post-office; and now, by one clever stroke, she altogether forestalled an inconvenient investigation. Obstruction to experiments, or evasion, would have been such confession as I could use. Failure to obtain phenomena that could be verified might subtly awaken skepticism in the simple-hearted Hindus around her. But this secret confession, which might be repudiated if necessary, raised my whole siege at once.* And the confession itself, while it admitted the unreality of the miracles, left a marvel,—namely, her power to cause the hallucinations. I remembered the legend of Glam, from whom came our word "glamour," and had a droll feeling of being defeated, like Grettir, in the moment of his victory over that moonshine-giant. As says the Saga, "even as Glam fell a cloud was driven from the moon, and Glam said, Exceedingly eager hast thou sought to meet me, Grettir, but no wonder will it be deemed, though thou gettest no good hap of me." Even so it proved lately, when I told my friend, Anne Besant, that Madame Blavatsky had admitted it was glamour. She reminded me of the power still left unexplained, to cast the glamour.

The remaining hours of my visit at Adyar were occupied with study of the subjects of Madame's hypnotic powers,—as I supposed them to be. The young Hindus, with their refined faces and symbolical draperies, conveyed an impression of being like the magical mangoes which the jugglers evoke, looking at them from time to time to see how they are growing. There were phases of chelahood, with precise terms for each. I was invited to visit the shrine. It was in a small room, and stood against the wall, reaching nearly to the ceiling. It was decorated with mystical emblems and figures,

* Although this interview is here printed for the first time, I mentioned it to some of Madame Blavatsky's friends so that she might have an opportunity of giving her version. I am told that she said she gave me an answer as directed by her Guru. I must conclude therefore that unless the Gurus are all glamour, they must be raised by their superhuman merits above the obligations of truth.

and a breath of incense came when the doors were opened. The Hindus prostrated themselves on the floor, and hid their faces; it was explained as their oriental custom, but it is certainly favorable to Thaumaturgy. Two days afterwards I was told, being then at sea, that while we visited the shrine a mysterious bell had sounded. No such incident was mentioned at the time, and I felt quite sure that Madame Blavatsky and myself were the only persons present whose testimony would be trustworthy. The interior of the shrine was inlaid with metal work. There were various figures, Buddha being in the centre, and framed "portraits" of Mahatmas Koothoomi and Moria. Each portrait was about seven inches high, and if drawn, as I understood, by astral art, it may be hoped the process will remain occult. Koothoomi, who somewhat resembled an old London portrait I have of Rammohun Roy, holds a small barrel-shaped praying-machine on his head.

A considerable company surrounded the dinner table, and included one or two whom I had not seen. Madame Blavatsky was a genial hostess. When a disciple told some miraculous experience she would turn to me and say, "Now think of that!" She ate little, but smoked a cigarette during the repast. Late in the evening, as I insisted on leaving, she ordered her carriage for me, and promised me an astral apparition of herself after I should reach London. I did not find in Madame Blavatsky the coarseness of which I had heard, and suspect it is mainly due to a prejudice against ladies smoking.

Our ship between Madras and Calcutta was a floating epitome of the world. There were missionaries contending with pundits, and world travellers lazily amused by discussions involving the eternal welfare of the human race. But the disputes had a hollow and perfunctory sound, and the cultured Englishmen stood apart. Mozoomdar, of the Brahmo-Somaj, preached us an ordinary Unitarian sermon. In private he expressed to me a horror of Madame Blavatsky, but he did not appear to me possessed of such religious enthusiasm as Norendranath Sen, whom I had met at Adyar. The latter reproved me for wishing to see Madame Blavatsky's wonders, instead of recognizing in Theosophy a movement that was saving India from being dragged into revolting dogmas called Christianity, its superstitions, discords, inhumanities. Even

admitting that some delusions, or impositions, have been connected with the movement, they would pass away if liberal men did not make so much of them, and would help to develop Theosophy into a religion related to the devout and poetic genius of the oriental world. The words of this thoughtful Hindu impressed me much. I need only look about me on the ship to recognize the fact that the West is overturning the deities and altars of the East, but has no religion to give these instinctive worshippers. The scholarly English Church would appear to have become conscious of this, and is leaving the work of propagandism to vulgar and ignorant sects. There seems to be nothing offered the young Hindus graduated in the universities of India except a repulsive "Salvationism" on the one hand, and a cold Agnosticism on the other. I had conversed with a company of students at Madras, and found them hardly able to understand the interest with which I followed the processions of "idols" about the streets, such things being looked on by them much as a march of the Salvation Army might be regarded by Oxonians. They had little interest in Christianity, but some of them spoke reverently of Buddha, and probably Theosophy has done something to revive in India love for that long banished teacher.

On the whole, I found the little company in their beautiful retreat at Adyar becoming more and more picturesque in the distance. It seems a hard, precipitous fall from visions of Indra's paradise to a materialistic world of predatory evolution. The youth at Adyar, dreaming of Mahatmas in mystical mountains, and evolving a natural supernaturalism, may be dwelling amid illusions; but, as Shakespeare tells us, our little life is rounded with a sleep,—a dreamland. If Madame Blavatsky had recovered Prospero's buried wand, and amid the dry and dusty realism of our time raised for her followers a realm of faërie, beguiling them from scenes of falling temples and fading heavens, were it not cruel to break her wand, even though it be glamour? I remember at Concord, in my youth, a little controversy in which miracles were critically handled, some ladies present being distressed. Emerson had remained silent, and on our way home said, "After all it appears doubtful whether, when children are enjoying a play, one must tell them the scene is paint and pasteboard, and the fairy's jewels but glass."

So I bore away from Adyar a slight sprinkle of Madame Blavatsky's moonshine. But it was rudely dispelled in Calcutta and Bombay, where the priestess had worn out her welcome by attempts at fraud. One of these instances was related by Mr. J. D. Broughton, a gentleman connected with the Indian government, to whom I carried a letter of introduction. Unwilling to accept any such fact without verification, I afterwards corresponded with those cognizant of the facts, and have before me now their letters establishing the statements of the following from Mr. Broughton.

"I was in Calcutta, and a friend was staying with me, Mr. H. Blanford, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and head of the Meteorological Department,—a practical man, not, I think, disposed to judge wrongly one way or the other. We both know Mrs. Gordon [a spiritualist] the lady to whom Mr. Eglinton [a spiritualist medium of London] wrote—or says he wrote—from the Vega, while at sea; and I am on friendly terms with her, as is Mr. Blanford to the best of my belief. She called at my house a day or two after the Vega had left Colombo, and produced a letter, an envelope, and two or three cards. The letter was from Mr. Eglinton. It was not in the envelope, but was attached to it by a string in the corner, which was passed through the corner of the cards. These cards had writing upon them, which we were told was the writing of Madame Blavatsky, then at Poona. The writing on the cards referred to the contents of the letter. The envelope had three crosses on the back of it. Mrs. Gordon stated that these letters had been brought to her the day before by what are called astral means, having been conveyed from the Vega, then on the way from Colombo to Aden, first to Poona, and then from Poona to her residence in Housah, a suburb of Calcutta. I have not the slightest doubt that Mrs. Gordon firmly believed this, and I am under the impression that she believes it still. Mr. Blanford and I, however, ventured to ask a few questions as to the circumstances under which the letters made their appearance at Housah, and the replies led us to form an opinion that the lady might have been imposed upon. The circumstances, which were, I believe, considered to amount to strong proof in favor of the astral theory, were published in a paper called *Psychic Notes*, in Calcutta.

"I wrote to my wife [who had travelled on the Vega to England] and sent this account to her. She replied that Mr. Eglinton had brought a letter to her [during the voyage] to be marked,—that it had a cross upon it, and that she had been asked to mark another or others, and that she did so, crossing the first cross.

"I will add that when my wife left Calcutta I accompanied her in a steam launch, and she embarked on board the *Vega* at Diamond Harbor. I was the bearer of a letter to Mr. Eglinton. It was given to me for him by Mrs. Gordon, I think, but I won't be positive. I had known Mr. Eglinton; he was in the habit, when in Calcutta, of giving exhibitions of his powers in private houses, for a fee. He came to our house in this way, but nothing occurred; I think he considered it a failure."

Mrs. Broughton writes that she was with her friend Mrs. Eddis when Eglinton brought the letter. Both ladies observed that the letter which Koothoomi was to convey across the sea contained no allusion to anything that had occurred since they left—nothing that might not have been written before they started. Instead of marking the envelope, for identification, in the way Eglinton suggested, she made his cross into an asterisk. But the envelope published in India to prove the power of Koothoomi was marked, as Eglinton had requested, with three separate crosses. All efforts to obtain explanation of the difference between the marks on the letter sent and the letter received were vain. In reply to my question Mr. Sinnett said, "All I can tell you now is that Mrs. Broughton acted very badly." I was present when the Hon. Mrs. Pitt Rivers pressed Colonel Olcott for an explanation. He replied, "The tone of your question suggests collusion between the Theosophists of India and Mr. Eglinton. To such a charge I am, of course, dumb." It was the only prudent answer he could make.

This incident lowered my idea of Madame Blavatsky's powers. It was not clever to rest so much on the pliability of a "society lady" with whom she was unacquainted. I presently found that at Bombay she had failed in several performances, but was shielded by a theosophistical argument that mere jugglers never fail.* There was a pretty general feeling in Calcutta and Bombay that no glamour or magnetic mystery was needed for Madame Blavatsky's thaumaturgy, which would soon collapse in Madras as elsewhere. Nearly the first thing I heard after reaching London (1884) was of that collapse. Mr. and Mrs. Coulomb, the former a

*Commissioner Grant was awakened by a telegram and requested to look for a cigarette in a certain part of the Prince of Wales' statue, in Bombay; he went and found nothing. Mrs. Coulomb now says she was Madame B——'s confederate, and that she was afraid of being taken up as a lunatic if she climbed to the unicorn's horn where the cigarette was to be placed. So she said the rain must have washed it away. Madame Blavatsky showed mental weakness in not considering the difficulties, and her fondness for cigarettes made her set them too high in dignity as well as position.

skilled mechanic, had confessed at Madras that they had all along been assisting Madame Blavatsky in frauds; elaborate contrivances were discovered behind the shrine, and compromising letters written by the high priestess were produced. Madame Blavatsky declared that the contrivances were put in the shrine to ruin her; but Coulomb could have done that by a small mechanism, whereas the arrangements were extensive and expensive, requiring such time as must have assured detection, and money which he had not. The letters, mainly efforts to prevent the Coulombs from revealing the frauds, were pronounced forgeries; but no expert reading them can fail to perceive that to forge them would require a genius far beyond even that of Madame Blavatsky. The letters are brilliant, and Mrs. Coulomb is sometimes worsted in them. Mrs. Coulomb, after her confession, wrote me a long letter, which shows no trace of the style or ability disclosed in the Blavatsky letters. However, it was a sufficient confession that the Theosophists receded from a proposal to test all these things, including the handwriting of the letters, before a law court, for which the Coulombs were eager. The result was that Madame Blavatsky left India and established herself in London.

At the very time that I was at Adyar, and despite a certain repugnance to "occultism," sympathetically appreciating the serene harmony of the Theosophists in their beautiful retreat amid the palms, the place was turbid with discord. Madame Blavatsky at one end of the table and the Coulombs at the other were even then in mortal combat. I have often marvelled at the self-possession of the woman under the suspended sword that presently fell.

The most curious thing about this turbaned Spiritualism is its development of the Koothoomi myth. I asked Sir W. W. Hunter, Gazetteer-General of India, and other orientalists, about the name of this alleged Mahatma, or Rahat, and they declared Koothoomi to be without analogies in any Hindu tongue, ancient or modern. I was assured on good authority that the name was originally "Cotthume," and a mere mixture of *Olcott* and *Hume*, Madame Blavatsky's principal adherents. Out of Madame's jest was evolved this incredible being, who performed the part allotted to the aboriginal "John King" in America. Sumangala, chief priest of the Buddhist world, though not unfriendly to

Theosophy, told me that it was a belief among them that there had been Rahats in the early world. I gathered from him and others that they are thought of as Enoch, Seth, Elias, etc., are in Christendom. The Coulomb story is that a pasteboard doll, with half-shrouded head, superimposed on the shoulders of Mr. Coulomb, himself orientally draped, moved about in the dusk at Adyar when an "astral" apparition was wanted. In an accession of conscience, Mrs. Coulomb, who is a Catholic, smashed the effigy. She says she had not cared much so long as Hindus only were cheated, because they believed such things anyway, but she could not stand it when European gentlemen and ladies were subjects of the imposture. Perhaps it was because of this moral "strike" that Koothoomi was not tried on me.

What will be the future of Theosophy? Its age of miracles has passed, and is more likely to be repudiated than renewed. It may easily be held that even if Madame Blavatsky was sometimes tempted, in the absence of her potent Guru, to satisfy the demand for signs and wonders with devices, she performed wonders not so explicable. In one of Madame Blavatsky's letters to Mrs. Coulomb, she says, defiantly, "I have a thousand strings to my bow, and God Himself could not open the eyes of those who believe in me." Elsewhere she quotes a letter she (Blavatsky) has from Colonel Olcott, saying: "If Madame Coulomb, who has undeniably helped you in some phenomena, for she told this to me herself, were to proclaim it on the top of the roof, it would change nothing in my knowledge, and that of Dr. Hartmann, Brown, Sinnett, Hume, and so many others, in the appreciation of Theosophy and their veneration for the brothers. You alone would suffer. For even if you yourself were to tell me that the Mahatmas do not exist, and that you have tricked in every phenomenon produced by you, I would answer you that YOU LIE, for we know the Mahatmas, and know that you cannot—no more than a fly on the moon—have produced certain of the best of your phenomena." It should be stated here that, in the whole correspondence revealed by Mrs. Coulomb, Colonel Olcott appears as the dupe of Madame Blavatsky, and in no case accessory to imposture unless by an amazing credulity.

We may assume that Colonel Olcott will continue his propaganda, and it remains only to consider what vitality

there is in Theosophy, apart from its "occultism," and what competency its leader has for such work. I gathered up in India a number of Colonel Olcott's addresses, circulated in cheap form, and find them much like "The Veiled Isis" ascribed to Madame Blavatsky. They contain a medley of Buddhist, Brahmanic, and Zoroastrian traditions, interpreted in a mystical and moral way, the only thing systematic being a Buddhist catechism. This catechism was printed by the favor of a Singhalese lady, and approved, for use in schools, by the Buddhist high priest Samangala. Colonel Olcott's theosophy on the negative side aims to combine all oriental religions against Christianity. He has not "any belief in, or connection with, Christianity in any form whatsoever." (*Theosophy and Buddhism*, p. 2.) But he maintains the oriental philosophies, and to some extent the mythologies, of eras corresponding to the discredited biblical doctrines and legends. It is not, indeed, a literal restoration; but no esoteric interpretation can make it very different from an attempt to rationalize for Europeans ancient Druidism, or for Americans Aztec fables and symbolism. This kind of revival appeals in a certain way to the Rajahs whom English rule has reduced to antiquarian curiosities; they too are survivals from primitive religious and social systems. Colonel Olcott had patrons among the Rajahs who used to send elephants to meet him, and entertain him in their palaces. But young India is not going that way. English freedom and English colleges have emancipated Hindu youth, and they look upon the cruel idolatry under which their fathers groaned as Colonel Olcott does on the Puritanism he fiercely denounces.

But if Colonel Olcott should give up his Rajahs and elephants, and fix his headquarters in Ceylon, there would be, I believe, fair prospect of a fruitful alliance of Theosophy with Buddhism. In this island, now the centre of the Buddhist world, I found Madame Blavatsky comparatively unimportant, the great personage being Colonel Olcott. The Buddhists are a mild, speculative, unambitious people, easily overborne by the aggressive missionaries, and were without any leader to defend their rights before Olcott came. He came to their rescue in a case where their procession was attacked by Catholics, while enshrining relics of Buddha,—the Catholics thinking it a mockery of their own processions. Colonel Olcott appealed to the government and obtained redress. The Catholics (Portu-

guese) presently found some holy well, pointed out, I believe, by a vision, where ailing pilgrims were said to be healed,—among these a number of Buddhists who were deserting their temples. Colonel Olcott announced that he would try and heal sufferers in the name of Buddha, and it is said his success quite eclipsed the holy well. Several eminent Buddhists told me that he had healed members of their families. He is a robust man, of powerful will, and in these days of hypnotism his influence over the most passive of people may appear less wonderful to us than to them. No Christian was found willing to meet him in debate. By lectures, in which Ingersollism blends with Arnold's "Light of Asia," the Colonel brought about a sort of Buddhist revival. The Singhalese saw the Theosophists as wise men from the West, bringing frankincense and myrrh to the cradle of their prophet. Although their high priest, Sumangala, expressed disbelief in the Mahatmas, he valued the services of Colonel Olcott. He was especially moved by a request from this American for his permission to administer the *pansala* to another American. The ceremony took place at Madras. The two Americans, amid a crowd of witnesses, went through formulas unheard there since the ancient banishment of the Buddhists. "I take refuge in Buddha! I take refuge in religion! I take refuge in Truth!" The Colorado doctor (Hartmann) pledged observance of the Five Precepts (*pansala*): abstinence from theft, lying, taking life, intoxicating drink, adultery. All of this has profoundly impressed the Buddhist world, but that is a world of humble people. It remains to be seen whether Theosophy, which has hitherto shown an affection for titles in India and London, is willing to take its place beside Buddha under his Bo tree, and share the lowliness of his followers. This may be rather hard after the rapid success of Theosophy in India, where in four years from its foundation (1879) it counted seventy-seven flourishing branches; but these are withering away under the Blavatsky scandals, and if Theosophy is to live it must "take refuge in Buddha!"

EMANCIPATION BY NATIONALISM.

BY T. B. WAKEMAN.

THE usually very liberal and skeptical Reverend Minot J. Savage has become astonishingly, and it may be prematurely, certain on one subject. In *THE ARENA* for August (p. 321) he declares that, "Nationalism, freely chosen, would be the murder of liberty, and social suicide." To which the usually impartial editor cries Amen, thus:—

"I most heartily *and* cordially endorse Mr. Savage's position." For this sudden and decisive foreclosure of the future and of *THE ARENA* upon Nationalism the world was not prepared. We enter a protest and an appeal! Able "Gladiators are ready to fight for it," with aid and sympathy from the leading reformers—the world over. The contest has hardly begun. A Bunker Hill or a Bull Run does not end the war.

He who opened *an Arena* must keep it open, and like "the God of battles" wait for the best cause to win.

Suppose it be found, as we propose to begin to show here and now, that Nationalism, under the laws of Sociology, is not the murder, but in fact and theory, the only condition of liberty, and the only way out from social suicide,—what then? Would it not have been better for *THE ARENA* to have been kept open, as if by the aforesaid Deity, with a level head and a stiff and silent upper lip?

For the Reverend and exultant Mr. Savage his exasperating situation is his excuse. For, with the inbred and lethal instinct of a Theolog he was put upon the trail of a brother Theolog to bring in his scalp. To return without *some* scalp would be a disgrace. But on coming up with his reverend brother Bellamy, instead of finding him ready for fight or "treed, like Capt. Scott's coon," he finds him already down and explaining in the blindest style: That, whereas, "this difficulty" was a secular one, not at all theological, but quite within the bounds of "the Knowable," there was really no necessity for one brother to scalp the other, although both

were clergymen. He even proposed ways by which the manifest benefit of both, and of all, could be secured if they should hunt together, being sure to go no further than such benefit justified. But an accommodation was just what the Reverend Savage was not out to find. Shaking his war feathers, he says, "You are too fair,—I must kill you, *or something*, though it may be 'cruelty to animals.' Stop,—I sniff 'paternalism.'! It must be you or yours!" And without waiting for an answer he bangs away at that old skunk which hasn't a friend on this side of the world. Then, inflamed by smell of powder, blood, or something worse, he goes it wild, mistakes even the good social domestic animals for wild beasts, and his reverend friend as their protector. His slaughter of these purely imaginary enemies is accompanied by a self-approving wit, which only exhales when, as Mephisto says, the Parson and Comedian are happily combined, and inspire each other. But, alas! neither prayers nor laughter can settle the industrial and political difficulties of our day. They may do, and are doing, much to prevent such settlement, which must come from people who do not live in another world, and therefore are not free to ignore or to make a joke of this. There is hope, therefore, when our reverend friend "ties his legs," and in his said article settles down to steady numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4. For by them, we can at least get hold of him, and all points in his prior antics can be thereunder disposed of.

He delivers his first fire, thus:—

"1. The world began in Socialism. In the barbaric period the tribe was all, the individual nothing. Every step of human progress has kept pace with the rise of the individual."

Most true! But that is half of the truth. If you had told the other half your article could not have been written, for it would have been answered beforehand from *a* to *z*. The other half is: That the rise of the individual has always been because of, and the result of, the concomitant and ever-increasing Socialism. The two have ever gone, and must ever go, hand in hand. Integration is the inevitable counterpart of individuation.

This is the fundamental law of history and Sociology, recognized the world over, as much as the law of gravitation. To blink it, is to go wild or blind. This is the law of progress upon which all human affairs expand, and there is

scarcely a difference in wording it. For instance, in the last book out on "Economics,"—that of Prof. George Gunton, he says (p. 22): "Progress is an *integrating* differentiation. Only that differentiation is progressive which results in *new* integrations and greater complexity of social relations." Comte's, and Fiske's, and Herbert Spencer's statements of the same law are the same in substance, but too well known to quote here. So Professor Huxley in his "Administrative Nihilism," Henry George in "Social Problems," and indeed pretty much everybody who touches the subject, except Mr. Savage. He, however, has the grace to admit that "The world began in Socialism,"—and, by the law referred to, it will continue in an ever-enlarging, integrating Socialism, till the rise of "the complete individual" will result. Yes, man's origin was social; from the "Social Anthropoids,"—says Professor Huxley; and to omit the continuance of this social fact and law in sociology is worse than talking pre-Copernican astronomy. That should be left to our metaphysical anarchists, who chatter as if man was a solitarily created "Adam," defying the social "compact" of Rousseau, or dicker-ing as to the terms upon which he will "come in."

From Henry C. Carey's noble work, "Social Science," Americans should have heard, if not read, enough of this law of enlarging integration never to forget it, or to let those address them who have. He illustrates it not only by human history, but by the fundamental law of biology from Oken, Goethe, and the evolutionists generally. This application has been continued by them to the present day; the last instance I noticed is that of Prof. Ernst Hæckel, translated in Dr. Paul Carus' late work, "The Soul of Man." This law measures the progress of organisms from the homogeneous jelly-fish to the complex elephant or man; from the savage tribe to the Roman Empire, or the future "Federation of Mankind and Parliament of the World." Integration is the mother, nurse, and protector of the individual.

In history and politics this law stands, however expressed or applied, as the door which opens to the mental vision, the river of human evolution and progress,—a sight grander far than Niagara. Those who see not this fact, law, vision!—are socially blind.

In industrial and economic evolution the same law of progress holds. The tribal homogeneous industry, when

one man did work at everything, became heterogeneous, special, and complex, as society enlarged and advanced into higher integrations, and as the life of the individual became more and more advanced through Fetichism, Polytheism, Monotheism, to our modern inception of Humanism.

Do you stop this lecture to say that all this is a truism — a “chestnut”?

Yes, but everybody who talks against Nationalism forgets it. So follow a step farther.

“People will buy where they can buy the cheapest.” But the cheapest can only result from the highest integration of capital, machinery, labor, intellect, and means of *wholesale* production. Thus industrial integration and progressive civilization, where the people can have the means of a higher life, are indispensable parts and complements of each other. But the result and the difficulty is, that *while* the people get their travel, oil, sugar, and necessities of life cheaper and better than ever, they become the dependents, wage-slaves, and political and social underlings of the *industrial Feudal System* which that integration of transporting and producing monopolies builds up. For, those who can and do combine to control the conditions of the people’s life and welfare have the people and their Republic in their power. Under the integration of the Roman Empire and Papacy the “Republic” was continued, but as a name only.

The lesson of history is, that Republics and Liberty always go down when the necessary integrations of civilization and progress, military or other, pass from the control of the people. In a word monopoly in war, politics, industry, or in any form of integration, has been the murder of Liberty, ending in social suicide. Nationalism proposes to prevent this murder and suicide under the law above stated, thus: Whenever the necessary transportation and production are integrated into monopolies beyond the power of competition to control them, then the people must control and operate them, or become the dependents of those who do. Such is the difficulty, the danger, and the remedy, concisely stated. Critics like Mr. Savage can only reply: “The difficulty does not exist; the remedy is worse than the disease; there is a better remedy.” But Mr. Savage admits the difficulty. In an evasive way he says, “the industrial condition of the world is not all that one could wish.” But he has no remedy, and concludes by

saying the remedy proposed would kill the patient sooner than the disease. This is the diagnosis of an ostrich who tries to escape by burying his head in the sand. It simply abandons the patient and there is no solution, no health in that. Let our lecture proceed and see if there is not a scientific remedy.

“Capital is the condition of production and the controlling factor of modern civilization.” Those who control it are the masters of the world. The contest of the monopolists of this capital with the workers and producers, that is, the people, is a burning fever which can only end by the healthy triumph of the people. There is not a railroad, mine, or factory, where this is not the daily issue upon which an internecine war is being waged or smothered. In literature, religion, politics, economics, ethics, everything turns upon the relations of these contending parties, from the Pope’s Encyclical to the Platform of the People’s Party. When we speak of our age, as the age of iron, silver, gold, or of steam, electricity, intellect! — we simply say it is the age of integrated capital, material and mental. To destroy this capital is impossible, and if possible would be the suicide of civilization.

The question then urges upon us in every direction: Shall the people become the slaves of this capital, or its masters? The watchman on the towers of our Boston Zion who fails to see the gathering storm clouds seems strangely out of place, when we recall 1775 and 1861. Nationalism says, the “Conflict is irrepressible,” between labor and individualized capital; and that the conflict will be fatal to liberty, unless a remedy is found under the law of our national evolution. This remedy that law gives as follows: That the people must defend their liberties and “the rise of the individual,” against this industrial despotism of money kings, railroad barons, political bosses, etc., better than they defended themselves against the foreign tyrants in 1775, or the slaveocrats of 1861,—to-wit, by organizing an army for their *peaceful* protection and safety—*A free Army of Industry*—before an army *for war* shall be needed, and as its preventive.

But this name, “Army of Industry,” fills our peaceful Mr. Savage with horror—a remedy worse than the disease? For thus he lets off his second charge:—

“2. Military Socialism, such as Mr. Edward Bellamy advocates, would be only another name for universal despotism, in which the individual, if not an officer, would only count

one in the ranks. It would be the paradise of officialism on the one hand, and helpless subordination on the other."

Mr. Savage has been taking novels and poetry literally, and has gone into a fright at a ghost raised by his own excited imagination; or else, he makes an objection out of a figure of speech because hard up for a real one. Who does not see that an "industrial army" has nothing to do with a military army, or a military despotism, except to prevent both. There is no war, military compulsion, or "military" at all, in the army of peace. The word "army" is short poetry for the order, economy, punctuality, and reliable co-operation and *co*, not *sub*-ordination of the public administration of industries. Remember that we are in America, where this administration will be quite different from that proposed in Europe where the Revolution of 1776 was not, and where "government" is one of divine right, authority, and force, and covers the all of life from the cradle to the grave.

Nationalism is purely an American product, to be exercised as a popular benefit, and having no mainspring or motive power but that. It is the co-operation and co-ordination of equal partners, and while by a figure of speech *fraternalism* might be used to describe it, *paternalism* can never be properly so used. When Mr. Savage says, or implies otherwise, he is simply imposing upon, or trading upon an ignorance he ought to correct. He must know that the attempt to load up American Nationalism with European despotism, Paternalism, or even Socialism, is to bear false witness against his neighbor.

Before writing on this subject, he must have become acquainted with the late writings of Prof. Richard T. Ely, and *The New Nation* of Edward Bellamy, whose standing motto is: "The industrial system of a nation, as well as its political system, ought to be a government of the people, by the people, for the people." And further it says (Aug. 1, p. 426): "This step necessarily implies that under the proposed national industrial system, the nation should be no respecter of persons in its industrial relations with its members, but that the law should be, as already it is in its political, judicial, and military organization,—from all equally; to all equally." Equality, Fraternity, Liberty, are the words.

Pages with similar import can be cited from every exponent of Nationalism. It all means that our "government" will not be of force or of authoritarianism, but simply public

conveniences and needs regularly secured, without being farmed out by franchise laws to monopolistic corporations for their benefit.

Notice further, that the extension of this government—action of the people is not to do nor to extend to everything nor to anything, but to the *material needs* and *industries* of the people, beginning with those natural monopolies like railroads and telegraphs, ending with trusts, etc., which have passed beyond competition. This simple limit makes the cry of “universal despotism” absurd. The tyranny and robbery of the few is simply abolished by the people, in equitably resuming the franchise granted by them, and doing the work for all cheaper and better. There is no tyranny to the few in this; and as to the many or all,—the tyranny of having things you want done for you is laughable. Our anarchists invariably submit to the tyranny of our free nationalized Brooklyn Bridge instead of swimming the river, or using the ferry company, as they are at full liberty to do. We had a hard fight to get this bridge, for it displaced monopolies. When the other monopolies, we have referred to, are displaced by the people, there will be the same wonder that their tyrannies and exactions were ever submitted to. We have found, and will find, that that government is the best which serves and administers the most, for it will cost and restrain the least. The government that serves and protects the people will not need to compel them. Now its main business is to hold them down while they are being robbed.

But, says Mr. Savage, these advantages would be attended by a frightful “paradise of officialism”—a helpless subordination—in which “the individual if not an officer would only count one!” We cannot appreciate the horror of having more of “a paradise” about officialism than we have in our present corrupt, inconstant, and servile system of political Bossism, even if the individual could only “count one.” But Mr. Savage does know, or ought to know, that the very first step of Nationalism is to nationalize our “politics,” so as to restore the initiative of political action to the people, and render the abuses to which he refers impossible. He seems to suppose that Nationalism is to be executed by Tammany Hall! Indeed, his capital as an opponent of Nationalism consists in loading it up with European paternalism and American political corruption, both of which it was invented

to render impossible. Suppose the "politics" of New York were nationalized so that the City should no longer be a mere annex of Tammany Hall, but so that every citizen might "count one," under legal provisions for the vote and expression of the people without regard to party or boss—who would be wronged? Politics must be annexed to our government by such legal provisions, instead of being left to boss monopoly or mobocracy. There is no freedom possible without a common law and order to ensure and protect it. The trouble is now that all of our politics are *outside* of any law or order. "Count one!" Even that is now impossible. We don't count at all, no more than if we lived in Russia. But how many does Mr. Savage want an individual to count? His idea of political freedom seems to be that of our old "free" Fire Department, which was a monopoly entirely "voluntary." It gave us a fire and *free* fight nearly every night, developed its "Big Six" Tweed into a "statesman," and consolidated Tammany Hall into the model political "combine" of the world—as a monopoly. The custom is to dispose of the offices of the people as profitably as it can *with safety*, and to divide the proceeds for the benefit of the combine. One of our purest and best judges publishes his last contribution as \$10,000, besides his other election expenses. This is the model to which the State and Nation *must* conform, for such is the condition of success. Under that plan Governor Hill manages the State of New York, and President Harrison, through "Boss" Platt, has just removed Collector Erhardt from the New York custom house, under the imperative necessity of the same method.

As long as our Government is run by partisan politics, outside of law, there is no other alternative but this way or defeat. The pretence, under this method, of civil service reform or fair tenure is sheer hypocrisy. The Tammany method is the only condition of success, and every practical politician knows it and adopts it. Nationalism proposes the only remedy. It would remove every department from political control, and restore the political initiative to the people by requiring their common action under general laws for that purpose, and suppressing as criminal the Boss conspiracy system, which causes the counting of less than one by anyone. Do you say it cannot be done? Well! look at that Fire Department. The indignation of "the State"

finally replaced it by a paid civil service, "nationalized" department. Since then our fire affairs have run cheaply, effectively, smoothly, though in a most trying environment. Fires seldom occur, and seldom extend beyond the building in which they occur. The old abuses, political and other, have stopped. The men, appointed and promoted for merit, are highly respected and secured against causeless removal, accident, sickness, and old age. "Helpless subordination" ended by an appeal to the law which gave prompt redress. The heads of the departments and the officers count one and the attempt to count more would be an assumption not submitted to for a moment, for no one *needs* to submit. Extend this method *mutatis mutandis* over our Cities, States, and Nation, *and* also over legalized political election departments for the whole people,—and the nail will be hit on the head! The last nail in the coffin of party monopoly and corruption.

To excuse himself from not aiding this reform Mr. Savage cries, visionary, unpracticable! Thus he says:—

"3. Nobody is ready to talk definitely about any other kind of Nationalism ["Military Socialism" meaning], for nobody has outlined any working method. If it is only what everybody freely wishes done,—and this seems to be the Rev. Francis Bellamy's idea—then, it is hard to distinguish it from individualism. At any rate it is not yet clear enough to be clearly discussed."

All this shows Mr. Savage to be strangely misinformed. The Rev. Francis Bellamy is right. Every impartial person does want the kind of Nationalism Nationalists are after, as soon as their minds are disabused of this foolish talk about military despotism, and helpless subordination, etc., for every one can see that it works for the liberty, equality, and welfare of all.

Misinformed, is the word for Mr. Savage. For if he had kept but one eye on this world, as Humboldt said every well regulated chameleon and priest is in the habit of doing, he would have known that every word of this "No. 3," above quoted, is exactly wrong: To wit: The other kind of Nationalism, which is not military despotism, has not only been definitely talked about but definitely put in practice, not only in the New York Fire Department, but in our schools, roads, canals, waterworks, post-office, and in many other ways the world over! And never ("hardly ever") has monopoly been able to recover its chance to tyrannize and rob!

"No definite talk"! Yet our present Postmaster-General is asking Congress for the postal telegraph; and the Interstate Commerce Law is to be made practical to head off the People's Party? Let Mr. Savage pick up the very same August ARENA which contains his article, and read the clear and definite articles of *C. Wood Davis*, "Should the Nation own the Railways?" and of *R. B. Hassell*, on "Money at Cost," and then tell the Editor with a straight face that *they* are not "clear enough to be clearly discussed!" The facts, laws, and arguments are definitely *there*, and clearly discussed. Why have we not the discerning eyes and impartial brains of Mr. Savage to read them?

We ask Mr. Savage to bring such eyes and brains to bear, and we defy him to show any other plan by which the fatal monopolies, which are *natural* or *beyond* competition, can be usefully and safely checked, controlled, or destroyed. The attempts to do this by legal prosecutions have notoriously failed. How to replace monopolies and yet increase the benefits they have conferred is *the* question of our age, and Nationalism answers it. Mr. Savage, as we have shown, admits the difficulty. We are entitled then to a practical answer, or to silence. Ridicule, however witty, is neither answer nor remedy.

But instead of silence we have his amusing "fourth and lastly," thus:—

"4. Nationalism, as commonly understood, could mean nothing else but the tyranny of the commonplace."

The way in which Nationalism is *commonly* understood or misunderstood, is not the question; but how is it *correctly* understood,—that is the concern of every fair mind. When thus understood it seems to be just what Mr. Savage wants. For he agrees with Mr. Bellamy that if "it is only what everybody freely wishes done," then it would be his "individualism" and all right. Thus he approves of democracy; for, he says, "it only looks after certain public affairs, while the main part of the life of the individual is free." This is Nationalism to a dot! Yet he strangely concludes: "That Nationalism, *freely chosen*, would be the murder of Liberty, and social suicide." But if "freely chosen" will it not be the same as his individualism? and what everybody wants,—and so all right? Such would be his democracy certainly, but then how can this Nationalism also "freely chosen" commit murder *and* suicide,

and both at once? Strange! That certainly would not be the tyranny of the commonplace.

Neither would Nationalism in any correct sense be such tyranny; and for these reasons:—

1. Government would for the first time in the history of the world, evolve beyond paternalism. It would be industrial co-operative administration, for the equal benefit of all, protection of the liberty of all, and such defence and restraint only as these main objects require. Government would thus be the material foundation upon which liberty, originality, and the original—the uncommonplace—could stand and be protected. The key to liberty is the “separation of the temporal and spiritual powers;” but Nationalism does even more than that. It limits Government to the provision of the common needs of all, and then protects all, in the enjoyment of their “uncommon-place.” Read for instance the remarkable article of *Oscar Wilde* on “*The Soul of Man under Socialism*.” He expresses the feeling of the artists and poets of the world. They want Nationalism so that originality and free healthy development may at last have a chance,—and an audience. What the people need in order to become an audience is the same thing that originality needs, emancipation from drudgery and from the dependence of parasitism.

2. This emancipation can come only from the great saving of time and of waste by Nationalism; and the division of labor by which it will enable each to follow the occupation to which he is inclined, and to which he will be the best prepared by nature and education. Man is an active animal, and the condition of life is that of some work. *Now* the work is imposed by the tyranny of man and circumstances; *then* it will be rather a matter of choice. In the *order* instead of the anarchy of industry there will be some relief. To use the grand prophecy of Fourier:—

“When the series distributes the harmonies,
The attractions will determine the destinies.”

Given a material foundation for man and his education, so that he may have the mental and material means of acting his part, and continuing his development, then the individual will have inherited an environment in which life will be worth living, and which only the favored inherit now. Civilization will certainly have ever new demands in order to equate its

ever changing conditions; and ambition, heroism, and originality will simply rise to newer and higher fields. The idea that the temporal state will not continue to encourage and protect liberty, genius, and originality is most absurd. That has been its general course against the sects and monopolists of religion and opinion which have ever been the persecutors. Mr. Savage throws down a queer jumble of names, viz.: "Homer, Virgil, Isaiah, Jesus, Dante, Shakespeare, Angelo, Copernicus, Galileo, Goethe, Luther, Servetus, Newton, Darwin, Spenc̄r, and Galvani,"—and says, "consider them," where would they have been before the "governing board" of Nationalism? We consider and answer: every one of them would have been free, and protected and encouraged in the exercise of his highest gifts.

Even under such defective government as *then* existed, each had its aid and support, and each was persecuted by the monopolistic sects and factions sure to get authority in the absence of some general temporal control, which is absolutely necessary for the purpose of protecting freedom of thought, of expression, and of action. From Homer's chieftain, Virgil's emperor, Goethe's duke, on to the end of the list, we owe all they have done for us to the *temporal* governments of their time, with a possible exception of Spencer, more apparent than real. Even the Roman Pilate (if we are to take the reports?) let Jesus have a freedom to tramp and preach in Palestine that would not be allowed in Boston for a day, and then stood by him, and when compelled, by the un-nationalized nature of his office, to give up to the Anthony Comstocks and the priestly Monopolists and Pharisees of that day, he nobly said, "I find no fault in him," and publicly washed his hands of the whole bloody affair. So was it with Servetus. Temporal, much less a nationalized, Switzerland would have rescued him from the clutches of the Calvinistic monopoly of Geneva. "Toleration?" repeats Mr. Savage tauntingly. We reply, yes! We want a general temporal government which will protect liberty, and ensure that every priest, sect, fanatic, and phase of thought and opinion shall *tolerate* every other. This Nationalism only can do.

We insist, and have for years, that the government monopolies of opinions, morals, and force, farmed out to amateur societies of Comstocks and Pinkertons, should be withdrawn. If necessary to public safety, let power be exercised *only* by

the government directly responsible to the people. It is this attempt to govern by monopolies in the interest of sects or industrial classes that gave rise to every one of the abuses to which the editor of THE ARENA has well called attention as "outrages of government." They are only outrages of government *by* monopolies *for* monopolies, and which it is the fundamental condition and mission of Nationalism to end forever. In all these cases, and in every case, the advocates and apologists of Anarchy, or of *Laissez-faire* must not mistake their position, they are inevitably *the allies of the oppressor*. The integration of special classes, sects, and interests, is the natural law making "toleration" more and more impossible. The integral integration, then, of all for the equal support, and for the equal protection of all, in mutual harmony and progress, is the only condition of our liberty, peace, and safety. No rule in Arithmetic is plainer than this law of Sociology, and Nationalism is its expression.

“RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD PLAY-BILLS.” *

BY CHARLES H. PATTEE.

IN offering to the public my recollections of old play-bills I cannot be said to be travelling over familiar ground. For it is worthy of remark that while many bygone periods of theatrical history have found their chroniclers, their panegyrists, their enthusiastic remembrances, the space filled by the events of the Boston stage of 1852 to the present day has remained without a comprehensive survey, without a careful retrospect of its many notable and brilliant illustrations. To supply this void, to endeavor at once to preserve the memories of past grandeurs (already fading with the generation who enjoyed them), and to furnish to the younger portion of theatre-goers some conception of what the stage has been in its “palmy days,” I have employed my leisure in putting together this history of old play-bills. The changes which have overspread modern society, vast and manifold as they are admitted to be, are, perhaps, nowhere more perceptible than in the region known as the theatrical world. To one who has formed a link in that chain which formerly connected the higher ranks of society with the taste for dramatic art — with the cultivation of the beautiful and imaginative in both opera and drama — to such a one the contemplation of the altered relations now between the patrons of the drama and the ministers of art suggest many comparisons. The first stage performance I ever witnessed will not easily be forgotten. It took place in the Boston Museum in 1850; the plays were “Speed the Plough,” and a local drama (now happily banished from the stage) called “Rosina Meadows.” Thomas Comer, who was leader of the Museum orchestra, a gentleman, actor, and musician, took me under his charge and seated me in the orchestra near the bass-drum and cymbals, where I remained until the end of the performance. The time flew in unalloyed delight until the fatal green curtain shut out all hope of

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future enjoyment. William Warren, W. H. Sedley Smith, Louis Mestayer, J. A. Smith, Adelaide Phillips, Louisa Gann, who became the wife of Wulf Fries, the celebrated 'cello player, residing in Boston, Mrs. Judah and Mr. and Mrs. Thoman, all of whom are dead with the exception of J. A. Smith, who is now an inmate of the Forrest Home in Holmesburg, Penn., and Mrs. Thoman, who was a charming actress, and for several seasons a great favorite with the Museum patrons. She was divorced from Thoman and became the wife of a Mr. Saunders, a lawyer residing in San Francisco, who died some years since. Mrs. Saunders is now living in the above city in retirement, and through the kindness of her cousin, Joseph Jefferson, is enjoying the ease of a genteel competence.

William Warren and Adelaide Phillips were the first performers who ever made a lasting impression upon me. William Warren, great as an artist and as a man. With pleasure do I pause from the record of events to present a description of the illustrious actor. He has now passed away, and to future generations the faithful description of one who delighted their fathers, and who can never be replaced, will surely prove welcome. He made his first appearance in Boston at the Howard Athenæum, Oct. 5, 1846, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the "Rivals" (the same character that W. J. Florence is now personating with the Jefferson combination). Mr. Warren remained at the Athenæum but one season, and during that time commanded the admiration of his audiences. Mr. Charles W. Hunt, a very good actor, had held the position of comedian at the Boston Museum for several seasons, but owing to some misunderstanding, left the establishment. Mr. Warren was engaged to fill the vacancy, and on the night of the 23d of August, 1847, he made his first appearance on the stage of the Museum as Billy Lackaday in the old comedy of "Sweethearts and Wives," and as Gregory Grizzle in the farce of "My Young Wife and Old Umbrella," and from that time, with the exception of one year's recession (1864-5) to the termination of the season of 1882-3, was a member of the Museum company. Thirty-six years is a long test applied to modern performers, and he that could pass such an ordeal of time, must possess merits of the very highest order, such as could supersede the call for novelty, and make void the fickleness of general applause.

All this Warren effected. The public, so far from being wearied at the long-continued cry of Warren, elevated him, if possible, into greater favoritism yearly. But his place is not to be supplied. No other actor can half compensate his loss. Independent of his faculties as an actor, so great a lover was he of his art that he would undertake with delight a character far beneath his ability. Other actors will not condescend to do this or else fear to let themselves down by doing so. Warren had no timidities about assuming a lesser part, nor did he deem it condescension. Artists of questionable greatness may deem it a degradation to personate any save a leading part. Warren felt that he did not let himself down, he raised the character to his own elevation. From this it follows that no great actor within my recollection had undertaken such a variety of characters. He was found in every possible grade of representation. His acting forms a pleasant landing place in my memory. As I wander backward, no other actor has ever so completely exemplified my idea of what a genuine comedian ought to be. He gained the highest honors that could be bestowed upon him in Boston, and established his claim to be considered one of the most chaste and finished of American actors. From Sir Peter Teazle to John Peter Pillicoddy, from Jesse Rural to Slasher, from Haversack to Box and Cox, he was equally great and efficient. I have heard it remarked that the late W. Rufus Blake stood without a rival as Jesse Rural, while Henry Placide was the best of Sir Peter Teazles. Never having witnessed the performances of those gentlemen, I am unable to speak of their merits, as older writers have sounded their praises for a generation. Saturday, Oct. 28, 1882, was the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Warren's adoption of the stage. The entertainment consisted of an afternoon and evening performance. The "Heir at Law," constituted the bill for the day performance, and "School for Scandal," was given in the evening. It was impossible indeed for the arrangements to be more perfectly accomplished. The character of the audiences was even more gratifying than its numbers. Never had been such an assemblage in any theatre. A great number of elderly persons, both men and women, interspersed with the younger people, gave a beautiful shading to the amphitheatre picture, as it was seen from the boxes. It was a tribute of respect to one who had been so long the pride of

Boston. As a matter of record I give the complete cast of the plays:—

HEIR AT LAW.

Dr. Pangloss	Wm. Warren
Dick Doulas	Chas. Barron
Zekiel Homespun	George Wilson
Daniel Doulas	A. Hudson
Kenrick	Jas. Nolan
Steadfast	J. Burrows
Henry Moreland	J. B. Mason
John	Fred Ham
Waiter	J. S. Maffitt, Jr.
Cicely Homespun	Annie Clarke
Deborah Doulas	Mrs. J. R. Vincent
Caroline Dormer	Norah Bartlett

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle	William Warren
Charles Surface	Chas. Barron
Joseph Surface	Geo. Parks
Sir Oliver Surface	A. Hudson
Sir Benjamin	J. B. Mason
Crabtree	Geo. Wilson
Moses	Wm. Seymour
Careless	Geo. C. Boniface, Jr.
Rowley	J. Burrows
Trip	J. Nolan
Snake	F. Ham
Sir Harry	J. S. Maffitt, Jr.
Servant to Joseph	A. R. Whytal
Servant to Lady Sneerwell	Geo. Cohill
Lady Teazle	Annie Clarke
Mrs. Candour	Mrs. Vincent
Marion	Norah Bartlett
Lady Sneerwell	Kate Ryan

Mr. Warren remained at the Museum during the entire season, and made his last appearance on any stage as old Eccles in "Caste," in May, 1883. From that time to the day of his death, which sad event occurred Sept. 21, 1888, Mr. Warren made Boston his home, residing at No. 2 Bulfinch Place, the residence of Amelia Fisher, where he had lived since the departure of his cousin, Mrs. Thoman, for California, in 1854. Mr. Warren left property to the value of a quarter of a million dollars. He made no public bequests, but bequeathed his entire estate to his relatives. Who is there in Boston that has not heard of Miss Amelia Fisher, the "dear old lady" of Bulfinch Place, where she has lived so many years, and at whose hospitable board so many have been welcomed? Miss Fisher, accompanied by her sisters

Jane, afterwards Mrs. Vernon, who was for many years the "first old woman" of the New York stage, and Clara, afterwards Mrs. Gaspard Maeder, married in America in 1827, and made her *début* at the Park Theatre, N. Y., singing a duet, "When a Little Farm We Keep," with William Chapman. Miss Fisher was for several seasons attached to the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and although possessing respectable abilities both as singer and actress, never attained the prominent place in the profession accorded to her more talented sisters. Miss Fisher retired from the stage in 1841, and for some years was a teacher of dancing in Boston. For over thirty-seven years Miss Fisher has entertained at her home a swarm of dramatic celebrities. Here Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wallack, Charles Couldock, Peter Richings and his daughter Caroline, Mrs. John Hoey, and Fanny Morant, dined together where, in later days, Joseph Jefferson, George Honey (the celebrated English comedian), Ada Rehan, Annie Pixley, Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, and Mr. and Mrs. Byron, ate their supper in the old kitchen, and were merry with wit and song. Since the death of Mr. Warren, Miss Fisher has not enjoyed good health, although her hospitable board is still surrounded by her friends and guests.

With the name of Adelaide Phillips there are many dear associations. When at seven or eight years of age I went to see her at the Boston Museum, the days she began to sing in "Cinderella" and the "Children of Cyprus." How the old days rise up before me now. She was then in the spring of life, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May, perfect in form, her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful, and charming in her whole appearance. She seemed to speak and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Miss Phillips was a great favorite in Boston where she made her *début* at the Tremont Theatre in January, 1842, in the play of "Old and Young," personating five characters, and introducing songs and dances. Although very youthful, she displayed great aptness and evinced remarkable musical talent. On the 25th of September, 1843, she first appeared on the boards of the Boston Museum, which then stood at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, where the Horticultural Hall now stands. The character which she assumed was Little Pickle in the "Spoiled Child." At the opening of the present Museum, Nov. 2, 1846, Miss Phillips

was attached to the company as actress-danseuse, and doing all the musical work necessary in the plays of that time. She was a most attractive member of the company, and as Morgiana (Forty Thieves), Lucy Bertram (Guy Mannering), Fairy of the Oak (Enchanted Beauty) was greatly admired. Her first decided success was as Cinderella. She was now about eighteen years of age, and the tones of her voice were rich and pure. She did not aim at "stage effect," and her singing and acting were exquisite. At that time, 1850-51, Jenny Lind was in Boston. Miss Phillips was introduced and sang to her, and her singing was so brilliant, so ringing, so finished, that her hearer was astonished, and uttered exclamations of delight. The noble-hearted Jenny sent her a check for a thousand dollars, and a letter recommending Emanuel Garcia, who had been her own teacher, as the best instructor, and amid all the triumphs of her professional career, the affection and kindness which was showered upon her by Mlle. Lind, and her Boston friends, who came forward to show their willingness to aid Miss Phillips, was never effaced from her mind. After remaining abroad several years, she returned to Boston, appearing at the Boston Theatre Dec. 3, 1855, as Count Belino, in the opera of the "Devil's Bridge," supported by the popular favorite, Mrs. John Wood. She first appeared here in Italian opera a year later as Azucena in "Il Trovatore," Madame La Grange being the Leonora. In this opera Miss Phillips was heard with great effect and never were her talents as an actress more conspicuously displayed. At the conclusion of the performance, the favorite singer received an ovation, applause rang through the theatre; the emotion which was evinced by her friends and admirers was evidently shared by herself. The character of Azucena remained a favorite one with Miss Phillips to the last. The characters in which she excelled were Maffio Orsini (Lucrezia Borgia), Rosina (Barber of Seville), and Leonora (Favorita). In 1879, she joined the Ideal Opera Company, and carried into it her vocal and dramatic culture. She continued with this company until December, 1881, when she made her last appearance on any stage in Cincinnati. Her last appearance in Boston was at the Museum, the home of her earlier triumphs, in the role of Fatinitza, a few months before her departure for the West in 1880. Ill health compelled her to

relinquish all her engagements, and on the 12th of August, 1882, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Adrian Phillips, who was the Arvilla in the early days of the Museum, sailed for Paris. After a few days' rest in that city, they reached Carlsbad, and took apartments at König's Villa, a pension for invalids. A few weeks thus passed until suddenly, on Oct. 3, 1882, the change came, and Adelaide Phillips was gone. The death of this gifted and good woman produced a painful sensation in Boston, and, indeed, all over the country she was deeply regretted. In private life she was amiable and kind-hearted, ever ready to assist the distressed. By her family and friends she was idolized, by the public she was respected for the purity of her life, and admired for her talents. Herewith I give a copy of the "bill" of Miss Phillips' last benefit at the Museum, prior to her departure for Europe.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

FAREWELL BENEFIT OF MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

Re-engagement of the eminent artists, MR. CHARLES
PITT and MRS. BARRETT.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 27, 1851.

THE HONEYMOON.

Duke Aranza	C. D. Pitt
Rolando	L. Mestayer
Jacques	W. Warren
Lampedo	J. W. Thoman
Count	J. A. Smith
Balthazar	J. L. Monroe
Lopez	G. H. Finn
Campillo	A. Bradley
Lupez	S. F. Palmer
Juliana	Mrs. Barrett
Volante	Mrs. Thoman
Zamora	Miss Adelaide Phillips

In which she will sing "Ah, What Full Delight," from
the opera of the "Bohemian Girl."

Hostess Miss Rees

Fancy dance - Miss Arvilla.

Comic dance - Masters Adrian and Fred Phillips.

Conclude with

THE SWISS COTTAGE.

Corporal Max	L. Mestayer
Nat. Tick	W. Warren
Lisette	Miss Adelaide Phillips

In which she will sing "France, I Adore Thee," and
"Liberty for Me."

A great attraction in Boston, way back in the fifties, was Anna Cora Mowatt. Her engagements were always very successful, the theatre being crowded with fashionable and intelligent audiences. Mrs. Mowatt was not a great actress. Delicacy was her most marked characteristic. "A subdued earnestness of manner, a soft musical voice, a winning witchery of enunciation, and indeed an almost perfect combination of beauty, grace, and refinement fitted her for a class of characters in which other actresses were incapable of excelling." Mrs. Mowatt was born at Bordeaux, France, during the temporary residence there of her parents about 1820. She married very young, and for a short time enjoyed every luxury that wealth could purchase. Her husband's bankruptcy drove her to the stage, where she made her first appearance at the Park Theatre as Pauline, in "Lady of Lyons," June 13, 1845. Her engagements here in Boston were played at the Howard Athenæum, then under the management of Mr. Wyzeman Marshall, who still lives, and can be seen upon the principal streets of Boston almost daily. The "houses" were very large, tickets being sold at public auction. At the termination of her engagement she was serenaded at the hotel, and throughout the country she met with the same flattering reception. Mrs. Mowatt's favorite roles were Viola, Rosalind, and Parthenia, characters now fresh in the public mind, made so by Miss Julia Marlowe. Mrs. Mowatt made her last appearance on the stage at Niblo's Theatre, N. Y., on the 3d of June, 1854. On the 7th of that month she became the wife of W. F. Ritchie. Mrs. Ritchie died in Paris a few years since, where she was much regretted by the social circle of which she was the admired star.

In 1852, at the National Theatre, which was situated on Portland Street, Charlotte Cushman commenced her farewell to the stage in the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." Charlotte Cushman was now at the summit of her art. She was universally allowed to be the greatest tragedienne of the day. And this recognition was due to her fine genius. She owed nothing to artifice or meretricious attraction. Nothing was left to chance, for the indomitable spirit and zealousness with which she had sustained herself under adverse circumstances had done not a little to elevate her in the regard of her countrymen and admirers. This was the first of a series

of "farewell engagements," inaugurated by Miss Cushman, and continued to her real and positive farewell in 1875.

I have always had an objection to ladies personating Romeo, but I waived that feeling in favor of Miss Cushman. Her personation of Romeo was beautiful and even pathetic. The passionate grief of young Montague in the third act was subdued by a tearful pathos. Nothing could surpass her reading of the character: it was a triumph, and in a word it would be difficult to conceive anything more grand than this impersonation. It is difficult to conceive a character more highly dramatic or more impassioned than that of Lady Macbeth. The conflicts, emotions, and power of the ambitious queen were portrayed with a truth, a grandeur of effect, unequalled since by any actress. Miss Cushman's impersonation of Meg Merriles was one of the finest illustrations of originality the stage ever witnessed. There was no effort to resemble the character. She entered the stage the character itself, transposed into the situation, excited by hope and fear, breathing the life and the spirit of the being she represented. In my opinion, when Charlotte Cushman died, so did Meg Merriles, and it will be many a day before the old gipsy queen will produce that indescribable effect upon an audience, as in the days of Cushman. At the Boston Theatre, June 2, 1858, Miss Cushman as Romeo, her farewell to the stage. At the same theatre, in 1860, another farewell, Miss Cushman as Romeo, who with the aid of Mrs. Barrow as Juliet, John Gilbert as Friar Laurence, and Mrs. John Gilbert as the nurse, made up a very strong cast. Here, at the Howard Athenæum in 1861, then under the management of that talented actor (who, by the way, was the best Hamlet I ever saw,) Edgar L. Davenport, Miss Cushman was announced April 11, 1861, positively her last night in Boston, when Romeo and Juliet was given with a remarkable cast. E. L. Davenport was the Mercutio, John Gilbert the Friar, John McCullough, Tybalt, Frank Hardenbergh, Prince Esculus, Dan Setchell, Peter, W. J. Le Moyne, Capulet, Miss Josephine Orton (a very brilliant actress, and now the wife of Benj. E. Woolf, of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*), Juliet, Mrs. John Gilbert as the nurse (she had no superior in this role), and Charlotte Cushman as Romeo, truly a fine array of talent, all of whom have passed away with the exception of Miss Orton and Mr. Le

Moyne. This was Miss Cushman's last performance of Romeo in Boston. In the spring of 1875, Miss Cushman played another farewell engagement, which proved in truth a reality. It was at the Globe Theatre, and Saturday, May 15, 1875, was announced as Miss Cushman's farewell to the stage. Macbeth was the play, with Miss Cushman as Lady Macbeth. As an event worth remembering, I give the complete cast:—

Macbeth	D. W. Waller
Macduff	G. B. Waldron
Banquo	Chas. Fyffe
Malcolm	Lin Harris
Duncan	James Dunn
Physician	C. Pierson
Drunken Porter	E. Coleman
Rosse	S. Clarke
Seyter	G. Conner
Sergeant	John Connor
Donaldbain	Miss Wilkes
1st Witch	E. Coleman
2d Witch	Mrs. A. Hayes
3d Witch	J. H. Connor
Gentlewoman	Miss Athena

A most inefficient company, exceedingly weak in the masculine department, while the actresses were barely tolerable. The highest anticipations of a brilliant engagement had been indulged in by the management, and bitter was their disappointment, and great the chagrin of Miss Cushman to find that this "positively farewell engagement" failed to create anything of a furore. The public had been so often deceived by these announcements, that they failed to respond to the box office. In this special performance of "Macbeth," Miss Cushman was hailed with prolonged acclamations. Old admirers were there who still recollected her when she was the greatest ornament of the stage. Younger ones assembled to catch the last rays of a genius which had filled Europe and America with its splendor. The former sought this memory of days gone by, the latter came to pay deference to the verdict of a previous generation. At the close of the performance Miss Cushman was called to the footlights, there to receive the tribute due to her name and fame from the not over large audience. The spectacle was interesting, yet it was melancholy, not to say painful, to all who could feel with true artistic sympathy. Her last appearance was soon forgotten in the turmoil of dramatic events, but her

name still gleams with traditional lustre in the annals of dramatic fame. Miss Cushman never again appeared in Boston, for on the 18th day of February, 1876, she breathed her last at the Parker House, Boston. Her funeral took place at King's Chapel, in presence of a large concourse of people, and her body rests in Mount Auburn. Miss Cushman was a very wealthy woman, but her generosities were not numerous; even the little Cushman school, named in her honor, was forgotten in her will. Her relatives (nephews and nieces) reside, I believe, in Newport, R. I., and are the sole possessors of her large estate. I omitted to mention that Charlotte Cushman's last appearance in public was as a reader in Easton, Penn., June 2, 1875.

THE MICROSCOPE FROM A MEDICAL, MEDICO-LEGAL, AND LEGAL POINT OF VIEW.

BY FREDERICK GAERTNER, A. M., M. D.

WHEN the microscope was first invented, it was regarded as a mere accessory, a plaything, an unnecessary addition, and an imposition upon the medical profession and upon the public in general. But since 1840, when the European oculists and scientists began to make microscopical researches and investigations, not only in the medical profession, but also in botanical and geological studies, etc., and since 1870, when, throughout the civilized world, the microscope came into general use in chemical analysis and other studies, it ceased to be considered an accessory, and is now regarded as an extremely necessary apparatus, especially in minute examinations and investigations; also in the advancement of every branch of science and art.

Had Galen, Celsus, Hippocrates, and the other great scientists of old, known the use of the microscope, they would have made no such grave blunders as in the advocacy of the theory that the arteries of the human body contain and carry air during life, instead of oxygenized blood only. They were of the erroneous opinion that the blood stayed in the extremities, not to nourish and sustain the tissues, but simply to act as a humor in lubricating the same (tissues).

Then, again, had it not been for the microscope, the great English surgeon and physician, James Paget, would not have discovered that deadly parasite, the *trichina-spiralis*, which had already slaughtered thousands upon thousands of human beings. And yet the existence of *trichina-spiralis* may be dated as far back as the time of Moses, who even then advocated prohibition of the use of pork as a food, and who considered pork not only an unwholesome food, but dangerous and even poisonous.

The microscope is certainly the best friend that a scientist can have. A physician without a microscope is like a man

without eyes: he is uncertain and unprotected and must be considered incompetent, simply because he cannot arrive at a correct and positive conclusion in diagnosing and prognosing his case.

The value of the microscope cannot be overestimated, at least in the examination of the sputa of a human being, and thus being able to state positively whether or not the man is suffering from consumption (Tuberculosis). How important it is to be able to state with certainty at an early date whether or not the patient is suffering from cancer of the stomach, by examining the vomits microscopically.

The microscope is composed of a simply constructed horse-shoe or tripod base with a column, tube, reflector, and lenses of different magnifying powers, ranging from one to five thousand diameters. It is a most extraordinary and at the same time a most simple apparatus, an invaluable instrument, whose use any person with a little skill can learn in a few hours' practice.

Much has already been published of late years concerning the microscope applied in a medico-legal sense (examinations). This surely is a very broad field and much remains for future observation and investigation. Everything that concerns medical examinations in a legal sense or legal examinations in a medical sense can be facilitated and accurately determined by the use of the microscope. For instance, let me call your attention to the world-renowned "Cronin" case of Chicago, in which the medical experts demonstrated to a certainty that the blood, hair, and brain matter found in the Coulson cottage and sewer drop were those of a human being. And what was still more remarkable they demonstrated by the microscope accurately and positively that the hair and blood found in the cottage and fatal trunk were those of the late Dr. Cronin, only in a modified condition.

Without a doubt the microscope is the most advantageous and most efficacious apparatus that a scientist has ever invented and constructed. It is an especially powerful factor in enlightening complex and difficult cases concerning medico-legal examinations, where the combined efforts of an attorney and an expert microscopist are required. Within the last decade, scientists have demonstrated to a certainty the possibility of distinguishing old and dried human blood

spots, whether on clothing, wood, iron, or any other object, from those of animal blood. Scientists, especially pathologists and histologists, have demonstrated the great value of the microscope in distinguishing not only the skin, blood, hair, and brain matter, but also the excretions and secretions of the human body from those of animals.

Again, the microscope applied in medico-legal practice, particularly in malpractice suits, suits for damages, those requiring the detection of adulteration of food or drink, is of the greatest importance. It is not less valuable in determining the purity of an article, especially whether or not the food or drink has spoiled or undergone fermentation, and in detecting the accumulation and development of micro-organisms such as germs, bacilli, etc. Prominent among these uses are of course the detection of oleomargarine, the adulteration of drugs, liquors, milk, groceries, sausages, etc.

The utilization of the microscope as a factor in the solution of legal difficulties is as interesting as it is valuable, and in that connection I wish to cite a few lines from an exhaustive paper read by the Hon. Geo. E. Fell, M. D., F. R. M. S., before the American Society of Microscopists, relating to the "*Examination of Legal Documents with the Microscope.*"

"This subject is of practical importance, in which the value of the microscope has again and again been demonstrated. On several occasions have we been enabled to clear the path for justice to ferret out the work of the contract falsifier, and shield the innocent from the unjust accusations of interested rogues. The range of observations in investigations of written documents with the microscope is a broad one. We may begin with the characteristics of the paper upon which the writing is made, which may enable us to ascertain many facts of importance; for instance, a great similarity might indicate, with associated facts, that the documents were prepared at about the same time. A marked dissimilarity might also have an important bearing upon the case. The difference of the paper may exist in the character of the fibres composing it, the finish of the paper whether rough or smooth, the thickness, modifying the transmissibility of light, the color, all of which may be ascertained with the microscope.

"The ink used in the writing may then be examined. If

additions have been made to the document within a reasonable time of its making, microscopic examination will in all probability demonstrate the difference by keeping the following facts in view: Some inks in drying assume a dull, or shining surface; if in sufficient quantity, the surface may become cracked, presenting, when magnified, an appearance quite similar, but of a different color, to that of the dried bottom of a clayey pond after the sun has baked it for a few days. The manner in which the ink is distributed upon the paper, whether it forms an even border, or spreads out to some extent, is a factor which may be also noted. The color of the ink by transmitted or reflected illumination is also a very important factor. This in one case which I had in hand proved of great importance and demonstrated the addition of certain words which completely annulled the value of the document in a case involving several thousand dollars. And in a certain case where the lines of a certain document were written over with the idea of entirely covering the first written words, the different colors of the inks could not be concealed from the magnified image as seen under reasonably low powers of the microscope."

The value of the microscope in this field of research is so great and the facts elicited by it so vital, I wish to emphasize its practical utility as strongly as possible. Of course the principal object in such an examination of written or printed documents is the erasures or additions; then the coloring of different inks applied and the mode of their execution. As to erasures, this can be accomplished in two ways, either by the use of a penknife or by a chemical preparation. The former is the one most commonly resorted to, and is effected in the following manner. With a well sharpened knife blade the surface of the paper is carefully scraped until all objectionable lettering and wording appear to the naked eye to have been effaced; but under a microscopical examination the impression made by the strokes of the pen may easily be detected, while the different colors of the inks are still plainly visible under the microscope.

The second method is by the application of a chemical preparation by which the ink is made soluble and is then easily removed from the paper by means of a blotter or absorbent cotton. Of course this method is also an imperfect one and the letters can easily be traced by close obser-

vation. When a chemical preparation has been used for erasing purposes, I find that in most cases it leaves a stain and also that the fibres of the paper are more or less destroyed by the chemical used; thus always leaving evidence that the document has been tampered with.

George E. Fell in his excellent paper says: "The eye of the individual making the erasures is certainly not sufficient, and even with the aid of a hand magnifier, the object might not be effectually accomplished. We will find that the detection of an erasure made by the knife is a very simple matter and may be detected by the novice. An investigation may be made by simply holding the document before a strong light and this is usually all that is necessary to demonstrate the existence of an erasure of any consequence.

"This is, however, a very different matter from making out the outlines of a word or detecting the general arrangement of the fibres of the paper, so as to be able to state whether writing has been executed on certain parts of the document; and again, when we enter into the minutiae of the subject, we will find that the compound microscope will give us results not to be obtained by the simple hand magnifier."

On several occasions I have had the opportunity for demonstrating with the microscope additions made to certain documents, two of which were wills (testaments); these additions were made in the following manner:—First an erasure was made and then the additional matter written over the erasure. With the microscope I could at once detect the erasure beneath the addition; also the different colors of the inks. Then, and this is the most important result of the microscopical examination, by close observation, I could discern the strokes of the pen in the original lettering as well as those of the additional lettering, and finally the general mode of their execution.

In regard to the examination of legal documents, United States currency, printed and written matter, mutilated documents, including forgeries, etc., from a legal point of view (as to their genuineness), it will suffice to say that the principal features are, as already stated, first, the detection of erasures and additions; second, the comparison of the colors of the different inks used in the original and in the additional lettering, and finally the mode of their execution. This includes of course a careful observation of the original

writing as to the general and comparative expression. In the observation of the characteristics of the letters constituting the document, I will call attention especially to the shading and general formation of the letters, that is, the stroke of the pen either in a downward or upward movement. This comparison includes both capital and small letters and even punctuation.

All these things, as well as the grammatical and orthographical relationship and comparative differentiations, must be taken into consideration in order to enable the microscopical examiner to give a positive opinion.

A microscopical examination of paper documents, such as wills, notes, checks, etc., as to whether or not they have been mutilated or forged, is certainly the most reliable test, and by far the easiest and simplest method of determining the authenticity or spuriousness of a document. An expert microscopist and observer can at once arrive at a correct and positive conclusion as to the genuineness of an autograph.

The use of the microscope in the examination of United States currency is invaluable, and I believe the only perfectly reliable test for distinguishing counterfeit currency from the genuine bills. In this examination the following observations are necessary, to the last of which I wish to call special attention: First, the quality of the paper used; second, the general execution and finish of the bill; third, the ink used for the printed reading matter as well as for the autograph; fourth, the two red lines; these lines in a genuine bill are produced by two red silk threads woven into the paper, and running lengthwise of the bill. In a counterfeit bill these lines are not of silk thread, but are simply two lines drawn with red ink. This is the crowning test in the detection of counterfeit currency, and I have no doubt that the same tests will hold good in the examination of foreign currency.

A GRAIN OF GOLD.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

EVERYBODY said he would go to the bad; everybody expected it of him. Whether it was the fulfilment of the promise, "As thy faith so be it," or whether he felt any conscientious obligation resting upon him not to disappoint public expectation, nobody knows. Nobody was surprised, however, when news went over the town that Jim Royal was going to the penitentiary.

Going to "the pen" at sixteen years of age. Nobody thought of that. Moreover, the old Tennessee prison contains scores of boys *under* sixteen, for that matter; and if they do not work satisfactorily, the lessees of the prison have made no complaint of them; therefore, they *do* work satisfactorily; for the lessees are not likely to pay the State for the privilege of feeding worthless hands. But as for vagabond Jim, if anybody thought of him at all, it was something after this wise:

"Safe place. Keep him out of mischief. Protect other people's boys. Bad influence, Jim's. Town's scourge. Bad mother before him. Questionable father. Made to work."

Now there were two considerations in this category, concerning which the public opinion was exactly correct. More so, indeed, than public opinion is usually known to be. Namely: Jim would "be made to work." No doubt about that. There were straps for the obstreperous, the water-pump for the sullen, the pool for the belligerent, the lash for the lazy, and for the rebellious—the shotgun.

Oh, yes; Jim would be made to work. The town was quite right about that.

The other consideration, although not altogether so important, was a trifle more interesting. Jim's "questionable father"!

It was his mother's fault that public *interest* (?) was not gratified. And it never forgave the poor outcast for leaving

the world with that seal of secrecy still unbroken. The heart broke, but not the seal. They cast her off utterly when, poor girl-mother, she stubbornly refused to reveal the name of her betrayer. To them there was nothing heroic in the answer, "Because *my* life is ruined, shall I ruin his?"

So they treasured it against her in her grave, and against her son after her, in his grave too, that living, loathsome sepulchre, the State prison.

But they had surmised a good deal regarding Jim's paternal parentage. They searched for resemblances, birth-marks, peculiarities of feature, owning that nature always set her brand upon the bastard, and that the features, as well as the iniquities of the father, are always visited upon the illegitimate. If this be the case, Jim must have come of some strange blood. And yet, knowing him and his history, some might have traced the poor mother in the boy, although of that mother he knew very little. He had been told — oh, yes, he had been told — that she was found in a garret one December morning with a vagabond baby nursing at her dead breast. And old Nancy Piatt, the only one who ever seemed to dislike talking to the lad about it, had told him that she was "a pretty corpse, as pretty as the grave ever held," and that the dead lips wore a smile, those dead lips that never would, and never could, give up their pitiful secret. Poor lips; death had granted that which life denied them — a smile. Stubbornness, the town gossips called the woman's silence. In other circumstances it would have answered to the higher term of fidelity, or, perhaps, heroism. Jim was very like his mother, old Nancy said, despite Dame Nature's habit of branding. Surely Nancy ought to be authority, for when the boy was left, at two months old, on the town, old Nancy Piatt, a drunken old crone, who washed the clothes of the rich all the week, and drank her earnings Saturday evenings, was the only one who offered to "take the cub" whom the authorities were ready to give away.

A sorry chance had Jim, although he never realized that. At ten he could drink as much liquor as Nancy herself, and outswear the ablest lawyer in the town. At twelve he could pick a lock better than a blacksmith, and was known as one of the most cunning sneak thieves in the place. At fourteen he beat a little boy of eight unmercifully. (Did anybody

expect old Nancy to tell him that was the crown crime of cowardice?)

Then someone suspected Nancy of a crime. One of those nameless crimes concerning which the law is very jealous, not considering the slander prevented, the "good name preserved," and the disgrace averted. All in high circles, and all set in the scale against a useless little baby,—a wicked little illegitimate baby, that is so heartless as to be born, and thereby bring a world of trouble upon wealthy and respectable people.

That old Nancy—for handsome considerations—had made away with the selfish baby, Jim knew as well as anybody. And when he was offered quite as handsome a sum to tell all he knew about it, his reply was to plant his fist in the eye of the man who had made the offer. Not that he cared for the cause the babe's coming had disgraced. He only meant to stand by old Nance, and not all the money in the county's coffers could have forced his lips to speak that which would hurt her. He was afterward arrested and brought before the magistrate, together with Nance, and swore, not by the calendared saints,—he hadn't made their acquaintance,—but by "George," by "Gum," by "Gosh," and even by God himself that he knew nothing at all about the matter. They knew he was lying, but there was no way to prove it, as he attempted no dodge. He was merely ignorant. Nance hadn't asked him to do this; she knew he would do it if necessary. She had not attempted to win his love, his confidence, or his gratitude. Perhaps she believed, in her blind way, that these things are born, not won, like respect, and honor, and admiration. He was fifteen when this happened. At sixteen Nance died from the effects of a blow from a policeman's club while trying to arrest her. Two weeks later the policeman died from the effects of a blow from Jim's club while trying to protect old Nance. Two *months* later the prison door closed on Jim, and the town took breath again in a long, relieved sigh of "*Safe at last!*" As if vagabond Jim's salvation had lain a weight for sixteen years upon their consciences.

It was certainly the face of a hardened creature that followed the sheriff to the railroad station that June morning. June, sweet, old love-laden, rose-burdened June. Of all the year to give up one's freedom in June. And how many

years before he would breathe the free, rose-haunted air of another June. Twenty. Why, the twentieth century would be dawning before he would be free again. Would his face be any the less hard at the expiration of his term? *The penitentiary isn't a hotbed of virtue*, and Jim wasn't wax. Nobody wasted any hopes on him,—except the lessees, who, finding him able-bodied, young, and healthy, sent him to the Branch prison to dig coal.

There an old gray-bearded warden offered a plea for his youth, and a protest against the associations of the Branch, and was promptly reminded that the Tennessee State prison was not a reformatory institute, but that it had been leased as a financial speculation, which was expected to yield at *least* ten per cent. on the money invested by the lessees.

So Jim went to the coal mines in the mountains, leaving his life, his poor, puny sixteen years of dust and degradation, behind him. If there was anything of brightness, any softening memory, any tender touch of the human — *dream* touches are they to the castaway — which Jim carried with him, it was the memory of old Nance, drunken, filthy, murderous old Nance, and the face of the gray-bearded warden who had lifted his voice in his behalf.

It was noon of a day in June, early in the eighties, that Jim trudged across the coal-sprinkled ridge upon which rose the great gray, weather-beaten, rat-infested fence, which was dignified by the name of stockade. To go out of life into a dungeon like that, and at noon of a day in June. That Jim made no sign was accredited to his hardness of heart. That, having registered and heard an official sneer at the name, Jim Royal, and having passed through the hands of the barber, and being duly entered at last among the State's hired help, and dropped down on his ill-smelling bunk, a rat came and gnawed his ear, and the vermin crawled unmolested over him, and still he gave no sign, was set down to the account of his laziness.

"He won't be vicious," the warden said, "he is too lazy," and he thought yearningly of the raw-hide lash hanging in the office. That the stupor might be the result of weariness had never once suggested itself. If it had, why still there was the lash. The lessees' *ten per cent.* must be gotten out of that herd in the stockade, even if it should be necessary to beat it out.

But when, the next morning, Jim fell into his place as brisk as any, the warden began to waver between the lash and the pool. If he did not need the one, he was fairly seen to require the other. All of them needed some one, may be two, of the prison's medicines, and the warden made a special point of spying out the diseases of new arrivals, and applying the remedy as soon as possible. It told them, more plainly than words, precisely the manner of treatment they were to expect in case of any appearance of any of the several moral diseases with which all convicts, young, old, rich, or poor, were supposed to be afflicted.

Therefore, the warden "had his eye on Jim." And when the gang started from the stockade across the black, coal-dusted mountains, to the blacker mine beneath, he called to the new arrival, draining the last of some sloppy coffee from a dingy tin cup at the greasy, board table of the shed room that served for dining-room, and laundry, during the week, and for chapel on Sundays.

"Come here, sir; what's your name, sir? At least what one did you leave on the book out there?"

"The only one I've got," said Jim. "The clerk down there made it to spell Royal."

"Royal." A sneer curled the lips of the official. "Here Black" — to the guard, — "add this royal renegade to your company. Here, you fellow, fall into line here, and be quick about it."

To Jim, accustomed from the day his dead mother's nipple had been taken from his toothless gums to having his own free will, the surly command came like a threat. He hesitated.

"Will you come, you bit of carrion, or shall I fetch you?"

Jim stood like a young lion at bay. His hands unconsciously drew up into fists; one foot moved forward; the prisoners stood in wondering groups, some recalling the day, five, ten, fifteen, aye, even fifty years before, when they, too, had thought of defence. They, too, had stood at bay. But they had learned the folly of it, and they knew Jim would learn too; but still they half hoped he would get in that one blow before the lesson began.

Such fists! such strength! And he came on like a young tiger, his eyes ablaze, his nostrils quivering, his arm poised, his full chest expanding, perfectly aware the officer was feeling

for the pistol at his belt, when, quick and noiseless, a small hand, white and delicate as a woman's, reached out and drew the clenched fist down; a soft voice, softened by despair, said: "It isn't any use; they'll down you at last, and you only make it harder."

It was all done so quickly, the guards around had not had time "to draw," else the rebellious one had received the reward of rebellion.

The warden replaced his pistol, with a curse upon it for not obeying his effort to draw it. The young convict had ceased hostilities, and stood submissive by the side of his unknown friend. He had not once glanced at him, but something in his voice had controlled and subdued his passion.

"Away with him," cried the officer. "To the pump, and afterward to the pool. Get the straps ready there. We'll show our *royal* friend who is master here."

Again came an idea of resistance, but the same small hand was laid upon his arm.

"My friend, it isn't any use. I tried it all. Go on and be punished. It is part of life here. You receive it whether merited or not."

They dragged him off, strapped him, hand and foot, and writhing, foaming, like the untamed wild beast that he was, they thrust him under the great prison pump.

"That will cool his royal blood," laughed a guard, as the fearful force of the cold current beating upon his shaven head knocked him senseless.

Drenched and beaten, utterly exhausted, he lay like a limp rag, until three men had spent their strength upon the pump. Then to the pool they dragged him, and "ducked" him three times into the dark, stagnant water. Then back to the warden who asked if he "thought he had enough."

"Not enough to make me take your jaw," was the foolish answer.

"The lash," said the warden, and the miserable, half-drowned creature was taken away to be beaten "into subjection."

The guard overlooked the punishment. A stout, burly convict was required to perform it. He would have refused, being in like strait, only that he knew the uselessness. He had been there a long time, forty years, and according to his sentence would be there for fifty more. He had picked up

a little scripture at the prison Sunday school, so that when he lifted the whip above the back they had made bare for it, he whispered, by way of apology:—

“And one Simon, a Cyrenian, him they compelled to bear the cross.”

But Jim didn't understand even if he had heard. All he heard was that low, patient voice calling him “friend.”

In the afternoon he was sent down to the mines, subdued, but not conquered. Every evil passion of his nature had been aroused, and would never slumber again.

After that first day's experience he seemed indeed a wild beast. He fought among the prisoners, rebelled against the rules of the prison, would have nothing to do with any but the worst of the men, shirked his work until he had to be strapped and beaten, in short, made a record that had never been surpassed by any previous man on the prison record.

Yet, when there was danger of any kind, he was the first there. One morning there was an explosion in the mine, and more than a score of prisoners were in danger of being suffocated before help could reach them. Indeed everybody was afraid to venture in that black hole from which the hot, sulphurous gases were pouring. Everybody but Jim. Even the warden had to admit Jim's courage. “He aint afraid of the devil,” he declared, when he saw the boy jump into an empty coal car, call to the mule to “git up,” and disappear in the gas and smoke with the empty cars rumbling behind him. It was a long time before he came out, but he brought ten insensible convicts in his first haul. The lessees recommended him for that, and promised to make it good sometime if he kept on at that rate.

Another time there was a fire. The rumbling old rat-hole was threatened with destruction, and with it three hundred and seventy-five of the State's charges. The men glared like beasts through the cracks of the tottering stockade. Liberty, it would come surely in some form. The fire was confined for a time to the wing where the hospital was. But when it mounted in a great blood-dappled sheet of flame to the top of an old rotten tower above the main building, where the prisoners were huddled, it became evident that all must go unless the old tower could be torn away. Up the uneven, rickety wall went Jim, nimble as a squirrel. Crack! crack! fell the dead boards, then with a clang and

clamor, down rolled the old bell from its perch, carrying with it the last of the burning tower.

Jim climbed down as sullen as ever. He didn't care to save the old shanty, or to win any praise from anybody. He was simply not afraid, and his courage would not permit him to do other than what he did.

Nobody cared for him specially, although the soft-voiced man with the small, womanish hands spoke to him often, and always kindly. Jim never forgot that he had called him friend. The memory of it stayed with him, like the kiss of a first love that lingers long after love is dead. Most of the men were afraid of him, so fierce was his temper, and so easily aroused. Even the warden had learned that he could not tame him. The strap, the lash, the pool, the pump, had been applied times without number. The warden was still "looking around" for the time to apply the last resource, the shotgun. It was pretty sure to come, for the boy was entirely "unscrupulous."

Summer set in again. Again June came, and tried to bloom even on the coal-tracked mountain about the mine. Somewhere up back among the pine and shadows the wild roses were blooming, and the grapes. Their odors came down to the men as they tramped across the hot, bare, coal-strewn way between the stockade and the mines.

With the coming of June came a number of strangers to the mountain. They always came in the warm season, but they quartered themselves over in the town, beyond the stockade, and the stench, and filth, and crime found there.

Only one, a young man, a minister who had been expelled from the church in the city where he had preached, found his way to the prison. He went out one Sunday afternoon, and asked permission to preach to the convicts. It was freely granted. Such wild heresy! Such odd, eccentric ideas! Such flights of oratory! Such fiery brands tossed into the old tabernacles of religious belief! Such blows upon the old batteries of narrowness and impossibility! They had never heard anything like it. Had he preached thus anywhere else he would have been promptly silenced. But a lot of convicts was not an audience likely to be injured by the too free circulating of the doctrine he advocated. What if he should convince them that eternal punishment was a myth, and an insult flung in the face of the Creator? A slur

upon His justice, and a lie to His divine goodness? What if he snapped his finger at a lake of brimstone and of eternal fire? And his wild ravings about an inconsistent Being, accepted as the head of all wisdom, and tenderness, and mercy, and at the same time as the perfection of all cruelty and injustice, in that He creates only to destroy, — what if the seed scattered should take root? What if those old sin-blackened souls should comfort themselves with the new doctrine, the idea that no good can be lost? God cannot be God and destroy any good thing. It is wicked, it is devilish to kill that which is good. God cannot be wicked and be the good God, the kind All-Father, at the same time. Nor has He created any so vile as to be without some one virtue. In the dust of the evil He has not failed to drop one grain of gold to glisten, and to make glad the dull waste of life. The grain is there, planted by God's hand, in *every* soul. It was in *their* souls, poor, old, sin-covered, forsaken souls, toiling up to the light through those begrimed walls among the filth, and dust, and mould. Not one of them but was God's work, and bore His grain of gold. None would be lost, not one. What matter if the prison registrar's table of deaths did record so many, Found dead! Drowned! Killed! Shot! Blank! Blank! Blank! Meaning they disappeared, nobody knows how or when.

It was a strange, sweet hope to them, that came in that wild sermon of a bishop-silenced young heretic. They thought about it a good deal, and began, some of them whose terms were to expire with life, to dig down into the rust and mire with the spade of conscience for the hidden grain.

The minister was at the stockade often, cheering, sympathizing, and always comforting the convicts with the certainty of eternal love, and the folly of eternal punishment. One day he stumbled upon a man who was being strapped and prepared for punishment at the pump. His face was sullen, and there were splotches of blood on his clothes, and he limped when he attempted to walk. Still there was something in the old, young face, that neither cruelty nor threats could kill. They might turn on the icy water, and exhaust themselves with lashing him, but that stoic determination would not yield. They might *murder* him, but from his fixed, dead eyes, *it* would glare at them, that same heroic,

immovable *something* that had shone in the staring eyes of his dead mother.

No visitors were allowed in that part of the prison, so the minister held back until, fearing the limp figure under the pump would be beaten to death by the cruel pour of water upon his head, he stepped forward to interfere.

"In God's name, I beg you stop," he cried, his hand uplifted, his eyes full of tears. "Your punishment is beastly. What has the fellow done? Is someone murdered?"

"Someone ought to be," sullenly replied the man at the pump-handle. "And someone might be if this sneaking rascal was the only hope of preventing it."

There had been a plot among the convicts to batter down the shaky old stockade, and break for freedom. They had secured a gun and some ammunition, where, no one could tell, and the plot had well-nigh succeeded. The guard on the wall had been killed, three men had escaped, and the prison bloodhounds were lying in the kennel with their throats cut.

Already the governor of the State had telegraphed freedom to the convicts not in the scheme who would give the names of those engaged in it. Even the leader's name; for *that* freedom was offered, pardon unconditional.

Something let fall discovered to the warden that Jim, while not in, was familiar with the whole history of the insurrection. The offer of freedom had no further effect upon him than a careless refusal to comply with the terms set forth. But when force was suggested, he set his lips in that old way that belonged to his mother, and said nothing. Three days they gave him to "knock under." But the only change noticeable during that time was a more decided sullenness, a look in the cold, gray eyes that meant death rather than yielding.

Once the soft-voiced young man who had put out his hand in his defence the day of his arrival at the stockade, and had afterward called him "friend," the only time he had ever heard the word addressed to himself, once he came over where Jim sat cleaning the warden's boots, and motioned him.

Jim shook his head, and went on blacking the big boots. But when the young convict drew nearer, and tried to take his hand, he drew back, and struck at him viciously with the blacking brush.

"Git out, will you! And don't come a-fooling with this brush, lest you want your d — n head broke."

He had seen a guard spying upon them at a half open door in the rear of the young convict. At Jim's outburst of temper the guard entered.

"Come away from him, Solly," he said, "the surly beast is as like as not to knock your brains out."

The convict turned to obey, but the glance he got of Jim's face carried a full explanation. The temper was affected to keep down suspicion. After that came the punishment at the pump, the merciless beating, and then, all things proving unavailing, he was put in the dungeon to have the "truth starved out of him."

After three days he was brought out, faint, pale, ready to die at every step, but with that same immovable *something* shining in his eyes, and his lips still set in the old way that he had of his mother.

His hands were manacled, and an iron chain clanked about his feet as he dragged them wearily one after the other. For three days he had tasted no food, except a rat that he had caught in the dungeon. He ate it raw, like a dog, and searched eagerly for another. Just as he had found it, and skinned it with the help of his teeth, the guard peered through the grating, and seeing what he was doing, entered, and put handcuffs upon him, after first removing the raw flesh to a point where he could see, but not touch it. And there it lay, torturing him while he starved. And there it lay until it became carrion, and tortured him again. And then they had dragged him out again, out under the blue sky, where the trees — the old sweet-smelling pines — were waving their purple plumes upon the distant mountains, and the wild grape filled the air with perfume, and the wild roses were pink as childhood's sweet, young dreams, and over all was bended the blue heaven. And heaven spread before him, heaven; behind him lay hell, fifteen years of it less one. And they gave him choice again betwixt the two. They even crammed a bit of moral in the offer. "It was right," they said, "to tell on those who had broken the prison regulations, mere justice to the lessees." Right! too late to talk to him of right. He glanced once at the pines, going farther away, whiffed at the pleasant odor of the grape blooms, waved his hand to the

roses, in farewell, perhaps, lifted his face to the blue heaven — he had never looked heavenward before in all his wretched years, — then, wearing that same old look of his mother's, he turned, without a word, and re-entered the prison.

Back to the pump, the lash, and at last to the dungeon.

But he no longer dreaded it. It was the Sabbath, and the shackles had been removed, but he was too weary to notice the rat that came out and sat peering at him, nibbling at his wet prison clothes, and his feet and hands. Even the carrion did not disturb any more. The scent of the wild grape blooms was still in his nostrils. And when the day wore on, and the two o'clock bell sounded, calling the men to Sunday school, he started up with a cry of "Here." He had thought the bell a voice at the dungeon door, and fancied that it said, "friend!"

He dropped back, with a smile on his lips. Could old Nance have peeped in at that moment she would have pronounced him very like his mother with that smile, and that stanch old heroism shining in his wide, dead eyes.

Down in the office the registrar entered upon the death list:

"James Royal — Natural death."

Natural? then God help the unnatural.

"The worst one ever fell into our hands," the warden told the minister as he came out of the chapel with the soft-voiced friend of the dead man's. "Not a spark of good in *him*, parson. Jim Royal knocks your theory all to pieces."

But the friend had been telling the minister a story. And as he passed out at the rattling stockade gate, he, too, glanced up at the blue sky. His doubts were gone, if there had been any, his faith was planted in God's eternal goodness.

"Can such die?" he mused, "such faithfulness, such magnificent courage, such glorious fidelity? Is it possible that such can pass away into eternal torment?"

The soft wind touched his cheek and bore heavenward the prayer he breathed:—

"Forbid it, Almighty God."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE TO-DAY. PERSECUTED FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

The decision recently handed down by Judge Hammond, of the United States District Court, in the celebrated case of R. M. King, is rich in lessons of vital importance to thoughtful minds at the present time of unrest, when conservatism is seeking on every hand, even under the cloak of radical movements, to secure statutes and legal constructions of laws which may at an early day be used to fetter thought, crush liberty, and throttle the vanguard of progress. Briefly stated, the important facts in the case in question are as follows : Mr. King is an honest, hard-working farmer. He is charged with no breach of morals; in fact, it appears that he is a remarkably upright man. But he is a Seventh Day Adventist; that is, he does not hold the same religious views as the majority in his State. He stands in the same relation to his countrymen as that occupied by the early disciples of Christ to Roman society when Nero undertook to punish Christians by kindling nightly human fires for the delectation of conservative or majority thought. He is of the minority, even as the Huguenots were in the minority when the Church tortured, racked, and burned them for the glory of God and the good of humanity. He is of the minority, as was Roger Williams when, in 1635, the popular and conventional thought of Salem banished him. Mr. King is not an infidel or even a doubter. On the contrary he is ardently religious, being a zealous and conscientious member of a sect of Christians noted for their piety and faith. The Adventists, of whom he is an honored member, it must be remembered, hold somewhat peculiar views about the second advent of Christ. They believe they find in the Bible commands making it obligatory upon them to keep holy the seventh day of the week, or the Hebrew Sabbath, instead of Sunday, the holiday and rest day observed by most Christian denominations. Now it was shown in the trial that, conforming to his belief, Mr. King strictly observed the Sabbath or Saturday, but being a poor farmer he could not afford to rest two days each week, or over one hundred days in the year, and, therefore, after having kept the Sabbath he plowed in his field on Sunday. This aroused the pious indignation of the narrow-minded and bigoted members of the community who profess to follow that great Leader who taught us to judge not, to resist not evil, and to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. These Christians (?) who, unfortunately for the cause of justice and religious liberty, are in the majority in Tennessee, had this conscientious, God-fearing man arrested as a common felon, and convicted of the heinous crime (?) of Sabbath-breaking by plowing on Sunday. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and the

sentence was affirmed. Then the Adventists and the National Secular Association took up the case. Hon. Don M. Dickinson was engaged as counsel, and the case was taken to the Federal Court last November on a writ of habeas corpus, the contention being that the conviction was contrary to the bill of rights of Tennessee and the Constitution of the United States, and that the defendant was held prisoner by the sheriff without due process of law. The application was argued several months ago, and Judge Hammond has had it under advisement until recently, when his decision was given in which the defendant was remanded back to the custody of the sheriff to pay the fine or serve the time according to the sentence. This decision holds that malice, religious or otherwise, may dictate a prosecution, but if the law has been violated this fact does not shield the law-breaker. Neither do the courts require that there shall be some moral obloquy to support a given law before enforcing it, and it is not necessary to maintain that to violate the Sunday observance customs shall be of itself immoral to make it criminal in the eyes of the law.

Suggestive, indeed, are the lessons of this great judicial crime against liberty, justice, and God. In the first place it illustrates the fact which must long since have become apparent to thinking men that the guarantee of the Constitution of the United States, which, more than aught else, has made this Republic the flower of all preceding nations, is yearly becoming less and less regarded by the small men and narrow minds who interpret law and who, instead of showing how unconstitutional any law is which violates the great charter of right, yield to the present craze for Governmental Paternalism, paying no more heed to our Constitution than if it was the ukase of a Czar. In numerous instances during the past decade has this solemn fact been emphasized, until it is evident that with the reaction toward Paternalism and centralization has come the old time spirit of intolerance and moral obloquy on the part of the governing powers which has been one of the chief curses of the ages, entailing indescribable misery on the noblest and best, and holding in subjection the vanguard of progress, which always has been and always will be the minority, regarded by the majority as dangerous innovators or disseminators of false theories and doctrines. In my article on Socialism I noted the case of Mr. King, observing that:—

He in no way deserves the shameful imprisonment he is suffering; yet the prejudice of the majority sustains the infamous law that makes criminals of the innocent and takes not into consideration the rights of the minority. *And what is more, the religious press is so dominated by bigotry and ancient prejudice that it is blind alike to the Golden Rule and the inexorable demands of justice.* If in any State the Adventists, the Hebrews, or any other people who believed in observing Saturday instead of Sunday should happen to predominate, and they undertook to throw Christians into dungeons, and after branding them criminals should send them to the penitentiary for working on Saturday, indignation would blaze forth throughout christendom against the great

injustice, the wrong against the liberty of the rights of the citizen. The only difference is that poor Mr. King is in the minority; he is the type of those who always have been and always will be made to suffer when the government is strong enough to persecute all who do not accept what is considered truth and right by the majority.

In replying to my paper Mr. Bellamy thus flippantly dismissed this case: "Of this it may be remarked that had it happened two centuries ago it would have been symptomatic; to-day it is a curiosity." It will be observed that in order to minify the dangers of Paternalism, Mr. Bellamy entirely ignored the point I had italicized, viz.: the Christian sentiment of society was not outraged and what was more, "*the religious press was so dominated by bigotry and ancient prejudice that it was blind alike to the Golden Rule and the inexorable demands of justice.*" To-day we are told that this great judicial crime is a curiosity, although the religious bigotry of the majority has been upheld by the lower, the federal, and supreme courts, while the religious press has, with rare exceptions, sanctioned the persecution or ignored the case.

In vain the long-cherished idea that this country was to pass down the cycle of time known as the land of freedom; that it was to be forever the asylum for religious liberty and the cradle of progress, unless the sober thought of our people be at once aroused to stem the rising tide of Governmentalism and the steady encroachment of religious organizations and despotic foreign thought.

Comparatively few of the leading secular journals* have deemed this outrage sufficiently important to call for editorial comment, notwithstanding it marks the establishing of a precedent which must inevitably work great misery to innocent people at the hands of religious fanatics, unless there is a sufficient agitation to cause the repeal of many iniquitous laws which are a menace to the rightful freedom of citizens as long as they remain on the statute books.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS UNDER LOUIS XV. A LESSON FOR THE PRESENT DAY.

To the superficial observer who, as guests of royalty, loitered through the sunny days which marked the closing years of Louis XV., France presented the aspect of a gay, thoughtless, happy, butterfly nation, whose government on the whole satisfied the requirements of the rich and

*Among the few papers which have denounced this judicial crime are the New York *Commercial Advertiser* and the St. Louis *Republic*. The former journal observes: "It seems that the glorious clause of the Constitution can give no protection to men who conscientiously believe they should literally observe the Fourth Commandment. . . . It seems that when a State seeks to enforce religious duty all consciences must bow before it. That is to say, if, for example, the Catholics of Louisiana were to pass a law that no man should taste meat on Friday, the act would be no infringement of religious liberty."

There can be but one opinion upon this decision among all liberal-minded men. It is odious sophistry, unworthy of the age in which we live. And under it an American citizen has been condemned to spend the rest of his days in a dungeon unless he shall stoop to deny the dictates of his own conscience and dishonor his own manhood.

The *Republic* in an editorial of August second says: "Not being able to leave his crops unworked for two days in the week, Mr. King ploughed them on Sunday, after having kept the Sabbath the day before. He was arrested under the Sunday law, and in order to make it effective against him it was alleged that his work on his own

powerful, and was sustained by the strong arm of the army on the one hand and the impregnable influence of the Church on the other. Small heed was to be given to the pamphleteers, whose brilliant satire, biting sarcasm, and pointed logic afforded amusement at the Louvre, rather than struck dismay to the hearts of those who fondly believed that the Church still held in thrall the brain of the masses, and that as for centuries the people had been content with slavery and vassalage, it was absurd to imagine they had now come to man's estate, had, Phoenix-like, arisen from the ashes of old-time sullen obedience or ignorant content, into the tumultuous atmosphere of intellectual activity. It is true, some far-seeing brains beheld the coming storm and warned the king, urging him to either suppress the philosophers, or concede to the masses a greater meed of justice, but their views were scouted by the ruling or conventional thought of the court, and life at the Louvre continued a merry whirl of carnal and selfish delight. The morning brought the chases, and evening the banquet, the theatre, or the ball; while at intervals grand polytechnic exhibitions delighted the populace, being given, probably, in the vain hope that they would satisfy the rising discontent, much as the gladiatorial shows satisfied, while they still further brutalized, the degraded populace of ancient Rome, making possible the toleration of such colossal iniquity as marked the decline of the Empire. Such, then, was the aspect of court life, while above the social and political horizon were gathering clouds which prophesied the greatest cataclysm civilization had witnessed. The wilful short-sightedness, the supreme indifference to the principles of justice, liberty, and fraternity; the conspicuous absence of the spirit of humanity, which characterized those who might have averted the coming baptism of blood, was the legitimate result of the anæsthetizing of the soul of the Court and aristocracy with the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. The divine spark had disappeared. The spiritual nature had given way to the sensual. Ambition and pleasure were enthroned in the seats of justice and humanity. Selfishness was the keynote of aristocratic life. And with this fact kept in view, the short-sightedness of royalty in the presence of the rising tide of intelligent discontent is by no means strange. Indifferent to the fate of the masses in any struggle that might be precipitated, guided by none of the higher impulses of life, and possessing implicit confidence in the impregnability of that triple bulwark of conservatism, the army, the police, and the Church, the ruling party of French aristocracy drifted down the stream garlanded with roses, revelling in wine and music, abandoning itself to pleasure on life's lowest plane.

farm on Sunday created a public nuisance. On this entirely untenable ground he has been harassed from court to court. He was a poor man, but he has been supported by the friends of religious liberty. Mr. King has been greatly wronged, but his only remedy at law is under the law and Constitution of Tennessee. It appears that for the present his remedy is denied him, and this being the case he has no better recourse than to submit to the oppression and go to prison—to the convict camp, if it suits the convenience of his persecutors to send him there."

To the student of social conditions, who might have been a guest of the philosopher Rousseau, the picture photographed on the mental retina would have been far different. Above he would have beheld the round of selfish, thoughtless gaiety, in which the images and intrigues of Madame Dubarry and Marie Antoinette, of Choiseul and Rohan, of Louis and Richelieu, were strangely mingled and distorted by exaggeration, as they sifted down from the Court through several layers of brains until they reached the world of the newly awakened laborer. Below him would have yawned, in all its hideousness, the blackness of the pit, the social cellar into which he would have seen thousands and scores of thousands of his fellow-men crowded or driven by want, misfortune, or the avarice of the more powerful, and from which so few who once fall ever rose to the noble estate of true manhood and womanhood. Around him he would have noted still another world, more interesting and yet more terrible in its ferocity and power than those above and below—the realm of the common people—the sphere of the masses—the *current* which passed over the darkest dregs and bore on its surface the scum. In this world the strange and interesting phenomenon would have met his eye of a newly awakened brain, an intellect which after ages of semi-unconsciousness, had, in a surprisingly short time, been aroused by the intellectual brilliancy of thinkers who had flooded a nation with new ideas, who had kindled the fires of justice, who had spoken in the *ear of all the people* the doctrine of the essential brotherhood of man, the kinship of the throne and the shop, the idler in the palace and the idler in the cellar; the cormorant who dined off the labor of others at Lucerne, and the low-browed outcasts occupied in the same way but pursuing different methods, in the social sewer. And he would have noticed an unusual activity in this working world; secret meetings were being held on every hand. The great philosophical works of Rousseau breathing a new hope and a larger life into the soul of every reader, and the withering satire of Voltaire falling against the battlements of the church and the throne—these were the text-books and watchword of the new revolution. Tens of thousands of men who a few years before had accepted unquestioningly the assurance of the priests and obeyed as children the decrees of Royalty, were now thinking as never before on justice and equity, were students and intelligent expounders of the master brains which blossomed forth on every hand, in spite of priest and police. Heresy and liberty, justice and freedom, progress and equity had joined hands; conventionalism was doomed. The cry for justice went up from every hand to the crown and the aristocracy, only to come back with a mocking laugh or a royal restrictive decree. Thus the flame was fanned. The noble teaching of the great apostles of light and justice which illuminated the brains of the people and at first filled their hearts with holy love and wonderful tenderness, making them ready to accept and only desirous of receiving that measure of justice and consideration to

which they knew they were entitled, later changed to feelings of hate and desire for revenge which ever grows as mushrooms in the average mind when justice is denied and oppression bears down more relentlessly at each complaint that comes from the oppressed. It is a law of life on the lower plane that selfishness, indifference, and heartlessness coming from above are photographed upon the sensitive intellect of the struggling minds below, which vainly ask for justice, only to return in time intensified a hundred-fold — selfishness becomes active and is complemented by an insane desire to destroy. Indifference calls forth unbridled ferocity. Heartlessness awakens sentiments of cruelty and brutality as relentless and destructive as the cyclone.

The social sewer or cellar of Paris at this time presented as interesting and suggestive a study as the toiling world above. Here were thousands of human beings dwelling in the atmosphere of crime and brutality, hungry, cold, and well-nigh hopelessly vicious by virtue of want, association, and environment, and ready for, if not eagerly anticipating any social upheaval which would afford them an opportunity to plunder and pillage. This world presented then, as it ever must, the saddest and most hopeless spectacle in the kaleidoscope of life. There were scores of thousands in this social sewer and new recruits coming daily. The avarice and extravagance of the Court pressed upon the great stratum of middle life, which in time bore down upon the lower sphere with crushing weight, while many of its numbers, weary of the eternal struggle, relaxed their hold on respectability and fell into the pit of crime and moral death. The inhabitants of this realm presented a picture of ferocity and despair, which must necessarily prove a frightful element in a revolution. The social cellar was only waiting for the signal when its hideous throat would belch forth death as surely as cannon or mortar ever hurled the life-destroying bomb. Such was life in France in the world of the wealthy and the world of want; while Louis drank Dubarry's health; while Marie Antoinette longed for her childhood home, and the Dauphin busied himself with geography, lock-making, and clock-repairing.

When Louis XV. died the scum had so thoroughly poisoned the great current of life in France that it is probable that even had there been far wiser heads at the helm of State than Louis XVI. and his councillor they would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to prevent a bloody reckoning, for the love of peace and reverence for justice, the cool judgment and mature wisdom which swayed the popular mind at an early day was well-nigh drowned in the rising tide of angry discontent and intense hate. A settled conviction pervaded the soul of the masses that the hour had come when might should make right the age-long wrongs of the people; and when an idea of this character possesses the rank and file of a nation it is almost impossible even by a liberal policy to avert a bloody issue.

I have dwelt upon this striking passage of history because it bristles

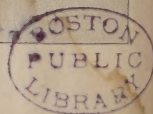
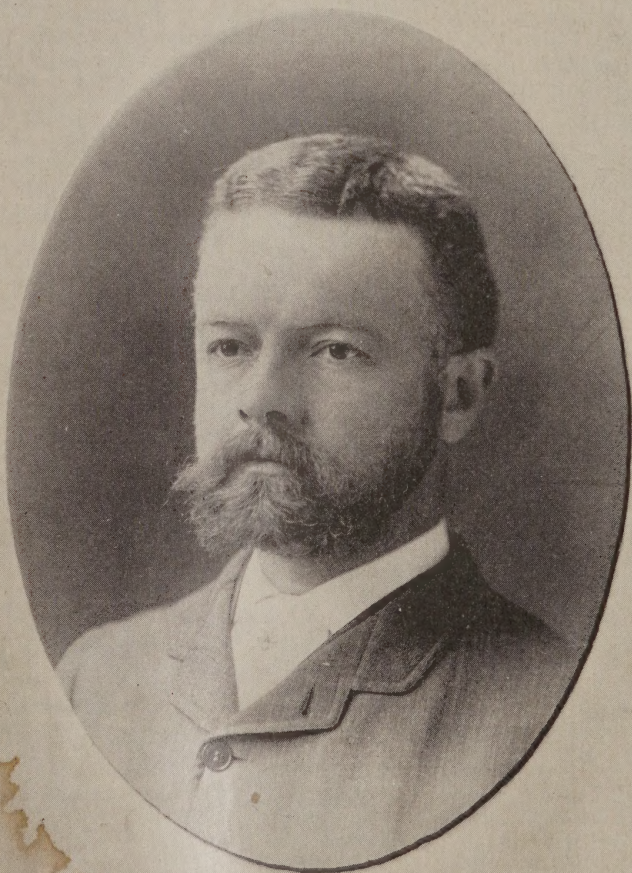
with suggestive lessons and warning notes to the great Republic at the present time, and because the grave evils, which are as symptomatic to-day as were the signs of the times portentous in the reign of the easy-going, sensual Louis, are being met by those who have it in their power to avert a social catastrophe in precisely the same short-sighted spirit as characterized the conservative aristocracy when it denied the existence of the universal discontent among the masses and flippantly dismissed the angry muttering of the coming storm as merely the expression of a few shallow-brained malcontents. To-day we find the same brutal indifference and selfishness as was so conspicuous at the Louvre in 1770, exhibited by our mushroom aristocracy of the dollar, composed of those who form and control the great monopolies, syndicates, trusts, and combines, which are so cruelly oppressing the many that the few may grow many times millionnaires; together with the great railway magnates, who have through watering stock on the one hand, and plundering the commonwealth of farmers by exorbitant freights on the other, dishonestly amassed colossal fortunes. And that still more baleful communion which forms such an important part of America's shoddy aristocracy, the Wall Street gamblers, they who rule "the street," paralyzing healthy business, causing panics at will, and annually sweeping to the wall, to ruin and to death numbers of victims who have been lured into their snares by deceptive reports industriously circulated and extensively published by paid agents of these same brigands of the commercial world.

This mushroom plutocracy, whose representatives hold colossal fortunes acquired rather than earned, practically rule our business interests by virtue of the enormous opportunities afforded by their great wealth. And year by year are they increasing the rising tide of indignation in the hearts of millions of hard-working men and women, by grinding down more and still more hopelessly the multitude dependent on them, whom they can reduce to starvation if they rebel. Another element, which, viewed from the plane of justice and equity may be rightly termed *criminal*, is the popular and conservative economist who caters to the plutocracy and with brazen effrontery denies facts susceptible of proof, while he denounces every reformer who seeks to expose the iniquities of the present. This course is precisely a repetition of the policy of those who minified the real danger and misrepresented the grave facts to the Court of France, at a time when an honest, truthful representation might have averted the most terrible revolution in the annals of civilization. Only a short time since a popular economic writer denounced a Boston clergyman for unveiling the horrors of the sweating system in the modern Athens. He could not deny the truth of the sickening facts described, but termed the minister a member of one of the "*most dangerous class*" of citizens, merely because he spoke the truth with a view to bettering the condition of society's exiles.

At a recent meeting of the Rhode Island weavers, a distinguished and popular conservative economic writer addressed the hard struggling workingmen. During his remarks he sought to make them blindly and contentedly accept their lot by saying in honeyed tones: "*Why, my dear friends, the production of the country only furnishes \$200 a head annually, and it is hard to make it go around. It is only by hard pinching and careful economy that we can make it do so;*" while almost within gunshot of the speaker rose the palaces of America's millionnaires, at New-

port, where gigantic fortunes are annually squandered with lavish hands; where Mr. McAllister and his butterfly coterie of wealthy gourmands eat, drink, and dance away the summer, and illustrate how *these* children of idleness and wealth have to "*pinch and plan*" to make their share "*of the \$200 go around,*" of which the distinguished conservative economist spoke. If the masses of our people were unable to read or write, if they had been accustomed to centuries of oppression, a policy so glaringly unjust and disingenuous might succeed for a time. But with conditions as they are, the persistent crying of peace when there is no peace, and attempting to juggle with facts is more than foolish, it is *criminal*. One who does not regularly read the labor and agricultural press of this country is incapable of forming an intelligent idea of the nature or extent of the discontent at the present time. Then again, beyond this commonwealth of struggling toilers rises another commonwealth, the frightful condition of which no careful student can ignore. I refer to society's exiles, or the contingent of the social cellar. This element grows more powerful with each year. It is not securing justice at the hands of civilization and must some day be reckoned with.

In every agitation, every crusade against wrong, every battle for humanity, every contest for a broader sweep of justice, conventional critics have arrayed themselves on the side of the evil conditions, and denounced as dangerous agitators those who have sought to arouse the higher impulses of the people to right the crying wrongs of the hour. The treatment of Garrison and Phillips by this class in Boston, even in the shadow of the Cradle of Liberty, during the anti-slavery agitation, is of sufficiently recent date to emphasize this point, which has been paralleled in every important agitation for a higher civilization and a more just condition. To ignore the serious social unrest of the present, and the bitter cry of the weak for justice, is to follow the fatal precedent set by the French government. To deny the reality of the wrongs complained of, or lightly dismiss them as our popular economists are doing, is to pursue the ostrich policy with the certainty of being overtaken by the results of the evil which might have been averted. It matters not whether our "eminent" authorities are ignorant of the true social condition in city and country life to-day, or are wickedly juggling with truth in order to curry favor with plutocracy and conservatism, the fact remains that they are deceiving their masters as courtiers have often deceived thrones at moments when deception meant ruin. The duty of the hour is to *turn on the light*, to compel the thoughtful among our wealthy and powerful people to know the truth as it is, and to seek such a just and equitable revolution as will save a baptism of blood. The day for prophesying smooth things is past; we are face to face with problems and conditions which will not brook dishonest treatment. The exigencies of the present hour demand that we frankly face the social problems as they are and honestly discuss them in all their bearings. That we call to witness the impressive lessons of history and if possible, avert the repetition of the cataclysms of the past by prompt measures, marked by wisdom and justice. It is not too late to prevent a revolution of force if *wealth and power* will heed the cry of *want and weakness*; if justice, courage, and duty supplant self-interest and indifference in the hearts of those who see and feel the rising tide of angry discontent. To-day if we would demonstrate that a century of civilization and free government has lifted us to a higher ethical level than humanity had attained a hundred years ago, we must face conditions as they are and promptly adopt measures that will secure such a meed of justice for the weak as shall take from his heart the bitterness of injustice and establish a feeling of common brotherhood and good-will.



H. C. Lodge

THE ARENA.

No. XXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

A PARADISE OF GAMBLERS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

MANY religious journals throughout the country have poured eulogies upon the pious head of our Postmaster General because of his raid against all letters bearing the least uncanny relation to that abhorred criminal body, the Louisiana Lottery. In one sense this action is not ill-advised; the national laws against gambling are distinct, and even if they were unjust their existence would be no excuse for their infringement. The highly moral action of Mr. Wanamaker, however, happening as it does at a time when his own relations with the hazards and plots of Wall Street have grown the talk of our entire country, teem with a suggestion that should be patent to thousands. If gnats are strained at and camels are swallowed, there is certainly a pardonable satire in congratulating those who devour the latter on their noteworthy powers of digestion. As an immoral institution the Louisiana Lottery, evil as it is, cannot be compared with Monte Carlo, which arrays itself in facile splendors of enticement and smiles in mirrors and gildings on the rash gamesters whom it ruins. But the Louisiana Lottery, which of late it has become the fashion to revile, devises its chief gains in a much less faulty manner. For such disbursements as one dollar, two dollars, five dollars, a good deal of golden expectancy and anticipation can be enjoyed, and there is no confirmed proof whatever that the citizens who are rash enough to expend these massive amounts have ever been swindled at the monthly New

Orleans drawings. Indeed, they have ample proof, if they care to sift it, that somebody in Maine, or Indiana, or California, has received a small fortune for part of a ticket purchased at the same cheap terms as their own. Naturally, unless they were complete fools, they knew previous to their investment that the chances against them were extremely large, and that their prospect of winning anything very handsome was about equal to that of their being struck by lightning or having an unknown relative leave them a fat legacy. Could it once be proved that the Louisiana Lottery is really dishonest in its dealings — really more dishonest than the bright-lit bar-room that shiningly says to one, "Come and get drunk in me if you choose, but if you don't choose drink only as much as you want in me, and if you don't choose to enter me at all, avoid me forever and a day" — then the iniquity of the whole organization could not be scorned in terms too harsh. But at present all indictments against this particular species of gambling would seem to be just as airy as those against the alluring tavern. The "prohibition extremists" are like lawyers who can never make their case, yet are incessantly fuming against their own failure. These extremists forget that their shadowy moral client is plaintiff in a kind of curious divorce-suit, where the defendant is human nature and the co-respondent human will. It is most probable that men will continue to get drunk just so long as education remains for them an incident force of inferior potency. As to their liking and upholding certain milder games of chance (after the style of the Greeks, let us say, at their very highest period of culture), that is perhaps not an educational question at all, but one of simple diversion. There are kinds of gambling, however, with which no believer in racial progress will admit that the loftier forms of civilization can possibly deal, and foremost among these must be counted the reckless license, the odious libertinage of venture which now shames a republic never tired of vaunting its virtues to the transatlantic monarchies from which it sprang.

He who would note and study, in all their terror, melancholy, and pathos, the selfishness and avarice of his fellow-men, might search the whole known globe and never find a field for his observations at once more fruitful and more discouraging than that of Wall Street. To realize in its full

glare of vicious vulgarity the influence of this environment, let us take the case of some refined young man just after he has quitted school and entered the office of a thrifty broker — perhaps a warm friend of his father, who hugs the keenly American doctrine that a youth should be put in the way of piling dollars together as quickly as possible after he leaves the educational leash. By degrees this young man will discover that the only difference between Wall Street and a huge, crowd-engirt gaming-table is one between simplicity and complexity. He will see that the play of the former is far more difficult to learn and that it requires a number of *croupiers* instead of one. He will see that these *croupiers* are in most cases men whose names posterity will hand down, if it hands them down at all, as those of stony egotists, and sometimes of gigantic thieves. He will gradually gain insight into certain of their methods, as when, only a few years back, one or two of them seized an entire railroad under cover of what was the merest parody of purchase and opposed both to law and to public policy, afterward defending their outrage in the courts through the brazen aid of venal judges and bringing to Albany (headquarters of their attempted theft) a great carload of New York ruffians, each with a proxy in his soiled and desperate hand — an instrument almost as illegal as the pistol which those hands had doubtless too often fingered if not fired amid the squalor of their owners' native slums.*

The neophyte in speculators' creeds and customs may amuse himself, however, with reminiscences like the preceding only in a sense of that proud historic retrospect which concerns past radiant records of "the street." He may, if so minded, con other pages of its noble archives, and dazzle his young brain with admiration for the shining exploits of "Black Friday," an occasion when greed held one of its most sickening revels, and a clique of merciless financiers gathered together so many millions of gold coin that its price bred fright among the holders of depreciating stocks. Agony, ruin, the demolition of firesides, resulted from this infamous "corner" wrought by a league of miserly zealots. But our young student of Wall Street annals will soon harden

* It is a fact that the late James Fisk, Jr., was appointed by Judge Barnard, of New York, receiver of a railway (the Albany and Susquehanna) which lay a hundred miles outside of that magistrate's judicial district.

his nerves against any silly commiseration. As well soil the glory of Lexington or Bunker Hill by brooding over the pangs of those who were its victims. All great victories necessitate bloodshed. It is not every man who can wrest vast wealth from the turmoils of a "Black Friday." . . . And so, after turning the pages of a revolting chronicle, all of which teem with calamity to the many and plethoric gain to the bullying and insolent few, he surveys that active boil and ferment of the present, seeking to discern there some course of trick and scheme by which he too may fatten his purse, even though he blunts conscience into a callous nullity. Between old days and new he finds but slight difference. Rises and panics prevail now as then. The "margin," beloved of the wily broker, first lures and then robs the trustful buyer. "Pools," open and secret, grasping and malicious, may wreak at any hour disasters on the unwary. "Points" are given by one operator to another with the same mendacious glibness as of yore. The market is now dull with the torpor of a sleeping cobra, now aflame, like that reptile, with treacherous and poisonous life. In its repose as in its excitement our novice begins to know it, fear it, and heartily love it besides. The chances are nine out of ten that he loves it too much and fears it too little. Its hideous vulgarity has ceased to shock him. Its "bulls," with their often audacious purchases of stock for which they do not pay but out of whose random fluctuations in value they expect to reap thousands from the "bears," who sell in a like blind, betting-ring fashion; its devices of "spreads," and of "straddles," which are combinations of "puts" and "calls" whereby the purchaser limits his loss and at the same time suits the chances of his winning to those of vacillant prices themselves; its unblushing compromises on the part of debtors with creditors, fifty cents on the dollar being frequently paid by bankrupts to the extent of one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars, in order that they may resume their highly legitimate undertakings and perhaps grow rich again in company with their fellow-gamblers; all these, and many more features of Wall Street life, equally vivid and equally soiled by sordid materialism, have at length wrapped the mind of this young observer in their drastic and sinister spells. When he "starts out for himself," as he is presently quite sure to do, his ultimate

success is enormously doubtful. His reign as a leading personality in Wall Street means to have been a Childe Roland who, indeed, to the Dark Tower did actually come. The horn that such a victor lifts to his mouth has been wrought, as one might say, from the bones of some comrade slain in the same arduous pilgrimage, and the peal of triumph which his lips evoke from it might be called a blending of countless wretched cries from the lips of other perished strugglers in the same daring design. Great success with him, if he achieves it, will be — what? An almost Titanic power to torture and affright at will hundreds, thousands of his fellow-men. He will have before him the example of a man who locked up \$12,500,000 in one of his riotous assaults against honest stock-exchange dealing — money notoriously not his own. He may desire to imitate that course of behavior which had Samuel Bowles abducted and unlawfully imprisoned because he published in his paper the truth about Wall Street trickery and villany, or which sand-bagged Dorman B. Eaton in the streets of New York for having fought with legal weapons of honest denunciation that malodorous craft of a compact between incarnate kleptomania in finance and the unspeakable “boss” burglar of Tammany Ring.

But needless are further details of those abominations on which our rising young aspirant may turn an envious eye. He cannot but acquaint himself with the whole horrid list of chicanery, since its items are rungs of the ladder on which he himself may hereafter seek to mount. If he aims to be a great Wall Street spider he must perforce fully acquaint himself with what material will go toward the spinning of that baleful tissue, his proprietary web. It must be woven, this web, out of perjuries and robberies. Its fibres must mean the heart-strings torn from many a deluded stockholder's breast, and the morning dew that glitters on it must be the tears of widows and orphans. The laws of a great republic are the foliage (alas, of a tree not too sturdy!) on which its devilish meshes are wrought! There is no exaggeration in stating that the financial history of the past three decades in America has been one of peerless turpitude. Rome under the dying glories of the empire scarcely parallels its knavish gluttonies of illegal seizure. And Wall Street has been the boiling point of all this infectious train

of outrages against a patient people—one that presumes to rate itself really democratic, and to sneer at countries over seas in which to-day a *Crédit Mobilier*, a Pacific Railroad atrocity, a Manhattan Railroad brigandage, would make Trafalgar Square or the Place de la Concorde howl with savage tumult.

But let us return to our would-be Wall Street magnate. Suppose he has not the "grit" or the "go" (or whatever it would be termed in that classic purlieu so noted for elegance of every-day rhetoric) either to crown himself with the tarnished crown of a monetary "king" or even to hold a gilt-edged but scandal-reeking portfolio at the footstool of some such reigning tyrant. In this case he may join the great rank-and-file of those whose pockets have become irremediably voided and who seldom refer to Wall Street unless with muttered curses while dragging out maimed careers in various far less feverish pursuits; or he may, on the other hand, drift into that humble crowd of petty brokers ("curb-stone" or domiciled) whose incomes vary from fifteen hundred to as many thousands a year, and who pass hours each day in envy, whether secret or open, of the dignitaries towering above them. As one of these inferior persons his existence will continue, no doubt, until he changes it for the tomb: and meanwhile what sort of an existence has it been? All the finer human aims have appealed to him as pearls appeal to swine. He has, perhaps, possessed faculties which might have allowed him to shine ably and yet honorably in the state or national congress, whose votes his friends and rivals, to ensure the passage of their unscrupulous railroad-bills, have bought so often and with such bloodless depravity. But these faculties have been miserably misused. He may have loved some woman, and married her, and begotten children by her; domestic affection may have warmed his being, just as it does that of many a day-laborer. But in the arid air of Wall Street all his intellectual and ethical possibilities will have wilted and died. Lust for greater riches and a mordant, ever-smouldering disappointment at not having attained them, will replace the healthier impulses of adolescence. Books will have no savor for him; men of high attainments, unless their coffers brim with lucre, affect him no more than the company of the most unlettered oaf. He becomes, in other words, the typical

Wall Street man, and he becomes this with a stolid indifference to all known motors of mental betterment.

It is not in any sense an attractive type. The Wall Street men are lilies that toil and spin ("tiger" lilies, one might term them, in remembrance of the old gambler-slang about faro and roulette); but their industries, however distinct, are what the political economists would call those of non-productive consumers. They are active drones, to speak with paradox, in the great hive of human energy. Like all gamesters, all men who live by the turning of the dice-box, they have a devil-may-care demeanor, now and then rather sharply peppered with wit, though wit not always avoidant of the obscene. For the most part, they are as ignorant of the large onward push of human thought as if they were farmers in some remote county of Arkansas. And yet they affect, at all times, an amusing omniscience. To "know it all" is a phrase beloved as sarcasm by their nimble vernacular, and though this (like "Come off!" and "Look here, what are you giving us?") is a form of speech incessantly on their lips, one is prone sometimes to reflect how amazing is the meagreness of real knowledge which their "knowing it all" piteously represents. They are sometimes keen sportsmen, but a good many scamps, dolts, and cads are that. Their acquaintance with contemporary literature could be summed up by stating that if you should ask an average number of their class whether he had read the last novel of Mr. James, he might pull his moustache (the Wall Street man usually has a moustache, and often a symmetric and well-tended one) desiring to learn whether you had reference or no to *G. P. R. James*, of the "two horse-men" celebrity. Their ignorance, however, is not equal to their self-sufficiency. Almost whenever the average Wall Street man goes into good society he makes himself more pronounced there by his assurance than his culture. Of the latter quality he has so little that the best clubs of which he is a member tolerate rather than accept him. In most cases he is deplorably curt of speech and brusque of deportment. Suavity, repose, that kindliness which is the very marrow and pith of high-breeding, shock you in his manners as acutely by their absence as if they were rents in his waistcoat or gapes in his boot-leather. The "bluff," impudence, and swagger of the Stock Exchange cling to him in society

like burrs to the hair of horse or dog. He would be far more endurable, this socially rampant and ubiquitous Wall Street man, if he revealed the least shred of respect for those ideas and faiths on which his hard, cold course of living has necessarily trampled rough-hooved. He is so bright and intelligent, as a rule, that you wonder why he is so phenomenally vulgar. But his brightness and intelligence are of the quality, nearly always, that throws into hysteric giggles the "summer girl" on piazzas of third-rate hotels. Ordinarily, too, he has not the faintest conception of how deeply and darkly he bores people who would live apart from him, from his bejewelled and supercilious wife (her pretty head always goes an inch further backward when "Tom" or "Dick" has "made a strike in stocks"), and from the French maid, with her frilled cap, whom his children gabble to in their grammarless American-French, but whose unctuous idioms are Sanscrit alike to madame and himself.

Conceive that you or I shall wish to talk with the ordinary Wall Street man, on the piazza of his watering-place hotel, on the deck of his record-breaking steamer. (When he goes to Europe, which he incessantly does, he invariably takes a record-breaking steamer in preference to all others.) What does he know? What can he tell us? Politics? He reproduces, if he be a Republican, the last tirade of his favorite newspaper in behalf of protection and Mr. Blaine. If he be a Democrat he will spout the last editorial of his favorite newspaper in favor of free trade and Mr. Cleveland. History? The Wall Street man rarely knows in what year Columbus discovered America, and would be in straits wild enough to horrify that talented arch-prig, Mr. Andrew Lang, if you mentioned either Cortes or Pizarro. Fiction? He admired Robinson Crusoe when a boy, and since then he has read a few translated volumes of Dumas the elder. Poetry? He doesn't like it "for a cent"; but he once did come across something (by Tennyson or Longfellow — he forgets which) called "Beautiful Snow." That "fetched him," and "laid over" any other verse he recollects.

Here, let us insist, is no aimless travesty of the average Wall Street man, but a faithful etching of him, apart from those more sorry lineaments which might be disclosed in a portrait painted, as it were, with the oil of his own slippery speculations. If he resents the honest drawing of his well-

known features, why, so much the better. His indignation may be fraught with wholesome reactions. Perhaps he will have his defenders—interested ones, of course. We may pluck the cactus-flower with hands cased in buckskin, and swear that it harbors no sting below its roseate and silken cockade of bloom. Prejudice is too often the saucepan on which we cook our criticisms; and when these are done to a turn we cast the vessel into a dust-bin, trying with mighty valor of volition to forget that it even exists as old iron.

Never was more blatant humbug aired than that about our “brilliant” Wall Street financiers. Their “brilliancy” is merely a repulsive egotism in one of its worst forms,—that of cupidity. They are like misers with longer, quicker, and more sinewy fingers than other misers, in the gathering together of dollars. Their shrewdness may be exceptional, but a quality which consists half in accurate guessing and half in bullying defiance is hardly worthy of the name. As for their “nerve” and “coolness,” these are not endowments that in such connection can be admired or praised. For surely the gambler who cannot face bravely those very slings and arrows of variant if not always outrageous fortune which form the chief indices of his dingy profession, cuts a mean enough figure in the cult of it. “Jim” Fisk had traits like these, but who now applauds them? As well admire the courage of a house-breaker in scaling a garden-wall at midnight, or his exquisite tact in selecting a bed-chamber well-stored with jewels and money. The so-called “great men” of Wall Street are foes of society—foes merciless and malign. Their “generalship,” their “Napoleonic” attributes are terms coined by people of their own damaging class, people with low motives, with even brutish morals. It is time that this age of ours, so rich in theoretic if impracticable humanitarianisms, forebore to flatter the spirits which work against it in its efforts toward higher and wiser achievement. The anarchists hanged in Chicago were men of mistaken purpose and fatuous belief. But at least they were conceivably sincere, however dangerous to peace and order. These czars and tycoons of finance, on the other hand, are scoffers at the integrity of the commonweal, and have for their Lares and Penates hideous little gods carved by their own misanthropy from the harsh granite of self-worship. Every new conspiracy to amass millions through

wrecking railroads, through pouring vast sums upon the stock market, through causing as vast sums to disappear from public use, stains them blacker with the proof of their horrible inhumanity. Even death does not always end their monstrous rapine, for when they pay what is called the debt of nature they too often fling, in their wills, a posthumous sneer at that still larger debt owed to their fellow-creatures, and make some eldest son their principal heir. Charity may get a few niggardly thousands from them, and handsome bequests usually go to their younger children; yet the bulk of the big gambler's treasure passes intact to one who will most probably guard with avid custody the alleged prestige of its possession.

But we should remember that on many occasions it is not even a game of chance with these potentates of Wall Street. They play, as it were, with marked cards, and can predict to a certainty, having such mighty capital at their disposal, just how and when particular stocks will rise or fall. Spreading abroad deceitful rumors through their little subservient throngs of henchmen brokers, they create untold ravage and despair. Fearful cruelty is shown by them then. The law cannot reach it, though years of imprisonment would be far too good for it. Families are plunged into penury by their subtly circulated frauds; forgery and embezzlement in hundreds of individual cases result; banks are betrayed and shattered; disgrace and suicide are sown broadcast like seeds fecund in poison. One often marvels that assassination does not spring up in certain desperate human hearts as a vengeance against these appalling wrongs. Murder is ghastly enough, in whatever shape it meets us, and from whatever cause. But if Lincoln and Garfield fell the prey of mad fanatics, it seems all the stranger, as it is all the more fortunate, that agonized and ill-governed human frenzy should thus far happily have spared us new public shudders at new public crimes.

Conjecture may indeed waste its liveliest ardors in seeking to determine what place this nineteenth century of ours will hold among the centuries which have preceded and are destined to follow it. But there is good reason to believe, after all, that in one way it will be well remarkable, perhaps even unique, — as an age of violent contrasts, violent extremes. Here we are, seeking (however pathetically) to

grapple with problems whose solution would wear an almost millennial tinge. There are men among us — and men of august intellects, too — who urge upon society the adoption of codes and usages which would assume, if practically treated, that the minds and characters of mortals are little short of angelic. And coevally with these dreamers of grand socialistic improvement, we are met by such evidence as that of Wall Street, its air foul with the mephitic exhalations that rise from dead and rotting principle. When the state is corrupt, and large bodies of its citizens are not only corrupt but wholly scornful of every fraternal and philanthropic purpose as well, — when communities like this of Wall Street, cold-blooded, shameless, injurious, are bowed to as powers, instead of being shunned as pests, then the ideals of such men as Karl Marx and his disciples loom distant and indefinite on the horizon of the future. Tritest of metaphors though it may be, all civilization is a garden, and in this garden of our own western tillage Wall Street towers to-day like a colossal weed, with roots deep-plunging into a soil they desiccate and de-fertilize. When and whose will be the extirpating hand?

Here dawns a question with which some modern Sphinx may defy some coming Œdipus. Let us hope it will prove a question so adequately answered that the evil goddess using it as a challenge — the conventional deity of injustice, duplicity, and extortion — will dramatize her compulsory response to it by casting herself headlong into the sea!

PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE—WHICH?

BY HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE, M. C.

THE advocates of free trade in this country at the present time are very unlike Emerson's "fine young Oxford gentlemen" who said "there was nothing new, and nothing true, and no matter." They not only believe their pet doctrine to be true, but they seem to assume that it is also new. They further treat it as if it were an exact science and a great moral question as well. Unwarranted assumptions merely confuse and this question of national economic policy is too important to be clouded with confusions. It is worth while, therefore, to look at these assumptions one by one and try, before attempting any discussion of the tariff, to clear the ground from cant and to see the question exactly as it is.

In the first place, the question of free trade or protection is in no sense a moral one. Free traders are prone to forget that their great prophet, Adam Smith, drew this distinction very plainly at the outset. He wrote two important works. One of them all the world has read. It is called "The Wealth of Nations," deals with the selfish interests of mankind, and embodies the author's political economy. The other is an equally elaborate work entitled "The Moral Sentiments." It is the complement of "The Wealth of Nations," which is devoted to the selfish side of human nature and the world at large has found no trouble in forgetting it. Adam Smith himself was under no confusion of mind as to his subject when he wrote about political economy. He knew that he was dealing with questions of a selfish character, of an enlightened selfishness, no doubt, but none the less questions of self-interest. He never for a moment thought of putting his political economy on a plane of pure morality.

When the great political movement toward free trade began in England, it was largely a movement of the middle classes and of the industrial interests of Great Britain. The great middle class of England, which furnishes the backbone and sinew of the nation, is essentially a moral class, and

in appealing to it the political leader is always tempted to put forward the moral aspect of his theme, even if he has to twist his argument and his facts to find one. The manufacturers of England believed that free trade would be profitable, but it soothed them to be assured that the system was also highly moral. It is to the Manchester School, therefore, that we owe the attempt to give to the entire free trade system a moral coloring for which the narrower question of the repeal of the corn laws afforded an opportunity. Our own free traders for the most part are devout followers of the Manchester School, and take all their teachings and practices with little discrimination. They are essentially imitative. The anti-corn law agitators pointed their arguments by exhibiting loaves of bread of different sizes, and so our free traders, during a campaign, have gone about in carts and held up pairs of trousers, a more humorous if less intelligent form of object lesson. They attempt, too, in like fashion, to give the weight of morality to their doctrines. Unfortunately for them, inasmuch as everyone likes to be moral at some one's else expense, their position is untenable. Adam Smith's distinction was a broad and sound one; and deeply important as political economy and questions of tariff are, they are in no sense matters of morals. They are purely questions of self-interest, of profit and loss, and can be decided properly on these grounds alone.

In the second place, the assumption made tacitly, at least, if not avowedly, that political economy is an exact science is wholly misleading. Political economy covers a wide range of subjects of which the tariff is only one; but in none of its branches is it an exact science. Modern investigation has, no doubt, revealed certain economic laws which we may fairly say operate with reasonable certainty, but this is a very different proposition from that which would make the conclusions of economists in all directions as absolute as those of mathematicians. Political economy, in fact, does not differ greatly in this respect from history, because both deal with subjects where the conditions and sympathies of men and women play a large part, and where human passions are deeply engaged. In fields like these, where the personal equation of humanity plays a controlling part, it is absurd to attempt to argue as if we were dealing with a mathematical formula. There may be a philosophy of political economy

as there is of history; there may be scientific methods of dealing with it and certain economic laws, subject to many exceptions, which we may consider to be established, but nevertheless it is as far from being an exact science as one can conceive. The exact science notion is the misconception of cloistered learning which can build impregnable systems where there are none to attack them, but which has no idea of the practical difficulties of an unsympathetic world where the precious system must meet every possible objection and not merely those devised by its framers. In discussing a question of political economy, therefore, it is well to bear in mind that we are handling a subject where new facts are always entering in to modify old conclusions, and where there are many conditions, the effect of which it is impossible to calculate.

In the third place, the ardent tariff reformer at the present moment always discourses upon his subject as if he had some perfectly new truth to lay before the world from which it would be as impossible to differ, unless one was illiterate or corrupt, as from the conclusion of Galileo in regard to the movement of the earth. In one of our recent political campaigns I quoted an argument of Hamilton's in favor of protection from his famous Report of Manufactures. Thereupon one of my opponents in a public speech, referring to this quotation, said it would be as sensible to adopt Hamilton's views on the tariff as to go back to stage coaches simply because those vehicles were the means of conveyance in Hamilton's time. I could not help wondering what my learned opponent would have thought if I had retorted that, by parity of reasoning, we ought to reject the "Wealth of Nations" because Adam Smith flourished a little earlier than Hamilton, and stage coaches were used in his day also.

The simple truth is that there is nothing very new to-day in the question of free trade or protection. The subject is one which has been under consideration for some time. It has received great developments in the last hundred years, and is still so far from the last word that it is safest not to be too dogmatic about it.

In this matter of the tariff, then, we have before us a question which is not new, which is not moral, but which deals simply with matters of self-interest according to the dictates of an enlightened selfishness. What is the condition of the

question of free trade to-day in its practical aspect? Fifty years ago, roughly speaking, the movement for it in England became successful, and the English people abandoned a protective tariff which they had maintained for some centuries and adopted the free trade tariff which they have to-day. The latter system has had a thorough trial in England under the most favorable circumstances. If there is any country in the world which, by its situation, its history and its condition, is adapted for free trade, England is that country. If free trade, therefore, is the certain and enormous benefit which its advocates assert, and if it is the only true system for nations to adopt, its history in England ought to prove the truth of these propositions. How near has free trade come to performing all that its original promoters claimed in its behalf? How brilliant has been its success in practise? One thing at least is certain: it has not been such an overwhelming and glittering success as to convince any other civilized nation of its merits. England stands alone to-day, as she has stood for the last fifty years, the one free trade nation in the world. Possibly England of all the nations may be right and everybody else may be wrong, but there is, at least, a division of opinion so respectable that we may assume, with all due reverence for our free trade friends, that there are two sides to this question as to many others.

Let us look for a moment at some of the early promises. Free trade, according to its originators, was to usher in an era of peace and good-will. It was, in its extension, to put an end to wars. It has certainly not brought peace to England, which has had a petty war of some sort on her hands almost every year since the free trade gospel was preached. I do not mean to say that this is in the least due to free trade, but it is quite obvious that free trade did not stop fighting. The prosperity of England has, of course, been undeniably great, and it has been especially great among the vast industrial and manufacturing interests which supported the free trade policy. Possibly they have thriven better under this system than they would have done under the old one, but this must remain mere speculation, and as we know that some protected countries have prospered as much if not more than England, the prosperity argument has little weight. There are, however, other fields where we need not rely on conjecture. Has free trade been an

unquestionable benefit not merely to the industrial but to all classes in England? It certainly has not put an end to strikes, for strikes have never been more frequent anywhere than they have been in Great Britain of late years. It does not seem to have perceptibly diminished poverty, if we may judge from such recent books as "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," and "Through Darkest England." The state of Ireland has not been indicative of a healing and life-giving prosperity. In a word the great problems of labor, of poverty, and of over-population seem as severe in free trade England as in protective countries. Free trade again does not seem to have prevented the rise of trusts and syndicates, nor to have stopped the accumulation of vast wealth in a few hands. In other words, there is no evidence that free trade has had any effect on the most serious questions of the day, which touch the welfare of the great masses of the people. All that can be said is that the manufacturing and industrial interests of Great Britain seem to have thriven under it. For a system which arrogates to itself absolute truth, this is a meagre showing.

Free trade has not demonstrated its infallibility in the single country where it has been tried. The question, therefore, for the people of the United States is, whether under their conditions it is well to make the change which England made nearly fifty years ago, and to adopt a system of which the success has been doubtful in its chosen field. In order to decide the question intelligently we must put aside all vague confusions about an exact science which will work the same results everywhere because it operates under an immutable law. Even if free trade had been a brilliant and conclusive success in England, of which there is no proof, does it follow that it would be a better system for us? We have, to begin with, in our possession, instead of a small island a continent capable of almost every variety of natural production and mechanical industry. This is also a new country and a young country. We have been developing our resources rapidly for the last hundred years, but they are still not fully developed. The policy of the United States, although with many fluctuations, has been in the main to develop all our natural and mechanical opportunities to their fullest extent. The free trader is always ready with the terse statement that, "You cannot make yourself rich by tax-

ing yourself," followed by a freshly humorous allusion to lifting one's self by one's boot-straps. He then feels that he has met the case. If political economy and the financial policy of nations were as simple as this argument seems to imply, life would be an easier thing both for nations and individuals. Unluckily the problems of mankind which engage their interests and passions cannot be solved by cheap aphorisms. The statement of the free trader about taxing yourself in order to grow rich has a final and conclusive sound, but it is simply sound. There are, for example, plenty of towns in New England which have built factories and relieved certain persons from taxation in order to secure their capital and industry, and the additional population and the increased taxes which have thus come to the town have made it rich or at least richer than it was before. It is quite possible to adjust taxes or to offer bounties or premiums in such a way as to add to the aggregate wealth of the community.

The free trader's question is not really pertinent. The point is not whether you will tax yourself in order to grow rich, but whether you will so frame your tax laws and so raise your revenues as to discriminate in favor of your own production and your own wages against the production and wages of other countries, or whether, on the other hand, you will let everything strictly alone and leave the country to come out the best way it can. The general policy of the United States has been to give encouragement to the domestic producer and manufacturer, and maintenance to high rates of wages, by laying duties in such a way as to discriminate in their favor against those outside. The result, speaking broadly, has been to put the United States as a competitor into countless lines of new industries. The effect of the competition of the United States, added to that already existing in the rest of the world, has been to reduce the world's prices in the products of those industries according to the well-known laws of competition. Hence comes the lowering of prices to the consumer in protected articles, a fact which is the cause of much satiric laughter to the free trader because he can neither deny nor explain it.

The practical question now before the people of the United States is twofold: shall we protect new and nascent industries, and shall we continue to guard existing industries and

existing rates of wages against an undue competition? John Stuart Mill admits the soundness of the former policy, and with that admission protectionists may be content. In fact, it may be doubted whether any intelligent man would argue to-day that it would have been wiser for the United States never to have built up any industries, but to have remained a purely agricultural community, dependent on Europe for everything in the way of manufacture. I think we may assume that the wisdom of protecting nascent industries in a country with such capacities and resources as the United States can hardly be questioned.

Nevertheless, the most hotly contested feature of the McKinley bill was that which continued the policy of protecting nascent industries in certain products, and notably that of the manufacture of tin plate. If the protection of nascent industries at the beginning of this century was a sound policy, then it is a sound policy to industries of that description to-day. Whether we have tin mines or not (and it now appears that we have) there is no reason on the surface why we should not buy our Straits tin and manufacture tin plate as well as England. Some Democratic newspapers appear to have an idea that the tin mines of Cornwall and Wales make a monopoly in this direction for England. They forget that to-day the tin used by England comes chiefly from the Straits, and she can buy it there on no better terms than the United States. If the policy of protection to nascent industries is sound, then the tariff of 1890 is sound in this direction, and we should seek its results in the new industries which have been started since it became a law.

In the second branch, the question of whether we should continue protection to industries already established is one largely of degree and of discretion. Where a removal of the duty would mean either a heavy reduction of wages or a stopping of existing industries with the rise of prices consequent upon the withdrawal of the United States from the world's competition, then the removal of the duty would be a misfortune. It would be a misfortune not only to the industry which was ruined and to the wage earners who were reduced to idleness or poverty, but it would be an injury to the consumer because it would in a short time raise the price of the world's production diminished by our withdrawal. In industries where no such results could possibly be

feared, or where the production of the article is not possible in the United States, it would certainly be wise to remove duties, and this has been the purpose of the protectionists and of the Republican party.

The policy of protection has received its most recent expression in this country in the tariff of 1890. It is a truism that no tariff bill, whether passed by free traders or protectionists, can hope to be perfect. It is sure to have defects in detail and some inequalities. The McKinley bill was not exempt from error, but the question for the people to decide now is whether it is well to abandon the protective policy and substitute that of free trade. In 1888 the cry was that we must get rid of the surplus revenue and that that necessity made a revision of the tariff imperative. The Republican party since it has been in power has taken two hundred and forty-six millions of the accumulated surplus and paid off the bonded indebtedness of the country to that amount. It has also, by the removal of the duty on sugar and other articles, reduced the annual surplus revenue some fifty or sixty millions. The danger from the surplus, therefore (and it was a very real danger), is at an end. No party need be called upon now to dispose of the annual surplus which was taking so many millions out of the channels of trade. The question between the parties and before the country on this issue is very much simpler than it was. It is whether we shall repeal the tariff of 1890, abandon the protective system and take up free trade, or whether we shall maintain the protective system, making such amendments to the law as may from time to time seem necessary.

I have tried to state the general argument upon the question of free trade or protection in its broadest way. It only remains to bring forward so far as possible the facts which show, in part at least, the results of the tariff of 1890, for upon those results as a whole its justification or condemnation must rest. It is important to know first whether the new industries which the McKinley bill was designed to encourage have begun to start, and second, whether the bill has had the disastrous effect in raising prices which was so loudly asserted and prophesied by its opponents at the last election.

I will give first a table showing comparative prices before and after the tariff of 1890 of some of the cotton fabrics

most commonly used. They are all protected industries and ought to have been advanced in price if any part of the assertions made by the advocates of free trade during the last campaign were true.

PRICES OF PRINT GOODS SIX MONTHS BEFORE THE MCKINLEY TARIFF PASSED COMPARED WITH THEIR PRESENT PRICES.

Trade Names of Prints.	Before New Tariff.	Under New Tariff.
Allen's Pink Checks	\$.06 and \$.06½	\$.05½
Allen's Shirtings	.04½ and .05	.04
Allen's Turkey Reds	.06½	.05½
American Indigo Blue	.06½	.06
American Shirting	.05 and .05½	.04½
Anchor Shirting	.05 and .05½	.04½
Arnold Long Cloth C	.09	.08½
Berlin Solids	.06	.05
Berlin Red, ¾	.07½	.07
Berlin Red, 4-4	.11	.10
Cocheco XX Twills	.06½	.06½
Charter Oak Fancies	.05 and .05½	.04
Eddystone Fancy	.06½	.06
Eddystone Sateen	.06½	.06

BLEACHED SHIRTINGS AND SUITINGS.

Trade Name of Goods.	Before New Tariff.	Under New Tariff.	Old Duty.	New Duty.
Our Reliance	\$.05½	\$.05½	\$.04	\$.04½
Pride of the West	.13	.11½	.05	.05½
Pocahontas	.07½	.07½	.04	.04½
Sagamore C	.05	.04½	.04	.04½
Utica Steam Nonpareil	.10½	.10½	.04	.04½
Wauregan 100's	.10½	.09½	.04	.04½
Wauregan Combine	.10	.09½	.04	.04½

GINGHAMS AND WASH FABRICS.

Trade Name of Goods.	Before New Tariff.	Under New Tariff.
Everett Classics	\$.08½	\$.08
Fidelity	.06½	.06
Lombardy	.07	.06½
Tacoma	.08½	.07½
Arlington Staple	\$.06½ and .06½	\$.06 and .06½
Bates Staple	.06½	.06½ and .06½
Bates Warwick Dress	.08½	.08
Glenaine	.06½	.06 and .06½
Johnson Chalon Cloth	.10½	.09½
Johnson Indigo Blue	.09½ and .11	.09½
Lancaster Normandie	.08½	.08 and .08½
White Calcutta Dress Styles	.08½ and .09½	.08 and .08½
Westbrook Dress Style	.08½	.08
York Manufacturing Co.'s Staples	.06½	.06½ and .06½

I give now a table comparing the market quotations for 1890 of the articles which enter most largely into the cost of living, with those for the same period in 1891:—

	Week ending Aug. 29, 1891.		Week ending Aug. 30, 1890.	
BREADSTUFFS:—				
Flour, No. 2 Extra, barrels . . .	\$4.25	@ \$4.50	\$3.75	@ \$4.25
Patents, " . . .	5.75	@ 6.10	5.50	@ 6.15
Rye, Superfine, " . . .	3.50	@ 4.00	2.75	@ 3.00
Oats, No. 2 White, bushel . . .		.43		.48
Corn, West, mixed, No. 2, bushel, . . .		.80½	.62	@ .62½
Shorts, Winter Wheat, ton . . .	18.00	@ 18.75		21.00
" " Middling, " . . .		25.00		25.00
" Spring Wheat, " . . .	17.00	@ 18.00		19.00
" " Middling " . . .		23.00	22.50	@ 23.00
COTTON, Middling Upland, pound . . .		.08¼		.11¾
" Low " " " . . .	.07			11c.
COTTON GOODS. Print Cloths, 64x64, . . .		.02½	.03½-1%	
FISH:—				
Large Dry Cod (Georges), qtl. . .		6.50		5.50
Mackerel, No. 1 Mess, barrel . . .	12.50	@ 14.00	23.00	@ 24.00
Labrador Herring . . .		6.25	5.00	@ 5.50
HAY, Choice, ton . . .	17.00	@ 17.50	15.00	@ 16.50
Straw, Rye . . .	14.00	@ 14.50	15.00	@ 16.00
" Oat . . .	7.00	@ 9.00	7.00	@ 7.50
HEMP, Manilla, pound . . .	.07¼	@ .07¾	.09	@ .09¼
Jute Butts (bagging) . . .	.01¼	@ .01¾	.02	@ .02¼
HIDES:—				
Brighton Steers . . .		.09	.09½	@ .10½
Buenos Ayres Kips . . .	.11	@ .11½		.13
HOPS, Prime State (N. Y.), pound . . .	.17	@ .21	.19	@ .25
DRUGS. Opium (small lots) . . .	2.20	@ 2.40	3.80	@ 4.10
DYES. Logwood, North Hayti . . .		35.00	33.00	@ 34.00
" " South Hayti . . .	24.00	@ 25.00	24.00	@ 25.00
" " Extracts (solid) . . .	.08½	@ .09½	.08½	@ .09½
Hemlock Bark, Eastern . . .	8.00	@ 9.00		10.00
" " Pennsylvania . . .	9.00	@ 10.00		10.00
IRON, American Pig, ton . . .	17.00	@ 18.50	18.00	@ 19.00
LEAD, Domestic, 100 pounds . . .	4.55	@ 4.60	4.80	@ 5.00
COPPER, Lake, pound . . .	.12¼	@ .12½		.16¾
SPELTER . . .	.05	@ .05½		5.55
LEATHER:—				
Hemlock Sole, light, pound . . .	.17	@ .17½	.19½	@ .20
Oak Sole, light, pound . . .		.20	.24	@ .25
Grain No. 1, Boot . . .	.14	@ .15	.15	@ .18
Buff No. 1, 4½ oz. . .	.11½	@ .12	.14½	@ .15
CALFSKINS:—				
Tannery Finished, 20 to 29 pounds, . . .				
dozen . . .	.75	@ .85	.75	@ .90
Rough Hemlock, average . . .	.18	@ .18½	.24	@ .25
Rough Splits, prime . . .	.10	@ .12	.13	@ .15
MOLASSES, N. O. Prime, gallon . . .	.29	@ .31		.37
LUMBER:—				
Hemlock Boards (rough) . . .		10.50		11.50
Spruce Boards (1st-class floor) . . .	19.00	@ 20.00	19.00	@ 21.00
Pine (Coarse, No. 5) . . .		16.00	16.00	@ 17.00

	Week ending Aug. 29, 1891.		Week ending Aug. 30, 1890.	
NAVAL STORES:—				
Spirits Turpentine, gallon		.42		.45
Common Rosin, barrel	1.75 @	2.25	1.75 @	2.25
Pitch		2.25		2.25
Tar (Wilmington)		2.50		2.50
OILS. Crude Whale, gallon		.49	.45 @	.47
" Sperm, "	.74 @	.75		.65
Linseed, "		.43		.60
Lard (X No. 1), "	.49 @	.50		.46
PETROLEUM:—				
Crude, gallon		.07½		.07½
Refined, "	.08¼ @	.09		.08½
PROVISIONS:—				
Pork, Short Ribs, Mess, barrel	13.75 @	14.00		13.25
Beef, pound		.08 ¹² / ₁₀₀	.07 ³⁶ / ₁₀₀	
Mutton, "		.10		.09
Beef Hams (Med.), "	.10¼ @	.10¾		.11
Veal, "		.09½		.09
Lard, Western, "	.06½ @	.06¾		.06½
Butter, Prime, "	.23 @	.24	.21 @	.22
Cheese (Fine Factory), pound	.09¼ @	.09½	.08½ @	.08¾
RICE, Domestic Choice, "	.06 @	.06½	.06½ @	.07
SALT, Liverpool Ground (in bond), hhd.	1.00 @	1.15	1.00 @	1.15
SUGAR:—				
Cuba, fair refining, pound		.03		.05½
Refined Hard, Granulated, pound,	.04½ @	.04¾	.06 @	.06¾
TALLOW, Prime		.05	.04¾ @	.05½
RUBBER, Fine Para, new	.62 @	.63	.93 @	.95
" " old		.65	.98 @	1.00
STARCH, Corn, pound		.02½		.03½
Potato, "	.04½ @	.04¾	.04¾ @	.04½
TOBACCO:—				
Havana Wraps.	5.00 @	7.00	3.50 @	5.00
Pennsylvania Wraps.	.20 @	.40	.20 @	.40
Sumatra Wraps.	2.50 @	3.25	2.00 @	2.75
WOOL. Ohio, XX, pound	.31 @	.32	.33 @	.34
Michigan, X, "		.27	.28 @	.29
TEA:—				
Oolong, Amoy Super.		\$.17		\$.13½
Formosas, Superior		.28		.23
Japan, Choice		.30		.23
Hyson, 1st		.35		.30
COFFEE:—				
Java, Pa. Packages, Pale	\$.26 @	.26¾		.24½
Mocha		.25	\$.24 @	.24½
Rios, Fair		.18½		.20½
EGGS:—				
Near-by and Cape	.22 @	.23	.23 @	.25
Vermont and New York		.20	.21 @	.22
N. S. and N. B. Firsts			.19 @	.20
POTATOES	1.50 @	1.62	2.50 @	2.75
ONIONS	2.00 @	2.25	3.00 @	3.25
SQUASH, Marrow	.60 @	.75	1.75 @	2.00
APPLES, Gravensteins	1.50 @	2.50	5.00 @	5.50

If the articles given in the foregoing table be classified we find the following results as to the rise and fall of prices before and after the tariff of 1890.

PRICES.		
Risen.	Fallen.	Unchanged.
Flour.	Oats.	Dyes, S. Hayti.
Rye.	Shorts.	Dyes, extracts.
Corn.	Cotton.	Rosin.
Cod.	Print cloths.	Pitch.
Herring.	Mackerel.	Tar.
Hay.	Rye straw.	Petroleum.
Oat straw.	Hemp—Manilla.	Salt.
Dyes, N. Hayti.	Jute butts.	Tallow.
Whale oil.	Hides, domestic and foreign.	Lard.
Sperm oil.		Pa. wrappers.
Lard.	Hops.	
Pork.	Opium.	
Butter.	Hemlock bark.	
Cheese.	Pig iron.	
Potatoes.	Lead.	
Havana wrappers.	Copper.	
Sumatra wrappers.	Spelter.	
Tea.	Leather—all kinds.	
Coffee.	Molasses.	
Beef.	Lumber.	
	Turpentine.	
	Linseed.	
	Beef hams.	
	Rice.	
	Sugar.	
	Rubber.	
	Cornstarch.	
	Wool.	
	Eggs.	
	Potatoes.	
	Onions.	
	Squash—Marrow.	
	Apples—Gravenstein.	
	Mutton.	
	Veal.	

From these tables it is obvious that there has been, in the first place, no general rise of prices such as was confidently predicted by the panic-mongers of last year. On the contrary, the large majority of prices show a downward tendency. But more important than this is the fact made obvious by these tables that the price of the protected product has not risen. The foreign goods have advanced in some instances and been shut out in consequence, but domestic goods have taken their places, the price being kept down by domestic competition. In a word these tables prove that except for the enormous reduction in the cost of sugar, the new

tariff has had but slight effect if any on the course of prices of the necessities of life, and that the statements of the free traders as to a general rise of prices was entirely false.

The following extract is from a letter from one of the largest wholesale clothing firms in Boston. It tells its own story: —

“In reply to yours of the 10th inst., would say that we sold clothing in every grade in August, 1891, at fully 10 per cent. less in prices than in August, 1886; for instance, a cassimere suit sold then for \$12.00 which we sell now for \$10.50, and one sold for \$13.50 and we sell the same now for \$12.00. An overcoat sold then for \$11.50 which we sell now for \$10.00. Another grade sold then for \$16.50 and sells for \$15.00 now. This difference will run through all grades in proportion to prices. The difference in prices between August, 1890, and '91, is very little, if any; less rather than more in '91.”

As to the development of manufacturing under the McKinley bill I will quote first the opinion of a disinterested witness. The British Consular General at New York, in his report of May 8, 1891, speaks as follows: —

“Influenced by the new and higher duties afforded for the benefit of American manufacturing interests, new life has been imparted to the cotton, worsted, woollen, and knit underwear industry. Everywhere, especially in the Southern States, new textile mills have been going up with surprising activity, and all the old corporations have been operated on full time. . . .

“As a rule, all the cotton mills have had a year of unusual activity. The production has been of larger volume than in any previous year, and the goods have found a ready sale generally but at comparatively low prices, considering the high prices which prevailed during the first six months of the year for cotton. Market prices, except in a few cases, did not vary with the price of cotton. Opening generally at low rates, cotton goods have been steady, the home and export demand being sufficient to absorb the supply of all standard and staple makers of brown, bleached, and colored goods, if we except printing cloths and calicoes. . . .

“The worsted goods industry has been marked by fresh life since the new tariff has, to a great extent, cut off the importation of the lowest grades of such goods. All the old factories have started up, and are making goods on safe orders; and new mills are being erected by European and British capitalists with a view to manufacturing a finer class of dress goods, etc., than ever before has been produced in this country. The woollen goods

industry, apart from ladies' cloths, does not show any perceptible signs of improvement, but keeps on a slow, steady gait, apart from carpetings and woollen underwear. Both of the latter industries have been unusually busy during the last six months at fairly profitable prices."

To give a complete list of the new industries started since the passage of the McKinley bill would be impossible, and would occupy more space than THE ARENA could spare. I give, therefore, a partial list compiled from the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*, and covering only the first three months after the passage of the law, that is, from Oct. 1, 1890. These are the months most unfavorable to the bill, but the statistics show what the growth of new and old industries has been under the tariff of 1890 in three months, and indicate what the future increase is likely to be.

SHOES AND LEATHER.

Shoe factory at Portsmouth, Va.

Tannery and horse collar manufactory at Demorest, Ga.

Shoe factory building by the town of Ayer to cost \$15,000.

White Bros. new tannery at Lowell for finishing fine upper leather.

Towle's new shoe factory at Northwood, N. H.

New shoe factory at Natick, Mass.

New shoe factory at Beverly, Mass.

New shoe factory at Salisbury, N. C.

Voltaire Electric Shoe Co., of Manchester, N. H. (Capital, \$50,000.)

New factory at Ellsworth, Me.

New factory at Sherman, Me.

New factory at Whitman, Mass., for Commonwealth Shoe Co.

New factory at East Pepperell, Mass. (Employs over 700 hands.)

Manhattan Rubber Shoe Co., at New York. (Capital, \$50,000.)

Crocker Harness Co., of Tisbury, Mass. (Capital, \$77,000.)

COTTON.

Mutual Land & Mfg. Co., at Durham, N. C. (Capital, \$280,000.)

Stock company (capital, \$250,000) to erect cotton mill, at Fort Worth, Texas.

Cabot Cotton Mfg. Co., at Brunswick, Me. (70,000 spindles.)

Shirt factory at Milford, Del. (To employ 30 women.)

New mill at New Bedford, Mass., for the manufacture of fine yarn, on account of the high tariff on this grade of goods.

New mill at Dallas, Texas. (15,000 spindles.)

New cotton mill at Monroe, La. (Capital, \$200,000.)

New mill at Austin, Texas, to cost \$500,000.

Cotton factory at New Iberia, Ky.

Stock company (capital, \$500,000) at Atlanta, Ga., to work the fibre of the cotton stalk into warp for cotton bales.

New cotton factory at Abbeville, S. C.

New cotton factory at Summit, Miss.

Jean pants and cotton sack factory, at Louisiana State Penitentiary.

New cotton mill at Moosup, Conn.

New cotton mill at Wolfboro, N. H. (Capital, \$800,000.)

Bagging mills at Sherman, Texas.

Cotton batting factory at Columbia, S. C. (Capital, \$40,000.)

Cotton mill at Greenville, Tenn.

Cotton tie factory at Selma, Ala.

WOOLLEN.

Harvey's carpet mills at Philadelphia, Pa.

Arlington mills at Lawrence. (Worsted — 500 hands.)

Knitting mills at Cohoes, N. Y.

Knitting mills at Bennington, Vt. (75 hands.)

Woollen mill at Barre Plains near Worcester. (Fancy Cassimeres.)

Crescent yarn and knitting mills at New Orleans, La. (Capital, \$75,000. Capacity 500 dozen of hose per day.)

Wytheville Woollen & Knitting Co. at Wytheville, W. Va. (Capital, \$30,000.)

Yarn factory at Athens, S. C.

Coat factory at Ellsworth, Me. (Employs 75 to 100 hands.)

Woollen mills at Lynchburg, Va.

Woollen manufactory at Philadelphia, Pa.

Knitting mill (200 x 90) at Cohoes, N. Y.

Woollen factory at Worcester, Mass.

Knitting mill at Raleigh, N. C. (\$25,000.)

Knitting mill at Pittsboro, N. C.

Cotton and woollen yarns at Catonsville, Md. (Capital, \$10,000.)

Yarn factory at Lambert's Point, Va. (Capital, \$25,000.)

New factories of the Merrimack Coat and Glove Co., at Waban, N. H.

Knitting mill at Rockton, N. Y.

Yarn manufactory at Winsted, Conn.

Worsted manufactory at Woonsocket, R. I.

POTTERY AND GLASS.

Chattanooga Pottery Co. Pottery mills at Millville, Tenn.

Glass factory to manufacture glass jars and bottles at Middletown, Indiana.

Window glass factory at Baltimore, Md.

Glass manufactory at Fostoria, Ohio. (125 persons operate 12 pots.)

Parmenter Mfg. Co. at East Brookfield, Mass. (Capital, \$250,000.)

Glass manufactory at Grand Rapids, Mich.

American Union Bottle Co. Glass works at Woodbury, N. J.

A. Busch Glass Works at St. Louis, Mo.

Large glass plant at Denver, Col., by Chicago parties. (To employ between 300 and 400 men.)

Diamond Plate Glass Co., at Kokomo, Indiana. (Capacity, 5,500 ft. per day.)

New green glass factory at Alton, Ills. (To employ 425 men.)

Union Glass Co. at Malaga, N. J. (Capital, \$100,000.)

Window Glass Co. of Pittsburgh, Pa. (Capital, \$100,000.)

Window glass factory at Millville, N. J.

Glass manufactory at North Baltimore, Md. (Optical goods.)

PAPER AND PULP.

New paper mill at Newport and Sunapee, N. H.

Otis Falls Pulp Co. at Livermore Falls, Me.

Mill for the manufacture of glazed hardware paper at Hemington, Conn.

Girvins Falls Pulp Co. of Concord, N. H. (Capital, \$40,000.)

Paper mill at Manchester, Col.

New pulp mill at Howland, Me.

New pulp mill at Saxon, Wis.

New paper mill at Orono, Me.

Large paper mill at Reading, Pa.

Brookside Paper Mill at Manchester, Conn.

Paper box factory at Richmond, Va. (Cost \$7,000.)

Eureka Paper Mill Co. at Lower Oswego Falls, N. Y.

Shattuck & Babcock Co. of Depue, Wis. (Capital, \$500,000.)

Pulp mill at Huntsville, Ala., by American Fibre Co. of New York. (Capital \$80,000.)

IRON AND STEEL.

Liberty Iron Co., at Columbia Furnace, Va. (Capital, \$50,000.)

Basic steel plant, at Roanoke, Va. (Capital, \$750,000. Capacity, 200 tons per day.)

Ashland Steel Co., at Ashland, Ky. (400 tons finished steel per day.)

Tredegear Steel Works, at Tredegear, Ala. (100 tons per day.)

Pennsylvania Steel Co., of Philadelphia. (Large ship building plant at Sparrow Point, on Chesapeake Bay.)

Pittsburg Malleable Iron Co., of Pittsburg, Pa. (Capital, \$25,000.)

Beaver Tube Co., of Wheeling, W. Va. (Capital, \$1,000,000.)

\$1,000,000 stock company at Wheeling, W. Va., to develop coal and iron mines, etc.

New plant at Morristown, Tenn.

Iron furnace at Winston, N. C., by Washington and Philadelphia parties.

Buda Iron Works, of Buda, Ill. (Capital, \$24,000. Railroad supplies and architectural iron work.)

Simonds Manufacturing Co., of Pennsylvania. (Iron and steel. Capital, \$50,000.)

Iron City Milling Co., of Pittsburg, Pa. (Capital, \$50,000.)

One hundred and twenty-five ton blast furnace, at Covington, Va.

Iron works at Jaspar, Tenn. (Capital, \$30,000.)

Planing mill at Jaspar, Tenn. (Capital, \$10,000.)

METAL WORKING.

Peninsular Metal Works, of Detroit, Mich. (Capital, \$100,000.)

Iron and brass foundry at Easton, Md.

Tinware factory at Petersburg, Va.

Steel Edge Japanning & Tinning Co., at Medway, Mass. (Factory 800 x 60 feet.)

Horsch Aluminium Plating Co., of Chicago, Ill. (Capital, \$5,000,000.)

Tin plate manufactory at Chicago, Ill.

MACHINERY AND HARDWARE.

Lynn Lasting Machine Co., at Saco, Me. (Capital, \$50,000.)

Tin plate mill at Chattanooga, Tenn.

New plow factory at West Lynchburg, Va.

Machine works for Edison Electric Co., at Cohoes, N. H.

Haywood Foundry Co., at Portland, Me. (Capital, \$150,000.)

Larrabee Machinery Co., at Bath, Me. (Capital, \$250,000.)

Manufactory of mowers at Macon, Ga. (Capital, \$50,000.)

Cooking stove manufactory at Blacksburg, S. C.

Nail, horse-shoe, and cotton tie factory at Iron Gate, Va.

Iron foundry and stove works at Ivanhoe, Va.

Wire fence factory at Bedford City, Va.

Nail mill and rolling mill with 28 puddling furnaces at Buena Vista, Va.

Car works by Boston capitalists at Beaumont, Texas. (Capital, \$500,000.)

Car works plant at Goshen, Va.

Car works plant at Lynchburg, Va.

Nail mill at Morristown, Tenn.

Machine and iron works at Blacksburg, S. C. (Capital, \$120,000.)

Eureka Safe & Lock Co. at Covington, Ky. (Capital, \$50,000.)

Agricultural implements factory at Buchanan, Va. (Capital, \$50,000.)

Tin can and pressed tinware factory at Canton, Md.
 New hosiery factory at Charlotte, N. C.
 \$10,000 chair factory and \$25,000 foundry and machine shop
 at Attalla, Ala.
 Iron foundry and machine shops at Bristol, Tenn. (Capital,
 \$25,000.)
 Large skate factory at Nashua, N. H.
 Stove Foundry & Machine Co. in Llano, Texas. (Cost, \$100,000.)
 Safety Package Co., at Baltimore, Md. (Capital, \$1,000,000. To
 manufacture safes, locks, etc.)
 Stove foundry at Salem, Va. (Cost \$20,000. Capital, \$60,000.)
 Locomotive works plant at Chattanooga, Tenn. (Capital, \$500,000.)
 Fulton Machine Co., at Syracuse, N. Y. (Capital, \$33,000.)
 Chicago Machine Carving & Mfg. Co., at Chicago, Ill. (Capital,
 \$50,000. To manufacture interior decorations, mouldings,
 etc.)
 Standard Elevator Co., of Chicago, Ill. (Capital, \$300,000.)
 Wire nail mill at Salem, Va. (To employ over 100 men.)

TIN PLATE.

The following firms are manufacturing tin-plate, or building new
 mills or additions to old ones for that purpose.

Demmler & Co., Philadelphia.
 Coates & Co., Baltimore.
 Fleming & Hamilton, Pittsburg.
 Wallace, Banfield & Co., Irondale, Ohio.
 Jennings Bros. & Co., Pittsburg.
 Niedringhaus, St. Louis.

There is one other charge which was freely made against
 the tariff of 1890, that deserves a brief answer. It was
 said that the McKinley bill would stop trade with other
 countries, and that it raised duties "all along the line."

A plain tale from the "Statement of Foreign Commerce
 and Immigration," published by the Treasury Department
 for June, 1891, puts this accusation down very summarily.

Total imports free of duty for nine months, ending June 30, 1891	\$295,963,665
Total imports free of duty for nine months, ending June 30, 1890	208,983,873
Balance in favor of nine months, ending June 30, 1891	86,979,792
Total dutiable imports for nine months, ending June 30, 1890	389,786,032
Total dutiable imports for nine months, ending June 30, 1891	334,242,340
Balance in favor of nine months, ending June 30, 1891	55,543,692
Total imports for nine months, ending June 30, 1891	630,206,005
Total imports for nine months, ending June 30, 1890	598,769,905
Balance in favor of nine months, ending June 30, 1891.	31,436,100

BISMARCK IN THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

I CANNOT pardon the historian Bancroft, loved and admired by all, for having one day, blinded by the splendors of a certain illustrious person's career, compared an institution like the new German empire with such an institution as the secular American Republic. The impersonal character of the latter and the personal character of the former place the two governments in radical contrast. In America the nation is supreme—in Germany, the emperor. In the former the saviour of the negroes—redeemer and martyr—perished almost at the beginning of his labors. His death did not delay for one second the emancipation of the slave which had been decreed by the will of the nation, immovable in its determinations, through which its forms and personifications are moved and removed. In America the President in the full exercise of his functions is liable to indictment in a criminal court; he is nevertheless universally obeyed, not on account of his personality and still less on account of his personal prestige, but on account of his impersonal authority, which emanates from the Constitution and the laws. It little matters whether Cleveland favors economic reaction during his government, if the nation, in its assemblies, demands stability. The mechanism of the United States, like that of the universe, reposes on indefectible laws and uncontrollable forces. Germany is in every way the antithesis of America; it worships personal power. To this cause is due the commencement of its organization in Prussia, a country which was necessarily military since it had to defend itself against the Slavs and Danes in the north, and against the German Catholics in the south. Prussia was constituted in such a manner that its territory became an intrenched camp, and its people a nation in arms. Nations, even though they be republican, which find it necessary to organize themselves on a military model, ultimately

relinquish their parliamentary institutions and adopt a Cæsarian character and aspect. Greece conquered the East under Alexander; Rome extended her empire throughout the world under Cæsar; France, after her victories over the united kings, and the expedition to Egypt under Bonaparte, forfeited her parliament and the republic to deliver herself over to the emperor and the empire. Consequently the terms emperor and commander-in-chief appear to be the synonyms in all languages. And by virtue of this synonymy of words the Emperor of Germany exercises over his subjects a power very analogous to that which a general exercises over his soldiers. Bismarck should have known this. And knowing this truth—intelligible to far less penetrating minds than his—Bismarck should in his colossal enterprise have given less prominence to the emperor and more to Germany. He did precisely the contrary of what he should have done. The Hohenzollern dynasty has distinguished itself beyond all other German dynasties by its moral nature and material temperament of pure and undisguised autocracy. The Prussian dynasty has become more absolute than the Catholic and imperial dynasties of Germany. A Catholic king always finds his authority limited by the Church, which depends completely on the Pope, whereas a Prussian monarch grounds his authority on two enormous powers, the dignity of head of the State, and that of head of the Church. The autocratic character native to the imperial dynasties of Austria is greatly limited by the diversity of races subjected to their dominion and to the indispensable assemblies of the diet around his imperial majesty.

But a king of Prussia, always on horseback, leader in military times, defender of a frontier greatly disputed by formidable enemies, whose soil looks like a dried-up marsh from which the ancient Slav race had been obliged to drain off the water, is required to direct his subjects as a general does an army. The intellectual, political, and military grandeur of Frederick the Great augmented this power and assured it to his descendants for a long epoch. It has happened to each king of Prussia since that time to perform some colossal task, grounded in an irreducible antagonism. Frederick William II. devoted himself to the reconciliation of Calvinism and Lutheranism as divided in his

days as during the thirty years war, which was maintained by the heroism of Gustavus Adolphus, and repressed by the exterminating sword of Wallenstein. Frederick William IV. endeavored to unite Christianity and Pantheism in his philosophical lucubrations; the Protestant churches were deprived of their churchyards and statues by virtue of and in execution of Royal Lutheran mandates, as was also the Catholic Cathedral of Cologne, restored to-day in more brilliant liturgical splendor with the sums paid for pontifical indulgences. Bismarck did as he liked with the empire when it was ruled by William I., and did not foresee what would be the irremissible and natural issue of the system to which he lent his authority and his name. When William I. snatched his crown from the altar, as Charlemagne might have done, and clapped it on his head, repeating formulas suited to Philip II. and Charles V., the minister was silent and submitted to these blasphemies, derived from the ancient doctrine of the divine right of kings, because they increased his own ministerial power, exercised under a presidency and governorship chiefly nominal and honorary. But a thinker of his force, a statesman of his science, a man of his greatness, should have remembered what physiologists have demonstrated with regard to heredity, and should have known that it was his duty and that of the nation and the Germans to guard against some atavistic caprice which would strike at his own power. The predecessor of Frederick the Great was a monomaniac and the predecessor of William the Strong was a madman. Could Bismarck not foresee that by his leap backwards he ran the risk of lending himself to the fatal reproduction of these same circumstances, of transcendental importance to the whole estate, nay, to the whole nation? A king of Bavaria singing Wagner's operas among rocks and lakes; a brother of the king of Bavaria resembling Sigismund de Caldéron by his epilepsy and insanity; Prince Rudolph showing that the double infirmity inherent in the paternal lineage of Charles the Rash and in the maternal line of Joanna the Mad continues in the Austrians; a recent king of Prussia itself shutting himself up in his room as in a gaol, and obliged by fatality to abdicate the throne of his forefathers during his lifetime in favor of the next heir, must prove, as they have done, what is the result of braving the maledictions of the oracle

of Delphi, and the catastrophes of the twins of *Œdipus* with such persistency, in this age, in important and mature communities, which cannot become diseased, much less cease to exist when certain privileged families sicken and die. Not that I would ask people to do what is beyond their power and prohibited by their honor. There was no necessity, as a revolutionist might imagine, to overturn the dynasty. A very simple solution of the problem would have been to take against the probable extravagances of the Fredericks and Williams of Prussia the same precautions that were taken in England against the Georges of Hanover. These last likewise suffered from mental disorders. And so troubled were they by their afflictions that they were haunted by a grave inclination to prefer their native, though unimportant hereditary throne in the Germany of their forefathers to the far more important kingdom conferred on them by the parliamentary decision of England. But the English, to obviate this, showed themselves a powerful nation and respected the dynasty. Bismarck wished to make the king absolute in Prussia; he desired that a Cæsar should reign over Germany; and to-day the king and the Cæsar are embodied in a young man who has set aside the old Chancellor, and believes himself to have received from heaven, together with the right to represent God on this earth, the omnipotence and omniscience of God himself. Can it be doubted any longer that history reveals an inherent providential justice? To-day we see it unfold itself as if to show us that the distant perspectives of the past live in the present and extend throughout futurity.

II.

Bismarck was on his guard against Frederick the Good, from whom a progressive policy was expected on account of his philosophical ideas, and a liberal and parliamentary government on account of the domestic influences which surrounded him. Knowing the humanitarian tendencies which sparkled in his disappointed mind, and the ascendancy exercised over his diseased heart by the loved Empress Victoria, Bismarck availed himself of the terrible infirmity with which implacable fate afflicted the second Lutheran Emperor of Germany, and retained the imperial power in his own person, as though William I. were not dead. The enormous

corpse of the latter, like that of Frederick Barbarossa, made a subject for analogous legends by German tradition, was replaced by another corpse, and in the decomposition consequent to his frightful infirmity, the unfortunate Frederick III. seems to have realized the title of a celebrated Spanish drama, "To Govern After Death" (*Reinar Despues de Morir*). All that he could do, when already ravaged by cancer, when the microbes of a terrible disease, like the worms of the sepulchre, were attacking and destroying him, was to open up a vista to timid hope, and to publish certain promises animated by an exalted humaneness, in spite of and unknown to the Chancellor who was not consulted in these declarations, which might be said to have descended from heaven on the wings of the angel of death. Bismarck went to and fro among the doctors, who naturally refused to declare the terrible disease mortal, and prepared to vanquish the moribund will of Frederick and the British notions of his widow, fearing that when the last breath of the imperial life had ceased the whole policy of Germany would have to be changed, as a scene in a theatre must be changed if it has been hissed. It was certain that there was as great a difference between the ideas of the Emperor William I. and those of Frederick III., separated by so brief a space, as between those of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and those of the Emperor Frederick II., his successor, after the long period of two hundred years had changed the capital features of the Middle Ages; the first was an unalloyed Catholic, notwithstanding his dissidences with the Guelph cities, and even with the Pope a stern Cæsar, like the good Roman Cæsars in time of war and defence, a veritable orthodox crusader, whose piety was concealed as in a colossal mountain whence he awaited the reconquest of outraged Jerusalem by the Christians; whereas the second was an almost Pantheistic poet and philosopher, whose Catholicity was mingled with Orientalism, who was equally given to the discussion of theological and of scientific questions, who followed the crusades in fulfilment of an hereditary tradition, who penetrated into the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre by virtue of an extraordinary covenant with the infidel, and whose own beliefs were so cosmopolitan that they brought down a sentence of excommunication upon himself and of interdiction upon his kingdom. To Pope Innocent III., the former typified the

Catholic emperor of the Middle Ages; Frederick II. appeared to him very much the same as in our days the Lutheran emperor appeared to Prince Bismarck, who took every possible precaution against the humanitarianism and parliamentarism of his dying pupil, and at the same time impelled his eldest son, the next heir to the crown, with all his influence and advice towards absolutist principles and reactionary propensities. No upright mind can ever forget the terrible desecration committed when, a few days before the death of his father, young William spoke of the empire as of a possession which it was to be understood he had already entered upon, and awarded the arm and head of his iron Chancellor the title of arm and head connatural with the Cæsarian institution. I know of no statesman in history who has given, under analogous circumstances, such proof of want of foresight as was given by Bismarck, comprehensible only if the body could assume the authority of the will, as did his, and if the intelligence could disappear, as did his, in an hydropic and unquenchable desire for power. Frederick, holding progressive ideas opposed to those of Bismarck and of William, would have greatly considered public opinion, and on account of that consideration would have perhaps respected, till the hour of his death, the Pilot, who, dejected by the new direction of public government, inferred that irreparable evil must result therefrom. When Maurice of Saxony trod on the heels of Charles V., whom he had defeated at Innsbruck, he was asked why he did not capture so rich a booty, and replied: "Where should I find a cage large enough for such a big bird?" Assuredly the conscience and mind of such a parliamentarian and philosopher as was Frederick III., must have addressed to him a similar question when he inwardly meditated sacrificing the Chancellor's person and prescinding his power: "Where should I find a place outside the government for such a man, who would struggle under bolts and chains, making the whole state tremble in sympathy with his own agitation?" The experience and talent of Frederick, together with his respect for public opinion, led him to retain Bismarck at his post, subject only to some slight restrictions. But the Chancellor, in his shortsightedness, filled young William's head with absolutist ideas; spurred and excited him to display impatience with his poor father; and when thus nurtured, his ward opened his mouth to satisfy

his appetite, he swallowed up the Chancellor as a wild beast devours a keeper.

It was the hand of Providence!

III.

The onus of blame devolves on Bismarck's native ideas, which persisted in him from his cradle and resisted the revelations of his own personal experience as well as the spirit of our progressive age. In Bismarck there always subsisted the rural fibre of the Pomeranian rustic, in unison with the demon of feudal superstition and intolerance. In politics and religion he was born, like certain of the damned in "Dante's Inferno," with his head turned backwards by destiny. A quarrelsome student, a haughty noble, pleased only with his lands and with the privileges ascribed to the land owner, incapable of understanding the ideal of natural right and the contexture of parliamentary government, a Christian of merely external routine and formalist liturgy, he excited in the pusillanimous Frederick William, in his earliest counsels and during his early influence in the crisis of '48, a horror of democratic principles and progressist schools which led him to salute the corpses of his own victims, stretched out on the beds of his own royal palace, and to prostrate himself at the feet of Austria in the terrible humiliation of Olmutz, that political and moral Jena of the civil wars of the Germanic races. Very perspicuous in discerning the slightest cloud that might endanger the privileges of the monarchy and aristocracy, he was blind of an incurable blindness with respect to the discernment of the breath of life contained in the febrile agitations of new Germany, which discharged from its revolutionary tripod sufficient magnetism and electricity between the tempests, similar to those which flash, and thunder, and fulminate, from the summits of all the Sinais of all histories, to inflame a higher soul in any other more progressive society. The world cannot understand that he should have been perturbed by the external clamor of the revolution, when the idea of Germanic unity had become condensed in the soul of the nation, revealing itself by volcanic eruptions, like an incipient or radiant star; he could not understand how the Congress of Frankfort, cursed by him, foreshadowed the future, as though

inspired by tongues of fire; and could not avail himself of all that ether whose comet-like violence, cooled down in the course of time, was to compose the new German nationality, and was to give it a greater fatherland where its inherent genial nature should glow and expand. In his shortsightedness, in his lack of progressive spirit, in his want of the prophetic gift, he imagined the principle of Germanic unity lost at Olmutz, like the principle of Italian unity at Novara, and ridiculed those who, certain of the immortality of such principles, foretold for both a Passover of Resurrection. He never understood the innermost essence and intrinsic substance of the principle, to which it owes its force and glory, sufficiently to adopt it, until he had witnessed its success in Italy, insulted in his speeches during the tempestuous dawn of the new common idea. It is on this account that I am rendered indignant by any comparison of Bismarck and Cavour, as I am rendered equally indignant by a comparison of Washington and Bonaparte. The father of the Saxon fatherland of America, and the father of the Italian fatherland in Europe, alike rendered worship to goodness, and never deviated from right in any degree; whereas the founders of French imperialism and of Germanic imperialism, much addicted to violence and very vain of their conquests, relinquished something as great and as fragile and sinister as the works produced by the genius of evil and outer darkness in all theogony. In the last years of the reign of Napoleon III., during the discussion of a message in the French Legislative Corps, Rouher extolled the public and private virtues of the emperor. My late lamented friend, Jules Favre, replied to him in a speech worthy of Demosthenes: "You may be content to be the minister of such a Marcus Aurelius; to such paltry dignities, I prefer the higher privilege of calling myself a citizen of a free country." Bismarck preferred to maintain himself in power by the help of his kings — quite the contrary of what Gladstone does, who maintains his sovereignty. Whom can he blame but himself? Emperors are accustomed to be ferocious with their favorites when they are weary of them. Just as Tiberius expelled Sejanus, just as Nero killed Seneca, just as John II. hanged D. Alvaro de Luna, just as Philip II. persecuted Antonio Perez till he died, just as Philip III. beheaded D. Rodrigo Caldéron, William II. has morally

beheaded Bismarck, without any other motive than his imperial caprice. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*. So now will the Chancellor venture to present himself in parliament because he has been dismissed from the royal palace like a lackey? *Quæ te dementia capit?* When, after Waterloo, Napoleon, adopting the theatrical style of an Italian *artiste*, suitable to his tragical disposition, and repeating a few badly learned Plutarchesque phrases, suitable to the classical education of his age, asked the English, his enemies, to accord him hospitality, as in ancient times Themistocles might have petitioned his enemies the Persians, the English replied by sending him to St. Helena. Bismarck in disfavor and disgrace solicits an asylum from his enemies, the commons, whom he has never defeated, yet whom he has always disdained. And as the English condemned their troublesome guest to live on a gloomy little island, the electors condemn their repugnant petitioner to a second ballot. But the Chancellor will be completely undeceived; he possesses no qualifications whatever for the position he has chosen. An orator, a great orator, he one day failed to keep his pledged word, and the apostate word condemns him to never regain the executive power through its intervention. In the sessions of parliament he will resemble the plucked and cackling hen thrown by the Sophists into Socrates' lecture-room. The admired Heine, so fertile in genial ideas, represented the gods of Phidias and Plato, besides being downfallen and vagabond, selling rabbit skins on the seashore, and being forced to light brushwood fires by which to warm their benumbed bodies during the winter nights. To-day the writers, salaried by Bismarck, known as reptiles, now turn on him, for a similar salary, the venomous fangs which he formerly aimed at his innumerable enemies. And yonder, in the parliament where formerly he strode in with sabre, and belt, and spurred boots, a hemlet under his arm, a cuirass on his breast, he will now enter like a chicken-hearted charity-school boy, and that assembly which he formerly whipped with a strong hand, like school-boys, laughed at and caricatured in often brutal sarcasm, ridiculed at every instant, ignored in the calculation of the budget and the army estimates during long years, and sometimes divided and dispersed by his strokes, they, the rabble, will trample on him, like the Lilliputians on Gulliver, incapable of estimating his stature, and eternity

and history will speedily bury him, not like a despot, in Egyptian porphyry, but like a buffoon.

IV.

In few statesmen has it been seen so clearly as in the case of the Chancellor that no great man can make himself greater than a great idea. Opposed to the Germanic union in the commencement of its creative period, at the time of the revolution of '48, he accepted it much later, not so much of his own initiative and free will as in obedience to the teachings of unpleasant experiences. Between his anti-union and almost feudal speeches which softened the disaster of Olmutz, and his conversion, more than fourteen years ensued, the whole space of time which extended from the dawn of the revolution to the triumph of Italy. In that conversion lay the veritable glory of his life, and he proved therein, by successive and tardy gradations, that he could tenaciously avail himself of his courage, and lead up to the triumph of the newly created and loved project with marvellous art. The policy developed against Austria at Frankfurt by its snares, by its traps, by its deceits, and by its tricks, exhibited him to history as a prodigy of cunning and foresight, in whom the enthusiasm of a living sentiment was associated with computations of consummate dexterity. His embassy to Paris and to St. Petersburg, where he united against Austria persons so opposed to concord as Napoleon and Alexander, each for his own part determined to do nothing which might increase the power of Germany, surpassed in cleverness everything ever achieved in celebrated combinations by such diplomats as Talleyrand and Metternich, the two illustrious models of political strategy. The inclusion of Austria in the incidents of the duchies of the River Elbe and the jugglery done with the territory acquired with its direct assent, in addition to the preparation of the final stroke for the presidency of the Germanic federation, by means of a war prepared with cunning stealth and carried out with rapid triumph, are among the greatest feats for which praises and deifications are due to him and which testify to his merit. I cannot forget that to his efforts we owe the ruin of Austrian despotism, and of Napoleonic Cæsarism; the re-establishment of Hungarian independence;

the return of Italy's long lost provinces to her bosom; the end of the Pope's temporal power, and the fortunate occasion of the new birth of the republic in France. In his schemes Bismarck forwarded a higher ideal of progress and, consciously or unconsciously, he — than whom nobody was ever more inspired by motives and triumphant in his undertakings — has served the universal interests of the democracy. But he has achieved his undeniable victories by means and procedures which have not fitted him for the position of a German deputy, and do not lend him any force, either moral or material, for his new elective office. The whole of his great edifice is founded on a complete oblivion of parliamentary traditions, to-day courted lovingly by its most crafty enemy, whose inconstancy is extraordinary. Reservedness, dissimulation, secrecy, deceit, double meanings in words, what by analogy with the former we call duplicity of character, treaties made by stealth, midnight conspiracies, imposition of taxes not voted by parliament, levies arbitrarily decreed by the executive without authorization and even without consultation as in Asia, the right of conquest practised in the light of reason, violent annexations which dismembered one nation for the glory of another — such is the sum total of fatal traditions which Bismarck now solicits to be allowed to continue by means of free discussion, and in the bosom of open parliament. Palmerston and Gortchakoff cannot hop in the same bag. The minion of a Czar and the representative of a nation cannot be united in one and the same person. What programme can Bismarck develop to his colleagues which will have the moral character of necessary work? Moreover, the divine word called human eloquence descends only on the lips of that apostleship which redeems a nation from slavery and impels it forward. You could not understand Daniel defending the kings of Babylon, Demosthenes defending Philip, Cicero defending Mark Antony, O'Connell defending the landlords of Ireland, and Vergniaud or Mirabeau defending the absolute kings of France. If Bismarck accepts the liberal and tolerant policy of to-day, will he not thereby countenance the emperor who has ridiculed him and Caprivi who has audaciously seated himself in that exalted position from which Bismarck thought never to fall before his death? The great man is a poor appraiser of ideas, accepting them from every quarter whence they

blow to him if only they will fill his sails and propel his bark; but he will never understand what mischief he could work to his enemies by opposing a programme of advanced democratic reform to the imperial programme whose fixity resembles the rigidity of death. But what liberty can he invoke — he who has disavowed and injured all liberties? Not personal liberty — abused and trampled on constantly by his menials; not commercial liberty, sold for thirty pieces of silver after the Germanic Zollverein had brought great wealth to Prussia; not religious liberty, placed in grave danger by complacency with anti-Jewish preachers and by the May laws; not scientific liberty, after having persecuted every department of science — even history — and invested the state with full power to enforce the teaching of official doctrines everywhere and by everybody; not industrial liberty, wasted away by the regulation of labor which has transformed the workshops into garrisons, and made of the workmen an army. What remains for him to do? He has absolutely no resource at his disposal with which to undertake a campaign of active opposition. In social questions nothing is more worn out and useless than his pontifical socialism. This species of abortion has lately resulted in advancing the parturition of increased aspirations of the laborers, and as every kind of abortion leaves the womb which bears it, has done so violently. His law for the insurance of workmen, though dating only from '82, is already tottering in almost decrepit decay. He even admitted himself that it needed perfecting by means of a law that should establish compulsory corporations, like the ancient guilds, which proposal was objected to by the workmen themselves, more inclined to Saxon individualism and revolutionary co-operation than to his socialism, in which he saw salvation, and which they regarded as pedantic and hybrid. Bismarck's system had no justification and derogated all laws of ethics and justice. With his Utopian schemes the professors in their lecture-rooms endeavored to excite the Socialists, who, if they had listened and demanded their realization would have been exposed to be shot down in the streets by the soldiery, without anyone being able even to raise a protest against such indignities being possible in the country. Even his foreign policy can scarcely be justified; however skilful may have been the diplomatic and military preparations which led to his first

triumph, it has proved a perplexed and confused policy since his final triumph. The Chancellor had no other alternative than to come to an agreement either with France and England against Russia, or else with Russia against France and England. To come to an arrangement with France against Russia necessitated the restitution of Alsace and Lorraine; to come to an understanding with Russia, it was necessary to permit the Russians to enter Constantinople. By these perplexities which shut out all hope of retaliation from France, thus exciting its colonial appetite, and which opened to Russia the path to the Bosphorus in a final eastern war, detaining her for a time in St. Stephens and preparing the two Bulgarias for an Austrian protectorate, Bismarck could have extricated himself from danger from both Russia and France when the bonds of the Triple Alliance were loosened at Rome by the fall of Crispi, and at Vienna by the Treaty of Commerce. We have not spoken of the Chancellor as an argonaut, of the Chancellor as a colonizer. All that he has been able to do, after having given occasion for enormous difficulties with Australia and England, with the United States and Spain, placing himself and placing us in danger of war for the Carolines, has been to break poor unlucky Emin Pasha's backbone, and to barter the protectorate of Zanzibar for the sponge known as Heligoland. And may thanks be given to William II. and to Caprivi for having, at such small cost, got over the difficulties of the Socialist laws of his home policy, and the colonial entanglements of his foreign policy. Bismarck may believe an old admirer of his personality and of his genius, though an adversary of his policy, and of the government dependent on that policy. Society, like nature, devours everything that it does not need. The death of William I., the Cæsar; the death of Roon, the organizer; the death of Moltke, the strategist, all say to him that the species of men to which he belongs is fading out and becoming extinct. Modern science teaches that extinct species do not re-appear. Bosuet would say that the Eternal has destroyed the instrument of His providential work, because it is already useless. Remain, then, Bismarck, in retirement, and await, without neurotic impatience, the final judgment of God and of history.

THE DOUBTERS AND THE DOGMATISTS.

BY PROF. JAMES T. BIXBY, PH. D.

AN eminent ecclesiastic of the Church of England not long ago characterized the present age as pre-eminently the age of *doubt*, and lamented that whether he took up book, or magazine, or sermon, he was confronted with some form of it.

This picture of our age is not an unjust one. The modern mind is thoroughly wide awake and has quite thrown off the leading-strings of ancient timidity. It looks all questions in the face and demands to be shown the real facts in every realm. All the traditions of history, the laws of science, the principles of morals are overhauled, and the foundations on which they rest relentlessly probed. And our modern curiosity can see no reason why it should cease its investigations when it comes to the frontiers of religion. It deems no dogma too old to be summoned before its bar; no council nor conclave too sacred to be asked for its credentials; no pope or Scripture too venerable to be put in the witness-box and cross-examined as to its accuracy or authority. In all the churches there is a spirit of inquiry abroad; almost every morning breeze brings us some new report of heresy, or the baying of the sleuth-hounds of orthodoxy, as they scent some new trail of infidelity; and the slogan of dogmatic controversy echoes from shore to shore.

As we look around the ecclesiastical horizon, we find agitation and controversy on all sides. In one denomination, it is the question of the salvation of the *heathen*; in another, that of the virgin birth of Christ and the apostolic succession; in a third, it is the invasion of doubt as to the eternal torment of the wicked; in a fourth, the evidential value of the miracles; in a fifth, the grand questions included under the higher criticism of the Scriptures and the relative authority of reason and the Bible. In Congregational, Episcopalian, Baptist, Universalist, and Presbyterian folds, it is the same, everywhere some heresy to be disciplined,

some doubt to be suppressed, some doctrinal battle hotly waged.

To the greater part of the Church, this epidemic of scepticism is a subject of grave alarm. Unbelief seems to them, as to Mr. Moody, the worst of sins; and they consider the only proper thing to do with it, is to follow the advice of the Bishop of London, some years ago, and fling doubt away as you would a loaded shell. They apparently look upon Christianity as a huge powder magazine, which is likely to explode if a spark of candid inquiry comes near it.

Others, on the contrary, fold their arms indifferently and regard this new spirit of investigation as only an evanescent breeze, which can produce no serious result upon the citadel of faith. A third party hail it with exultation as the first trumpet blast of the theological *Götterdämmerung*, the downfall of all divine powers and the destruction of the Christian superstition, to give place to the naked facts of scientific materialism.

What estimate, then, shall we put on this tendency?

In the first place we must recognize that it is a serious condition; that it is no momentary eddy, but a permanent turn in the current of the human mind. Humanity is looking religion square in the face, without any band over its eyes, in a way it never has before; and when humanity once gets its eyes open to such questions,—it is in vain to try to close them, before the questions have been thoroughly examined. Certainly, Protestantism cannot call a halt upon this march. For it was Protestantism itself, proclaiming at the beginning of her struggle with Rome the right of private judgment, which started the modern mind upon this high quest; and Protestantism is therefore bound in logic and honor to see it through to the end, whatever that end may be.

And in the next place, I believe that quest will end in good. Why the champions of faith should regard doubt as devil-born, rather than a providential instrument in God's hand, is something I do not understand. If doubt humbles the Church and acts as a thorn in its flesh, may not such chastening be providential, quite as much as the things which puff it up? As Luther well expressed it, "We say to our Lord, that if he will have his church, he must keep it, for we cannot. And if we could, we should be the proudest asses under heaven." As Attila was the scourge of God to

the Roman world, when God needed to clear that empire out of the way, as he built his new Christendom, so may not doubt be the scourge of God to the easy-going, sleepy, too credulous piety of to-day, which gulps down all the husks of faith so fast that it never gets a taste of the kernel?

Yes, doubt is often the needed preparation for obtaining truth. We must clear out the thorny thicket of superstition before we can begin to raise the sweet fruit of true religion.

There are times when careful investigation is rightly called for. When doubting Thomas demanded to see the print of the nails, and touch and handle the flesh of the risen Christ, before he would believe in the resurrection of his Lord, his demand for the most solid proof of the great marvel was a wise and commendable one; one for which all subsequent generations of Christians are deeply indebted to him. To believe without evidence, or to suppress doubt where it legitimately arises, is both fostering superstition and exposing ourselves to error and danger. What shall we say of the merchant who refuses to entertain any question about the seaworthiness of his vessel, but sends her off across the Atlantic undocked and unexamined, piously trusting her to the Lord? Shall we commend him? or not rather charge him with culpable negligence? And what we say of such a merchant seems to me just what we should say of the Christian who refuses to investigate the seaworthiness of that ship of faith which his ancestors have left him. In astronomy, in politics, in law, we demand what business the dead hand of the past has on our lip, our brain, our purse? Why should the dead hand of an Augustine or Calvin be exempt from giving its authority? Why should these mediæval glimpses of truth be given the right to close our eyes to-day from seeing what we ourselves can see and speaking forth what we can hear of heavenly truth?

In all other departments of knowledge, investigation has brought us up to a higher outlook, where we see the true relations of things better than before. In all other branches, God has given us new light, so that we discern things more as they really are. Science has risen by making a ladder of its earlier errors and by treading them under foot, reaching to higher truths. The Bible itself is the growth of ages; and Christian doctrine and Christian creeds have been the evolution of a still longer period. The dogmas of the churches

are most manifold and conflicting. Is it not rather immodest and absurd for each church to claim infallibility for its present creed, and that wisdom died when the book of Revelation closed the Bible, or the Council of Trent or the Westminster Assembly adjourned its sitting? It seems to me that the churches ought, instead, to be willing and anxious to receive whatever new light God may grant them to-day, and with the potent clarifying processes of reason, separate the pure gold of religion from the dross and alloys of olden superstition and misguided judgment.

But to the modern devotees of dogma, any subjection of it to the cleansing of the reason seems shocking. The forefront of Dr. Briggs' recent offending, for which he is about to be formally tried as a heretic, is that he admits errors in the Bible and gives reason (by which he means, as he explains, not merely the understanding, but also the conscience and the religious instinct in man), a conjoint place with the Bible and the Church in the work of salvation and the attainment of divine truth. To the modern dogmatist, these positions seem sceptical and pernicious. But to the philosopher, who knows the laws of human nature, to every scholar who knows the actual history of the Bible, these positions seem only self-evident. That in the Scriptures there are innumerable errors in science, mistakes in history, prophecies that were never fulfilled, contradictions and inconsistencies between different books and chapters,—these are facts of observation which every Biblical student knows full well. Granting, for the sake of the argument, that the Bible was given originally by infallible divine dictation, yet the men who wrote down the message were fallible; the men who copied it were fallible; the men who translated it (some of it twice over, first from Hebrew to Greek, and then from Greek to English) were fallible; and the editors, who from the scores of manuscripts, by their personal comparison and decisions between the conflicting readings, patched together our present text, were most fallible. And when thus a Bible reader has got his text before him, how can he understand it, except by using his own reason and judgment? Instruments, again, most fallible.

How is it possible, then, to get Bible-truth independently of the reason or in entire exemption from error? The only way would be to say, that not only was the Bible ver-

bally inspired, but all its authors, copyists, editors, and pious readers were also infallibly inspired. As in the old Hindoo account of how the world was supported, the earth was said to be held up on pillars, and the pillars on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, and when the defender of the faith was asked what, then, did the tortoise rest on, he sought to save himself in his quandary, by roundly asserting that "it was tortoise all the way down";—so the defender of the infallibility of the Scripture has to take refuge in "inspiration all the way down." But if this be so, ought not the modern scripture editors and revisers, translators and Biblical professors also to be inspired, as much as those of King James' day or the printers at the Bible house? And thus we reach, as the *reductio ad absurdum* of this argument, this result: that Tischendorff, and Koenen, and the Hebrew professors, among whom Doctor Briggs is a foremost authority, while accused of heresy are really themselves the very channels of infallible inspiration.

The sincere investigators into the character of the Bible and the nature of Christ are charged with exalting human reason above the word of God. But as soon as the subject is investigated and a Professor Swing or a Mr. MacQueary corroborates his interpretation by the Scripture itself, or Doctor Briggs shows his views to be sustained by history, by philosophy, by a profounder study of both nature and the Bible, then the ground is shifted, and it is maintained that it is not a question whether the views are true, but whether they conform to the creed; that the Catechism is not to be judged by the Bible or the facts in the case, but Bible and facts are to be interpreted by the words of the Confession; and if they do not agree with this, then heresy and infidelity are made manifest. The question is not whether the water of truth be found, but whether it is drunk out of an orthodox bottle, with the Church's label glued firmly upon it. The pretext for the charge of heresy against these eminent Biblical scholars is that they are undermining the Bible; but in conducting the trial, prosecutors themselves refuse to abide by the testimony of the Scriptures to decide the matter and erect above them soul creed or catechism.

But let us stop for a moment and ask whence came these creeds and catechisms themselves? What else was their origin than out of the reason of man; out of the brains of

scholars, as they in former years criticised and interpreted the same Scripture, and nature, and laws of God? And these scholars of the past were quite as fallible, quite as partisan, and far less well informed than our scholars to-day. Thus it is the dogmatists themselves who exalt the reason of man above the word of God, forbidding us to listen to the more direct voice of God in our own soul; forbidding us to decipher the revelations which the Divine Hand has written on the rocks, and tree, and animal structure, and even frowning upon that profounder study of the Scripture called the higher criticism, but bidding us accept, in its stead, the man-made substitute of some council or assembly of former generations.

There have undoubtedly been periods when the doubt with which the Church had to deal was mainly frivolous or carnal; a passionate rebellion of the worldly nature, attacking the essential truths of religion. But such is not the nature of the doubt which is at present occupying the public eye; such is not the doubt most characteristic of our generation. It proceeds from serious motives. It is a doubt marked by essential reverence and loyalty to truth. It is a desire for more solid foundations; for the attainment of the naked realities of existence. It is a necessary incident of the great intellectual awakening of our century. As the modern intellect comes back on Sunday from its week-day explorations of the history of Rome, or the myths of Greece, or the religious ideas of Buddha or Zoroaster, it must return to the contemplation of the Christian dogmas under new influences. It will necessarily demand what better evidence the law of Moses or the creed of Nicea has than the law of Mana or the text of the Zendavesta? The scepticism of our age is not so much directed against the great truths of religion as against the man-made dogmas that have usurped the sacred seat. If irreverent, scoffing scepticism were to be found anywhere to-day, it would most likely be found manifested among the throng of young men gathered at our most progressive University, — Harvard. But Dr. Lyman Abbot, after several weeks' association with the students there, and a careful study of their states of mind, not long ago testified, that "if they are sceptical, it is because they are too serious-minded and too true to accept convictions ready made, traditional creeds for personal beliefs, or church formularies for a life of devotion." Now to call such a state of mind irre-

ligious or infidel is most unjust. The irreligion lies rather with those who make a fetish of the Bible and substitute a few pet texts from it; that sustain their own private opinions, in place of that divine light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. The real infidels are they who reject the revelation which God is making us continually in the widening light of modern knowledge, and by a species of ecclesiastical lynching, condemn, before trial, the sincere, painstaking, and careful scholars and reverent disciples of Christ, who are so earnestly seeking after truth, because the results of their learned researches do not agree with the prejudices of their anathematizers. It is with no less cogency of argument than nobility of feeling that Dr. Briggs replied to his assailants: "If it be heresy to say that rationalists, like Martineau, have found God in the reason, and Roman Catholics, like Newman, have found God in the Church, I rejoice in such heresy, and I do not hesitate to say that I have less doubt of the salvation of Martineau and Newman than I have of the modern Pharisees who would exclude such noble men, — so pure, so grand, the ornaments of Great Britain and the prophets of the age,—from the kingdom of God."

Scepticism and religious questioning are, then, no sins; they are not irreligious. But surely they do vex the Church. What shall the Church do about them? In the first place, we should not try to suppress them. Nor should we tell religious inquirers to shut their eyes and put the poppy pillow of faith beneath their heads and go to sleep again, and dream. They have got their eyes wide open and they are determined to know whether those sweet visions which they had on faith's pillow are any more than illusions. Nor will they be satisfied and cease to think, by having a creed of three hundred or fifteen hundred year's antiquity recited to them. The modern intellects that have taken Homer to pieces, and excavated Agamemnon's tomb, and unwound the mummy wrappings of the Pharaohs, that have weighed the stars and chained the lightnings, are not to be awed by any old-time sheepskin or any council of bishops. They demand the facts in the case; fresh manna to satisfy their heart hunger; the solid realities of personal experience. No. It is too late today for the churchmen to play the part of Mrs. Partington, and sweep back the Atlantic tide of modern thought with their little ecclesiastical broom. The old ramparts are broken

through and we must give the flood its course. The only spirit to meet it in is that of frankness and friendliness. Let us not foster in these questioning minds the suspicion that there is any part of religion that we are afraid to have examined. We smile at the bigoted Buddhist who, when the European attempted to prove by the microscope that the monk's scruples against eating animal food were futile (inasmuch as in every glass of water he drank he swallowed millions of little living creatures), smashed the microscope for answer, as if that altered at all the facts. But are not many of the heresy-hunters in Christendom quite as foolish in their efforts to smash the microscope of higher criticism, or the telescope of evolution, and suppress the testimony which nature, and reason, and scholarship every day present afresh?

Let us, therefore, give liberty, yes, even sympathy, to these perplexed souls who are struggling with the great problems of religion.

And secondly, let us be honest with them, and not claim more certainty for religious doctrines or more precise and absolute knowledge about divine and heavenly things than we have. One of the great causes of modern doubt is, unquestionably, the excessive claims that theology has made. It has not been content with preaching the simple truths necessary to a good life; that we have a Maker to whom we are responsible,—a divine Friend to help us, a divine voice within to teach us right and wrong; that in the life that is to follow this, each shall be judged according to his deeds, and that in the apostles and prophets, especially the spotless life of Jesus, we have the noble patterns of the holy life set up before us for our imitation; a revelation of moral and religious truth all sufficient for salvation. The Church has not been content with these almost self-evident truths; but it must go on, to make most absolute assertions about God's foreknowledge, and foreordination, and triune personality; and the eternal punishment of the wicked, and the double nature and pre-existence of Christ,—things not only vague and inconsistent, but contradictory to our sense of justice and right. It must go on to make manifold assertions about the inerrancy and verbal inspiration of the Bible and the details of the future life and the fall of human nature, which are utterly incredible to rational minds. And the worst of it is, that all these things are bound up in one great theological

system, and poor, anxious inquirers are told that they must either take all or none; and so (soon coming face to face with some palpable inconsistency or incredibility) they not unnaturally give up the whole. Trace out the religious history of the great sceptics,—the Voltaires, the Bradlaughs, the Ingersolls, the Tom Paines,—and you will see that the origin of their scepticism has almost always been in a reaction from the excessive assumptions of the ecclesiastics themselves. It is too fine spun and arrogant orthodoxy that is itself responsible for half of the heterodoxy of which it complains.

Let the Church, then, be honest, and claim no more than it ought. Let it respect and encourage honesty in every man in these sacred matters. The Church itself should say to the inquirer: You are unfaithful to your God if you go not where He, by the candle of the Lord (i. e., the reason and conscience he has placed within you), leads you. And when a man in this reverent and sincere spirit pursues the path of doubt, how often does he find it circling around again toward faith and conducting him to the Mount of Zion! The true remedy for scepticism is deeper investigation. As all sincere doubt is at bottom a cry of the deeper faith that only that which is true and righteous is divine, so all earnest doubt, thought through to the end, pierces the dark cloud and comes out in the light and joy of higher convictions. It lays in the dust our philosophic and materialistic idols and brings us to the one Eternal Power, the ever-living Spirit, manifested in all, that Spirit whose name is truth, whose word is love.

You remember, perhaps, the story of the climber among the Alps, who, having stepped off a precipice, as he thought, frantically grasped, as he fell, a projecting root and held on in an agony of anticipated death, for hours, until, utterly exhausted, he at last resigned himself to destruction, and let go of his support, to fall gently on the grassy ledge beneath, only a few inches below his feet. So when we resign ourselves to God's hand, our fall, be it little or be it great, lands us gently in the everlasting arms that are ever underneath.

Do not fear, then, to wrestle with doubt, or to follow its leadings. Out of every sincere soul-struggle, your faith shall come forth stronger and calmer. And do not hesitate

to proclaim your new convictions when they have become convictions. Such is the encouragement and sympathy that the Church should give the candid questioner.

On the other hand, it may wisely caution him, not to be precipitate in publishing his doubt. Let him wait till it has become more than a doubt; till it has become a settled and well-considered conclusion, before he inflicts it upon his neighbor. The very justification for doubting the accepted opinion, the sacredness of truth, commands caution and firm conviction that our new view is something more than a passing caprice of the mind, before we publish it. But when the doubter is sure of this, then let him no longer silence his highest thoughts.

Again, the Church is justified in cautioning the doubter not to be proud of his doubt as a doubt. There is no more merit, it is well to remember, in disbelieving than in believing; and if your opinions have, as yet, only got to the negative state and you have no new positive faith or philosophy to substitute for the old, you are doing your neighbor a poor service in taking away from him any superstition, however illogical, that sustains his heart and strengthens his virtue.

And further, let me say, I would dislike very much to have you contented with doubt. Doubt makes a very good spade to turn up the ground, but a very poor kind of spiritual food for a daily diet. It is a useful, often an indispensable half-way shelter in the journey of life; but a very cold home in which to settle down as the end of that journey.

In all our deepest hours, when our heart is truly touched, or our mind satisfied, we believe. It is each soul's positive faith, however unconventional or perhaps unconscious that faith may be, that sustains its hope, that incites its effort, that supports it through the trials of life. Any doubt, even, that is earnest and to be respected, is really an act of faith, faith in a higher law than that of human creeds; in a more direct revelation, within ourselves, in our own sense of justice and consistency, than in any manuscript or print.

The very atheist, who in the name of truth repudiates the word God, is really manifesting (in his own different way) the belief which he cannot escape, in the divine righteousness and its lawful claim on every human soul.

She is right who sings: —

“ There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night by night, unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,—
God knows the why.”

Finally, and most important of all, let us not worry ourselves so much about the intellectual opinions of men; but look rather to their spiritual condition. The church ought to think less of creed and more of character. The essence of faith lies not in correct conclusions upon doctrinal points; but in righteousness, and love, and trustful submission to God's will. No scepticism concerning dogmas touches the heart of religion. If that seems at all heretical, let me cite good orthodox authority. I might quote Bishop Thirlwall, of the Church of England, in his judgment concerning Colenso's attack upon the accuracy of the history of the Exodus in the Pentateuch, that “this story, nay, the whole history of the Jewish people, has no more to do with our faith as Christians, than the extraction of the cube or the rule of three.” Or I might quote Canon Farrar's weighty words, in a recent article in the *Christian World*, upon the true test of religion. “The real question,” he declares, “to ask about any form of religious belief, is: Does it kindle the fire of love? Does it make the life stronger, sweeter, purer, nobler? Does it run through the whole society like a cleansing flame, burning up that which is mean and base, selfish and impure? If it stands that test it is no heresy.” That answers the question as aptly as it does manfully. And to the same effect is the noble sermon of Dr. Heber Newton a few weeks ago, in which he subordinated the question of the denominational fold to the higher interests of the Christian flock; and that notable saying of Dr. MacIlvaine's at the Presbyterian Presbytery the other day, when, quoting the admission of one evangelical minister, that it was the Unitarian Martineau who had saved his soul and kept his Christian faith from shipwreck, he added significantly, “You must first find God in your soul before you can find Him elsewhere.” Yes, the prime and essential thing is to find God in the soul; to worship him in spirit, by a pure conscience, a loyal will, a heart full of devotion to God's righteousness and love to all our kind. This is to worship God in truth. And what have Calvin's five points, or the composite origin of the Pentateuch, or the virgin birth of Christ to do with

such worship? If a man likes to believe them, very well. But if he cannot honestly credit them, why should we shut the doors of the church against him and threaten him with excommunication? Were these the requirements that Jesus Christ laid on his disciples? Not at all. Look all through the Sermon on the Mount, study the Golden Rule, and the Parable of the Good Samaritan, or the conditions Jesus lays down in his picture of the last judgment as the conditions of approval by the heavenly Judge, and see if you find anything there about the infallibility of Scripture, or the Apostolic succession, or the Deity of Christ, or any other of the dogmas on account of which the ecclesiastical disciplinarians would drive out the men whom they are pursuing as heretics. How grimly we may fancy Satan (if there be any Satan) smiling to himself as he sees great Christian denominations wrought up to a white heat over such dogmas and definitions, while the practical atheism, and pauperism, and immorality of our great metropolis is passed over with indifference.

Sunday after Sunday, the Christian pulpit complains that the great masses of the people keep away from their communion tables and do not even darken their doors.

Does not the fault really lie in the folly — I may almost say sin,—of demanding of men to believe so many things that neither reason nor enlightened moral sense can accept, and making of these dogmas five-barred gates through which alone there is any admission to heaven?

If we wish the Church to regain its hold on thinking men it must simplify and curtail its creeds; it must recognize that the love of God is not measured by the narrowness of human prejudice, and that God's arms are open to receive every honest searcher after truth. Let him come with all his doubts, provided he comes with a pure heart and brings forth the fruits of righteousness. Let us no longer pretend that it is necessary for a Christian life to know all the mysteries of God. Let it no longer be thought a mark of wickedness for a man honestly to hold a conviction different from the conventional standard; but let us respect one another's independent search and judgment of truth. True faith consists not in any special theory of God or His ways, but in the uplifting of our spirit to touch His spirit, and the diffusing of whatever grace or gift we have received from Him in generous good-will amongst our fellows.

If the Christian Church is to go forward successfully again in the power and spirit of that Master whom it constantly invokes as "the way, the truth, and the life," it must make that way and life its guiding truth. It must aim constantly at greater simplicity in its teaching, and a broader, more fraternal co-operation in Christian work. Its motto should be the motto of the early Church, "In essentials, unity ; in non-essentials, liberty ; in all things, charity." Then shall a new and grander career open before its upward footsteps.

THE SIOUX FALLS DIVORCE COLONY AND SOME NOTED COLONISTS.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

THE thriving city of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has recently been pitchforked into unjust notoriety by certain irresponsible correspondents of certain sensational and habitually inveracious newspapers that infest New York and Chicago. It has been represented as having an easy divorce mill that constantly grinds out divorces of a more or less bogus nature. This is fundamentally false. The laws of South Dakota are liberal, but they are strictly interpreted. These unscrupulous newspapers, whom it is unnecessary to name, have gone still further in their distortion of truth, dissemination of error and attempted degradation of the high and noble calling of journalism. They have made false and unwarranted statements about the laws of the Dakotas and of the United States generally on the subject of divorce. Nor is this all in their race for a temporary and unsubstantial circulation,—they have maligned certain unfortunate and meritorious women and men, and added insult to injury by publishing bogus portraits of beautiful ladies whose misfortunes should have provoked respectful sympathy rather than coarse insinuation and vulgar ridicule. Because these women were prominent in what has been termed the Divorce Colony of Sioux Falls, either from social rank in their former spheres, or by reason of the legal peculiarities enmeshing their cases, they are legitimate subjects for honest journalistic treatment, and some of them, triumphing over the natural shrinkingness of their sex, for the sake of truth and for the sake of other women who may need examples and incitements to achieve freedom from dishonoring marriages, are perfectly willing to sacrifice their own personal desires for obscurity and have their lives and their cases properly presented. I have even prevailed on a few to permit the use of their photographs to add to the personal interest of this article.



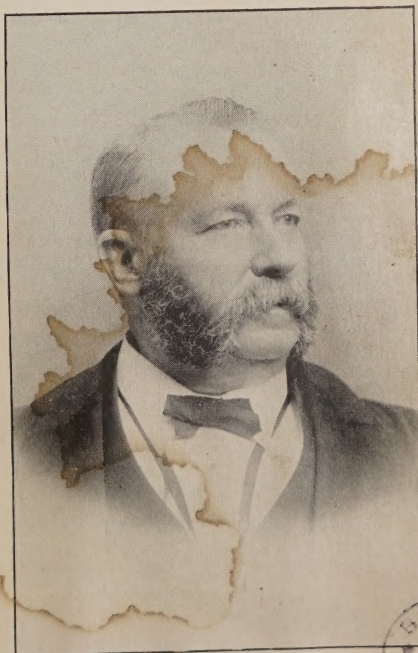
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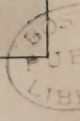
MRS. J. G. BLAINE, JR.



MISS HERRARD



DR. THOMAS D. WORRALL.





The case of greatest interest, perhaps, because it has a transatlantic notoriety, is that of Eva Lylyan Lynch-Blosse, an English lady, who came to Sioux Falls early last winter and attracted almost instantly the respectful attention of the citizens. Not because she was a strikingly beautiful woman, for a student of statues might find some faults in her features, but because out of the shy, violet eyes a high, indomitable spirit occasionally gleamed and a stray flash from them, combined with her radiant freshness of complexion and perfect grace of figure and of carriage, would light up the common sordid streets of the common masculine mind and turn them, for the nonce, into vistas of imagination.

Some persons, passing us, inspire the thought: There goes a being with a strange life-history, or full of great capacities, moral or mental. Such was, undoubtedly, the chief component of her charm, felt equally by the grave and learned lawyer, ex-Judge Carland, who conducted her case, and by the street-loungers who respectfully hastened to make way for her passage. It was the high character that radiated from her, scorning the conventionalities that conspire to belittle her sex, determined to be free and not afraid of being a pioneer in baffling the barbarism of her native laws. A singular story hers, that demands to be told in full, since it is full of inspiration to oppressed womanhood everywhere.

The daughter of an English clergyman, she married at seventeen Lieut. Edward Falconer Lynch-Blosse, an Irishman of good family, but bad habits. In a few months this girl-wife discovered not only that she had mistaken for affection what was merely the gratified vanity of a boarding-school miss when wooed by a good-looking uniform, but that there was absolutely nothing in the nature of the animated uniform on which even respect could be built. Active brutality was soon begun by the lieutenant. Simple adultery not being a sufficient amusement for his hours of ease, he tried to compel his refined and delicate wife to receive his paid paramours as her associates; and on her demurring, he became mad with indignation and proceeded to discipline her, according to the Englishman's time-honored right of violence. As a minor but very embarrassing matter to a sensitive woman, he plunged into debt and forced her to contend with and pacify his duns out of her private fortune,

and even worried her into an attempt to raise money for him by pledging her annuity, though, luckily, no Jew in London was plucky enough to take a long risk on the life of the wife of so brutal a husband. This daily inferno of disgust and terror the woman endured for three years, for the barbarous English law requires the woman, not the man, to prove extreme cruelty besides adultery; and cruelty is often not so easy to prove, for Englishmen, as a rule, do not beat their wives on the housetops. It is generally a strictly boudoir performance, with locked doors and the rabble excluded, as befits the solemnity of such a marital right. At last, owing to the lieutenant's culpable carelessness in castigation, she was able to go to court with plenty of provable cruelty. But here again the barbarous English law stepped in and said: "This is all very true, but wait a bit. You shall have a decree *nisi*," which meant that she must wait six months and then a certain musty, overpaid, and underworked humbug, styled the Queen's Proctor, after hobnobbing with an attorney-general, would, if his dinner agreed with him, confirm the decree and make it final. During this suspense the ineffably mean uniform that had been masquerading as a man was visited by an idea, and wrote a letter to Mrs. Lynch-Blosse depicting himself as on the brink of starvation and consumption, and begging for some money. The woman's pity was aroused. She had once fancied for a brief while, with the undeveloped heart of girlhood, that she liked this empty, tinkling symbol of a man. She wrote him a kind letter enclosing the money. It takes but little imagination to understand what such a creature would do with the cash; that he would hasten to celebrate the success of his cunning by a revel at which he could brag to some loose companion how neatly he had cheated a generous and noble woman. But he did something more, almost inconceivable in its baseness; he took that letter to the Queen's Proctor and showed it to that archive of centuried insapience as a proof that there had been collusion in the case, that his wife and he were really on good terms, and that he was anxious to regain her. The Proctor took his word, and without going into the case further, when the six months were up, refused to confirm the decree. And then her friends said: "You had better give up. England has decided that you cannot be free." And her lawyers said: "Even with fresh evidence

it would be foolish to re-open the fight. The action of the Queen's Proctor is so insurmountable." But the woman said to herself: "Though England has decided that I must be a slave, nevertheless I will be free." Meantime Lieutenant Lynch-Blosse, after endeavoring to blacken his wife's character in his regiment, and getting soundly thrashed for his pains, eloped with a light-headed Scotch peeress whose husband, Lord Torphichen, promptly obtained a divorce, with the custody of his children, and the elopers fled the kingdom, leaving a small army of swindled tradesmen who are still exceedingly anxious to discover their whereabouts. When last heard of, the ex-uniform was living in Chicago under an *alias*, and he will probably remain one of the many English ornaments of this country, for the same English law that permits a man to castigate his wife in moderation is excessively severe if he swindles tradesmen.

Mrs. Lynch-Blosse obtained her Dakotan divorce on the ground of adultery, the evidence being the record of the Scotch suit of Lord Torphichen against Lady Torphichen, otherwise styled the Right Hon. Ellen Frances Gordon, and apart from the wrongs, the beauty, and the pioneer courage of Mrs. Lynch-Blosse, picturesque as they made it, her case possesses profound interest to the legal mind. It adds to the weight of such cases as except to the old rule of domicile (*Ditson v. Ditson*, 4 R. I., 87; *Harding v. Alden*, 9 Mo. 140; *Hollister v. Hollister*, 6 Pa. St., 449; *Derby v. Derby*, 14 Ill. App., 645) by showing that where a husband is guilty of such conduct as would entitle even to a limited divorce, the wife is at liberty to establish a separate jurisdictional domicile. Moreover, Mrs. Lynch-Blosse might have obtained a divorce on grounds less strong than she did, for a divorce good at the place of domicile will be sustained in England, though the same grounds would have been insufficient to obtain it there. (*Harvey v. Farnie*, L. R. 8 App. Cas. 43; *Turner v. Thompson*, L. R., 13 P. D. 37.) Of this law, probably, comity of nations is the chief component. Those who admire moral courage and feel a glow of indignation at the fact that, in order to secure her natural right to own herself, a woman in the closing years of the nineteenth century has to spend thousands of dollars, travel thousands of miles, and sojourn among strangers, may be glad to know that since her freedom she has married an English gentle-

man of high character, and is living restfully in a charming little cottage on the banks of what Macaulay calls, in his picturesque way, "the river of the ten thousand masts." The great, feverous heart of London throbs near.

Another very interesting personage in the Sioux Falls Divorce Colony, is Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., now living in a cosy cottage on the fashionable avenue with her sister, Miss Nevins, her son, James G. Blaine, 3d, and her maids. When Marie Nevins, piquantly pretty, witty, and accomplished, made a stolen match with the ungreat son of one of America's greatest political figures, she little dreamed what the hands of the Fates—who are sometimes the Furies—were spinning for her; yet she wears her robes of sorrow with some of that grace of patience which comes to her sex like an instinct born of centuried servitude. How her husband ever fascinated so fascinatingly elusive a creature is a mystery to all who know him and a miracle to all who know her; but who has ever guessed the riddle of a woman's heart? Surely no man yet known to the world, except possibly Balzac, and he only occasionally by some sort of electric, psychological accident. The true story of Mrs. Blaine's infelicities has been carefully hidden from the public, although some superserviceable, would-be friends have now and then busied themselves with starting absurd rumors, as if for the fun of contradicting them; for instance, a precious yarn spun lately to the effect that Mrs. Blaine, senior, looked down on her daughter-in-law as not aristocratic enough to have married a Blaine. How intrinsically absurd is such an idea in connection with a family as close to what Lincoln called "the plain people"—and as really proud of so being—as that of the famous Republican leader! Blaine is a man so thoroughly democratic that only a very stupid enemy of his could have invented such a piece of self-convicting nonsense; for if aristocracy entered into the question, Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., could make a better showing than her spouse, since, if it confers any *quasi*-patent of nobility in this country to have a distinguished father, it must give a larger halo of social splendor to have a distinguished grandfather, etc., etc. Now, Mrs. Blaine, Jr., had a grandsire who was a power in his day, a forceful, brilliant man, Samuel Medary, who was successively governor of three States, Ohio, Kansas, and Minnesota. Mrs.

Blaine, Jr., apart from her marital misfortunes, deserves much sympathy for her physical fate. Just lately her leg was broken again and her surgeons fear that her lameness must be perpetual. Yet the talk about her going on the stage has some basis, and no one who ever talked with her, and enjoyed the prismatic play of her facial expression and the flexions of her vibrant voice, could doubt her fitness for certain popular rôles. Nor need her lameness defeat her of success. A play of mingled pathos and humor could be written for a lame heroine. One excellent writer has offered to do it, and Hamlin Garland could do it excellently. Balzac in his marvellous book, "The Alkahest," declares that she is blest among women, who, having some great bodily defect, nevertheless wins a man's affections, for she never loses her hold on them, and it might very easily be the same with a lame actress and the affections of the public.

As to Mrs. Blaine's case an immense interest is felt, an interest which lies not alone in the points of law. Mrs. Blaine, Jr., is a Catholic, and her example in taking this step contrary to the custom of her church is likely to be fruitful. It is a pretty safe prophecy that the next Pope will see the advisability of returning to the policy of the church prevalent before the Council of Trent, and will allow a wiser freedom to his spiritual subjects in this matter of divorce. Hearts were created before creeds, and the primal laws of God still possess, and exert in emergencies, their ancient vigor of eminent domain.

It is noticeable that nearly all the women in the colony have children, and nearly all are women of unusual grace or beauty, or mental gift — sometimes all three in one.

A very interesting person occasionally seen on the streets with a little golden-haired boy is Mrs. Mina Hubbard, formerly of Redbank, N. J. She has one of those olive, oval faces so often met in the south of Spain, and she has a voice whose beauty and volume are equally impressive. One day in the cosy, dozy little Methodist Church last summer she happened to join in the singing, and several pious nappers were sweetly startled from their theologic dreams. After that event there was such a marked increase in the masculine attendance that the lady's modesty took fright, and she refrained from the pleasure of church-going. When I asked her if she had lost her fondness for Methodism and music,

she replied archly: "Oh, no! I am extremely fond of going to church and hearing good congregational music, *but* I can *restrain* myself."

Hon. Thomas D. Worrall, M. D., who has recently obtained a divorce and now lives in Sioux Falls, is another person of note. Born in England sixty-five years ago, he came to America young, moved to Boston and achieved reputation as an anti-slavery orator, even when the peerless Phillips was in his first blaze. Then he went to Colorado, was a member of the territorial legislature, and wrote his name largely and honorably on her early annals. Horace Greeley, who liked him heartily, persuaded him next to accept a professorship in New York in the American College of Medicine. Two years later, going to New Orleans, he became a member of the famous Warmouth Legislature, and as sanitary physician to New Orleans, added to his worldwide host of friends. While in England, in 1873, his lectures on the resources of the Mississippi Valley attracted wide attention, and he was greeted on his return by an ovation in the New Orleans Academy of Music. Colorado again claimed him for seven happy, industrious years, marked by an eloquent defence of the Denver Mining Exposition, for which they presented him with a cabinet of minerals that, according to experts, is intrinsically worth \$5,000, though it would take vastly more to buy it from a man so covetous of honor. Removing to Washington, he published a curious little book called "Slander and Defamation of Character."

Sickness came to this learned and benevolent man, and he went to London for treatment, but famous surgeons, after operating, could give him no hope, and he came back to his adopted country to die. To his amazement he found his home broken up, his valuable furniture sold, his wife gone. "The mystery of the case," he has said, "is that my wife and I never had the least falling out. Her desertion of me in my old age and supposed last illness was like lightning out of a clear sky. The thought came to me, 'Dying man that I am, it will be sweet to die free.' " He then came West and settled in Sioux Falls, and either the invigorating climate, or the inspiration of freedom, or the shock of his wife's desertion (for in some diseases a sudden shock delays or defeats death by effecting an electric change in the bodily currents setting restward) have worked a marvellous change,

for to-day this amiable and accomplished old man is the picture of health and vital power.

There are many other cases of great interest in the Divorce Colony at Sioux Falls, but this plain statement of a few is enough to show how grossly the *personnel* and character of the colony have been slandered by certain sensational and corrupt newspaper correspondents. For more than six months I have studied the conduct and natures of the persons who compose the divorce colony, and every reputable citizen of Sioux Falls will substantiate my statement that, with possibly three exceptions, the divorce seekers have been remarkable for the inherent justice of their suits and the dignity of their behavior during their residence in this town. The attempt to give them and the place an unenviable notoriety, made by certain newspapers, is a stain on American journalism. Men and women suffer enough before they seek a divorce court. It is ghoulish to pursue them in the press with misrepresentation and ridicule, or with exposure of their marital miseries. Divorce is not merely a legal right of the individual; it is often a moral duty which ought to be demanded by society from a truly dignified woman or man; for to cohabit where there is no love between husband and wife, worse still where the atmosphere has become surcharged with hate, and to foist on society children begotten and reared in an atmosphere that may crush out every noble impulse and lofty desire, besides the subtle discords of heredity that must mark their temperaments, is not merely a most pathetic blunder for the parties primarily affected, but a wrong to the race — a crime against civilization.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

THE woman movement is a world-wide fact. An agitation which has gathered impetus and strength during more than forty years is a significant phenomenon in the realm of mind and of social progress.

Since, in 1848, the rebellion of Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at the humiliating position accorded them as delegates to an international convention in London, England, led them to inaugurate the "woman's rights" movement in this country, at Seneca Falls, New York, the growth of this "mustard seed" of truth has become a "great tree" whose branches overshadow continents, and the thought and active moral forces of nations "dwell in the branches thereof."

If not from "Greenland's icy mountains," at least from the boundaries of the United States and British America to "India's coral strand," the onswEEPing wave of woman's elevation is steadily advancing.

Ramabai in India seeking the deliverance of the child widow, who has no earthly existence, nor any hope of one beyond mortal life except as a wife, and who, as a widow, is but an outcast, this woman missionary from the opposite side of the globe has clasped hands and is in heart-fellowship with her American sisters who are still seeking the enlargement of woman's freedom and opportunities in this favored country.

It was a logical position that besieged the ballot as the first agency of deliverance in our land. The suffrage is, under our form of government and constitutional rights, the badge of equality.

Everywhere, in Church and State, woman was discriminated against, and the distinguishing disability imposed upon her by law and custom was her suppressed opinion and will in the administration of affairs.

In the church she might contribute her labor, carry for-

ward enterprises to pay the minister's salary, furnish the edifice, support social movements that would tend to increase membership, and sustain the religious services; but, were she a machine, minus brains, choice, or will, she could be no more completely a nonentity when the pastor was to be chosen, the amount of his salary fixed, or any matters of finance or administration decided upon.

The acceptance of her work for its support was the only recognition of her individuality, or her common share in the institution. She was cudgelled with Paul in the Church and with her inability to fight by the State.

Muscular force having been, and still widely held to be, the bulwark of civilization, and submission to the authority of man socially and ecclesiastically the measure of her religious excellence, at least of the excellence of the wifely portion of womanhood, woman has been a cipher at the left-hand side of the unit man in both civil and religious institutions.

But the evolution of brains, which is nature's method of human development, has unsettled this standard of civilization and the relation of the sexes. The woman who thinks has come, and the struggle is no longer one of muscle, nor can it ever again become so.

The woman of the future can no more be remanded to the merely patient plodder in kitchen and nursery, with no horizon but the cook-stove and cradle illuminated by the weekly church service, than the lightning printing-press of to-day can be remanded to the clumsy instrument of a century ago, or the electric light to the tallow dip.

If the demand of woman for equal opportunity to win all the prizes of life, and to control her special function, involving the most serious and sacred responsibilities to the race, and the necessity of her own growth and advancement,—if this new demand is one that is not worthy the consent and co-operation of men and institutions, the mistake was fatal which permitted her to learn the alphabet.

This mistake, if mistake it was, has extended its mighty influence in widening circles through the past three centuries. Francois Saintonge, a young widow of France, toward the close of the sixteenth century, obtained the consent of her father to teach some girls to read if she would give her lessons at five o'clock in the morning. Without

bed, bread, or fire, she and her five pupils stayed the first night in the house for which the only fifty pounds she possessed were paid. Simultaneously a young girl in Italy made an effort to set in motion the brain cells of the girls of her country by giving them a chance to learn the alphabet.

The heroic courage of women in striving to attain the weapons of intelligence affords evidence of the invincible proceeding of evolution inherent in the constitution of humanity.

The woman movement is demonstration of the power of thought beyond the power of muscle; it is evidence that the intangible forces of mind are superior to the external material powers of muscle, and sword, and bullet. It is reassuring to forecast that, spite of the present inefficacy, or but very limited success of woman's protest against barbarous laws and usages, and the destructive errors and vices of the degree of civilization we have reached, the protest is a prophecy that the moral elevation of the race is to be the result of woman's increased intelligence and equipment, and of her ascent to the full proportions of womanhood.

As a builder of material structures and enterprises, man is a superb success. The bridge, the triumphs of architecture, the steam engine, the almost intelligent machine are marvellous manifestations of inventive genius, and of the uses of muscle.

But the statistics of social progress in morals do not bear testimony to masculine superiority as builder of the higher humanity. A man has elaborated "The New Education," but he allowed, without stint, that the moral elevation aimed at cannot be achieved except by the equal opportunity and co-operation of woman.

In the administration of affairs and the institution of government man is not a success. His first resort and last reliance is upon force. Harmony, and justice, and fraternity, and purity, and honesty cannot be brought into human society by fighting, nor evolved by the methods of force. Neither the ballot nor the bullet, the legislature nor the policeman, can make people honest or morally upright and sound.

The promotion of individual integrity, honesty, benevolence, and purity are the great requirements of humanity

and of civilization. The infusion of the gentler, more persuasive influences and methods of feminine nature, and the higher quality and freedom of motherhood, are the only possible means of advancing the race to the altitude which the best specimens prefigure as the possibility of all.

The laws of Christendom and the usages of all civilizations are based upon the idea of the superiority and supremacy of masculine quality and of force. Upon the supposition that the husband is the bread winner and provider, he is virtually in law and actually in fact as effectually the owner of his wife and children as though he had bought them for a sum, as is still the custom among some primitive peoples on the planet.

In the Orient the idea that woman possesses a soul is rejected with contempt. But in the more spiritualized Occident where she is considered to be the possessor of a soul, she is by law, and oftentimes by usage, not allowed to be possessor of her body.

Christianity in its inception and in its primitive purity accomplished for woman the dignity of being possessor of a soul. She is still, even in the most degenerate churchianity, counted responsible as a soul, and accorded equal hope of redemption and of future equal standing in another stage of existence.

But this fact, too, has bred in woman rebellion against the estimate of her inferiority still held in the Church by many of the priestly order, and actualized in the majority of Protestant denominations, and universally in the Roman Catholic Church, by her exclusion from equal powers and opportunities in its administration and equal positions of honor and influence.

Having learned the alphabet woman has also learned to interpret Scripture, and having read the New Testament, she knows that her adorable Saviour left no theological system, creed, nor sanction of the supremacy and dominion of male over female.

The woman movement is setting the perception of mind feminine over against the conceptions and speculations, the theological systems and interpretations, of the mind masculine, in the realm of the religious quality of human nature.

It is on this ground that a higher standpoint for human progress is to be achieved. Woman is becoming the pos-

essor of her brains and of an equipment that will facilitate her use of them. When through generations of experience she has fully learned her true position in the order of the universe and of human unfoldment, a new created world of humanity will blossom on this old earth.

Man is normally the builder in the material realm. It is his to press the more tangible elements and forces into the service of man's material and intellectual needs, and to master and subdue the earth. It is woman's to become builder in the spiritual realm of the higher nature. It is woman's first to give bias to the brain cells and soul impulses of ante-natal and post-natal infantile life. It is woman's, the normal mother and teacher, to look, and feel, and speak into impressible child life, the fine ennobling sentiments, the solid truths of social relations, the sterling principles of rightness, and honor, and honesty, and fraternal love.

This trained experience and exercise of motherhood is a precious wealth that the race needs to carry it on and up toward its perfectness.

All that was pronounced "good," in man, in "the beginning" is innate in human nature. Social life and social relations are the life school in which this "good"-ness can be educed, strengthened, matured, in the individual.

Woman is not only the creative agency for building bodies, but the perfecting agency to build character, and to gestate and bring to birth the higher nature in humanity. Woman is man's mother spiritually as well as physically. He is to be born into his spiritual life through the divine feminine, as he has been born into the physical life through the natural (or physical) feminine.

It is to this end that evolution is in every direction placing woman to-day in the foreground and quickening her to make new demands upon the resources of intelligence and moral power.

Having furnished to the child the "three R's," manual training, industrial habits, and quickening the higher sentiments with a solid foundation of principles of right conduct and pure habits, are more important to the advancement of the human race than literary researches, languages, or higher mathematics. To know the physiological and psychological processes of embryotic growth, and the possible influences of

motherhood over the coming child, and how to neutralize poor heredity, would achieve more for race elevation than the combined wisdom of schools and pulpits minus these.

There would be no need of laws for the suppression of vicious literature, were all mothers faithful and capable of pre-empting the plastic mind and imagination of childhood by intelligent explanations and true statements concerning the origin of life, and the vital purities and sanctities that can save every child from demoralization and debauchery. The boy who has been blest with a wise conscientious motherhood is not the boy to dwell in secret on lascivious thoughts and vile communications, nor will he be led away by vicious associations.

The true place of woman in the order of all things, is a link between the material and spiritual, especially in her creative function.

Woman is more intuitive. She sees, seizes upon, grasps, where man toils to question, investigate, prove, demonstrate. She is touched by the secret springs of life, and vibrates in response, like the *Æolian* harp.

"When men are as good as their obituaries, and when women are as good as men think they are, the recording angel in heaven can take his long needed vacation."

The woman movement indicates that women ought to have an opportunity to become "as good as men think they are." It is impossible that men shall hold a higher ideal of woman than it is possible for woman to become. But first she must be free. Free to think, act, live, study, experiment, exercise judgment, assume and be held to responsibilities. She does not need man's protection except that he shall protect her from himself, i. e., protect her from the invasion and intrusion of his wishes, opinion, and will, his dictation and demand.

Equality before the law is a right principle and therefore should obtain, especially under our Constitution. But what woman needs is personal freedom to be the most womanly woman.

Under legal disability, marital subjection, and ecclesiastically assigned inferiority, woman has been bred to servility in mind and morals. She does not need training in the tricks of caucus and wire-pulling politics, but she does need freedom and choice of action that will give her the powers of her own mind and nature in full possession, as a woman.

She does not need that men shall instruct her what a woman ought to be, but she needs to be let alone to find out for herself this precious and important knowledge.

It is not an incident or an accident that the agitation of woman's advancement and the agitation of industrial reform are simultaneous movements. The priority of woman's demand for equal rights before the law in this country, has placed woman in literature, on the platform, in the press, and even in the political field of action, in the position of co-worker with man to achieve the highest outcome and greatest blessing of civilization, the right of every person to an opportunity to achieve subsistence, and the right of every worker to the full reward of his labor.

Already in Kaweah Colony in California, woman is an equal participator in the administration of affairs. She has equal opportunity to achieve subsistence and equal pay for her labor.

The star of equity, justice, and fraternity, is shining in the west. When the fraternal order of society is established, woman as mother will be, in her training and her conception of her high office, and in the position and advantage provided for her, exalted as the artist of humanity.

She will be so furnished mentally, and so provided for materially, that she can furnish to her babes what no textbooks, or Scripture, or statutes can convey to them. The mother who can recite to her children the songs of the American poets, the character of Dickens, and Eliot, and Scott, who can portray the noble characters of Lincoln and Lucretia Mott, who is able to devote the time required to entertain her children, will become the most effective moral educator.

The woman of the good time coming will not hold lightly the moral education of labor, for she will learn that many solid virtues are carved into the beautiful character by the blessed exercise that manual industry and regular duties alone can furnish.

But she will have leisure also to cultivate the finer sentiments, and paint for the admiration of her babes the grand ideals of noble manhood and womanhood.

Two problems belong to the woman question in the not remote future.

First, the industrial and financial independence of woman. She must have this to acquire the dignity and moral strength

of self-support, and that wifehood and motherhood shall be assumed by her solely according to the dictates of her heart, and the sanction of her best judgment. Second, the financial independence of motherhood, without a bread-winning occupation, that her time, energies, and talents may be devoted to the careful training and moral and religious education of her children.

The opportunities for single women to achieve subsistence in the realm of intellectual and sedentary occupations especially, are increasing. But co-operative housekeeping of some kind is the only hope for mothers to be saved from overwork and worry, and to have leisure for the proper training and entertaining of their children.

The provision in Kaweah Colony for the maintenance and education of orphan children, or of children whose parents are disabled by sickness or calamity, is another feature that is commendable in its wisdom and justice.

The paternal and maternal community of voluntary co-operators is the brightest dream of human association we can imagine.

If woman is to become the wise, sensible, self-helpful, cultured mother, with proper opportunity to exercise maternal function for the highest good of the future child, and without being herself dragged into a spiritless machine, we must have her fortified, not only by a "higher education," but a better home environment.

The woman question involves and forecasts a higher social order, industrial evolution, economic adjustment, moral advancement, and the adoption of the "*New Education*," which will develop and cultivate in harmony all the powers and talents belonging to the threefold nature of humanity.

NEW TESTAMENT SYMBOLISMS.

BY PROF. S. P. WAIT.

ALTHOUGH the many doctrines built up about the personality of Jesus attribute to him in some peculiar sense the relation of sonship with God, he does not so say of himself, but by every word and work declares a common spiritual fatherhood and human brotherhood. When Nicodemus testified to his superior power, Jesus did not trace its origin to a special interposition of Providence in his birth or life, but he made of general application the law that governed his conception by the emphatic assertion that all men must realize themselves as begotten and born from above before they can understand the forces of the unseen universe within and without. He affirmed the kingdom of God and of heaven to be latent in the life of man, and promised no peace for the soul here or hereafter until its innate capabilities for wisdom, love, and power for good are developed and exercised. His precepts and example would be foolishness and a stumbling-block, his character an unattainable ideal, were it other than the first fruit ripened on the tree of life, the promise of a perfected race.

We only apprehend its vital value, as we can trace in our own experience and that of others, the growth and fruition of that seed-principle of Truth around which the New Testament story has been crystallized. This re-conception of the Christ is, like the first one, essentially of the soul and intrinsically immaculate. It then matters little when or by whom the Gospels and Epistles were originally written; for the book as a whole is lifted forever above the level of legend and myth, on the one hand, and that of a merely historical narrative on the other, because the persons and events mentioned and described represent laws and principles permanent in operation, and reveal faculties whose reality and value we are daily called upon to demonstrate. We can, when we so will it, verify, each in his own subjective consciousness, all that the wondrous story of nineteen centuries ago relates as having

taken place in the outward objective world of form and phenomena. For unto every "excellent Theophilus," every lover of the good and true, the gospel of the Christ is, through the conscience, reconveyed, even as delivered by those who from the first have been its messengers.

The faith of Abraham and law of Moses, the line of patriarch, priest, and prophet, that linked the life of Jesus with that of primitive man, we find repictured in the working of those evolutionary forces that constitute each one of us an epitome of the past, a miniature of society. As children of earth we give due credit to each factor in heredity and environment that makes us what we are as we pass through planes of physical, intellectual, and moral development. But a still higher kingdom of consciousness is at hand, which forces us to feel that as brethren of the Son of Man we are also sons of God.

In every wilderness of human life that stands instead of the oncoming paradise, a voice of preparation loudly calls. It is the self-same cry which of old the Baptist first sent forth, and which the Nazarene with emphasis took up. This watchword, Repent ye, repent ye! means, as *metanoia* always meant, *newness and rightness of thought*, and consequently a thorough and abiding betterment of motive, character, disposition and habit, in every department and relation of individual and social human life. To effect this transformation from ignorance to knowledge, from selfishness to its opposite, is eternally the mission of that principle of truth personified as Jesus. We recognize its saving power only as it is set up within us as a rule of thought and action. When we pattern after it, we then realize all sin to be just what the Hebrew *chattah* and the Greek *amartia* indicate, *i. e.*, a missing of the mark, a lack of conformity to type, the type being man finished in his creation, harmoniously developed, physically, intellectually, morally, spiritually. And we learn that sins are not forgiven by the setting aside of any law, or the amelioration of the consequences of the violation of law, knowingly, or unknowingly; but by the ordination in the nature of things of those agencies that tend, even though it be through the penalty of pain, to bring us to the knowledge of, and obedience to, every law written in the body and mind of man and governing his environment seen or unseen. Sin is incompleteness, immaturity, unwholeness, ignorance, as well as the violation

of some understood and accepted moral code. As the green fruit on the tree is forgiven for its unripeness by the baptism of sunlight, moisture, and all other forces needed to mature it, so man forgives and is forgiven by the impartation of strength where weakness is in body or in mind, by the diffusion of science to take the place of superstition, and by every other sure though slow, as we count time, redemptive evolutionary trend. The only sin unpardonable in this æon or the next is *non-receptivity* to the spirit that in every age impels to righteousness. So long as man keeps his eyes closed, he cannot be forgiven for being in a state of darkness. But it is an utterly unthinkable as well as unscriptural idea that there be any so perverse as to refuse throughout an endless time, to look upon the glory of a world of light and color, when by opening the windows of the soul they can exchange their trouble and unrest for peace that will not pass away.

As for the babe of Bethlehem there was no other birth-place than a manger, so when the universal Christ is cradled in our souls, its resting place is in the midst of a well-nurtured animalism. The Herod of a ruling selfishness seeks to obliterate the loftier ideal. But while he summons all his strength to prevent the embodiment of the new thought, there are other faculties that perceive the star of promise and follow it as a harbinger of truth.

The years of Jesus' life of which we have no record, save the one instance of his questioning and answering the wise ones in the temple, represent the time of preparation, discipline, study, culture, contemplation, necessary to fit us to give to others the benefit of our experience and attainment. For no one can lift another to a higher round of the ladder of life than that upon which he stands himself.

The immersion in the Jordan shows a willingness to conform to existing customs, when no principle is sacrificed thereby and a point of contact with the masses can thus be established, so that the truth symbolized by the rite of baptism can be shown forth through the action of those formative, purifying, spiritual forces that sustain to the psychical realm the same relation that water bears to the physical world.

The temptation of Jesus is typical of the time of testing that comes to every one who takes a step in advance of the

age in which he lives. The principle of resistance called Satan confronts such an one at the very outset of his mission, and seemingly insuperable obstacles arise as foes to his progress. But he who first meets and masters all inward opposition, through knowledge of the law and allegiance thereto, can conquer every outward phase of hybrid beast and human, whose selfish pride and cruel greed have been well imaged as a devil with cloven foot and fiendish face.

The Sermon on the Mount is a statement of spiritual axioms. It lays before us the law of love for the neighbor, as the very instinct of self-preservation. Not to do for others as we would be done by, is to fail to furnish food, raiment, and shelter for our own souls. Physical and intellectual man gains worldly strength and honor as he takes to himself and retains riches and knowledge regardless of the rights of others. In contradistinction to this, the spiritual man gets treasure and wisdom imperishable, as he serves his fellow men, and freely gives of whatsoever he may have, of which his neighbor stands in need.

The beatitudes, with which the speech begins, such as man never spake before, tell, in a symbolism that is self-evidently true, the way by which alone, real happiness is won. We are blessed or cursed of God, through the working of His laws immutable, according as our relation to those laws is one of knowledge and obedience, or of ignorance and perversity. As, in the Hebrew tongue the words we render, "to curse," and "to bless," run back to the same root idea, so in point of fact, the very suffering which, sooner or later, comes to us when we are out of touch with the divine order of love to God and love to man, is the means appointed to bring us to that harmony which all must gain.

The lowest things are often seen to signify the things most high. A parable, *paraballo*, is that which "throws before" us such concrete imagery as best serves to foreshadow and to fit the mind to understand a certain abstract principle. As we become disciples, "learners" of the Truth, we find it speaks to us only through such emblems as enable us to reason from the things we do already know to those concerning which we wish to be informed. The words of Jesus went forth full-freighted with vitality. They were truly spirit and life, because charged with a virtue that can only come from a soul in submission to the law by his lips enun-

ciated. Hence we see why, in the mystical language with which the Gospel of St. John begins, he is called the Logos, Reason or Word of God, from God and one with God, because he reveals the divine thought concerning man, inherently perfect from the first, but requiring time and space for its outworking. That human individuality may be maintained, man is uplifted only over the fulcrum of his own will. This volitional power is the ray in us of that Creative Energy whose name Jehovah signifies, *I will be what I will to be*. Thus, then, oneness with God is not sameness with God, nor the absorption of human personality in the Infinite Being. It is simply a state to be reached in our progressive creation where we will come to a knowledge of the laws of life, and will consciously co-operate with those divine decrees governing the origin, nature, and destiny of the soul. To illustrate the possibility of such achievement and exemplify the way of its attainment, was the mission of the Christ. But it has been so much easier to idolatrously worship his person than to embody his principles, that ceremonials and doctrines have been substituted for the life he lived. This is a sufficient reason for the manifestly unsaved condition that the so-called Christian world still exhibits in all manner of bigotry and disease, social unrest and iniquity.

The name Jesus signifies "*that which makes whole*." So we find the one who bore it, true to his title, healing the bodies of men and giving to their souls a cure for sorrow. Yet, even he was made to feel that of himself he could do nothing, so keenly was he conscious of the fact that every self-denying sympathetic soul becomes a mediator, through whom the reconstructive forces of the universe make their impress felt upon the race. He speaks of prayer and faith, as mental states to be entered into and maintained, if we would *be* and *do* the best we can. His injunctions in reference to prayer correspond well with the meaning of the Greek verb *euchomai* which we render "to pray," and which signifies to put forth effort rightly, *i. e.*, along the lines of laws understood. He said that true prayer is not the repetition of any words, nor the asking for that which we may think it best that we should have. For the spiritual man knows that his labor for others insures of himself the results that are best. So the discourse of Jesus in this connection defines prayer, in its highest sense, as an inward, not an outward attitude; a state of mental recep-

tivity to the guidance of truth and desire for the good of others, always to be observed, not the mere utterance of terms of petition or praise. He tells us to withdraw into the soul's most secret place, where God already sits enthroned, and there commune with Him.

Before in spirit and with understanding we can in thought, and word, and deed, articulate Our Father! we must pass back in review through all the cycles that have rolled around, since this old earth of ours first turned in space. We then behold the most attenuate form of matter of which we can conceive, as a condensation of creative energy, yet but a matrix fitted for the reception of a planet seed or soul. We recognize a divine involution as the antecedent and causation of all so-called natural evolution. We see each link in the chain of being, from least to greatest, from the simplest to the most complex; grass, herb, and tree, fish, reptile, bird, and beast, as multiple yet orderly expressions of the immanence and permanence of the fatherhood of God. We view the creation of man as His highest handiwork, in which the seed of human life, bearing latent within it every high attribute and potency possessed by its celestial source, is placed or planted in a prepared material environment. We look back through the ages upon the travail of this our soul, and are satisfied as we see it gradually rising to the mastery and reformation of the physical form and animal soul, in which and with which it has been tabernacled to gain a necessary experience. From savagery to civilization, through planes of physical, intellectual, and moral consciousness we pass, borne upward by the overshadowing power of God to realize the omnipresence of its fatherhood. From this right starting-point there follows of necessity a conception of that vital fraternity of man which makes us members of one body, and which precludes the possibility of the gaining of a lasting good by any individual part thereof without a benefit to all.

Each other portion of the prayer of prayers is seen to have a correspondingly deep significance, when carefully analyzed, although formulated as an object lesson in our spiritual kindergarten, the church. The name of God we hallow, but not as did the ancient Israelites, by refusing even to mention the sacredly incommunicable *Yahweh*. For we have learned that the right name is what expresses the nature of that

which is named. So that the only way in which we can reverence the name of God or Christ is by the consecration of our time and talent to the expression of all the God-like, Christ-like qualities with which, as human beings, we are gifted.

What foolishness, if not blasphemy, it would be for us to ask that the will of God should be obeyed in the world about us, when His laws of gravitation and chemical affinity, crystallization and cell-growth, rule supremely in each of earth's kingdoms. But the constant aspiration of our hearts should be that the elements of earthiness within us, that militate against the expression of our highest ideals, shall hear and heed a juster rule than that of selfishness. For no outward act of legislation can usher in heaven's kingdom on the earth, in human institutions, until many individuals have by its inward presence been guided and illumined.

For a sufficiency of material food from day to day, we rightly ask by the proper use of each faculty and member God has given us, to compel the earth to yield up its resources for our sustenance, which it would do in ample abundance for all, were it not for the inordinate greed and lust, or the gross lethargy, of that many-phased, still unhumanized beast that man has to conquer in himself. But happy is he who hungers for the manna of law and the bread of truth, whose prayer is a sincere desire to be so fed thereon that there shall be such strength in the muscles of his soul as shall make of him a power for good to all with whom he comes in contact.

As to our enemies, we can no longer cherish feelings of resentment toward anyone, however they may misconstrue our purest motive, or malign our best intent. We see that every one must show, when tested, the exact degree of growth he has attained. Hence, the slander and persecution, the "all manner of evil" falsely arrayed against us, we apprehend as the necessary means to determine our fidelity to the truth to which we have pledged allegiance, and to prove that what is of good cannot come to naught though all the powers of earth and hell be set against it. To forgive, *aphiemi*, is to cause advancement, to bear away burdens. Thus we see it as an axiom that only as we aid the weak, instruct the ignorant, develop the undeveloped, can we receive in turn what we most need to carry us farther forward on the upward path.

Lead us not into temptation, is what we silently say when

our thought and action show that we have well learned the lessons that were for us in past trial and tribulation, and so order our course that the leading of His laws, by which alone God ever guides, brings to us joy instead of pain. Then, whatsoever may betide, as men count weal or woe, we see the gold pass from the fire freed from its base alloy. Then all the prayer is answered as with the eye of the prophet to whom the future is as now, we see the soul delivered from, born out of evil, *poneros*, which well represents the six days or epochs of labor, strife, and friction, of gestation in materiality, that precede and prepare the way for the Sabbath day to dawn.

The word "amen" is a Hebrew term for faith, which it defines as a firm prop or support, a foundation that abides. It pictures to us faith, not as emotion or credulity, nor the mere belief in, or acceptance of, some formulated creed; but as that clear assurance of what the present will produce or what the future has in store, which can only come as we perceive how God, by laws immutable, has ruled throughout the past. And faithful prayer is oneness of the will of man with that of God, through knowledge of His laws and glad obedience thereto. Thus, this word, as a symbol, stands for that which is the first and last of all true prayer.

The works of Jesus, like his words, were all of a symbolic character, in that each so-called miracle foreshadowed a result to be realized as a common heritage of men through the age-lasting evolution of the same intelligence that then produced the transient tokens of its presence. In the New Testament there are four words used, in the original Greek, which have been translated as descriptive of miraculous occurrences.

Their basic meaning is as follows: 1, *dunamis*, power, energy, a faculty or ability to do; 2, *ergon*, a work, an arrangement in order, with purpose and skill; 3, *teras*, to turn, to resolve, to excite wonder or fear; 4, *semeion*, the word most frequently employed, indicates a sign, mark, or token by which a thing is shown, something used to represent something else. Our word "miracle" is often and erroneously used for a phenomenon supposed to have occurred outside the realm of law. Yet, in the strictest sense, the bursting of a blade of grass from out the ground, the conception and birth of any form of life, are as stupendous miracles, marks of creative power, as the mind of man can ever contemplate.

The wise and great in any department of progress have al-

ways towered like gods above their fellowmen. The natural product of their lives has been a constant miracle to those about them. In spiritualizing the story of the prodigies performed by Jesus, we would not question the psychic power, transforming virtue of such an one as he, who was fitted to convey a re-creative influence to the world. But we would wish to show how far those phenomenal evidences of power and intelligence transcended the domain of mediumistic wonder-working or spiritistic occultism. This is easily accomplished as we continue to apply the same principle of interpretation that has already shown us that the supposed miraculous conception and birth of the Christ was but a consummation of the plan, and in obedience to the same laws by which the heavens were made, the earth begotten and born, mineral and vegetable kingdoms formed and sustained, animal life brought forth and evolved, and, finally, man progressively created in the image, according to the likeness of his God. Because the same spiritual nature that the typical man so perfectly embodied has been begotten in our souls and is seeking to express itself along the lines he pointed out, the truth, of which his so-called miracles were illustrative and prophetic, is made apparent. His walking on the sea of Galilee, or bidding its tempestuous waves be still, was not so marvelous a proof of power as has been the advancement of the principle he represented upon the seething ocean of humanity, causing the tumultuous tides of lust and passion, sin and ignorance to subside. The literal narrative of the miraculous draught of fishes vouchsafed to the disciples affords but a feeble symbol of the abundant life that has come to men and nations who have cast their nets, put forth their efforts, in obedience to the injunctions of the Law-giver of the New Testament.

The wonder of the marriage-feast is re-performed as Christ attends the wedding of our souls to truth, that union which cannot by man be put asunder. As this takes place the water turns to wine; that within our mental make-up which before was unformed, unstable, in a condition of flux and change, becomes vivified with creative power, and bubbles and sparkles with newness of life and inspiration, refreshing and stimulating the soul with higher emotions and desires, imparting to the very cells and tissues of the body a reconstructive tendency to health.

By the breaking of the bread of life, the hidden manna of the Word, the reality behind appearance, the multitude of faculties is fed and that unseen assembly nourished whose lives are linked with ours at this Lord's Supper of the soul. Blinded perceptions are restored to sight from day to day, and gifted with a constantly enlarging field of vision in the realm of truth and law. The understanding that was deaf vibrates with joy in response to the call of a salvatory science. The antitypes of palsied arm and crippled foot, which are the lack of power to do and of ability to advance in a higher, mental life, are healed by the transforming touch that makes its impress on the soul when first made conscious, that by its own free will its highest ideals are to become realities. Even those who have been so earth-bound and selfish as to be lifeless, cold, and dead to the knowledge of God and love to the neighbor are commencing to arise in answer to the spirit of the approaching altruistic age. Accompanying this present resurrection, the veil is being rent that for so long has intervened between this life and the next. And although no outward cloud is sundered for a personal Messiah to descend to rule as temporal prince, the denser fogs of a gross materialism are parting fast before the rising glory of that day whose dawn we see afar on the horizon. For the signs are many and are strikingly apparent that those splendid souls, the wisely great ones of the past, the saviors and educators of the race, are to co-operate with us in the formation of that kingdom and republic which their prophetic vision saw and fervent words foretold. Then, as a spiritual reality, will we understand the truth symbolized by the doctrines of the church concerning the resurrection of the dead and communion with the saints, as the first fruits of them that slept appear to us. And what is now prefigured by the phenomena and personations of modern spiritualism, will then become a blessed fact as our missing loved ones labor with us for our and their redemption and the good of all mankind. Had they been permitted, or were they able, to return for any other purpose, the result would be the furtherance of selfishness and materiality. Spiritualism, with its convincing tests of an unseen intelligence, and its crude communications, sustains the same relation to the angelic intercourse which it simulates, that the symbolic conversion, baptism, and bread and wine of the church bear

to the organic experiences of a true life. They are all, alike, signs and forms, shadows cast before the substance drawing nigh, the Christ that is to be.

Our present space will not permit us now to even touch upon, much less delineate, the all-important principles symbolized by the recorded martyrdom of Jesus, and the doctrine of atonement. But they, and all the eschatology of the Gospels, and with which the apocalyptic book of riddles is filled, will be readily unravelled as we still farther trace the working of those laws already seen, that are not restricted in their operation by relations of time and space, but govern through the ages the travail of the embodied or disembodied soul. Suffice it then to say that hell and heaven are not the names of *places* to which the wicked or the good are called upon to go. Sheol, Gehenna, Hades, Tartarus, and the opposite Kingdom of God, are terms expressing symbolically the experiences and conditions of undeveloped and developed souls here as well as hereafter.

THE TRUE POLITICS FOR PROHIBITION AND LABOR.

BY EDWIN C. PIERCE.

A VAST body of American citizens have a deep concern in the temperance cause, and are bound in conscience to do their utmost to give early success to the movement for the legal suppression of the drinking saloon, which they rightly regard as the fountain of intemperance. Some of them are rich and some of them are poor. Some of them are conservative and some of them of radical tendency as to questions concerning wealth. They belong to the industrious, intelligent, moral, and patriotic reserves of the country. With them in sympathy is the motherhood of America. I think it is only fair to say, and that all social reformers should see, that the radical prohibition constituency — dispersed now in several political parties — is larger than the following commanded by any other single reform idea, and it is distinguished by exceptional persistency. There is also a large and increasing body of American citizens absorbed in what is called the labor question. Some of them are rich and some of them are poor. Some of them are also on the side of prohibition and some of them are hostile or indifferent.

The labor question is the question of social justice, and no question can be higher than that. Stated in other terms, the labor question is the question of how to approximate more nearly to an equal distribution of wealth, not so much of the wealth already amassed by society as of the wealth that is to be produced by labor in the future. Now, while there are very few people who think that entire equality of fortune in this world is either possible or desirable; every free democracy will wish to work towards equality of social condition, looking forward to a glorious time when uninvited poverty shall be outgrown, when manhood shall be of more social weight than wealth.

There is as much high moral sentiment put into the labor

question to-day, as ever was put into any crusade against any form of oppression or evil.

If, however, only the radicals with fixed convictions and unflagging zeal were counted, neither of these humane causes would have a majority of American voters. Deeply interested in both, I frankly confess that I do not believe either prohibition or labor can win alone. As we study our political history, we find that political issues are not carried except in combination, and as part of the policy of a political party to the cohesion and the power of which many issues and many forces contribute. We are not under the Swiss referendum; we are a representative republic, with two legislative chambers, each constituted in a peculiar way. Our national life is complex. To hold in party association the six millions or more of American men whose support, continued for years, is necessary to carry a great measure, requires the proper connection with the past, and trenchant dealing with the present which is full of imperious demands. Abraham Lincoln was not borne into the presidency in 1860 solely by the strength of the anti-slavery issue, but found necessary support in Pennsylvania from the committal of the Republicans to the protective principle, while in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and the West generally, he was greatly aided by the homestead issue. Several distinct issues have usually been involved in our presidential elections. Exceptions are presented by the victories of sentiment or tendency under the extraordinary leadership of Jefferson in 1800, and in the extraordinary demonstration for General Jackson and Democracy in 1828.

Successful parties in the United States, as in England, have generic rather than specific names. Federalist, Democratic-Republican, Whig, Democratic, and Republican; all represent popular triumphs and administrations of the government. Anti-Masonic, Liberty, American, Free Soil, Greenback, Prohibition, Labor,—these party names represent no partisan victories. In the Cabinet of the first President of the Republic, Thomas Jefferson was Secretary of State, and Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury. To each of them Washington submitted the question whether Congress had power to incorporate a bank. Jefferson, believing popular liberty safe only in a strict construction of the Constitution, denied the power to create a bank because

no such power is expressed, or is strictly necessary to the exercise of any power expressly granted. Hamilton, believing that a liberal construction of the Constitution was essential to the development of America, answered that Congress had the power, that the power was incidental to the national character of the government. He construed the grant of "necessary" powers in these words: "It is a common mode of expression to say that it was necessary for a government or a person to do this or that thing, when nothing more is intended or understood than that interests of the government or person require or may be promoted by the doing of this or that thing. The imagination can be at no loss for exemplifications on the use of the word in this sense. And it is the true one, in which it is to be understood as used in the Constitution." The Supreme Court, quoting these very words with approval, has adopted Hamilton's construction. With the writing of those two opinions in the Cabinet of Washington, the enduring lines of party division in America were drawn. There ought to be early recognition of the fact, that in case a new party of the people shall be formed, a party determined upon reform of existing abuses and oppressions, upon the suppression of the liquor traffic as we know it, upon the overthrow of every semblance of plutocracy, upon opening to every child of the American democracy an equality of opportunity as yet unknown, resort must be had to those broad, liberal, and constructive constitutional doctrines which the existing Democratic party steadily opposes, and which the Republican party does not sufficiently apply for the benefit of the masses. It is the duty and opportunity of the prohibitionists to make such a party. A party going to Thomas Jefferson for a baptism of Democratic feeling, and content with no sprinkling, and to the school of Hamilton for its constitutionalism, can supplant the Republicans, and only such a party can meet the case of labor. The woollen manufacturers of Massachusetts have just remonstrated against further reduction of the hours of labor unless the reduction be uniform in all the manufacturing States, and they made the significant suggestion that Congress has power to establish uniform hours of labor. Congress does have that power as a part of the power to regulate commerce. The eight-hour day can only come in this country by act of Congress, and the construction that sustains such an act sus-

tains national regulation of the liquor traffic. The general welfare of the Union is involved in each case. American industry is a unit so far as the interests of American homes require the rule of uniformity, and the home life of America is a unit so far as it needs that protection which, in order to be complete, must come from the national authority. I venture to suggest that one thing that has hindered the cementing of the alliance between labor and prohibition, is the tendency of the prohibitionists while recognizing the importance of labor problems to insist that prohibition must come first. The labor men will never go into any party that puts it quite in that way. Is it not sufficient to claim urgency for the prohibition issue, to say that no work should take precedence of prohibition in party performance? I think the time has come when this issue can be taken up by a political party and I recommend a party that shall declare for prohibition with the same emphasis with which the Republican party declared for protection in 1884 and in 1888. I think, however, that the party that carries a bill for national control of the manufacture and traffic in liquors through Congress, to be signed by a President chosen with a knowledge of his prohibition principles, will have to have a good running mate for its prohibition issue. Yet I believe the prohibition plank in the platform of the great progressive party, lineally descending, would be the centre of attraction and of repulsion. I grant that. But the balance will be so kept that multitudes who take, at first at least, a livelier interest in some other measure which also is promoted by party ascendancy, will vote for partisan prohibition because it is the policy of the party of human progress with which they are keeping step.

I refrain from going at length into a discussion of labor issues. Shall prohibitionists come out for State Socialism, shall they pledge themselves to make that economic nationalism which is now only a prophecy and an ideal, a political fact when they came into administration? No political party should do this. But the word socialism is a word of good meaning. It means fraternity, industry upon a Christian basis. In the discussion that impends in this country, concerning the rights and the wrongs of the wage-earners, and concerning the demands for relief, constantly growing louder, of the agricultural producing classes, the question arises in

the mind at the outset, whether our policy, state and national, shall be based upon the *laissez faire* doctrine, the "let alone" principle; or upon the principle of the intervention of public opinion through the agency of government to effect the ends of justice and of aid to the weaker classes whether by regulative laws, or by the assumption by the public (through local, state, or national government, as the nature of the case may require,) of such business or industrial enterprises as are natural monopolies or can be best performed by the people collectively. I say this question arises in the mind at the outset, but after all, it is, I think, not a question requiring much argument in this day of the world; because, although there are some men more busy with their own daily duties than attentive to the world's progress who are apt, from time to time, to raise this question, appealing in favor of the "let alone" principle, it is really a question already decided. The people both in England and in America have grown quite away from *laissez faire* doctrine, the tendency is strong and constantly increasing in the direction of increase of governmental intervention to redress the social balance. I believe it is impossible that this tendency should be arrested. I believe it would not be in the interest of humanity to arrest it. There is a vast field for individualism, and in that field it is eminently useful. There is a field also for society, for the State. The needs of the people in this country to-day are such, the thought of the masses is advancing so rapidly in the direction indicated that no political party can long hold power that does not accept the socialistic tendency and prudently experiment in that direction. There is, in point of fact, no other possible direction in which society can move, and it cannot stand still. From the necessity for some intervention in aid of the weaker classes against the operation of the laws of demand and supply, it follows that "no class legislation" is not a good cry for a labor party.

The land question should have a distinct recognition as a true reform issue, and while committal to the policy signified by the term single tax, in its entirety, should be avoided, land speculation and monopoly should be condemned as a monstrous evil, and against that evil should be directed such special taxation of land values as will check and ultimately destroy it, without too rudely disturbing existing values.

Government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, and of the anthracite coal mines, should be favored.

Gas, electric lights, and street railroads should be municipalized.

Legislation, reducing gradually and prudently the hours of labor, should be given urgency.

National aid to education, unwisely neglected by the Republicans, is strong with labor, and will be stronger the more it is discussed. Prohibitionists should advocate universal suffrage with universal education.

Educational tests for the suffrage offer too easy a repose for the conservatism of wealth, and to advocate them is to touch the wrong note, that of distrust rather than trust in the masses. Stand with Jefferson for Democracy and education, not for education first and the ballot afterwards. Go to the magnificent oration of Wendell Phillips, "The Scholar in a Republic," for the courage and wisdom to say with that friend of prohibition and labor, that "crime and ignorance have the same right to vote that virtue has. . . . The right to choose your governor rests on precisely the same foundation as the right to choose your religion." "Thank God for His method of taking bonds of wealth and culture to share all their blessings with the humblest soul He gives to their keeping." "Universal suffrage, — God's church, God's school, God's method of gently binding men into commonwealths in order that they may at last melt into brothers." All attempts to identify prohibition or labor with free trade should be abandoned.

No large extension of our market for manufactures in Spanish America or in other foreign countries is possible, if we are to reduce hours of labor, abolish child labor, call married women from factory to home, and raise wages in America, regardless of the effect upon the cost of production. Labor reform, the socialistic tendency require a rigid adherence to the protective system. But reliance upon the home market will not only make labor legislation possible, but will be economic wisdom as well, for by education, by suppressing the saloon, by shortening hours, by increasing wages, we can indefinitely increase the capacity of our own people to consume. The McKinley tariff will work out its own salvation; for the friends of labor or prohibition to attack it is a fatal mistake. Prohibition, labor reform, and

protection are natural allies, and in the party of the future will be united. Whoever wishes to form a new party for prohibition and for labor, will do well to appropriate rather than discard the historic Republican issues. Let the reformers catch the Republicans bathing and steal their clothes, albeit they already have some garments of their own which are very good. If a Democrat, for the sake of temperance or labor, or any issue, will leave the Democratic party, he has outgrown the constitutional doctrines of that party, and will not cling to its economic theories. If he brings a traditional prejudice in favor of government by the masses rather than by classes, he brings what is needed. When the period of political readjustment, not yet surely begun, is over, the Republican party will have been supplanted by a party inheriting many distinguishing articles of its creed; but the Democratic party will remain as the party of obstruction, claiming descent from Jefferson but not the true representative of the eternal truths with which his name is associated.

Around the anti-national idea the ultra-conservatives, the cormorants of society, the panderers to vice, the white-liners of the South will rally. The true Democrats, with a unanimity hitherto unknown, will appreciate the utility of the national idea and will demonstrate that our Constitution was indeed intended "to live and take effect in all successions of ages." The popular party, at once conservative and radical, will demonstrate by its habitual self-restraint, by its scrupulous regard for justice, by the honorable methods which it shall observe and exact, by its prudence in legislation, that the Democracy in the plentitude of its powers, is most truly conservative of all that vast store of good which the past hands down.

SUNDAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY WM. H. ARMSTRONG.

THE question of closing on Sunday the gates of the World's Fair is one that not only interests our nation but also the nations of the world.

On September 3, eighty members of the National World's Fair Commission, and one hundred members of the Board of Lady Managers, listened to the arguments of representatives of the American Sabbath Union for closing the World's Fair Sundays. The arguments for Sunday closing were presented by Col. Elliott F. Shepard, President of the American Sabbath Union; Rev. Dr. S. F. Scoville, President of Wooster University, Ohio; Rev. T. A. Fenley, Secretary of the Philadelphia Sabbath Association; Gen. O. O. Howard; Col. Alex. F. Bacon; Hon. L. S. Coffin; Rev. F. L. Patton, President of Princeton University; Dr. P. S. Henson of Chicago; and Mrs. T. B. Carse, as the representative of the W. C. T. U.

On reading the addresses and petitions presented by the above named persons, I was surprised to see the diversity of names given to the first day of the week. Some called it "the Sabbath day," others "Sunday," while another class termed it "the *American Sabbath*"—*none of them having Bible authority for the names given.* This inadvertence might be excused if these gentlemen were not posing as moulders of public thought and teachers of Bible truth, while they are endeavoring to palm off Sunday upon the National Columbian Commission as a "holy day," for which they cannot produce Bible authority.

Nowhere in the Bible can they find any command to keep Sunday as a "holy day," neither can they there find where the Jewish Sabbath was ever changed to the first day of the week—Sunday. This change was made by Constantine's edict, in 321 A. D., which was the first law either ecclesiastical or civil by which the sabbatical observance of Sunday was known to have been ordained. Does anyone claim that

Constantine was inspired? The sabbatical observance of Sunday, as prescribed by Constantine, or of "the American Sabbath," as prescribed by statutory law, is yielding obedience to the commandments of man and not of God, and all their advocates are confronted with the Scripture: "But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Matt. xv. 9.

As Dr. Francis L. Patton, of Princeton University, was the only speaker who attempted to speak on the Biblical aspect of the Sunday question, I shall direct my remarks to him. The doctor is quoted as saying: "The Ten Commandments represent the high water mark of morality. The Jew had contributed the greatest feature of the civilization of the nineteenth century. The Sabbath had become the inheritance of every civilized nation. God had issued His command as to the observance of the Sabbath, and that command was imperative." These words would be more appropriate coming from a Pharisee, but when spoken by a Gentile claiming to be a minister of the New Testament, 2 Cor. iii. 6, they come with bad grace, and are not in harmony with the Scriptures.

The Ten Commandments made on Sinai were delivered to the Jews alone and never were intended for the Gentiles, for Paul said: "For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves." Rom. ii. 14. An appeal to the law itself shows that it was always and only addressed to the house of Israel, "to you and your children, to your man servants, and maid servants, and to thy stranger that is within thy gates." It cannot be proven that God ever commanded a Gentile to keep the Sabbath. "The Ten Commandments," says Luther, "do not apply to us Gentiles and Christians, but only to the Jews." "A law," says Grotius, "obliges only those to whom it is given, and to whom the Mosaic law is given, itself declares: 'hear, O Israel.'"

When the Gentiles first began to accept Jesus Christ, we read in Acts xv. that the Apostles, elders, and brethren at Jerusalem wrote them letters as follows: "Forasmuch as we have heard, that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words, subverting your souls, saying, Ye must be circumcised, and keep the law; to

whom we gave no such commandment. . . . For it seemeth good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things; That ye abstain from meats offered to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication: from which if you keep yourselves, ye shall do well. Fare ye well." Here is freedom for the Gentiles from the Ten Commandments and especially the observance of the Jewish Sabbath, the most valued of the ten.

Romans ii. 14 plainly shows "the Gentiles had not the law," and this constituted a mark of distinction between Jew and Gentile. But had the law been also given to the Gentiles, the Jewish nation would not have been fenced off from the rest of the world by it. The very fact that they were a separate people under the law proves that their code was not a universal law. Paul said: "For I testify again to every man that is circumcised, that he is a debtor to do the whole law." Gal. v. 3. This is clear, only the circumcised Jew and proselyte was under the law.

In favor of the Mosaic law, many advocates say that all municipal governments are based upon it; but this only proves that it is not of the Kingdom of Christ, because his kingdom is not of this world. Christ's law is the "ministration of Spirit" "the law of the spirit of life written in the heart." The Sinai law was the "ministration of death" written on stone. Moses' law only gave the knowledge of sin, Christ's law gives a far more exquisite knowledge of sin, and contains the remedy for its removal.

We find, in Matt. xxviii. 18-20, and Mark xvi. 15-20, the final universal commission of Christ, his imperative orders to all teachers and preachers in the Kingdom of God. Everything else is excluded but Christ's Gospel, and *his commands*. They stand out against every form of sin, and they only are to be preached to sinners as a means of conviction and salvation, and to believers as their present rule of life; and to show that he is not subjected to, nor in need of any former code, he announces the fact that "All power is given me in heaven and earth." Here Christ sets up his supreme authority, removes all temporary systems, and demands subjection to *his own gospel and commandments*.

It would have been more appropriate for the members of the American Sabbath Union, in their petitions to the

National Columbian Commission, to subscribe themselves "many Israelites," for they preach the law of commandments more than the Spirit of the Lord, which is life and liberty. Paul describes them, viz.: "But their minds were blinded: for until this day remaineth the same vail untaken away in the reading of the Old Testament: which vail is done away in Christ. But even unto this day when Moses is read, the vail is upon their hearts. Nevertheless when it shall turn to the Lord, the vail shall be taken away." 2 Cor. iii. 14-16.

Doctor Patton is credited with saying: "If the nation and fair should yield obedience to the fourth commandment they would be in a fair way to the other nine." I wish, while the doctor was speaking, that the Apostle Paul could have stepped in and delivered several of his old sermons such as he delivered to the Galatians who, as Christians, were trying to keep the law of Moses. I select a few of his observations, viz.: "Man is not justified by the works of the law. For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse. But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident: for the just shall live by faith. And the law is not of faith. Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith; but after faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster. Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. But if ye be led of the Spirit ye are not under the law." Gal. ii. 16; iii. 10, 11, 12, 24, 25; v. 4, 14, 18.

Paul also tells those "foolish Galatians": "But now, after ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? *Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years.* I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain." Gal. iv. 9-11. I can see how Paul would be also afraid of these Sunday agitators, as they spend much of their time in the observance-worship of days, months, times, and years.

Under the old covenant God's laws were written on tables of stone, while under the new covenant we receive the promise, viz.: "This is the covenant I will make with them

after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them." Heb. x. 16.

All who consider "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy" applies to them, should keep the day in the exact manner prescribed for the Israelites. There are seventy-seven positive commands from God to the children of Israel regarding the keeping of the Sabbath day holy to Him. Now, I ask what Bible authority has Doctor Patton, or any of the Sabbath day advocates for ignoring or abridging any of these seventy-seven commands? To obey *the law*, no wood or water must be borne; no fire built; no victuals cooked; no domestic animals must be worked, even to drive to the house of worship. To do any of these were a violation of the fourth commandment. Is there a member of the American Sabbath Union who keeps the law for which they are clamoring? These agitators rush to Chicago, with petitions signed by hundreds of thousands, and say: "If the fair is opened Sunday it will force tens of thousands of employees to work Sunday," while their petitioners are forcing hundreds of thousands of their employees to do even extra work in getting up their best dinners for the clergy and visiting brethren on Sunday; this they do though the fourth commandment says: "Thou shalt have no work done," "that thy man servant and thy maid servant may rest as well as thou." Deut. v. 12-14.

No one can deny the necessity and benefit of man resting one day in seven; but when any set of men attempt to make our legal rest day "a holy day," and prescribe certain modes and forms of rest by demanding that the nation discard their newspapers, conveniences, and amusements — which are means of rest to the majority — because they call them sins if enjoyed on Sunday, it is in order for us to "speak out" and ask these reformers to produce their authority.

No man has the right of dictating to another how he shall rest. What is rest for one man would be an unpleasant strain upon another; to illustrate: The church people, mostly the wealthy class who are not bound with labor's chains, can do as they please, enjoy all the amusements — the ball, theatre, lecture, concert, card-party, etc., — throughout the week, so when Sunday comes it is a rest for them to ride to church, glide up the aisles, listen to the deep, solemn sounding tones

of the organ, glance around at the rich toilets, hear a pleasing short lecture, greet friends, and return home for a *nice* dinner. The poor laboring man who has none of these things would feel out of place among all that culture, wealth, and luxury, so he must seek other diversions.

The members of the American Sabbath Union remind one of the Scribes and Pharisees, who brought unto Jesus a woman taken in adultery and said unto him: "Now Moses in the law commanded us that such should be stoned, but what sayest thou?" Jesus, totally disregarding Mosaic law, said unto them: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." So we can apply these words of Jesus to "the Sunday agitators" — as law breakers — and say unto them, he that is not breaking any of Moses' laws among you, let him first cast a stone at the managers of the World's Fair.

When Jesus came bringing the light of the new covenant, he showed how unimportant was this question, for we cannot find in the New Testament where he ever recommended anyone to keep the Sabbath day holy. On the contrary, he and his disciples were accused of breaking the Sabbath by the hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees.

"The poor we have always with us," and to alleviate as much as possible the misery of the less fortunate is one of the noblest missions of life. From dark, dust-begrimed habitations of a hot city comes a cry whose burden is "Fresh Air." So throw wide open the gates of the World's Fair on Sundays, that the wage worker may find rest and enjoyment; for the rich can rest when they please — the poor must take recreation when they can. Sectism is blinding humanity and turning them from the old pathway to Jesus, the Son of God, who came to save man from his sins. This "one day worship" is not enough, for God claims our services each and every day, as every day is given us by Him. God certainly must be jealous of nations to-day serving Satan six days in the week and then worshipping Sunday (Constantine's law) or Saturday (Moses' law) instead of Him. For their Sunday worship is mostly vain show and pomp, fashioned as a crowd bedecked for a theatrical performance, all of which is forbidden in the Bible (1 Tim. ii. 9-11), which they profess to follow.

TURNING TOWARDS NIRVANA.

BY E. A. ROSS.

It needs no very long stay in Europe to detect a strange drooping of spirit. The rank corn and cotton optimism of the West quickly feels the deep sadness that lurks behind French balls, Prussian parades, and Italian festivals. Europe, when once you pry beneath its surface and find what its people are thinking and feeling, seems cankered and honeycombed with pessimism. You need go but a little way beyond the table d'hôte and the guide book to feel the chill of despondency. Without taking into account this new mood, it is vain to try to understand the latest in art, music, fiction, poetry, thought, politics. The one word "despair" is the key that opens up the meaning of Ibsen's dramas, and Tolstoi's ethics, of Zola's novels, and Carmen Sylva's poems, of Bourget's romances, and Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*. It is the spiritual bond that connects Wagner's operas with Turgenieff's novels, Amiel's journal with Marie Bashkirtseff's diary. Naturalism in fiction, "decadence" in poetry, realism in art, tragedy in music, scepticism in religion, cynicism in politics, and pessimism in philosophy, all spring from the same root. They are the means by which the age records its feelings of disillusionment.

The broad basis of the sadness of Europe to-day is keen political disappointment. Forty years ago everybody hailed the policy of free trade, peace, and international exhibitions as ushering in the era

"When the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags
are furled

In the Parliament of mankind, the Federation of the World."

As if in mockery of these hopes came that terrific relapse of civilization between 1855 and 1870. Then came a pause, and hope might have revived had not the war epoch left behind it a strange and appalling condition.

No one so unfortunate as to live between the Bosphorus and the English Channel can view without dread the course Continental Europe has taken since 1870. The armies have increased until France and Germany alone have over six millions of soldiers. The Great Powers have now three armed men for every two of ten years ago. "Our armaments," says Premier Crispi, "are ruining Europe for the benefit of America." In a paper picked up in a Venetian café I read these lines:—

"Throughout Europe we now hear of nothing but smokeless powder and small bore rifles, heavy ironclads and swift cruisers, torpedo boats and dynamite guns. Europe seems hastening on to that time foretold by General Grant when, worn out by a fatal and ruinous policy, she will bow to the supremacy of peace-loving America, and learn anew from her the lessons of true civilization."

Can we wonder that the European despairs? He finds himself aboard a train that seems speeding to sure destruction. Neither pope, nor churches, nor peace societies, nor alliances nor votes, can check its course. Nothing, it seems, can save Europe from the fatal plunge into the abyss of war. A shot on the Alsatian frontier, a plot hatched in a Servian barrack-room, or a riot in the Armenian quarter of Constantinople, may kindle a strife that may last, Von Moltke tells us, for thirty years.

It is true that many alarms have proved false, but then it is the steady strain that tells on the mood. It is pathetic to see on the continent, how men fear to face the future. Public speakers dwell upon the glories of former times. The churches seek to revive the spirit of the Middle Ages. In schools there is immense interest in history, archæology, and the classics. The age yearns to lose itself in the past, and delights in *genre* pictures of the naive olden time, or of life in remote valleys untouched by the breath of progress. No one has heart to probe the next decade, to ask, "Where shall we be in ten years,—in fifty years?" The outlook is bounded by the next Sunday in the park or the theatre. The people throw themselves into the pleasures of the moment with the desperation of doomed men who hear the ring of the hammer on the scaffold. Ibsen, applying an old sailor's superstition to the European ship of state, tells how one night he stood on the deck and looked

down on the throng of passengers, each the victim of some form of brooding melancholy or dark presentiment, and as he looked he seemed to hear a voice crying, "There's a corpse on board!"

With the growth of armies has come a gloomier view of life. The vision of the nations "lapped in universal law" has vanished, and the new phrase, "struggle for existence," seems to sum up human history. War has been raised to the dignity of a means of progress and killing has been consecrated by biology. Not long ago three noted men, Count Von Moltke, General Wolseley, and Ex-Minister Phelps, declared it vain to hope for a time when wars should vanish from the earth. In Germany the youth are filled with the brutal cynicism of Prince Bismarck. "Blood and iron does it," said a Berlin divinity student to me. "You can no more stop war than you can stop the thunderbolt when two clouds meet charged with opposite electricities." "No," said another, "Europe has too many people, too much pressure on the boundaries. There must be a war now and then to thin them out."

With loss of faith in moral progress men have lost faith in political progress. The ideals of '48 are *passé*. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are exploded bubbles. The imperialism of Bismarck, the foe of popular government and champion of divine right, rules the hour. To the fighting type of society the politics of industrial democracy seem absurd. You cannot set up the hustings in an armed camp of twenty-eight millions. Kings and nobles, rank and privilege, police, spies, and censors—all those hoary abuses that roused the men of '48,—are deemed necessary to a strong military state. They are hallowed by the new phrase of political fatalism "historical continuity."

This drift of thought cannot but lead to a despairing view. Civilization seems to have lost itself in a *cul-de-sac*. Progress has ended in an aimless discontent. The schools have produced, according to Bismarck, ten times as many over-educated young men as there are places to fill. The thirst for culture has produced a great, hungry, intellectual proletariat. The forces of darkness are still strong, and it seems sometimes as if the Middle Ages will swallow up everything won by modern struggles. The Liberal wonders at moments if he be not really fighting against destiny.

Often in his *Culturkampf* with Ultramontaniam has he proved the truth of Gambetta's saying, "*Le clericalism, voila l'ennemi!*"

Science, too, has had its share in disturbing men's minds. Science, during the last twenty years, has been most successful in studying the past. It has traced the origin of institutions and followed the upward path of man. It has lifted the veil of mystery. It says, "See, I can show you how our feelings arose. I will lay bare the root of modesty, of filial piety, sexual love, patriotism, loyalty, justice, honor, æsthetic delight, conscience, religion, fear of God. I will explain the origin of institutions like the household, the church, the state. I will show the rise of prayer, worship, sacrifice, marriage-customs, ceremonies social forms, and laws. Nothing is found mysterious, nothing unique, nothing divine. There is no need of looking for a stream of tendency, an influx from another source, the descent of a new power. The notion of a soul from a spiritual world encysted in customs and feelings developed upon it by nature, is a myth. Man is a formation. The race has accommodated itself to its environment as a stream to its bed. The manifold adaptation of Nature to man is really the adaptation of man to Nature. To marvel at it is as if the cake should marvel at the fit of the dough-pan. Everything in man is the outcome of forces and conditions still present with us. Man and his civilization are held suspended in protoplasm and sunlight. Let but a plague sweep us away to-day, and to-morrow would begin the second evolution of man."

But science, not content with tracing institutions, has been analyzing personality. We see now that there can never again be such an orgie of the Ego as that led by Fichte and Hegel. The doctrines of transmission and inheritance have attacked the independence of the individual. Science finds no ego, self or will that can maintain itself against the past. Heredity rules our lives like that supreme primeval necessity that stood above the Olympian gods. "It is the last of the fates," says Wilde, "and the most terrible. It is the only one of the gods whose real name we know." It is the "divinity that shapes our ends" and hurls down the deities of freedom and choice. Science dissolves the personality into temperaments and suscepti-

bilities, predispositions, and transmitted taints, atavisms, and reversions. It finds the soul not a spiritual unit, but a treacherous compound of strange contradictions and warring tendencies, with traces of spent passion and vestiges of ancient sins, with echoes of forgotten deeds and survivals of vanished habits. We are "possessed" not by demons but by the dead. These are in Ibsen's drama the real ghosts which throng our lives and haunt our footsteps, remorseless as the furies. We are followed by the shades of our ancestors who visit us, not with midnight squeak and gibber, but in the broad noonday, speaking with our speech, and doing with our deed. We are bound to a destiny fixed before birth, and choice is the greatest of illusions. The world is indeed a stage, and life is but a hollow ceremony, spontaneous enough to the eye, but wherein the actors recite speeches and follow stage directions written for them long before they were born. Thus science grinds color for our modern Rembrandts.

The final blow to the old notion of the ego is given by the doctrine of multiple individuality. Science tells of the conscious and the sub-conscious, of the higher nerve centres and the lower, of the double cerebrum and the wayward ganglia. It hints at the many voiceless beings that live out in our body their joy and pain, and scarce give sign, dwellers in the sub-centres, with whom, it may be, often lies the initiative when the conscious centre thinks itself free. This *I* is, no doubt, a hierarchy or commonwealth of psychical units that at death dissolves and sinks below the threshold of consciousness.

It is plain, then, that the swift spread of science has brought men into a new universe. Few there are that can adorn the new home with ornaments saved from the old. For most men the universe which science tells of rises about them unsightly and barn-like, with bare walls and naked rafters, and until art can beautify the walls, and poetry gild the rafters, men will have that appalling feeling of being nowhere at home, that awful sinking as if the bottom were dropping out of all things.

The last great motive to despair is supplied by Indo-German philosophy. Under the headship of Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann, there has grown up of late a black pessimism rooted in Hindoo thought, and allied to that

strange exotic cult of Eastern religions that has enabled Neo-Buddhism to proselyte even in Christian Europe. Its success has been brilliant. In twenty years Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious" has reached its tenth German edition, entered all the great languages of Europe, and called forth a vast literature of its own. Thoroughly in touch with modern culture and gifted with a striking style, Hartmann is to-day, perhaps, the best read philosopher on the continent.

Hartmann dwells upon the sorrow inherent in all existence. Happiness, whether expected in one's own life, in an ecstatic life beyond the grave, or in the far future of humanity, is an illusion. The breaking through this illusion is progress. Consciousness itself is built on pain. Life is an evil best cured by quenching the will to live. The world is a mistake — a stupendous blunder of the blind unconscious. From it there is no escape until the world is hurled back into nothingness by a supreme effort of the collective human will. To bring about this replunge into Nirvana is the goal of the world process. The vast scheme of nature, the slow growth of mind up the long scale of organic forms, the high intelligence that crowns the summit of life — all these exist to bring forth the pessimist. He alone has gained true culture, and reached a rational insight into the emptiness of existence. He alone has rent the veil of Maya and pierced the last illusion. His task is to waken humanity, now tossing on its bed of pain, from the spell of the great alluring world-dream. By showing the vanity of endeavor he is to still the fatal lust for life and bring all men to despair and longing for Nirvana. Thus does he become the true savior of mankind; for at this point the world, obeying the desperate resolve of the human race, will vanish utterly,

"And like the baseless fabric of a dream
Leave not a rack behind."

The pessimistic temper of the age reveals itself in every field where mood finds utterance. Every book that makes a sensation does it by virtue of the phase of despair it presents. Every drama that creates a furore does it by uncovering some new tragic element in life. Anything optimistic falls flat. The literary men of Europe are recklessly underbidding each other in the attempt to show

that life is sadder, or meaner, or baser, or emptier than had been supposed. The cynic and the pessimist share public attention. Not that European writers are insincere. The authors and thinkers themselves have been the first to feel the *Zeitgeist*. They have written as they have because they have found the melancholy view of life the most fruitful thing in recent culture. They have found it the richest in novelty, surprises, images, scenes, reflections, effects, and sensations. The worthlessness of life is an idea that agrees with science, meets the mood of the age, and fires the imagination of the artist.

The French, Norwegian, and Russian realism of the last decade is the utterance of later pessimism. For the term "realism" describes something more than an art. It describes an ethical view. It means the conviction of Flaubert: "You may fatten the human beast, give him straw up to his belly, and gild his manger; but he remains a brute, say what you will." The realists are filled with the scientific notions of human nature. They base romances on psychology, physiology, or pathology. They study Darwin, and Spencer, and Ribot. They look constantly for the traces of the savage cave-dweller. The great masters, — Tolstoï, Zola, Ibsen, Maupassant, Flaubert, Gautier, Loti, Bourget, — as well as their swarms of disciples, are ever on the watch for marks of decadence, or for vestiges of the brute in man's instincts and passions. To the old romanticism of Victor Hugo they oppose blunt truth-telling and remorseless analysis. They spare no illusions. "Love, marriage, family," cries Tolstoï's hero, "are lies, lies, lies!"

This same ethical spirit is shared by realism in art. A painter seeking in the work-house a model for his "job," an actress visiting the hospital to learn how to simulate dying, — these show the modern appetite for the morbid. Modern music, too, does not escape the times' spirit. The sad Titanic works of Wagner, the friend and disciple of Schopenhauer, bear witness to the mystical affinity of music and despair.

Most of our great critics of life, — Saint Beauve, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Scherer, Amiel, Tolstoï, and Ruskin — have felt, or at least recognized, the powerful fascination of the new evangel of bafflement and despair.

The hastiest glance at recent European poetry shows the prominence of the mystery of pain. Poetry from Byron, Leopardi, and Heine, to Pushkin and Carmen Sylva, Baudelaire and Matthew Arnold, has circled about the tragedy of suffering and disenchantment. Even Tennyson sadly asks in a recent poem:—

“What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins
at last,
Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence, drowned in the deeps of a mean-
ingless Past?”

Since the time of Goethe, poetry has turned from Hellenic to Hindoo sources. Cultured Europe seizes with a strange eagerness on the sublime, dreamy conceptions that underlie Hindoo pantheism—Sansara, the unabiding pain-world; Nirvana world of rest and re-absorption; the deceptive veil of Maya, the wheel of life, the melting bubbles poured from the bowl of Saki, the Brahma fallen from unity and serenity into multiplicity and pain, the illusion of birth and death, the evil of all individual existence, the retreat from life, the euthanasia of the will and the return to non-existence,—these with their rich train of imagery thrill the jaded and *blasé* European with a rare and profound emotion. Besides these spoils, the poet of to-day revels in the results of later metaphysics. The naïve balance of pleasure and pain is disturbed. Suffering becomes an almost supernatural fact hid in a halo of mystery, and is not to be blotted out by any quantity of joy. ✕ One single pang is enough to condemn the world as worse than nothingness. This inexplicable fact of suffering takes on a mystical meaning, and becomes thereby the pivot of a new faith. And so, as the altar lights of the old worship of sorrow grow dim, there rises the legend of a suffering unconscious.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

TWILIGHT fell softly over Beersheba, beautiful Beersheba. It is going into history now with its sad old fancies and its quaint old legends, — its record of happiness and of heartbreak, — those two opposing, yet closely interwoven *inevitables* which always belong to a summer resort.

But Beersheba is different from the rest, in that the railroads have never found it; and it goes into history a monument to the old days when the wealthy among the southern folk flocked to the mountains, and to Beersheba — queen of the hill country of Tennessee.

The western sky, where it seemed to slope down toward Dan, had turned to gaudy orange; the east was hazy and dimly purple, streaked with long lines of shadow, resembling, in truth, some lives we remember to have noticed, lives that for all the sombre purple were still blotched with the heavier shadows of pain that is never spoken.

It was inexpressibly lonely; true, a cowbell tingled in the distance, and now and then a fox barked in a covert of Dark Hollow, that almost impenetrable jungle that lies along the "Back Bone," a narrow, zigzag ridge stretching from Dan to Beersheba.

Dan, modest little Dan, seven furlongs distant from queenly Beersheba, with its one artistic little house refusing in spite of time and weather, and that more deadly foe, *renters*, to be other than pretty and picturesque, as it nestles like a little gray dove in its nest of cedar and wild pine. A very dreamful place is Dan, dreamful and safe.

Safe, so thought the man leaning upon the low fence that inclosed the old ante-bellum graveyard that was a part of Beersheba also. For in the olden days people came by families and family connections, bringing their servants and carriages. And those who died at Beersheba were left sleeping in the little graveyard — a quiet spot, shut in by old cedars and rustling laurel. A very solemn little resting-

place, with the cedars moaning, and the winds soughing, as if in continual lament for the dead left to their care. Among the quiet sleepers was one concerning whom the man leaning upon the fence never tired of thinking, while he made, by instinct it seemed to him, a daily pilgrimage to her grave. It was marked by a long, narrow shaft, exceedingly small at the top. Midway the shaft a heart, chased out of the yellow, moss-stained marble, a heart pierced by a bullet. He had brushed the moss aside long ago to read the quaint yet fascinating inscription:—

“Millicent — April, 1862.

‘Oh, Shiloh! Shiloh!’”

He had heard the story of the sleeper underneath often, often. It is one of the legends now, of Beersheba. Yet he thought of it with peculiar interest, that twilight time, as he stood leaning upon the low fence while the sun set over Dan. His face, with the after-glow of sunset full upon it, was not a face in keeping with the quiet scene about him. It was not a youthful face, although handsome. Yet the lines upon it were not the lines made by time: a stronger enemy than time had left his mark there. *Dissipation* was written in the ruddy complexion, the bloated flesh, and the bloodshot eye. The continual movement of the hand feeling along the whitewashed plank, or fingering, unconsciously, the trigger of the loaded rifle, testified, in a dumb way, to the derangement of the nervous system which had been surrendered to that most debasing of all passion, drink. He had sought the invigorating mountains, the safety of isolation, to do for him that which an abused and deadened *will* refused to do. It is a terrible thing to stand alone with the wreck of one's self. It is worse to set the *Might-Have-Been* side by side with the *Is*, and know that it is everlastingly too late to alter the colorings of either picture.

His was an *hereditary* passion, an iniquity of the father visited upon the son. Against such there is no law, and for such no remedy.

He thought bitterly of these things as he stood leaning upon the graveyard fence. His life was a graveyard, a tangle of weeds, a plat of purposes overgrown with rank despair. He had struggled since he could remember. All his life had been one terrible struggle. And now, he knew that it was useless, he understood that the evil was hereditary, and

to conquer it, or rather to free himself from it, there was but one alternative. He glanced down at the rifle resting against his knee. He did not intend to endure the torture any very great while longer. He possessed the instincts of a gentleman, — the cravings of a beast. The former had won him something of friends and sympathy, — and love. The latter had cost him all the other had won. For coming across the little graveyard in a straight line with the shadows of the old cedars, her arms full of the greens and tender wild blossoms of the mountain, was the one woman he had loved. She had done her best to “reform” him. The world called it a “reform.” If reform meant a new birth, that was the proper name for it, he thought, as he watched her coming down the shadow-line, and tried to think of her as another man’s wife; this woman he loved, and who *had* loved *him*.

He saw her stop beside a little mound, kneel down, and carefully dividing her flowers, place the half of them upon a child’s grave. Her face was wet with tears when she arose, and crossing over to the tall, yellow shaft, placed the remainder of the offering at its base. She stood a moment, as if studying the odd inscription. And when she turned away he saw that the tears were gone, and a hopeless patience gave the sweet face a tender beauty.

“‘Oh, Shiloh! Shiloh!’”

He heard her repeat the melancholy words as she moved away from the old shaft, and opening the gate he waited until she should pass out.

“Donald!”

“I couldn’t help it, Alice. You are going away to-morrow; it is the last offence. You will forgive it because it *is* the last.”

“You ought not to follow me in this way, it isn’t honorable. See! I have been to put some flowers on my little baby’s grave.” She glanced back, as she stood, her hand upon the gate, at the little flower-bedecked grave where two months before she had buried her only child.

“You shared your treasures with the other,” he said, indicating the tall shaft.

“I always do,” said she. “There is something about that grave that touches me with singular pity. I feel as if it were *myself* who is buried there. I think the girl must have died of a broken heart.”

"Have you never heard the story?" said Donald. "I suppose it might be called a broken heart, although the doctors gave it the more agreeable title of '*heart disease*.' It is very well for the world that doctors do not call things by their right name always. Now, if I should be found dead to-morrow morning in my little room at Dan, the doctors would pronounce me a victim of 'apoplexy,' or 'heart failure.' That would be very generous of the doctors so far as *I* am concerned. But would it not be more generous to struggling humanity to say the truth: 'This man died of *delirium tremens*,—killed himself with whiskey. Now you other sots take warning.'"

"Donald Rives!" the sad eyes, full of unspoken pity, not unmixed with regret, sought his.

"Truth," said Donald. "And truth, Alice, is always best. The world, the sick moral world, cannot be healed with falsehood. But the woman sleeping there—she has a pretty story. Will you wait while I tell it—you are going away to-morrow."

She glanced down the road, dim with the twilight.

"The others are gone on to Dan, to see the moon rise," she said hesitatingly.

"We will follow them there in a moment," said Donald. "I have a fancy for telling you that story."

He laughed, a nervous, mirthless kind of laugh, and slipped his rifle to his other hand.

"She had a lover in the army, you understand. She was waiting here with hundreds of others until 'the cruel war should cease.' One day when there had been a great battle, a messenger came to Beersheba, bringing news for her. He brought a letter, and she came across the little court there at Beersheba, and received it from the messenger's own hand. She tore it open and read the one line written there. Then the white page fluttered to the ground. She placed her hands upon her heart as if the bullet had pierced her. 'Oh, Shiloh! Shiloh!' That was all she said or did. The ball from old Shiloh did its work. The next day they buried her up there under the cedars. The letter had but one line: 'Shot at Shiloh, fatally,' and signed by the captain of the company who had promised to send news of the battle. Just a line; but enough to break a heart. Hearts break easily, sweetheart."

She looked at him with her earnest eyes full of tears.

"Do you think hers broke?" she asked. "I do not. She merely went to him."

"As I should go to you, if you were to die, because I cannot live without you."

"Hush! I am nothing to you now. Only a friend who loves you, and would help you if she could, but she is powerless."

"O Alice, do not say that. Do not give me over in that hopeless way to ruin. Do not abandon me now."

"Donald," the voice was very low, and sweet, and — *strong*. "There was a time I thought to help you. I did my best and — failed. It is too late now. I am married. You who could not put aside your passion for the girl whose heart was yours, and whom you loved sincerely, could not, assuredly, put it by for the woman whose love, and life, and duty are pledged to another. Yet, you know I feel for you. You know what it is to be tempted, so alas! do I. Wait! stand back. There is this difference. You know what it is to *yield*; but I have that little mound back there" — she nodded toward the little flower-decked grave, — "the dead help me, the sleeper underneath is my strength. If I were dead now, I would come to you, and help you. Do that which, living, I failed in doing. Come, now; let us go on and see yon moon rise over Dan. The others have gone long ago."

They passed out, and the little gate swung to its place. The dead at Beersheba were left alone again. Left to their tranquil slumbers. Tranquil? Aye, it is only the living who are eager and unhappy.

Down the shadowy road they passed, those two whose lives had met, and mingled, and parted again. Those two so necessary to each other, and who, despite the necessity, must touch hands and part.

'Tis said God makes for every human soul a counterpart, a-soul-helper. If this be so, then is it true that every soul must find its counterpart, since God does not work by half, and knows no bungling in His work. That other self is *somewhere*, — on this earth, or else in some other sphere. The souls are separated, perhaps, by death, or even by some human agency. What of that? Soul will seek soul; will find its counterpart and perform its work, its own half share, though death and vast eternity should roll between.

They passed on, those two wishing for and needing each the other. Wishing until God heard, and made the wish a prayer, and answered it, in His own time and manner.

At the crossing of the roads where one turns off to Dan, the mountain preacher's little cabin stood before them. Nothing, and yet it had a bearing on their lives. On his, at all events.

Before the door, leaning upon the little low gate, an old man with white hair and beard was watching the gambols of two children playing with a large dog. The cabin, old and weatherworn, the man, the tumbledown appearance of things generally, formed a strange contrast with the magnificence of nature visible all around. To Donald, with his southern ideas of ease and elegance, there was something repulsive in the scene. But the woman was evidently more charitable.

"Good evening, parson," she called, "we are going over to Dan to watch the moon rise."

"Yes, yes," said the old man. "An' hadn't ye better leave the gun, sir? There's no use luggin' that to Dan. An' ye'll find it here 'ginst you come back."

"Why, we're going back another route," they told him; not dreaming what that route would be.

"You have a goodly country, parson," said Donald, "and so near heaven one ought to find peace here."

"It be not plentiful," said the old man. "An' man be born to trouble as the sparks go upward. But all be bretherin, by the grace o' God, an' bound alike for Canaan."

They passed on, bearing the old man's meaning in their hearts. All bound upon one common road for Canaan.

Oh, Israel! Israel! the wandering in the wilderness still goes on. The Promised Land still lies ahead, and wanderers in earth's wilderness still seek it, panting and dying with none to strike a rock in Horeb.

The Promised Land! what glimpses of that glorious country are vouchsafed, mere glimpses, from those rugged heights, such as were granted him, who, weary with his wanderings, sought Pisgah's top to die.

Sometimes, when the mists are lifted and the sun shines through the rifted clouds, what dreams, what visions, what communion with those whom the angels met upon the mountain. They thought upon it, those two, as they passed on to Dan.

To Dan, through the broad gate artistically set with palings of green and white. Under the sweet old cedars deep down into the heart of the woods, with the solemn mountains rising, grim and mysterious, in the twilight. Down the great bluff where the tinkle of falling water tells of the spring hidden in the dim wood's shadowy heart. The golden arrows of sunset are put out one by one by the shadow-hands of the twilight hidden in the haunted hemlocks. One star rises above the trees and peeps down to find itself quivering in the dusky pool. A little bird flits by with an evening hymn fluttering in its throat.

They stopped at the foot of the bluff and seated themselves upon a fallen tree, the rifle resting, the stock upon the ground, the muzzle against the tree, between them.

Between them, the loaded rifle. She herself had placed it there. They had scarcely spoken, but words are weak; *feeling* is strong—and silent. His heart was breaking; could words help *that*? It was she who spoke at last, nestling closer to him a moment, then quickly drawing back. Her hand had touched the iron muzzle of the gun—it was cold, and it reminded her. She drew her hands together and folded them, palm to palm, between her knees, and held them there, lest the sight of his agony drag them from duty and honor. She could not bear to look at him, she could only speak to him, with her eyes turned away toward the distant mountains.

"Donald," her voice was low and very steady, "there are so many mistakes made, dear, and my marriage was one of them. But, the blunder having been committed, I must abide by it. And who knows if, after all, it be a mistake? Who can understand, and who dares judge God's plans? But right cannot grow from wrong. We part. But I shall not leave you, Donald. Here in the heart of the woods—"

"Don't!" he lifted his face, white with agony. "Your suffering can but increase mine. Go back, dear, and forget. Our paths crossed too late, too late. Go back, and leave me to my lonely struggles. I shall miss you, oh, my beloved,— " the words choked him, "forget, forget—"

"Never!" again she moved toward him, and again drew back. The iron muzzle had touched her shoulder, warningly. She still held her hands fast clasped between her knees. Suddenly she loosed them; opened them, looked at

them; so frail, so small, so delicately womanly as they were. He, too, saw them, the dear hands, and made a motion to clasp them, restrained himself, and groaned. She understood, and her whole soul responded. The old calm was gone; the wife forgotten. It was only the *woman* that spoke as she slipped from her place beside him, to the ground at his feet; and extended the poor hands toward him.

"Donald, O Donald!" she sobbed. "Look at my hands. How frail they are, and weak, and white, and *clean*. Aye, they are clean, Donald. Take them in your own; hold them fast one moment, for they are worthy. But oh, my beloved, if they falter or go wrong, those little hands, who would pity their polluted owner? Not you, oh, not you. I know the sequel to such madness. *Help* me to keep them clean. Help me — oh, help me!"

She lifted them pleadingly, the tears raining down her cheeks. She, the strong, the noble, appealing to him. In that moment she became a saint, a being to be worshipped afar off, like God.

"Help me!" She appealed to him, to his manhood which he had supposed dead so long the hollow corpse would scarcely hear the judgment trump.

Her body swayed to and fro with the terrible struggle. Aye, she knew what it was to be tempted. She who would have died for that poor drunkard's peace. But that little mound — that little child's grave on the hill — "Help me!" She reeled forward and he sprang to clasp her. The rifle slipped its place against the log; but it was *between* them still; the iron muzzle pointed at her heart. There was a flash, a sharp report, and she fell, just missing the arms extended to receive her.

"O my God!" the cry broke from him, a wild shriek, torn from his inmost heart. "O my God! my God! I have killed her. Alice! oh, speak to me! *speak* to me before my brain goes mad." He had dropped beside her, on his knees, and drawn the poor face to his bosom. She opened her eyes and nestled there, closer to his heart. There was no iron muzzle between them now. She smiled, and whispered, softly: —

"In the heart of the woods. O Love; O Love!"

And seeing that he understood, she laid her hand upon his bosom, gasped once, and the little hands were safe.

They would never "go wrong" now, never. Even love, which tempts the strongest into sin, could never harm them now, those little dead hands.

"In the heart of the woods." It was there they buried her, beside that broken-hearted one whose life went with the tidings from old Shiloh, in the little mountain graveyard in the woods between Dan and Beersheba.

As for him, her murderer, they said, "the accident quite drove him mad." Perhaps it did; he thought so, often; only that he never called it by the name of accident.

"It was God's plan for helping me," he told himself during those slow hours of torture that followed. There were days and weeks when the very mention of the place would tear his very soul. Then the old craving returned. Drink; he could forget, drown it all if only he could return to the old way of forgetting. But something held him back. What was it? God? No, no. God did not care for such as he, he told himself. He was alone; alone forever now. One night there was a storm, the cedars were lashed and broken, and the windows rattled and shook with the fury of the wind. The rain beat against the roof in torrents. The night was wild, as he was. Oh, he, too, could tear, and howl, and shriek. Tear up the very earth, he thought, if only he let his demon loose.

He arose and threw on his clothes. He wanted whiskey; he was tired of the struggle, the madness, the despair. A mile beyond there was a still, an illicit concern, worked only at night. He meant to find it. His brain was giving way, indeed. Had already given way, he thought, as he listened to the wind calling him, the storm luring him on to destruction. The very lightning beckoned him to "come and be healed." Healed? Aye, he knew what it was that healed the agonies of mind which physics could not reach. He knew, he knew. He had been a fool to think he would forego this healing.

He laughed as he tore open the door and stepped out into the night. The cool rain struck upon his burning brow as he plunged forward into the arms of the darkness. He had gone but two steps when the fever that had mounted to his brain began to cool. And the wind—he paused. Was it speaking to him, that wild, midnight wind? "In the heart of the woods. O Love, O Love!"

There was a shimmery glister of lightning among the shadowy growth. Was it a figure, a form of a woman beckoning him, guiding him. He turned away from the midnight still, and followed that shimmery light, straight to the little graveyard in the woods, and fell across the little new mound there, and sobbed like a child that has rebelled and yielded. A soft presence breathed among the shadows; a soft presence that crept to his bosom when he opened his arms, his face still pressed against the soft, new sod. A strange, sweet peace came to him, such as he had never felt before, filling him with restful, chastened, and exquisite sadness. The storm passed by after awhile, and the rain fell softly — as the dew falls on flowers. And he arose and went home, with the chastened peace upon him, and the old passionate pain gone forever.

But as the summers drifted by, year after year, he returned. He became a familiar comer to the humble mountain folk, where summer twilight times they saw him leaning on the parson's little gate, conversing with the old man of the "Promised Land" toward which, as "brethren," they were travelling. Sometimes they talked of the blessed dead — the dear, dear dead, who are permitted to return to give help to their loved ones.

Aye, he believes it, knows it, for the old temptation assails him no more forever. That is enough to know.

And in the heart of the woods in the dewy twilight, or at the solemn midnight, she comes to meet him, unseen but felt, and walks with him again along the way from Dan to Beersheba. He holds communion with her there, and is satisfied and strengthened.

God knows, God knows if it be true, she meets him there. But life is no longer agony and struggle with him. And often when he starts upon his lonely walks, he hears the wind passing through the ragged cedars with a low, tremulous sighing and bends his ear to listen. "In the heart of the woods, O Love, O Love."

And he understands at last how to those passed on is vouchsafed a power denied the human helper, and that she who would have been his guide and comforter now gave him better guardianship — a watchful and a holy spirit.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

PHARISAISM IN PUBLIC LIFE. THE poisonous and corrupting influence of Pharisaism is noticeable in every strata of society, as vicious and odious to-day as when the great Galilean, with the supreme contempt of a pure and genuine soul, denounced in such withering terms those who pretended to be what they were not. Evil and repulsive as hypocrisy must ever appear, it assumes colossal proportions as a moral crime, when it masquerades in the robes of official authority, for nothing so surely undermines all respect for law in the mind of the masses as exhibitions of insincerity, inconsistency, and Pharisaism by those invested with power. The people are not so slow witted as the few who take pride in their superior brilliancy imagine. They quickly detect insincerity or hypocrisy; but unfortunately, they frequently do not discriminate between the offender and the office in the nation or the communion which he disgraces. Pharisaism within the Church, far more than assaults from without, has destroyed the old-time influence of theology over the popular mind; while the same results are clearly manifest in our political fabric. In the latter sphere, hypocrisy is doubly odious, in that while undermining the confidence of the people in law, justice, and government, it places far greater power in the hands of pretentious individuals than would be tolerated were it not for their profession of superior virtue, and thus enables persons who are of small moral stature, or who through defective training and unfortunate environment are thoroughly narrow and bigoted, to wield despotic power, often bringing swift and severe punishment on those far less guilty in the eye of the moral law than themselves. Believing as I do that Pharisaism is to-day one of the greatest evils which menace the stability of our government and the continued advance of civilization along the highway of enlightened progress, I feel it an urgent duty to frankly and freely discuss some notable recent illustrations which to unprejudiced minds take on the cast of Pharisaism, and are symptomatic of a condition which presages the moral decline of a nation. For if history teaches one lesson more impressively than another, it is that in which she emphasizes the fact that when Pharisaism becomes enthroned in power, when hypocrisy mantles insincerity and depravity, the soul of a people goes out; and though the form or shadow of former greatness may remain for a time, like the oak which remains standing after the tap-root has been eaten out, vitality, growth, and life have vanished.

The first case which calls for attention is that of Joseph A. Britton, and it impressively illustrates the evils which will sooner or later come

to any people who permit the Pharisaical element to arrogate authority, or who legalize the infringement of liberty by authorizing the establishment of a censorship of morals, especially when power is lodged in the hands of persons who have a penchant for delving in moral sewers, and are not hedged about with restrictions which make them legally responsible for wrong doing. Mr. Britton, it will be remembered, was long Mr. Comstock's closest counselor and most efficient aid. In the course of time, however, he withdrew from his former commander in order to establish an association somewhat similar to that presided over by Mr. Comstock. Such societies will naturally ever prove very alluring to men of a certain class, owing to the unwarranted power given to individuals, by which they are enabled to persecute those in no way guilty of crime, and who, after innocence is established, have no redress for the great expense and wrongs inflicted by the irresponsible censorship. The new organization was styled "The Society for the Enforcement of Criminal Law," and Mr. Britton has been from its inception its leading spirit. About a year ago, exercising a power, which, if permitted at all, should always be confined to a responsible judiciary, he caused the arrest of the president of the American News Company, for selling some of the works of Count Tolstoi and Balzac.*

The courts promptly dismissed the case, but Mr. Farrelly had no redress for the expense, the harassment, and lost time incident to this unjust arrest. Since then Mr. Britton has had much trouble with the courts and officers of law, who thoroughly distrust the man.† He, however, has been posing as a virtuous martyr, declaring that the police and judiciary are all subsidized: that it is impossible for him to suppress the crimes of gamblers, saloon keepers, and the proprietors of disorderly houses on account of the officers being in collusion with the offenders. It is proper to state also that counter-charges have been freely made in the daily press, and this gentleman who assumes the role of one peculiarly fitted to unearth and punish sinners, has been charged with using his office for blackmailing purposes. Of the truth or falsity of the charges I know nothing, but the latest revelation relating to Mr. Britton's career certainly gives color to some of the charges which have been made against him. It seems that while sincere and

*Commenting on this outrage, the New York *Herald* said editorially:—

"We have had too much of this meddling business—rummaging the mails for the books of a conscientious writer like Tolstoi, suppressing the poems of one of the gentlest and noblest of writers, Whitman, and now taking a gentleman to the Tombs for having on his shelves a copy of Balzac. *American readers are not children, idiots, or slaves.* They can govern their reading without the advice of Mr. Comstock, Mr. Wanamaker, or this new supervisor of morals named Britton—a kind of spawn from Comstock, we are informed, and who begins his campaign for notoriety by an outrage upon Mr. Farrelly."

† In the New York *Morning Advertiser* of September 10, Mr. Britton thus denounces the judiciary of the empire city:—

"The police are down on me, but I am not afraid of 'em. I can prove that the police force is subsidized to wink at crime. Nine tenths of the crime in New York is under police protection. I can prove it, and I could begin with the inspectors and captains. Oh, I'd strike high. I don't go into the courts and prove it, because every judge in this city, and I don't make a single exception, is subsidized."

innocent persons who mistakenly support these mischievous organizations by freely giving hard earned dollars to such persons as the gentleman in question, vainly hoping that their contribution will aid in exterminating gambling, Mr. Britton has been recklessly *indulging in gambling himself*. For a time fortune favored him. He won, and drew the money, but later, luck deserted him and our pseudo-reformer lost quite heavily. *Being pressed for the amount of his gambling debts, aggregating \$1,085, he gave a check which his creditor, Mr. Robt. G. Irving, alleges was returned as worthless. He then gave notes, the first two of which have come due but have not been paid; consequently his creditor now seeks redress in the courts. Mr. Britton, probably feeling that his usefulness as a censor of morals will be seriously impaired by this unfeeling revelation, displays considerable indignation while admitting his guilt. He says in the column of one of the New York dailies:—

"I have one weakness. Even the very strongest minded men will bet on horses. I do it. I admit it. But why do they pick on me? Nobody notices the corruption of officials, but when the Agent for the Enforcement of Criminal Law bets on horse races and defaults on his debts, everybody sets up a howl."

And this is a specimen of the men which a Christian people are supporting and encouraging, owing to their loud and pharisaical protestations of superior virtue. The words spoken by the great Nazarene teacher, and which ring down the corridor of the ages, apply to-day as aptly as when in old Judea he said, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Even so ye outwardly appear righteous, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

Another instance of the evil of clothing Pharisaism with power was forcibly illustrated in the recent prosecution of the Rev. J. B. Caldwell, editor of *Christian Life*. This noteworthy case illustrates most painfully the fact that an innocent and noble-minded man, who has committed no crime, is liable to be arrested as a common felon and placed at great expense, though perfectly innocent, as was the case in this instance. Yet in spite of this great crime the wronged man has no redress, while the real criminals, they who caused the persecution of the innocent, are in no way amenable to the law. This case also emphasizes the danger flowing

*The *Morning Advertiser* of Sept. 10, 1891, thus records Mr. Britton's embarrassing position:—

Joseph A. Britton is agent of the New York Society for the Enforcement of the Criminal Law. Agent Britton has become so absorbed in the enforcement of the criminal law that he has, it is said, forgotten that there is a civil law, and defaulted on the payment of *betting debts*. His creditor, in the sum of \$1,085, is Robert G. Irving, a bookmaker, who has tried to collect the debt since last fall, and failing has resorted to the courts.

According to Irving, Agent Britton, upholder and advocate of the majesty of the law, placed some bets with him, won, and drew his winnings. Then Britton continued to bet, on credit, and lost; but, *instead of settling in hard cash, gave a check, which the bank stamped N. G. when presented. Finally, Britton exchanged three notes for the worthless check, but the first two notes have fallen due, and have proved as worthless as the check. So the case is on the court docket.*

Agent Britton admits the debt, and its nature.

from Pharisaism, in its liability to persecute those who criticise it. The possibilities of evil from this source cannot be over-estimated, for it looks toward the suppression of free thought and an untrammelled press and the establishing of a moral, political, and religious despotism. Briefly stated, the facts in the case of the Chicago editor are as follows: In November of 1889, Mr. Caldwell published an earnest plea for Marital Purity, by Rev. C. E. Walker, a Congregational minister of good standing. The paper was not coarse or repulsive, but an earnest plea for one of the most vital and noble reforms imaginable. No notice was taken of this publication by either Mr. Comstock's agent in Chicago, by Mr. Comstock, or the postal authorities. Month after month passed, yet no notice was taken; at last more than six months after the publication of Rev. C. E. Walker's paper, the editor of *Christian Life* criticised the action of the anti-vice society and the postal department in the case of Mr. Harman. After this, however, the publication of Mr. Walker's paper seemed to assume in the eyes of our censors of public morals criminal proportions, and Mr. Caldwell was arrested, one of the chief charges being the circulation of the paper on "*Marital Purity*," published in November, 1889. *He was arrested in October, 1890, almost a year after the publication of the paper objected to by the censors.* Now there are two points emphasized in this case which are worthy the serious consideration of thoughtful people. If the post-office inspector at Chicago, or Mr. Comstock, or if the postal department at Washington regarded this paper published in November, 1889, as obscene and believed it came within the limits of the law, why did these three argus-eyed censors of public morals wink at the offence for *eleven months* and take no step against the editor, *until after he had condemned the post-office department and the anti-vice society?* If they were right in taking action, *almost a year after the offence*, were they not guilty of *culpable neglect* in paying no attention to it for ten months, or until *after* they had been criticised by Mr. Caldwell? From the *Christian Life* I clip a few lines which are important as bearing upon this point:—

(1.) The Attorney-General at Washington advised, *after* reading the Harman criticism, to place the case in the hands of the District Attorney. (2.) The case was known to the Postmaster-General and to Mr. Comstock, and these men were appealed to in vain to stop the prosecution. (3.) Mr. Comstock, in a letter to the *Woman's Journal*, characterized the mailing of *Christian Life* as violation of the law, *and this before the trial occurred.*

If Mr. Comstock, as his letter to the *Woman's Journal* indicates, regarded the mailing of *Christian Life* a violation of the postal laws, why was no notice taken of it by him or his Chicago agent for almost a year? *Why this culpable dereliction of duty until after* the anti-vice society and the postal department had been criticised by Mr. Caldwell? It matters not, for the point I wish to emphasize, whether the persecution

of Mr. Caldwell, was, as appearances would lead one to infer, a retaliatory stroke in punishment for presuming to criticise the postal department and anti-vice society, or whether the censorship was asleep for the space of ten months and only chanced to wake up after the editor pointed out the iniquity of their proceedings in a case where they had shown *uncalled-for vigilance*. The fact as shown forth indicates the power and possibilities for evil inherent in an enactment which *permits* any censorship to wield such power without *attaching severe penalties in the event of its being unjustly wielded*, for sooner or later, unless these safeguards are present, evils of the gravest character will follow.

The other serious evil which this case most signally emphasizes, cannot be too frequently or strongly stated, and that is, the cruel wrong, the great injustice which a citizen of this republic may suffer, when perfectly innocent, while those who have persecuted him and are guilty of a serious offence before the moral law, escape unscathed. Thus, we find in this case, after many months of weary suspense, months of harassment and anxious thought, and after being put to an expense which to one in Mr. Caldwell's circumstances was very large, when his case came up for trial before one of the ablest judges in the city, it was promptly dismissed, the judge ruling that the defendant had not violated the law, as had been charged. He was allowed to go forth a free man, but he had no redress against those who had unjustly persecuted him. He was in no way recompensed for the *money which he had had to expend to establish his innocence*, or paid for the *great anxiety and harassment of soul he suffered*. The spectacle of an innocent man robbed by the process of law of his money and peace of mind, yet left with no redress, is humiliating to every person who loves justice. A nation may sometimes err on the side of mercy with safety, but no government *can afford to be guilty of a palpable injustice even to one of her humblest citizens*.

Still another illustration of Pharisaism comes to my mind, a case peculiarly deplorable, because the individual stands so high in the councils of our nation, as well as occupies so prominent a seat in the Christian synagogue. I refer to the case touched upon by Mr. Fawcett in his admirable essay on a "Gambler's Paradise." Probably thousands of persons who had applauded the Postmaster-General's persistent efforts to crush out lotteries, were amazed beyond measure on seeing in the metropolitan press, day after day, statements to the effect that the Postmaster-General had speculated heavily in Reading stock, and was losing vast sums. The press even went so far as to intimate that his credit was no longer good, and so general was the impression that telegrams from different portions of the country were received, inquiring if this high official had failed. To those who had fondly believed that the Postmaster-General was actuated *solely* by a sincere desire to destroy gambling in his active crusade against the lotteries, these uncontradicted statements from Wall Street came as a rude awakening,—a most painful revelation;

for evil as lotteries are, in common with everything that fosters a love for chance and the mania for gambling, it could not be truthfully urged that the lottery was nearly so pernicious in its influence, as that great maelstrom of moral death, that realm of professional gamblers,—Wall Street. The lottery took from one to ten dollars from thousands of pockets monthly, and was a positive evil, in that, while taking these small sums, it fostered the appetite for gambling. But Wall Street is ever sweeping away numbers of fortunes, incidentally driving many of its victims to the suicide's grave, some to State's prison, and in a hundred other ways is it poisoning life, and interfering with the happiness of thousands; more, its baleful influence touches most intimately tens of thousands, who in no way are responsible for its existence.

As has been justly observed by a recent thoughtful writer: "The lottery is legalized in only one State in the Union, but gambling in grain is legalized in every State. The lottery is a small evil indeed compared with the speculation shark, who gambles on the price of the very bread our wives and children eat, and puts our daily bread in pawn to squeeze an added cent out of the palm of poverty. No one has to buy a lottery ticket, and it is a man's own act if he takes the chances of that game, but bread for his little ones he has to buy and in doing so is at the mercy of the gambler."

Another phase of Wall Street speculation which makes it vicious above other methods of gambling, is seen in the fact that the kings of the street when they engage in a well matured deal, play with "loaded dice." There is no chance so far as they are concerned. When these highly respectable gamblers who are worth many millions quietly arrange a movement which will greatly increase their holdings they deliberately set to work to mislead the public. Coolly and with the deliberation of master minds they deceive the "street;" and as a result, ruin to many attends success to the few, while with every such movement lives go out in darkness, reputations are ruined, and families are reduced from affluence to penury. Even at the very time when we were informed by the daily press that the Postmaster-General, through the manipulation of the "little wizard," was losing enormous sums of money, more than one man was driven to suicide by the sudden turn in affairs and one or more banks were forced to the wall. How many happy homes were wrecked, and men of moderate fortunes were reduced to penury by this well-directed stroke of Mr. Gould, will of course never be known, and if the Postmaster-General had chanced to be on the side of the wizard in this gambling deal, would he not have been morally responsible for a share of the wreck and ruin wrought? Nay, more, was he not, as an active participant in this great game of chance, morally responsible to a certain degree? Is there any essential difference between gambling by spending ten dollars for a lottery ticket or ten thousand dollars in railroad stock, which you have been led to believe will be bulled to a fictitious value and which you hope to be able to unload on some one

else at an enormous advance? In each instance it is purely a game of chance for all save those who are within the Wall Street ring, who control sufficient money and stocks to dictate the course of the game and to whom there is no risk. The Louisiana lottery is a positive evil, a cancerous sore on the body politic. But Wall Street is a far greater evil; it is a cancer whose roots have already fastened upon the vitals of our political, educational, and religious institutions; an evil which nothing can remedy, save a political revolution of the great earnest masses of our people. The pulpit is abashed in its presence because so many leading lights and pillars in each wealthy congregation are connected with the "street," which is the polite way of designating "gamblers" who delve in stock speculation. The press, with honorable and noble exceptions, wink at this great plague spot, while loudly crying for laws to correct comparatively harmless evils. The political parties depend too much upon the kings of the "Street" for the sinews of war in great campaigns, to lift a voice against it. The "Saloon" and the "Street," two colossal curses, cast their swart and portentous shadow over the palaces and hovels of a great nation, yet by virtue of their power, the Church and State, the clergy and the politicians, remain silent or temporize in their presence. The Republic needs to-day, as never before, true men in every official station, — men who are clean, conscientious, frank, and upright; men who, while strictly honorable and pure in life and action, are also broad-minded, tolerant, and large-brained; men unswayed by partisanship or bigotry; statesmen rather than politicians; and, above all, men that are in no wise tainted with Pharisaism.

CANCER SPOTS IN METROPOLITAN LIFE.

Some months ago I wrote of a phase of wretchedness in our great cities, which I designated "Uninvited Poverty." I confined myself to the examination of those who may be properly designated the helpless victims of adverse fate. There are other phases of misery, however, which result from sin, on the part of the immediate sufferers. In my former paper I spoke of suffering where the wretchedness sprang from sin at the head of the social fountain. But I now wish to notice especially misery, degradation, and moral eclipse, resulting directly from giant evils, which are tolerated in all our large cities, though known to every thoughtful person, from judge to artisan, from clergyman to sexton, from editor to reporter, from wealthy matron to the humble sewing woman. Every earnest thinker knows that there are evils, feeding the furnaces of physical, mental, and moral destruction; that there are flourishing nurseries, common schools, and universities of crime, degradation, and death. Yet the great churches slumber on, their melodious chimes call the self-satisfied to cushioned seats where are heard expositions of ancient lore and legends of a vanished past, with incidental and general reference to the conditions of to-day, enabling the children of wealth, who vainly imagine they are

the disciples of Jesus, to spend a comfortable hour and perchance contribute to carrying the Gospel to some nature-favored heathen land, never as yet cursed by rum and other evils which flourish with tropical luxuriance in all civilized countries, and which ever follow with blighting, corroding, and life-destroying influence in the wake of our boasted modern civilization. Two great evils confront every thoughtful American citizen to-day. One the *oppression of the poor and the unfortunate*; the other, the *omnipresent cancer spots in metropolitan life*, the infection of which is reaching the highest circles of Boulevard society and penetrating the cellars of the tenement houses. Recently a little work has been published which deals chiefly with what we may term the "cancer spots of social life" in one of America's great cities.* It is prepared by an earnest Christian gentleman, who has had a committee of conscientious men and women investigating the actual conditions in the social cellar of Chicago. The author states that his purpose is not to show that Chicago is an exception to the general rule in regard to poverty, crime, or degradation. He merely desires to indicate deplorable facts as they exist in this great city to show how dire destitution is working havoc with the children of men almost under the shadow of the palaces of those who profess to be Christians. He cites as an illustration of the extreme poverty in Chicago the fact that when the compulsory education law went into effect, the inspectors found in the squalid region, a great number of children so destitute, that they were absolutely unfit to attend school; decency forbidding that the sexes in *far more than semi-nude condition should mingle in the school-rooms*, and although a number of noble-hearted ladies banded together and decently clothed *three hundred of these almost naked boys and girls*, they were compelled to admit the humiliating fact that they had only reached the outskirts, while the great mass of poverty had not been touched. A faint idea of the extent of poverty in this one city may be gained from the following facts from the record of one of the city police stations.

On one night last February, *one hundred and twenty-four* destitute homeless men begged for shelter in the cells; of this number *sixty-eight were native born Americans*. The station was so crowded, that in *one cell, eight by nine and a half feet, fourteen men passed the night*, some standing a part of the night, while others lay packed like sardines. After a time, those on the floor exchanged places with the poor creatures who had been standing. The following incident related is as typical as it is pathetic: An old man, cold, homeless, destitute, not knowing where to lay his head, was seen to take a shovel and deliberately break a window in a store opposite a police station. He was immediately arrested. "What did you do that for?" demanded the officer. "'Cos I was hungry and cold and knew if you got me I could have food and shelter." He was taken care of *after* he had broken the law. There is something radically wrong with social conditions which compel men who find

* Chicago's Dark Places.

every avenue from exposure and starvation closed, to become law-breakers in order to live. Some months ago, one of the Chicago dailies instituted an inquiry to find out as nearly as possible the number of men out of work in that city; the returns gave a total of 40,000 adults who had nothing to do. In connection with this fact I quote from the author of "Chicago's Dark Places":—

At a meeting of the Trades Association a motion was made to the effect that the Association request the mayor of the city and the director of the World's Fair to issue a proclamation declaring that the city was flooded with idle men, and warning the unemployed of other cities and districts not to come here as there was not work for them.

The following morning a reporter waited upon the mayor and asked him what he would do if the resolution were presented to him. His immediate reply was to the effect that he would gladly issue such a proclamation, especially mentioning the fact that there were 20,000 unemployed men in the city already.

Now look at the two statements, and you see the awfulness of the fact, no matter which estimate is accepted as correct. Suppose you strike a balance between the two (although the Trades Association inclines to believe the *Globe's* figures are the more accurate), and you have the appalling assurance that 30,000 unemployed men are wandering through the streets of this city seeking work. Even granted that the mayor's conservative estimate is most correct, the fearful fact still remains that our peace is menaced by twenty thousand men who have not the necessary work to earn their daily bread.

These facts most conclusively refute the statements too often made that "men won't work," and "there's work enough if men are only willing to do it." Such is not the truth. I can find you many instances where good, steady workmen have offered to the foremen of certain establishments \$10, \$25, and even the whole of the first month's wages if they would find them employment.

One laboring man being interrogated by one of the commissioners who gathered the facts for the author of this work, replied to the question, "What can you say for those who won't work, who are commonly called the 'bums of society'?" in such a thoughtful and suggestive way that I give his words verbatim.

"Let me ask, What is a bum? As a rule, you will find him to be a creature degraded by circumstances and evil conditions. Let me illustrate. A man loses his job by sickness or some other unavoidable cause. He seeks work, and I have shown you how difficult it is to find it. He fails time and time again. Is there any wonder that he grows discouraged, and that, picking up his meals at the free lunch counter, sleeping in the wretched lodging houses, associating with the filthy and degraded, he, step by step, drifts further away from the habits of integrity and industry that used to be a part of himself? He sinks lower and lower until, overcome by circumstances, he is at the bottom of the social ladder,—at once a menace and a disgrace to the city. Instead of blaming and condemning him, poor fellow, we should look at the circumstances that made him what he is, and endeavor to remedy them."

It is not, however, with the uninvited poverty which flourishes in every great city of America that the work chiefly deals. It paints most thrillingly the darker and more terrible side of social conditions; where

crime and debauchery mingle with poverty; where every breath of air is heavy with moral contagion. I have only space to notice briefly two of the great evils described,—the saloon and the disreputable concert halls, as these seem to me the greatest curses touched upon.

THE SALOON CURSE. First in the list of crime-producing, soul-destroying evils of metropolitan life, rises the saloon, the deadly upas of the nineteenth century civilization, the black plague of moral life. In Chicago there are about 5,600 saloons. During the year ending March 1, 1891, observes the author of "Chicago's Dark Places," the expenditure for beer in Chicago alone was not less than forty million dollars (\$40,000,000). He continues:—

"The population is about 1,200,000. This gives an average expenditure for beer alone of \$33.25 for every man, woman, and child in Chicago, and these results are gained after the most conservative figuring. This would give over fifty-three gallons of beer to be consumed by each man, woman, and child in the city.

"We are told that Germany is a great beer-drinking country, and yet the official statistics for 1888 show that in Germany only twenty-five gallons per capita were drunk. Our estimate for Chicago shows more than double that per capita.

"Let us look now and see what this immense sum of \$40,000,000 annually spent in beer might do for this city if wisely expended. It would supply to 40,000 Chicago families an income of \$1,000 a year, or over \$83 a month.

"Where would our Chicago poverty be, if \$40,000 families were each spending in legitimate trade \$83 a month? Workmen would be in demand, and business would so increase as to make Chicago in ten years the leading city on this continent; or, take this money and spend it directly in building beautiful new homes for the workingmen of this city, and what should we see?

"Fourteen thousand commodious cottages built at a cost of \$2,500 each, on lots which, bought in acreage in a suburban district, could be deeded to the workingmen at \$180 each, and these, together with a check for another \$180, given to each family to help in furnishing the houses they owned. What an aggregation of domestic happiness in home life, and all for the money spent in beer for one year alone.

"Now, if Chicago's expenditure for beer only amounts to \$40,000,000 we may safely say that for all kinds of intoxicating beverages, including wines and distilled liquors, Chicago spent last year upwards of eighty millions of dollars. Is there any limit to the great good that could come to the city with this amount expended in proper channels?"

Another well-taken point is the *lawlessness of the saloon power*. It is essentially a law-defying, crime-breeding, and disorder-producing element, a terrible arraignment, yet no one can question the truth of the last two charges, while its lawless character is seen in the facts set forth in this volume wherein it is shown, (1) that the Brewer's Association pays the costs of all the suits and defends all of its members, *whether they have violated the laws or not*. (2) The saloons are required to close on Sunday, yet a large number totally ignore the law, running every Sunday. (3) They are required not to sell to minors without a

written order from parents or guardian, and yet there are thousands of saloons which pay no attention to this requirement. (4) They are forbidden to harbor women of bad repute, and yet we are informed that one saloon in Chicago keeps from twenty-five to forty harlots, while in hosts of other saloons special arrangements are made for the gratifying of all forms of nameless immorality which springs from lust fed and inflamed by rum.

The influence of the saloon on the young is one of the most serious phases of the many-sided evils of the liquor traffic. All persons who know anything about the effect of strong drink freely indulged in, know that like opium, it weakens when it does not destroy the moral nature; it wipes out the line of moral rectitude from mental discernment; it feeds the fires of animal passion as coal feeds a furnace; it dries up the soul and shrivels the higher impulses and nobler aspirations of its victims. Yet we are told that in a saloon under one of the newspaper offices in Chicago one night, *fourteen boys and girls from fourteen to seventeen years of age* were seen to enter; and to show that this is an evil by no means confined to Chicago, facts gathered from other reliable sources are cited from which we find that nine hundred and eighty-three young men and boys were seen to enter nineteen saloons in Albany, Indiana, one evening *within one hour and a half*. On a certain evening in Milwaukee *four hundred sixty-eight persons were seen to enter a single saloon, most of whom were young men and boys*.

The question is often asked how it is that society tolerates such a confessed violator of law and order as the saloon has demonstrated itself to be. If an individual defied the law as a large number of the saloon keepers do, he would be quickly punished. Nay, more, if a poor, starving man steals a loaf of bread to appease his gnawing hunger, or to save the life of his starving family, he is sent to prison, *that the majesty of the law may be vindicated*. But when a saloon-keeper breaks the law in keeping open on Sunday in selling liquor to minors, or in making his saloon a rendezvous for women of bad repute, nothing is said because (1) of the moral apathy throughout the web and woof of Christian society; (2) professing Christians are more loyal to party-hacks and demagogues than they are to their own homes and their country, (3) the saloon is a unit in its voting strength, loyal to its tools and relentless to its foes, and the voting power of the saloon element in any great city when united with the voting strength of the Christian element in either of the great parties, turns the scales for the minions of the rum power. Let me illustrate. In Chicago there is about 5,600 saloons. These saloons will average not less than two voters to the saloon, the proprietor and the bar-keeper; as a matter of fact, I expect four votes would come nearer the correct figures, as numbers of saloons have several bar-tenders. But placing the number at two, we have a voting strength of 11,200. Now each one in this army can surely influence *four persons*, many can influence from six to

ten votes, but placing the figures at four, we have the enormous total of 44,800 voters to be added to the 11,200 engaged in the traffic, giving a startling aggregate of 56,000 voters, which the saloon power can count on with reasonable certainty, when any measure affecting its interests is to be acted upon, or when persons are to be elected who can enforce or ignore laws enacted to restrict the liquor evil. This argument presented to the political parties is usually irresistible; they simply permit the saloon element to dictate its policy and its candidates. And against this army of home destroyers, this solid battalion of evil, this power which prostitutes political integrity, destroys virtue, breeds crime, fills prisons with victims and homes with misery, and requires the expenditure on the part of the government of millions of dollars in punishing the criminals and the paupers it annually makes,—I say against this army engaged under the banner of the rum traffic, what counteracting opposition is springing from the home loving, the upright and pure-minded citizens of our great cities? What concerted action is the church with her tens of thousands of communicants putting forth? It would be an easy matter to thwart the allied power of rum, if a few persons in every church and every society for ethical improvement were ablaze with moral enthusiasm, and wise enough to adopt lines of action similar to those successfully carried out by the liquor interest. For example: Suppose in every church four or six earnest men and women form a league for the protection of the home; let them secure the pledge of every voter in the church who has love for his fellow-men and respect for decent government, that he will vote for no man for any office who patronizes the saloon, who fraternizes with the liquor element, or who is supported by the rum shops, and that he will use all honorable means to further good government, by seeking the advancement to office of pure and upright citizens. Something like that would be all that would be necessary for the general membership to sign. Then let each league appoint an executive committee of three or five to act precisely as do officers in an army, to confer with the executive committee of other leagues to *secretly* arrange or *map out a campaign*, and to give commands to the army. It would be an easy matter to poll the saloon vote in such a way as to ascertain exactly where it stood in cases where there was a question as to the position of candidates, after which the word could be given that no votes be cast for the choice of the saloon element. I am speaking now chiefly of municipal elections, as they most intimately affect the saloon power in our great cities. If something like this policy was followed, and every church had its active league, it would not be long before there would be enrolled on the side of pure government and true morality, an army far eclipsing in strength and number the rum element, an army that could easily turn the balance of power into the hands of high-minded citizens, who would enforce the laws with equal justice, without fear or favor. I merely throw out this as a hint of what might be accomplished, because it has become fash-

ionable for good but easy-going people to dismiss these matters with the remark that nothing practical can be done to meet the demoralizing and degrading power of the saloon.

**HOT BEDS
OF SOCIAL
POLLUTION.** Chicago has many dark places, not the least among which are the low theatres, the concert halls, and other similar resorts where immorality flourishes as it flourished in Rome during that long moral night when Messalina dragged down an already debauched court to unspeakable debasement, when Nero thirsted for blood and wallowed in the sewers of moral degradation, and when Domitian's frightful cruelty only equaled his gross sensualism. The saloon, the black plague of nineteenth century life, overlaps all other degrading evils, its miasma of death fills every rendezvous of degradation, and until its ever increasing power is checked, nay, more, until its power in American politics is broken, other allies in crime, debauchery, and moral death will flourish. By the side of the rum curse flourishes, as our author points out, the low theatres and concert halls, but he wisely observes that these places must not be confounded with the first-class and reputable houses, whose managers are ceaselessly striving to entertain and elevate their patrons. Music may be made one of the most inspiring and ennobling agencies, while the theatre holds a power for the education and elevation of the masses possessed by few other popular agencies, for it appeals simultaneously to the eye, the ear, and the heart of the people. It possesses the power of educating while it entertains, it may be made to elevate while it amuses. I am profoundly convinced that Victor Hugo was right when he claimed that the theatre held possibilities of the widest and most far-reaching character for the education and enlightenment of the masses; and when the leaders of moral thought and reform work come to realize this, they will call to their aid this most powerful agent for touching, thrilling, and swaying the heart of the people which a noble cause can summon. But while the possibilities for good possessed by the theatre are well-nigh inestimable, its capacity for evil is no less marked. In many of our large cities to-day low theatres and concert-halls, masquerading under the robes of respectability, are feeding all that is vilest and most repulsive in life. In these places in Chicago there are nightly enacted practically above board the same revolting scenes which marked the lowest depths of human debasement in the day of Rome's greatest depravity. To feed the rum-inflamed lusts of men, the managers of these craters of bestiality and depravity have nightly exhibitions which mark the nadir to which abandoned womanhood can sink. No one can enter those dens of infamy without inhaling the contagion of moral death. The records of the commissioners who investigated the concert halls and low theatres sickens one much as the frightful revelation of Mr. Stead sickened while it appalled the civilized world. And let it be remembered that this unutterable social depravity

is flourishing in a city richly jewelled, with magnificent temples dedicated to Deity; a city which contains the moral power to quickly banish her monstrous evils, if the conspiracy of silence be broken and the leaders of thought be brave and wise enough to boldly move in concert against the great forces which every thoughtful man and woman admit are, more than aught else, the source of social demoralization, crime, and human degradation. If the Church has any mission worthy of serious thought at this juncture of civilization, that mission is to overcome these evils, to cleanse society of these plague spots, and avert the spread of that moral degradation which, unless checked, will as surely sap away the life of our Republic as it has destroyed proud civilizations of older days.

THE POWER AND
RESPONSIBILITY
OF THE
CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

When one turns from a view of the magnitude of these giant evils, fostered by our social conditions, to a contemplation of the great moral power resting in the hands of the Christian ministry, he may well ask whether the nineteenth century clergy of the palatial, stone, heaven-piercing, turreted temples are not *materialists*, on whose souls the life and teachings of their reputed Master work no greater spell than they did with the Sadducees of old, who regarded that great life, burning at white heat with moral enthusiasm and holy love, as a troublesome interloper, a disturber of religion and society worthy of death. With a few noble exceptions, — who are bravely battling for justice, for the poor, and for the light to be thrown into the dark places, our city clergymen merit arraignment at the bar of civilization for burying their talents, for trifling away the power which has been given them as standard bearers of the cause of human brotherhood and universal justice; for truckling to wealth and cringing before a cynical and supercilious element who, by an unhappy chance, wield some influence and succeed in making the superficial imagine they represent popular sentiment and culture. It is a crying shame to-day, that with the magnificent intellectual power and influence swayed by the great divines who preside over the wealthy temples of Boston, there should be such frightful wretchedness within cannon shot of their churches and the homes of their wealthy parishioners; or that with the brilliancy and power represented in the pulpit of Chicago, there should be such iniquity flourishing unrestrained as depicted in "Chicago's Dark Places." Whether the clergy can be aroused to recognize its duty and be touched by the world of wretchedness and sin sufficiently to dare to assail our present evil condition, is a question of vital importance, inasmuch as it wields a vast moral influence. Unto the clergy much has been given, and if its members believe the impressive declaration of their great Leader, from them much will be demanded. *Their responsibility is as great as their apathy is marked*; an indifference which

springs from timidity or ignorance. If from timidity or fear that honesty of thought and a brave unmasking of evil conditions would cost them their positions, they have no right to bear aloft the banner of Him who rejected all life's comforts, all honor of the rich and cultured, respect, power, and popularity; who, turning His back at once on ease and conventional thought, chose to live without a roof, save the azure dome, that by mingling among the poor, the sin-diseased and miserales of his people, He might ease their suffering, bring sunshine into their darkened and wretched abodes, and lift them from the sewers of animality into the pure health-giving and soul-inspiring atmosphere of true spirituality. If on the other hand (and I believe this is the chief reason), our clergymen are *ignorant of the deep degradation and the dire want* which is flourishing within cannon shot of their homes, they are treating with culpable contempt the life and teachings of Jesus, who constantly mingled with this class, never weary in seeking to aid them, and who taught so solemnly and impressively that His mission was "*to seek and to save those who were lost, to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken hearted, to preach liberty to the captives, and opening the prison to them that are bound, and to comfort all that mourn.*"

WHAT THE CLERGY MIGHT ACCOMPLISH.

If the clergymen of our great cities would carry out the example set by their Master, would refuse to take the words of those who are blinded and callous by conventional thought and the indifference which comes to sordid natures long accustomed to mingle with wretchedness, and themselves frequently visit the exiles of society in the cities where they dwell; if its members would for one day in each week visit the miserales of society, I doubt not that *the pulpit would soon become a most powerful battery of moral power and light*, which would, in a surprisingly short time, revolutionize our conditions, so that in the place of thousands of people, sandwiched in dens of indescribable squalor, we would see healthful apartment houses; instead of horrible drinking dens and rendezvous of degradation and debauchery, flourishing and rank as tropical forests, we would find temperance eating-houses; social club houses where every evening the poor man and his family could spend an hour, looking through the paper of the day, enjoying the illustrations and the intellectual worth of our periodical literature, or, if they chose, hear in other rooms lectures or charcoal talks dealing with practical pictures of life, of history, travels, social problems, and other themes of value, and where at a very moderate price healthful and nutritious food could be enjoyed. Well-supported industrial schools would also blossom where now only here and there we find a school struggling for existence and handicapped for want of means for its proper carrying on.

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VOLUME IV. OF THE ARENA.—With this issue THE ARENA opens its fourth volume, with a subscription list that has been more than doubled within the past six months, and a sale at news stands which has constantly increased since our first issue. But above and beyond the remarkable success of this review from a purely business point of view, it is a source of genuine gratification to note the hold it has taken on thousands of the best thinkers and most earnest lives of the time. In the brief interval since its appearance it has grown to be an important factor in educating and influencing public opinion, as is evinced by our immense correspondence and the frequent press discussion which it awakens. Appreciating the cordial reception in the past, we are fully determined to merit the continued favor of the public by sparing no expense in making this view the leading exponent of liberal and reformatory thought; indispensable alike to original thinkers and those who are profoundly interested in all the great problems which intimately affect civilization. This number speaks for itself, and is an earnest of the issues that are to follow.

AN IMPORTANT PAPER FROM MME. BLAZE de BURY on the "Unity of Germany" will form a striking feature of an early number of THE ARENA. Mme. de Bury, as many of our readers are doubtless aware, is one of the ablest contributors to the great continental, as well as the leading British reviews. Her salon has for many years been a centre for leading political and literary men, French, English, Italian, and German. Her personal friendship with many of these, and her close relationship to the present president of the French Republic and his family, adds additional interest to a paper such as she has prepared for THE ARENA.

THE GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF RAILWAYS, by C. Wood Davis, will be a

feature of the July ARENA. This brilliant paper has required many months to prepare. It contains valuable statistics from Europe, Asia, and Australia, as well as America, and without doubt will be the clearest, ablest, and most authoritative paper upon this important subject which has yet appeared.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, in the July ARENA, will conclude his striking essay on "The Unknown." It will be noted how strongly the critical scientific spirit is evinced in the great astronomer's paper; how he sifts every phase of psychical phenomena in the severe manner of one accustomed to deal with the exact sciences.

THE BETTER WAY should be carefully read by all earnest people, not merely on account of the delicate charm and refined pathos that throbs through almost every line, but because in it Miss Dromgoole has stated a terrible fact which weighs tremendously on civilization to-day. To me there is no sign of the times so encouraging as the brave and thoughtful attitude of the rising generation in the presence of the vital problems which more than anything else hold the issue of civilization in their grasp. Miss Dromgoole eloquently states a condition which applies to thousands of the noblest, purest, and brightest young women to-day. *Starve or sin!* What utterance more harsh or terrible, yet it rings in the ears of struggling womanhood. Let this glorious agitation go on; it bears with it the hope of humanity's redemption. Edgar Fawcett, in his "Evil That Men Do," has stated most vividly the terrible facts as they apply to poor factory and shop girls. Miss Dromgoole no less touchingly speaks for the cultured and refined poor; while Helen Gardener, in her great novel "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" graphically depicts the case as it relates to the young men of to-day. All works are prompted by the same spirit; all touch the same great problem, but

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from different angles. They are heralds of a reform which must come unless civilization enters an eclipse.

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IN DEFERENCE TO REPEATED REQUESTS from several hundred subscribers from all parts of the country, I have reluctantly consented to the publication of my picture in THE ARENA. For many months past, these requests have come in almost every mail. For some time I preferred sending photographs to those whose interest in THE ARENA and the work we have in hand had thus prompted them to write. But the pressure upon my time is so great that I find it impossible to longer personally give these letters my attention, though they have been fully appreciated by me; and I wish to here express my sincere thanks to the hundreds of readers who have so generously secured us subscribers, and in other ways increased the circulation of THE ARENA.

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PROFESSOR BUCHANAN'S paper on "Revolutionary Measures for Neglected Crimes" is one of the boldest and most powerful contributions that has yet appeared, dealing with the problem of poverty and wealth. Like everything written by Dr. Buchanan, it is characterized by strength, thoughtfulness, and that far-reaching spirit of humanitarianism which leads noble natures to battle for the oppressed. Many will not go as far as the scholarly author in his ideas of governmental intervention, but all will recognize the ability of the contribution. The last half of this paper will appear in the July ARENA.

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FEW MEN IN AMERICA ARE BETTER FITTED TO WRITE OF THE CHIVALRY OF THE PRESS than Mr. Julius Chambers, the well-known editor of the New York *World*. His life has been given to newspaper work. He has steadily and conscientiously worked his way up from reporter to the editorship of the daily which enjoys the largest circulation of any paper in America. Knowing that the public are always interested in those who contribute so generously to their information and entertainment, we publish an admirable likeness of Mr. Chambers.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S "NEW COLUMBUS" in this issue of THE ARENA is very suggestive. It graphically depicts a present condition, and in a manner fascinating as fiction unfolds thought which I think not unlikely to blossom into reality in the course of time. I do not, however, believe that such discoveries will be permitted until social conditions have been more equitably arranged, else they would necessarily eventuate in establishing other powerful monopolies than those which already oppress the people, and which would produce food at a less price than it could be grown and manufactured in the old way, but which would keep the price almost as far from the reach of the poor as at present, while taking from the millions of farmers and producers their present means of livelihood. The great need of the hour is moral education, which will develop the spiritual or ethical side of man's being, compelling him to realize the duty he owes his fellowmen, and enabling him to sink self and self-interests in the cause of human development and true civilization.

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I CALL attention to our ELITE HOTEL DIRECTORY in this issue of THE ARENA, as I am confident it will prove a great convenience to thousands of readers. Knowing that the constituency of THE ARENA travel much, and are of a class who wish to patronize only first-class hotels, we mention in this directory no hotel that is not rated strictly first class or the best in the place. Readers of THE ARENA will confer a favor by patronizing the hotels mentioned in our directory.

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WONDERFUL, INDEED, are the inventions of the nineteenth century. It may be interesting to the readers of THE ARENA to know that with two exceptions every paper in the June ARENA has been set by machinery, a lady operator manipulating the machine with a key-board something like a typewriter.

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AS BEFORE ANNOUNCED, in addition to giving each month finely executed pictures of well-known contributors, we propose to introduce from time to time illustrations calculated to better emphasize any very important subject under

discussion. This month we give ten photogravures made from flash-light photographs of scenes in the slums of the North End, and one full-page illustration of the Victoria Square tenement-house of Liverpool. The photogravures by no means convey an adequate idea of the nature and extent of the misery as one sees it who visits these quarters. The real wretchedness is only hinted at in the pictures, yet these hints will be useful to those who have been repeatedly informed that we have no uninvited poverty in Boston.

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REV. T. ERNEST ALLEN, whose picture we publish this month, and whose admirable essay on "Has Spencer's Doctrine of Inconceivability driven Religion into the Unknowable?" is one of the brightest young Unitarian divines of today. He is the secretary and most active member of the new American Psychical Society, and what is more, is profoundly interested in all the great social problems that affect the welfare and happiness of humanity.

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IN SOCIETY'S EXILES I have endeavored to present to earnest, thoughtful men and women facts which appeal to the humanity in every man and woman, and also to hint at some means of lessening the strain. The only way in which a terrible revolution can be averted is by prompt, efficient, intelligent, and sympathetic action on the part of those who are well supplied with the world's goods. If, as my excellent friend, Rev. Henry Frank suggests, systematic work could be promptly inaugurated with sufficient funds to relieve the distress, to open cheap, clean, temperance eating-houses and reading-rooms for the poor, and if the work could be divided so that each ward in our great cities had an earnest, energetic corps of workers, what a transformation could be produced in a few years. In the meantime, let us agitate and educate; let us do all in our power to relieve and aid the suffering, and cease not to appeal to the conscience and essence of manhood in our fellowmen who are possessed of a goodly share of this world's goods.

PROF. BIXBY'S PAPER ON CHRISTIANITY AND EVOLUTION is one of the most valuable and notable recent contributions to religious literature. Prof. Bixby is, in my judgment, one of the best essayists of the day, ever thoughtful and temperate, possessing a profoundly religious nature, yet in no way narrow or bigoted. The recent trial of Rev. Howard MacQueary is bringing forth much excellent fruit, but nothing has yet appeared more valuable than the scholarly paper on "Christianity and Evolution," in this issue of THE ARENA.

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OUR NO-NAME PAPERS. Up to going to press no correct guess has been received as to the authorship of our No-Name paper, "At a Patriarchs' Ball," though a number of votes have been cast. I am curious to see if any reader will vote correctly on the vivid and amusing character sketch in this month's ARENA, "The Heiress of the Ridge."

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ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PROBLEMS to the dwellers of the Northwest is ably discussed in this issue by Mr. Realf, who has for the past few months been devoting his time to careful personal examination of the needs, possibilities, and dangers of this splendid section of our country. The irrigation problem would gain greatly in significance, however, if it was not for the serious dangers Mr. Realf points out. If its successful solution would benefit all the tillers of the soil who are now almost starving on the great arid plains, as much as the landlord and land speculator, the subject would assume much more important proportions. But as things are now, the moment the land is irrigated the price will rise beyond the reach of the poor man, while rents will go up so that the increase will be realized by the landlord in hundreds of instances instead of enjoyed or shared to a material degree by the poor toiler.

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IN THE YEAR TEN THOUSAND, a brilliant sketch by Will Harben, author of "Almost Persuaded" and "White Marie," will be a feature of an early number of THE ARENA.



A MOST IMPORTANT PAPER in our educational series will shortly appear from the scholarly pen of M. L. Dickinson, until recently Professor of *Belles-lettres* in one of the largest educational institutions of the West, and who at present is engaged as editor of the *Silver Cross Magazine*. Mrs. Dickinson writes on Individuality in Education.

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AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL SKETCH, entitled *La Corniveau*, by Louis Frechette, the poet laureate of Canada, will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA. Also some biographical sketches of leading Americans by George Stewart, D. C. L., LL. D., the well-known editor of the *Quebec Chronicle*.

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ANOTHER VICTORY FOR WOMANHOOD AND PURITY. All honor to Wyoming! The youngest State in the Union deserves another chaplet. Besides leading the van in the sisterhood of States in granting woman full and free suffrage, the past legislature has raised the "age of consent" to eighteen years. It is a significant fact that the two States in the Union in which woman figures as a prominent factor, Wyoming and Kansas, are the only States which are not disgraced by laws placing the "age of consent" below eighteen years. In nine States the age of consent to their own ruin for girls is only ten years. It is needless to say that men govern with supreme power in these States. Yet we are told that it would be dangerous to grant woman full suffrage. Yes, it would be dangerous for the moral lepers, human jackals, and social vultures. But for womanhood, for manhood, for progress and true civilization it would be the grandest victory of the century.

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IMPORTANT PAPERS ON EUROPEAN CONDITIONS.—The thoughtful paper of Prof. Emil Blum, of Odessa, Russia, in the May ARENA, which has attracted so much attention, is the opening essay of a series of papers which cannot fail to be of immense interest and benefit to thoughtful Americans who would keep thoroughly informed in regard to the actual condition of European civilization. An important paper of this series which will shortly appear, has been pre-

pared by Madam Blaze de Bury, and is entitled THE UNITY OF GERMANY. A third paper will be from the pen of the son of the great patriotic liberator of Italy, Garibaldi, and will treat on *Italy of To-day and Her Probable Future*. A fourth contribution to this series has been prepared by Theodore Stanton, who for some time has enjoyed business relations of an intimate character with the leading Frenchmen of all shades of thought, and who as Paris representative of the Associated Press of New York, has had unexceptional advantages to make a careful, critical, and impartial study of *France, Her Strength and Her Weakness*. Other important contributions to this series will be three carefully prepared papers on the Swiss republic, comparing it with our government, written for THE ARENA by Mr. W. D. McCrackan, who has recently returned from Switzerland where he has made a careful study of this unique republic. He will first treat of the Swiss and American Constitutions. As Switzerland is, in many respects, the nearest an ideal republic, we will give more space to an elucidation of the peculiar characteristics of this government, and the beneficent results that are manifest, than those of the less progressive nations. This series will prove invaluable to busy thinkers who desire to be well informed on European conditions.

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IS SOCIALISM DESIRABLE? — Rev. Francis Bellamy of this city, and brother of the author of "Looking Backward," is engaged on a reply to my paper on "Is Socialism Desirable?" Mr. Bellamy is one of the ablest thinkers among the Socialists of America. We hope to have his paper in time for our July issue.

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E. P. POWELL'S CRITICAL PAPERS.—Much comment has been occasioned by E. P. Powell's scholarly and critical papers on Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. In speaking of the paper on Thomas Jefferson in the May ARENA, the *Daily Times* of Hartford, Conn., says:—

One of the best contributions is E. P. Powell's paper on Jefferson. Mr. Powell, in his preceding paper on Hamilton, has shown, as he here shows again, a vitaliz-

ing recognition of the fundamental *principles* which separated those two statesmen politically, and which to this day mark the real difference between the two great parties. He has brought out certain propositions of Hamilton's which will, no doubt, astonish some readers—for, unfortunately, not enough people to-day study these diverse principles of government, which had such a critical bearing upon our country's destiny ninety years ago, and which are still the important things for Americans to understand. THE ARENA has a field of its own, and it is an ever-widening field which promises ere long to be the chief one.

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THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS FROM TWO PERSONAL LETTERS just received are examples of numbers of similar communications that are daily finding their way to my desk. One is from an able writer in the Quaker city; the second comes from a gentleman in Middletown, Conn.:

The power of a great and growing magazine like THE ARENA, is enormous and far-reaching for *one* reason, which is that you, the Editor, are not only in perfect touch with every topic, now interesting the people, such as the sundry aspects of religion, the social and rum question, poverty, reform, etc., but that it is seen and felt that all these questions have your personal *sympathy*, without leading you into false and exaggerated views. It is this which has created the rapid success of THE ARENA and is bound to make it the most widely read and most influential journal of its kind in this country. Before I sent my recent contributions to Mr. Swaffield I had made some remittances to another party in your city. Both sendings were for the same purpose—charity—and in both instances I was induced to make them in consequence of publications in THE ARENA. Now, if Mr. S. had simply written an article for some magazine, of like contents, it would not have made this impression on me, but when I saw your evident interest in, and endorsement of what he said, the good effect on my mind was at once produced, and, no doubt, many readers were affected in a similar manner.

I was rather in favor of socialism, but your splendid argument in this month's ARENA has almost changed my former opinions. What you say appears to me very convincing, very different from the rather shallow argument against Nationalism of Professor Walker, and I am curious to see what replies the Nationalists will make. I am as much opposed to Paternalism as you are, and believe that all will depend on elevating the character of the people.

The Connecticut letter runs as follows:

THE ARENA has been on my table, and my thoughts for more than two weeks, in fact ever since it came out for this month, have strongly impelled me to write you my feelings. But when I was about ready I gave it up. I want to tell you why. Of late years I have tried to live a life so that I could respect myself even though nobody else should think there was good reason for it. Thus I have learned to respect my feelings, and I do not wish to needlessly expose them to disrespect. Now the reading of the April number made a powerful impression on me, and I wanted to give full expression to the sentiments evoked, but I felt that it would most likely by you be taken as a sentimental outburst, of ill-regulated impulses, and so I refrained. But I must wish you an earnest and heartfelt God-speed, in your grand undertaking. How I wish that those two *editorials* had to be reproduced and editorially commented on in every paper and periodical throughout the States, and a summary of it, in engrossed type, pasted in every legislative chamber and in the Congressional halls at Washington. No one, it seems to me, can help being stimulated for good by reading "The Heart of Old Hickory." And the lesson of the two editorials is re-emphasized and in a sense scientifically enforced in "Morality and Environment."

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MR. J. G. CAMERON, OF NEW ORLEANS, corrects a statement made by Miss Dromgoole in one of her papers on the Malungeons in which she repeats the oft-published declaration that octoroons are barren. Mr. Cameron, who is thoroughly conversant with the facts, living as he does in New Orleans, assures me that they are no more sterile than other women.

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THE interest evinced in the election of Rev. Phillips Brooks as Bishop of Massachusetts, is truly remarkable and shows how popular the great liberal clergyman is with the people. As the patronage of THE ARENA has more than trebled since we published the only really fine picture of the great divine that has yet appeared, we have decided to give our readers a pleasant surprise this month by presenting them with a supplement, containing the admirable picture of Dr. Brooks, printed on heavy plate paper, making a picture suitable for framing.

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EDGAR FAWCETT has contributed a strong paper which will appear in an early ARENA, entitled "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York."

OUR FUND FOR RELIEVING DESTITUTION AMONG THE DESERVING POOR.

THE gratifying and generous response to our call for aid for those who are suffering in the ranks of the uninvited poor is already meeting with a cordial response. The following extracts from letters received containing money for this fund will prove interesting.

W. R. Hale, Greenville, S. C.:—I enclose draft for five dollars in response to your note "Words of Fire."

I would like to meet, face to face, the man whose soul is big enough to write such editorials as appear in *THE ARENA*.

Mrs. J. A. J., Newport, Kentucky:—Allow me to add my mite to your fund for a deserving poor. My only regret is that I cannot send more at present.

May God speed your noble efforts for relieving the wants of the poor and in arousing the sympathy of the rich in their behalf. Go on fearlessly sowing the good seed, and may the whole nation encourage and assist you.

A Friend, Livingston, Montana.—Enclosed please find two dollars as an Easter offering from a friend for your poor fund.

Mrs. Louise Cummings, Winthrop, Me.—I have read your words of fire; I enclose five dollars for the poor fund, for my heart is in full sympathy with all who are needy and suffering. I hope to do more at a future time.

Mrs. A. F. J., Worcester, Mass.—Have just finished reading your articles in February and March issues, and am filled with indignation, sadness, and pity at and for the wrongs, wants, and misery of, the two classes you have so vividly exposed and fearlessly held up to our view.

God bless you for your noble work in the good cause. Accept a woman's thanks for it. You will have them from all over the land. Alas! I can do so little to help. I enclose one dollar for the fund as you suggest.

A Friend, Boston, Mass.:—Enclosed please find only a dollar toward "Our Fund for Relieving Destitution among the Deserving Poor." I wish it were a hundred, and perhaps later I can send other small sums. I wish I could express to you how much we enjoy *THE ARENA*; every number seems better. I have succeeded in getting one more subscriber who will write you soon.

Already the amount sent to this office is within three dollars of being four hundred, this added to the \$125 + \$5 contributed by *ARENA* readers through the agitation of this question in this review, makes over \$525. The amount of good already done has been incalculable. Next month we will publish an account of disbursements, as we wish those who give their money to see how it is expended. As we have before observed, not a cent will be used in salaries, printed reports, or in any other way than aiding those who are actually suffering, and helping them into a happier and better life. The donations, up to the present time, are as follows:—

Mrs. R. T. Reed, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	\$100.00
A friend in Philadelphia	55.00
Mrs. M. L. Jackson, Philadelphia	10.00
Gertrude Binley, Boston (little girl eight years old, who made this amount teaching dancing and painting)	3.00
W. R. Hale, Greenville, S. C.	5.00
A. F. Jewett, Worcester, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Louise Cummings, Winthrop, Me.	5.00
Editor of <i>ARENA</i>	100.00
A friend in Livingstone, Montana	2.00
Reuell B. Jones, East Providence, R. I.	2.00
Mr. J. A. J., Newport, Ky.	1.00
C. E. Watkins	100.00
C. W. Beale, Arden, N. C.	1.00
R. G. Smith, Pittsburg, Pa.	1.00
"A Friend," New York	5.00
Edward Mack, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
A Friend, Boston, Mass.	1.00

I trust all friends interested in relieving the suffering of society's exiles will give as liberally as they can to this fund, or what would be still better, personally visit the needy in their vicinity and by deed and word make their burdens lighter.

Later.—Since writing the above I have received additional sums of ten, one, and two dollars for our fund.

IN "DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA" Mr. C. C. Post has given the thoughtful reader an absorbing story, frequently exciting, often pathetic, at times terribly tragic. It is one of those great educational works which is destined to exert a wonderful influence on thousands of thoughtful people. Mr. Post sounds a note of warning that should reach a million hearts. The second part of the work, entitled "Bodies Without Souls," is even more valuable than the novel itself, in that it presents in an exhaustive and authoritative manner the great power already exerted by railroad magnates in controlling caucuses, corrupting legislatures, and defeating the will of the people. So interesting is this part of the work to those who are interested in all social problems that if it contained nothing else it would be richly worth the purchase price. Below I give an extract entitled "The Dangers That Threaten Us" from this portion of the book, which will give the reader an idea of the clear, lucid style of the author:

"In order that the attention of the reader should not be drawn from the story, the foot-notes in 'Driven from Sea to Sea; or, Just a-Campin',' were necessarily very short, giving but an imperfect idea of the facts upon which the story is based. Feeling that the people should fully know the extent to which these evils have been carried, it has been decided to give in the following chapters notes of warning, coming from the highest reliable sources, together with documentary proof that the most corrupt practices alone have enabled our railroad corporations to procure laws that have made it possible for such outrages to occur as are related in the story. Many other alarming facts exist in regard to the corrupt practices of railroad corporations which lie outside of the range of the story, but which it is deemed not inappropriate to speak of in this connection. The title 'Bodies Without Souls' is suggested by the soulless action of these corporations.

There is great danger that the masses of the people, through the cunning designs of this growing power, will be lulled, by the idea of a free ballot, into a feeling of security that will cause them to slumber until our liberties are undermined. Already this condition has nearly been reached on the Pacific coast. The publishers of this work have recently received two letters from California, one from one of the largest houses in San Francisco, and one from the editor of a newspaper, in both of which the writers tacitly admit their fear of the railroad power. It is alarming to witness the abject fear to which these people are made subject on account of the consolidation of the railroads of the State into an unrelenting corporation, whose policy it is to have it plainly understood that they will crush any one who opposes them.

The conventions that assume to prescribe how the ballot shall be cast, from the national to the primary, are largely manipulated by this power. They care but little as to which party shall win so that men are nominated whom they can control. Jay Gould's testimony, given in a subsequent chapter, and other evidence, proves this, and gives an insight into the adroit manner in which their work is done in managing our politics. An eminent writer has recently said:

"Practical politicians, all over the United States, recognize the utter hopelessness of contending with the railroad power. In many, if not in most of the States no prudent man will

run for office if he believes the railroad power is against him. Yet, in a direct appeal to the people, a power of this kind is weakest, and railroad kings rule States where, on any issue that comes fairly before the people, they would be voted down. It is by throwing their weight into primaries, and managing conventions, by controlling the press, manipulating legislatures, and filling the bench with their creatures, that the railroads best exert political powers. The people of California, for instance, have voted against the railroad time and again, or rather imagined they did, and even adopted a very bad new constitution because they supposed the railroad was against it. The result is, that the great railroad company, of whose domain California, with an area greater than twice that of Great Britain, is but one of the provinces, absolutely dominates the State. The men who really fought it are taken into its service, or crushed, and powers are exerted in the interests of the corporation managers which no government would dare attempt. This company heavily subsidized, in the first place, as a great public convenience, levies on commerce, not tolls, but tariffs. If a man goes into business requiring transportation, he must exhibit his profits and take it into partnership for the lion's share. Importers are bound by an 'iron clad agreement' to give its agents access to their books, and if they do anything the company deems against its interests they are fined or ruined by being placed at a disadvantage to their rivals in business. Three continental railroads, heavily subsidized by the nation, under the impression that the competition would keep down rates, have now reached the Pacific. Instead of competing, they have pooled their receipts. The line of steamers from San Francisco to New York, via the Isthmus, receives \$100,000 a month to keep up fares and freights to a level with those exacted by the railroad, and if you would send goods from New York to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus, the cheapest way is first to ship them to England. Shippers to interior points are charged as much as though their goods were carried to the end of the road and then shipped back again; and even by means of the agreements mentioned, an embargo is laid upon ocean commerce by sailing vessels, wherever it might interfere with the monopoly."

The same men control the Associated Press. It is simply a "wheel within a wheel"; so that the news furnished to us in our telegraphic reports from day to day, comes to us through men who have a personal interest in suppressing all facts that would arouse the indignation of the people against them. There can be no question that this is done. It was done in the case of the Mussle Slough massacre. There are comparatively few people that have ever heard of that outrage. It is natural to suppose that anything of a similar character, or anything else that the managers wish to suppress, will be kept out of the dispatches. We have come to depend very largely for our general information upon this medium. How can we retain our intelligence if the news can be manipulated and distorted to subserve the interests of a few designing men? By thus controlling the news, and by the arbitrary manner in which a few men are allowed to fix and change rates of transportation and travel, and to grant rebates to favorites, millionnaires, who do little but scheme, are springing up all over the country. In proportion as their wealth increases they are absorbing the products of our farmers and others, who are creating the real wealth of our land.

The people themselves are to blame, as a mass, for tolerating a system of laws that turns the larger portion of the fruits of honest labor into the hands of the shrewd schemer, leaving the

toiling millions of real producers to suffer for the very things which they have produced.

"HIERO-SALEM, THE VISION OF PEACE," is a large volume of more than five hundred pages by E. L. Mason. It is a remarkable work in many respects, and the reader constantly feels that its thought is so good that it should be dressed in a better manner. If half the length it would be far more readable. There is much that seems to me unnecessary either to the story or for the elucidation of the peculiar ideas of the author. It is sometimes morbid, but on the whole an interesting work, and one calculated to make the reader do some independent thinking. The following extract from the publisher's announcements will give some idea of the trend of thought advanced:—

The author, evidently an earnest believer in the immortality of the spiritual ego, treats in this work of the endeavor made by a man deeply versed in all lore that deals with the universality of the immaterial world, and the possibility in this life of the partial removal of the sensual barriers which separate us from it, to raise the standard of physical and intellectual man by the establishment of a new race founded at the outset by careful selection of two individuals. Many subjects of much interest to many thinkers now, are introduced as an integral part of the narrative,—the doctrine of reincarnation, the beliefs of Esoteric Buddhism, even the occult knowledge acquired by the Kabbalists. The idea, however, that shines through all is that behind these mere glimmerings of light there is the splendor of the truth itself, of which these are but the reflections vouchsafed to the earnest studies and strivings of man—a deeper truth which this book endeavors to express.

"Hiero-salem" will be found to be unique in manufacture as well as in contents, and is symbolically illustrated.

"MONEY," by Emile Zola, translated by Benj. R. Tucker, is one of the most powerful and graphic pictures of life in the wicked conscienceless world which in this country is represented by Wall Street. The picture of "Sacred" is frightful but marvelous in its accurate portrayal of the heartless speculator, who is also a man of genius in a certain way, of strong and vivid imagination, but who is wholly devoid of conscience. The book is seriously marred by some most revolting pictures of that loathsome immorality which flourishes in high life to-day, and which should be mercilessly exposed, but which the author dwells upon with painful minuteness, when I think the beneficent result could be obtained with far less detail. There is another criticism against this work, it is too morbid. There is not enough high lights. The wrong and evil are dwelt upon, too much to the exclusion of the noble, and pure, and elevated influences which move in life. With these exceptions the work is calculated to create a strong sentiment against that curse of curses, speculating. Indeed, many of the critics of this work seem to overlook the fact that Zola makes vice very repellant. Unlike Byron, whose soft seductive strains allure to vice, Zola here, with brutal and often coarse frankness, makes sin hideous even while he dwells upon it at undue lengths.

A VOLUME OF STORIES BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

HAMLIN GARLAND is one of the very few living authors who can write a short story of absorbing interest. His "Fidelity to Life and Nature,"

display genius of a high order. I know of no young writer in the realists' school who seems to have so brilliant a career before him as Mr. Garland. His admirable stories in *THE ARENA*, the *Century*, *Harper's*, and other leading literary publications, have won him a host of friends and admirers. He does not write simply to amuse. There is an interrogation point after almost every thing he produces. His stories stimulate thought. They awaken inquiry, and that more than anything else is needed at the present time. The many friends of Mr. Garland will be delighted to learn that on June the first will be issued a volume of short stories, embracing two new novelettes and three or four of the most popular stories he has written. The book will contain between two and three hundred pages, the paper cover selling at fifty cents and cloth at one dollar.

A NEW VOLUME OF POETRY.

A new volume of poetry is announced by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, entitled "The Epic of Saul." The author is William Cleaver Wilkinson, whom *The Christian Secretary* of Hartford, referring probably to Mr. Wilkinson's combined merits as poet and critic, styles "the American Macaulay." The forthcoming work is one which Mr. Wilkinson has, from his boyhood, been ambitious to write. Over seven years ago the first lines of the poem were penned. The results of a lifetime of thought and seven years of literary work by such a writer as this must be awaited with eager anticipation. The hero of the "Epic" is Saul of Tarsus. The following is the poem:—

Saul in the Council Stephen's face saw shine
As it had been an angel's, but his heart
To the august theophany was blind —
Blinded by hatred of the fervent saint,
And hatred of the Lord who in him shone,
What blindfold hatred such could work of ill
In nature meant for utter nobleness,
Then, how the hatred could to love be turned,
The proud wrong will to lowly right be brought,
And Paul the 'servant' spring from rebel Saul—
This, ye who love in man the good and fair,
And joy to hail retrieved the good and fair —
From the unfair and evil, hearken all
And speed me with your wishes, while I sing.

An extract from the work, which appeared not many months since in *The Century*, inspired *The Watchman* to say:—

"The high level of poetic thought and expression reached in this fragment, will awaken the most favorable anticipations concerning the entire poem."

The volume will contain 386 pages, printed in pica type.

REV. BERNARD CARPENTER'S LAST LITERARY WORK.

A POET'S LAST SONGS. Under this title are collected a score of sonnets and lyrics, left unpublished at the time of his death, by the lamented Henry Bernard Carpenter. They are preluded by a brief life-sketch and character-study by James Jeffrey Roche. Mr. Roche was the man of all men for this pathetic service. He knew Mr. Carpenter intimately during the last seven years of his life, and gave to him a sympathizing and comprehensive friendship.

Interest centres in the last work of the poet himself. His exquisite *Liber Amoris* makes every poetry-lover eager for whatever else its richly dowered author had to give them. It is sad to think how much of Henry Bernard Carpenter's best work died with the music of his magical voice; for not one of those marvellous literary lectures was ever committed to paper.

This little volume, whose title is given above, is all that remains to us of the many-gifted man who came to Boston a few years ago, a stranger and unheralded; and took his place among her best poets and orators by the right divine of genius.

A Poet's Last Songs come home appealingly to the breasts of those who loved the dead singer, and who have sympathizing thought for the two most bitterly bereaved by his premature death.

It is issued under the publishing auspices of J. G. Cupples, Boston, and the proceeds after paying binder and printer will be given to Mrs. Carpenter. The price is one dollar.

DOUGLAS SLADEN'S POEMS.

DOUGLAS SLADEN'S STRONG POETICAL WORKS. "Edward, the Black Prince," an epic poem of more than two hundred and fifty pages, has recently been published in this country by the Cassell Publishing Co. of New York. Of this striking work no less critical authority than *St. Stephen's Review* says:

"The drama entitled 'Edward the Black Prince,' places the author at once on a literary pedestal, of which his previous efforts have given no conception. It is no exaggeration to say that his treatment of the paladin of chivalry is masterly, his history perfect, and his style unaffected yet scholarly. The research shown in the volume is remarkable, and we cordially recommend a close study of it to Mr. Wilson Barrett at the earliest opportunity. Cut down and compressed into a third of its present length, it would make an acting drama of the rarest promise. It is not often that a reviewer reads through a volume of this ethic blank verse to the bitter end; yet we can conscientiously aver that we not only have read it through, but regretfully found ourselves arriving at the last page. Such books never sell; the age deals not in nor appreciates such literary gems; but when the twenty-first century has dawned, and author and reviewer have alike been resolved into the elements, posterity will ponder over the want of taste displayed by the nineteenth century in passing by unnoticed a work of such infinite beauty, fire, pathos, and purity, and above all, the compendious story of a reign scamped by historians, and only kept alive by Froissart, to whom Mr. Sladen cordially acknowledges his indebtedness."

In referring to Mr. Sladen's *Spanish Armada*, the *Overland Mail* says

"The author of 'Edward the Black Prince' could hardly have selected a fitter theme for a pen whose vigor of expression is now as well known in England as in Australia. In a few brief and nervous stanzas, wherein we seem to hear the alarm-drums and trumpets that awoke the West Coast on that July morning of 1588, and in ever-varying metre, admirably adapted to the stormy tale of battle, defeat, and relentless pursuit it has to tell, we follow the phases of that life and death ordeal through which our tough forefathers passed. . . . This little volume, handsomely printed on Dutch paper, is a model of artistic printing throughout."

BURNING A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL. The *St. Louis Weekly Spectator* criticises in a brilliant and scathing manner the action of the Mercantile Library Association for burning Helen Gardener's popular novel, "IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?" The book is well calculated to make pious hypocrites who see themselves mirrored in its pages, desire to prevent an agitation of this great and all-important problem of masculine immorality. There are undoubtedly other persons who believe that there is no hope for social regeneration who honestly think that the conspiracy of silence should be maintained. "IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?" naturally disturbs them, for it raises a question which will not be settled until we have reached a higher plane of morality in manhood than has ever been current, and those who believe in telling the truth in arousing a sleeping conscience and a decaying society to the frightful conditions as they are, though they may not agree with the ultra agnosticism of Helen Gardener, cannot fail to see in this work a great power for good.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"SONGS OF THE LIFE ETERNAL AND OTHER WRITINGS," by Edward Randall Knowles. pp. 38, cloth, price 75 cents. For sale by Damrell & Upham, Washington and School Sts., Boston.

"CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTIONS," by Goodwin Smith. Macmillan & Co., Toronto, Canada. pp. 324, cloth, price \$2.00.

"VALMOND THE CRANK." Twentieth Century Publishing Co. pp. 212, cloth, \$1.00.

The works of Douglas Sladen. (1) *EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE*, an epic drama, 1891, pp. 226, bound in parchment paper, printed in scarlet and black, price \$1.00. (2) *AUSTRALIAN LYRICS* pp. 100, bound as above, price 50 cents. (3) *A POETRY OF EXILE*, pp. 100, bound as above, price 50 cents. (4) *THE SPANISH ARMADA*, pp. 25, bound as above, price 25 cents. Published by the Cassell Publishing Co., of New York.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

The following are extracts from letters that have come to hand within a few days of the time of going to press. They are fair samples of hundreds of similar messages which are being monthly received.

COUNT TOLSTOY'S OPINION OF THE ARENA.

My father wishes me to say that he thinks *THE ARENA* a most excellent and interesting magazine.

TOULA, YASNAYA, RUSSIA.

Yours truly,

TATIANA TOLSTOY.

REV. R. HEBER NEWTON.

Let me express to you my ardent admiration for the strong moral tone you are breathing into *THE ARENA*. It is certainly one of the most hopeful and significant signs of the times that two such magazines as *THE ARENA* and *Review of Reviews* should be not merely devoted to letters but powerful agents for Social Reform.

AN EDUCATOR'S OPINION OF THE ARENA.

Geo. C. Creelman, Creelman's Shorthand School, Worcester, Mass.:—I must say I think *THE ARENA* the most interesting magazine I have ever had the pleasure of reading. One can change from one article to another and be interested. As a general rule one finds only one or two articles in a whole magazine of special interest, but this is not true of *THE ARENA*. It is interesting from beginning to end.

FROM NEW ZEALAND.

A. W. Beaver, of Andrews & Beaver, Canterbury, Machine Works, Christchurch, N. Z.:—Enclosed please find P. O. O. for *THE ARENA*. I cannot speak too highly of the freshness and vigor of your articles in *THE ARENA*. It is a magazine that should circulate widely in this part of the globe.

A CLERGYMAN SPEAKS.

Rev. K. McArthur, D.D., Espyville, Penn.:—I consider *THE ARENA* the foremost magazine of America. Its papers are of the highest order. I know of no review that approaches it in the lines of ethical, religious, educational, economic, or psychological thought. All fair-minded and liberal people must value it for its able discussion of the various problems of vital importance to every friend of liberty and progress.

A VOICE FROM ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Gustav H. Scheel, proprietor of Owl Pharmacy, S. E. Corner of 16th Street and Clark Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.:—*THE ARENA* leads the van of the thought-breeders of the age. In it I have found my ideal magazine. I hope you will never back down from your present course, but ever be a leader on the great reform question. *THE ARENA* has come in time and is doing a grand work to awaken the public mind.

S. P. Johns, M. D., Leadville, Colo. : — I was so much pleased with the editorials in February and March ARENAS that I read them to an assembly of K. of L. in this place; they were received with warm and hearty applause,—The Rum Curse, Masculine Immorality, The Age of Consent, Extravagance and Penury in Our Metropolis, White Slaves of New York. I have no doubt, that after your bold criticism of the Madison Square ball, that if another one is given it will be conducted somewhat differently. Men have always been honored for truth and bravery, women for modesty and virtue. There is little to be accomplished any more, except by taking a brave and bold position. A brave man compels his enemies to respect him. You are possessed by your ideas and boldly enter the arena and fight for them.

A POET'S TRIBUTE.

Helen d'Este de Lendrecie, Fargo, So. Dak. : — My ARENA for April is at hand, and the first thing read "Leprosy of the Soul." I feel impelled to thank you in the name of the earnest men and women — we have many here in the West also — whose hearts are with you in your warfare against the evils of our present social system. Vigor and bravery are characteristics in our Western civilization, and the quick sympathy of our intelligent thinkers goes out to those who dare to speak the plain truth, and probe to the bottom and lay open for purification the rotten fruit of the systems of monopoly, luxury, and idleness which the last few years have brought to such loathsome perfection. May the earnest support of the few strengthen your purpose, until the rally of the many shall bring you that success which your efforts merit and will surely win.

I take the liberty of sending you a copy of a little poem of mine, published when I was scarcely seventeen, and republished here by request recently.

BE MERCIFUL, O GOD!

When life is bright as rosy morn,
And tuneful as the song of birds,
And every thought has fairy form,
Our lips are taught to frame the words
Be merciful, O God!

When Sorrow folds her sable wings
Over the poor, frail, human heart,
We weep and moan, yet kneeling pray,
Though sick and faint, through cruel smart,
Be merciful, O God!

When Sin stalks by with beck'ning hand
And mien that ever lures us on,
We look above, and trembling ask,
The while we shiver 'neath His frown,
Be merciful, O God!

But when Despair has wrung the heart,
When life to us no joy affords,
When hearts we cherished have grown cold,
With bitter laugh we scorn the words
Be merciful, O God!

O Father! heal the broken heart,
Bid Sin forever yield his sway;
Make stern Despair give way to Hope,
And black, sad Night, to fair, sweet Day.
Be merciful, O God!

REV. T. F. HILDRETH, D. D.

Rev. T. F. Hildreth, D. D., Norwalk, Ohio: — I drop this note to express to you personally my appreciation of your excellent magazine. I have read it from the first and am much pleased with its scope and character. Especially am I pleased with your fearless, outspoken editorials against wrong and vice. I am a clergyman and am deeply interested in the modern thought of the world, for the Truth must finally triumph.

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN'S VIEWS.

Rev. Mahlon H. Wilson, pastor of the Christian Church, Pomona, Cal.: — I have just laid aside *THE ARENA* containing the editorials on "Extravagance and Penury in our Metropolis;" "Leprosy of the Soul," and "White Slaves in New York;" and I wish to thank you with all my heart for those grand and manly utterances. My faith in man has been greatly strengthened by your courageous exposition of social leprosy. Every Christian citizen in the land will honor and bless you for the unmasking of such social evils. "Cry aloud and spare not, and the God of Israel be with you."

A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW.

G. W. Cunningham, President and Manager of National Bond and Debenture Co., Arkansas City, Kans.: — I have taken *THE ARENA* from its inception and I assure you there are no uncut leaves or unread pages in any number I have. This great and powerful agency for good is accomplishing much toward improving our social and economic conditions.

FROM A PROMINENT RAILROAD MAN.

William B. Sears, Chief Engineer of Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad, East Saginaw, Mich.: — I have been a builder of railroads for the past thirty-eight years in Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, and Michigan, and during those years have amused myself in the study of political economy, standard works on history, hygiene, morals, religion, the papers and periodicals of the day. On January last I took up *your magazine*, *THE ARENA*, and for solid comfort, and *basal facts* to amuse and instruct the thoughtful man, who would like to see *the multitude* guided by reason, justice, economy, and Ben Franklin's "common sense," I have seen nothing equal to it. I have no hesitancy in saying "that it surpasses all other magazines in this country to-day." You speak your "honest thought," but *too many* wink at corruption in order that "thrift may follow fawning." *Go on* in the good work, and hew to the line, and I trust you may find both honor and money in it. "Honor and money" in speaking the truth and dealing "out" *justice*. Your notes on *the sins* of New York should *arouse* the public conscience, and cause every thoughtful man and lover of his country to aid in cleaning up these Augean stables, and uniting in some feasible effort, to *secure honest work* and a more equitable division of "the products" of labor.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

GEORGE STEWART, D. C. L., LL. D., well known as one of the most scholarly minds in the Dominion of Canada, appears in this issue of THE ARENA in a most delightful paper on Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Stewart has also contributed an equally interesting paper on John Greenleaf Whittier, which will form one of a series of papers of which the contribution on Dr. Holmes is the first, treating of the lives and work of our great poets.

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THE closing part of Camille Flammarion's remarkable paper on "The Unknown," will be found exceedingly interesting. It will be noted that THE ARENA is the only leading review that has ever published an able series of papers on psychical science. Among our contributors to this series are names that stand among the foremost thinkers of the world, such, for example, as M. Flammarion and Alfred Russel Wallace. Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D., Dr. R. Osgood Mason, M. D., A. M., are also names of exceptional strength in the field of psychic research, owing to their long and critical study of the strange phenomena, the marvellous nature of which has long been veiled in mystery. Our next psychical paper will be from the scholarly pen of F. W. H. Myers, of Cambridge, England, who from the inception of the English Society for Psychical Research, has been second only to Professor Sedgwick in the tireless and exhaustive study of all problems belonging to the domain of the brain and soul. Mr. Myers writes on "Thought Transference."

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THE August ARENA will contain a paper of marked interest to all members of the Farmers' Alliance. It has been prepared with great care by R. B. Hassell, who, in addition to being a highly educated and thoroughly conscientious gentleman, enjoys exceptional advantages for intelligently and ably presenting the Farmers' Alliance views, having spent many years in the West, where he has

carefully and thoughtfully studied the problems which are at the present time assuming such giant-like proportions. It is too much the fashion for eastern journals and magazines to dismiss with a ribald jest or a sarcastic sneer the so-called heresies of the West, refusing to accord them that fair, impartial hearing which liberal-minded men and women should ever be ready to accord others. I do not believe that this is the proper way to arrive at the truth. I therefore take pleasure in announcing that the Farmers' Movement will be ably presented in Mr. Hassell's paper. No friend of the new move should miss this strong paper.

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THIS month I present a reply, by the Rev. Francis Bellamy, to my editorial on "Is Socialism Desirable?" Thus our readers have an opportunity of hearing both sides of a problem which is destined to be one of absorbing interest during the next few years: indeed I should not be surprised if it becomes an all-absorbing issue. I was quite amused at some letters I received a short time since, one from a Denver gentleman, which arrived a few days prior to the placing on sale of THE ARENA for May containing my argument against socialism. The opening lines ran as follows: "While a great admirer of THE ARENA, I am much annoyed at the preference shown by its editor to socialistic [using the term as opposed to individualistic] ideas." A few days later I received a letter from an able thinker among the nationalists of New York, who wished to reply to my paper. I answered that the Rev. Francis Bellamy had already been engaged to answer "Is Socialism Desirable?" and that his paper would appear at as early moment as it could be prepared. On May the 1st, I received from my esteemed New York correspondent a reply in which he said "That you will need me sometime seems probable, unless THE ARENA is to opened *only* to *Anarchistic influences, which will hurt it in the end.*" The amusing part in the above quotation lies in the fact that since THE ARENA has



been established there has appeared no paper advocating anarchy, while a number strongly advocating socialism have been published. I have on hand two able essays setting forth the principles of philosophic anarchy, which are well calculated to remove the misconception which at present exists in the popular mind as to the real aims and purposes of philosophical anarchy; but as yet I have been unable to find space to publish these papers. [2] In my paper on socialism I distinctly say I regard socialism and philosophical anarchy impracticable, as each seems to pre-suppose an ideal civilization. [3] During the past six months, with the exception of Mr. Garland's "New Declaration of Rights," and my editorial on socialism, THE ARENA has contained no individualistic papers, while Mr. Garland was replied to by Rabbi Schindler, who is one of the ablest nationalistic thinkers in America, and all the other economic papers (with, perhaps, one exception, Mr. Shearman's), were more in the line of socialistic thought than individualistic. Not that I wished it so, but because the writers, who so ably treated the subjects discussed, think along socialistic lines. Thus it will be seen how difficult it is for an editor to satisfy all parties if he insists on giving each side a hearing. Many persons seem to imagine that there is but one side to a question, and that if it is not a crime to listen to any antagonistic view it is certainly a waste of time. This, of course, is one of the greatest barriers to progress. We must have a full, fair, and free discussion of all topics of vital import, if liberty is to survive, and continued progress become assured.

THE author of our No-Name paper in the May ARENA is Mr. Edgar Fawcett. Of the number of votes cast, there was but one correct vote in the allotted time, that being cast by R. A. Coe, Esq., of Binghamton, N. Y. This month, owing to the length of Mr. Garland's admirable story, I have been compelled to omit the No-Name paper.

OUR series of European papers is ably opened this month by a clear and inter-

esting paper by W. D. McCrackan of this city, on "The Swiss and American Constitutions." Mr. McCrackan spent several months in Switzerland last summer making a careful, critical, and exhaustive examination of the peculiarities of the government of the ideal republic of Europe. Next month I hope to find room for Madame de Bury's exceptionally brilliant paper on "The Unity of Germany."

*"Keep to the Main-Travelled Road till you come to a lane—keep to the right." See "A Branch Road" in Hamlin Garland's brilliant volume of realistic western stories, particulars of which are given elsewhere in this issue.*

OUR frontispiece this month is a most admirable picture of Oliver Wendell Holmes, made for THE ARENA from the photograph considered by the Doctor and his friends the best recent likeness.

"A PRAIRIE HEROINE," by Hamlin Garland, which appears in this issue, is a novelette of remarkable strength. Never was a certain phase of western life with all the wretchedness it entails more graphically pictured than in this intensely interesting story. The reproduction of the atmosphere of western life in Mr. Garland's stories is in literature what photography is in art. Those who read "A Prairie Heroine" will, I imagine, be anxious to enjoy the new volume of stories by Mr. Garland, entitled "Main-Travelled Roads," full particulars of which are given elsewhere.

REV. W. E. MANLEY's able argument against eternal punishment, from a Bible point of view, was written many months ago, but owing to other problems pressing and special papers coming up, it was found impossible to publish before the present number.

F. W. H. MYERS, of Cambridge, England, will contribute a paper on Thought Transference for the August ARENA, which will be read with great interest by all interested in psychical research.



AMELIA B. EDWARDS' contribution on her home life, which will be a feature of the August ARENA, is one of the most charming papers that has been written by this most gifted woman.

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THE revolutionary suggestions of Professor Buchanan's essay in this number may be far in advance of the times, but all bold, radical thinkers are to-day fearlessly advancing with radical measures. Among other evidences of progress toward "revolutionary measures" we may quote the declarations of the late Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, who has illustrated the dangers of plutocracy, and who contends that dangers to the peace and prosperity of the country must be guarded against by the government and laws; secondly, that men and corporations so large pecuniarily as to be able to buy up legislatures are a danger to the peace and prosperity of the country; and thirdly, that the acquisition and holding of vast accumulation should be carefully hedged about by wise legislation, of which he recommended several important measures, and especially a graduated income tax. Thus his essay is, except as to the question of inheritance, which is not taken up, quite in accord with Professor Buchanan. The question of inheritance is a problem of great importance at the present time, and if Professor Buchanan's view finds favor it will originate the greatest social revolution yet known.

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"On the Road Leading Back to God's Country." See Hamlin Garland's "Main-Travelled Roads," six Mississippi Valley stories, the most graphic pictures of western life that have ever appeared.

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EDGAR FAWCETT's contribution on "Snobbery and Plutocracy in New York" is one of the most sensible and graphic pictures of a truly deplorable condition in what society is pleased to term "high life" that has appeared in many years. It is an excellent supplement to Professor Buchanan's strong paper on "Revolutionary Measures to Control Neglected Crimes."

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AN important communication from Professor Buchanan is crowded out of

this number. It refers to the coming century, in answer to a letter of inquiry from India asking as to the fate of that country, and also mentioning several calamities to Boston during the present year. The predictions as to Boston, written in April, have been published in the *American Spectator* of June, in which paper much is published that cannot find room in THE ARENA.

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THIS trend of modern reform is not a thing of yesterday. It has been growing into power for more than a century. The department of Productive Labor suggested by Dr. Buchanan was foreshadowed in the declaration of the French Convention in '91, that "public aid is a sacred duty which society owes—a subsistence to its less fortunate members." Montesquiere long before had said, "The State ought to give to each citizen an assured subsistence, decent clothing, and a mode of life not dangerous to health." Other French writers have insisted on the duty of the State to give work to all who need it. Robespierre gave a fierce expression to such ideas in saying "No one ought to exist who possessed more than three hundred lires of rent."

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*Follow the road far enough and it may pass the bend in the river where the waters laugh eternally over its shallows. See "Main-Travelled Roads," by Hamlin Garland, the book above all others for you to peruse this summer. See particulars elsewhere.*

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THE Chicago *Daily Globe* of May the 23d, contains the following criticism on Helen Gardener's novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?"

This book has probably attracted as much attention as any work written in the last decade, and has been more misunderstood than even the "Kreutzer Sonata" or "Robert Elsmere."

There are certain crying social evils at the present time that are rapidly growing until they threaten the peace of the whole land. The question has been discussed many times, but always on a prejudiced side and by prejudiced people. It has remained for a woman, frank and whole-souled, Helen Gardener, a woman who realizes the injustice toward the fallen ones of her own sex, to lift up her voice

against this injustice and present the question in an entirely new light.

It is useless to gloss over a subject merely for the sake of a perverted sense of modesty. It is useless to try to know things and still not know them. It is folly to say that books unfit for children and young people to read should not be printed. It is a necessity that there should be books and more books upon the subject spoken of. It depends upon the parents, to a great extent, what will become of their children. It is useless to hold up our hands in holy horror and say that such men as Mr. Mansfield never existed, never could exist. We all know of just such men. We can find dozens of Fred Harmons around us daily, but few Preston Mansfields. There are many who think the crime not a crime so long as it may be covered up. They say the worst crime is getting found out in crime. That may be true, but it is also true that there are so few as to be absolutely alarming, who are honestly sorry for the crime and who despise to live a lie through their life.

The book is good. It is a character study, not in words, but in life. It brings truths home to us with a shock that is appalling, and we do not say, "Is this you?" We go deeper than that, and realizing the truth, we ask in terror, "Is it I? Is it I?"

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An able contribution on "The Extrinsic Significance of Constitutional Government in Japan," by Kuma Oishi, A. M., will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA.

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THE American Psychical Society recently organized in Boston will, I believe, accomplish much in the investigation of the occult phenomena, upon which the philosophy of modern spiritualism rests. The membership is composed largely of the best brains in the liberal and progressive clergy of America who, together with physicians, college professors, *littérateurs*, scientists, and editors, who propose to carry on a careful, painstaking, fair, yet critical investigation in such a manner as to eliminate fraud and legerdemain, and to this end instruments are being made which will render legerdemain impossible. The officers are President, Rev. Minot J. Savage; Vice-President, B. O. Flower; Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. T. Ernest Allen. The governing board consists of Rev. R. Heber Newton, of New York; Rabbi Solomon Schindler,

Boston; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.; Gen. W. W. Blackmer, Boston; Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston, Dr. A. H. Phillips, Boston; Hamlin Garland, E. Gerry Brown, editor of the *Bunker Hill Times*, Charlestown, Mass., and the officers named above.

~~~~~ The Voice of the People.

WE have room this month for but four letters received from correspondents during the past few days. They are fair specimens of almost a hundred letters which have found their way to my desk during the past fortnight. It will be seen that one is from the pen of a well-known English essayist, one from a Methodist clergyman in Nebraska, one from the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, and the other from one of the vast thinking constituency who are destined to work wonders for social, political, and ethical reform during the next decade. This last letter is from the South. Thus Europe, Nova Scotia, the great West and the South are represented in these voices of the people.

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FROM A WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH ESSAYIST.

The following extract from a friendly letter just received, written by the well-known English essayist, Walter Lewin:

I read THE ARENA month by month with increasing satisfaction. It is so ably written and withal so fearless that it deserves success. Your "No-Name" papers are a happy thought. But I do not know why the editorial notes are given such small type; they deserve the largest and clearest. I liked to see Mr. Savage's portrait in the last number. He has been known to me by repute for so long that I was glad to be able to judge to some extent what manner of man he was in the outward seeming.

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FROM THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

My first duty is to enclose five dollars for subscription for the ensuing year, and to apologize for delay. I am all the time overwhelmed with duties. My next pleasure is to express my admiration of the general tone and vigorous thought of THE ARENA. I sometimes think its tendency is to magnify the social evils and inequalities of the day; but no reform can ever be accomplished until the public conscience is awakened, and

this can only be accomplished by an extreme statement of the case—something that will startle. In this field THE ARENA is without a peer.

Very sincerely,

J. W. LONGLEY.

HALIFAX, May 21.

REV. P. C. JOHNSON, D. D., PASTOR OF
M. E. CHURCH.

FRIEND, NEB., May 23, 1891.

EDITOR ARENA:—

Sir,—There fell in my way to-day a stray copy of your magazine.

I read the Editorial Notes and in all my reading on "Total Depravity" and the "Original Sin," by the "Orthodox" of the Orthodox, I never saw such a terrible arraignment of depraved human nature, as you have in your "Leprosy of the Soul." Call it by whatever name you please, "Depravity" or "Leprosy," it is all the same. "Sin and hell" were never more vividly depicted than in that article. Now I'm Orthodox. I believe in truth; but, sir, I'd give thousands to put that article into tract form, and spread it over our land, if I were not a poor preacher on these western plains.

Your closing thought on "White Slaves" should be rung throughout the land. You may be a free thinker, I know not; but as a freer of his race, I thank you for your few utterances; go on on that line.

I believe in the *Christ* of the Bible, and in a Christianity that saves the struggling mass.

Respectfully,

P. C. JOHNSON.

FROM ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

HAWKINSVILLE, GA, May 20.

Editor of *The Arena*,—To show you

how much your work is appreciated by the true-hearted, I extract the following from the letter of a pure and noble woman. You are at liberty to publish the *extract* if you so desire.

"I begin to wonder if there are still new depths of sin to be revealed. I cannot express the sensations of horror that possessed me when I read Mr. Flower's editorial on 'The Age of Consent.' The world seemed so dark that I wished for death. How is it that I have been in ignorance of these horrors, and that our very government countenances them?"

"Do we not deserve a 'cataclysm?' A government which permits a child's ruin deserves nothing short of annihilation. It must be true, as Mr. Flower says, that few know of the 'awful truth.'"

"Oh, this reckless, insane, cruel world! It is the *fathers* of the future mothers who permit these frightful conditions to exist; can they expect them to be free from stain? Is it a wonder that there is a growing 'aversion to baby tending?' Why, a woman capable of being a true mother, could almost wish each child dead rather than have it be, if a boy, the inheritor of such shame, and, if a girl, a possible victim. I was white with indignation as I read. God speed THE ARENA to every home in the land, that this stain on humanity may be revealed and removed."

May you have many Aarons and Hurs to hold up your arms when perchance they grow tired and exhausted, and many brains and hearts to nerve you when your fight seems often hopeless.

Sincerely yours,

JOEL T. DEESE.

OUR FUND FOR THE DESERVING POOR.

I AM greatly encouraged at the reception thus far accorded our effort in behalf of a fund for the deserving poor. Below I give a report of expenditures up to the 12th of May, made by Rev. Walter Swaffield and Rev. W. J. English of the Baptist Bethel. Some special cases are being investigated and an effort to equip some parties for positions is under way, which will take some of our funds; besides a portion will be set aside for the fresh air fund. Those who have never visited the slums in the summer, know little of the wonderful benefits and the world of joy, incident to the vacation in the country, that a little money enables these poor sufferers to enjoy; pure, fresh, healthful air, which often works marvels in vitalizing exhausted nature. It gives them a sight of the world, about which they otherwise can only dream, and lingers in their minds as the memory of an oasis in the desert traveller. If the humane reader would spend fifteen minutes in some of the attics, or five minutes in some of the horrible underground tenements during the summer months, he would be ready to give liberally, to bring a little relief to the denizens of the world of want and misery. On the one hand, the torrid sun blazes on the roof from dawn to night; the ventilation is so defective that every door must be open, which necessarily admits the vile odors from the entire building to pour into these quarters. While those who are condemned to dwell in the damp cellars, where the heat is intolerable, owing to there being practically no ventilation; where the atmosphere steams with vile odors; where decomposition is in every breath inhaled, and where night finds the inmates condemned to sleep in a foul oven on filthy rags, are compelled to endure a fate even more soul-destroying. A few days, a week or two in the country, often accomplishes a magic change in their physical condition, while it revives their crushed and deadened natures, giving them a fresh hold on life. The report of expenditures to date gives a comprehensive idea of the splendid work, which the means contributed have enabled the noble, earnest men, who are giving their lives to this labor of love, to accomplish for society's exiles. Since our last published list we have received the sums of \$10, \$2, \$20, and twenty-five cents. The twenty dollars comes from the Pacific, as the following letter indicates:—

TWENTY DOLLARS FROM A GENTLEMAN ON THE PACIFIC.

S. S. POMONA, PACIFIC OCEAN, May 13, 1891.

Editor of THE ARENA:— Please place the enclosed \$20 to the credit of your fund for relieving the destitute and deserving poor. Will mail this from port to-morrow morning.

A FRIEND FROM THE PACIFIC.

The following letter written by a child is richly worth perusing. Such letters draw us nearer the throbbing heart of life, greatly increasing one's faith in humanity, and our hope for the future.

FROM A LITTLE GIRL.

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y., May 9, 1891.

My Dear Mr. Flower:— Auntie Jewell has told me of your society for helping the very poor. Perhaps when they have a little money they will not know the best things to eat. Every day we read in anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, how we must take care of our bodies if we would be well or useful. We have very little money, so we found out the best things to eat to make us strong. We have brown bread, oat meal, and milk. There are six of us, and we have kept well on it all the year. The woods join our place, and one place we call fairy-land. In the winter it is lovely because the great dark hemlocks are so green, but now it is even more beautiful because the flowers are in bloom, and the ferns are all uncurling along the brook. Auntie Jewell says the woods are a kind of wealth that the poor city children know nothing of, and sometimes the rich ones do not know how to enjoy this kind of wealth. I am glad I do, even if I cannot go to a good school. Auntie says, if I have a pure mind and strong body, I can make up afterwards when I can go. I study and read every day. Homer is my favorite book. Once I had a battle with the sumach which came up after we had cut it all down. The sumachs were Greeks, and I was Hector. I think Hector is nobler than Achilles. Auntie Jewell is not strong and I am trying to do her work. For one part that I do all alone she pays me, and I am going to send the money I earn for those poor people, and here is the first twenty-five cents.

Your friend,

PANSY.

Acknowledgments since last month:—

C. J.—, Waterloo, Ontario	\$10.00
Edward Wenning, Cincinnati, Ohio	2.00
"Pansy," Highland Falls, New York	.25
A Friend on Steamer Pomona, Pacific Ocean	20.00
Previously acknowledged:—	
Mrs. R. T. Reed, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	\$100.00
A friend in Philadelphia	55.00
Mrs. M. L. Jackson, Philadelphia	10.00
Gertrude Binley, Boston	3.00
W. R. Hale, Greenville, S. C.	5.00
A. F. Jewett, Worcester, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Louise Cummings, Winthrop, Me.	5.00
Editor of ARENA	100.00
A friend in Livingstone, Montana	2.00
Reuell B. Jones, East Providence, R. I.	2.00
Mr. J. A. J., Newport, Ky.	1.00
C. E. Watkins	100.00
C. W. Beale, Arden, N. C.	1.00
R. G. Smith, Pittsburg, Pa.	1.00
"A Friend," New York	5.00
Edward Mack, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
A Friend, Boston, Mass.	1.00

\$429.25

My Dear Mr. Flower:—Below I send you our report of expenditures of The Arena Fund up to May 12, '91.

Rent paid for eighteen families	\$45.00
One-fourth ton of coal for twelve families	16.56
Wood and smaller lots of coal to six families	4.30
Medicine for nine sick people and doctor's bill	5.45
Bed and bedding for paralytic	6.50
For mending second-hand boots	7.40
New boots for thirty-eight children	39.50
New boots for women	4.00
To help pay moving expenses	3.00
Tickets for a loaf of bread daily to five families	4.25
Sixteen bags of flour at eighty-six cents a bag	13.76
Groceries for twenty-eight families at different times (never spending more than \$1.50 at a time)	56.42
For work done by lame man at Bethel	5.00
To help men in getting work and doing work, such as paying expenses out of town, etc.	3.25
Cash given in extreme cases	7.50
Total	\$221.89

The groceries given consist of barley, sugar, beans, coffee, meal, flour, soap, rice, bread and codfish.

I have received since March 24th from The Arena Fund and from yourself while out with us, up to date	\$305.00
Have expended to date	\$221.89
Leaving a balance in my hands of	\$83.11

I may say that I am trying to hold on to as much of this as I can for our summer outing fund for the deserving poor. I presume this will be in accord with the spirit of the givers. Of course the above statement does not deal with the gift of \$125 received at different times from a reader and contributor of THE ARENA for special cases. I have sent him a detailed statement of the expenditure of his money, and have had several letters from him since. I trust that the expenditure of the funds entrusted will be approved by you. I could, of course, give details which might be of interest, but presume they are not required for publication—one or two words, however, might not be out of place. Many of the children for whom boots have been purchased have been unable to attend school on account of the cold pavements during March. The truant officers have been after them, and in more than one instance we have saved the child from being sent down to Deer Island. The poor mothers could not buy boots either for themselves or children. Several of the families aided have been found without any food or fuel at all. The gratitude of the poor people is often expressed more in tears than words. I will furnish you a letter received by me the other day from a man who has been sick and to whose family, when destitute of food and fire, I sent flour and groceries to aid them. Oh, if the kind donors could only look in upon these families, as you have done, or as I have to, day after day, and see the need, and mark their joy and gratitude at being aided, they would feel glad that they had a part in the Christ-like work of going about doing good. Mr. Noon is now at the hospital, where it is hoped something more may be done for him than could be at his home. I shall see him there, and also look after his family in his absence.

BOSTON BETHEL.

Yours very sincerely,

WALTER J. SWAFFIELD.

MONEY SPENT FROM THE ARENA FUND SINCE MAY 12, 1891, TO MAY 27, 1891.

1. For rent to help poor but working people	1.50
2. For groceries to five families	5.50
3. For medicine and nourishing food for sick man having large family	3.25
	\$10.25
Balance in hand May 27, 1891	\$72.86

I am trying to be as careful of the fund as possible, so that next month I shall have something to start our summer work for the children with.

Later.—Mr. Swaffield, as we go to press, sends the following supplementary report of expenditures.

RECAPITULATION.

Total receipts to date for The Arena Fund, (not including \$125 given Mr. Swaffield by a friend of THE ARENA for special cases)	\$429.25
Total expenditures to May 27	232.14
Balance of fund	\$197.11

I know of no way in which our friends whose hearts go out in sympathy to the great struggling multitude exiled from society, can better work than by aiding in this practical effort to relieve the burden of crushing want, while the great agitation goes on, which will before long result in a wiser and more just arrangement, wherein we may hope to see uninvited poverty vanish from our midst. All can contribute something, even if it be but a few cents, toward this splendid work. All sums received will be publicly acknowledged. Every three months a full report will be given of disbursements.

Since writing the above I have received the following additional contributions to our funds. Isaac H. Hahn, St. Louis, \$5; a friend, Long Beach, Cal., .50, making in all \$434.75 contributed directly to The Arena Fund.

"MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS" is the unique title of a volume of short stories just published from the brilliant pen of Hamlin Garland. It is our purpose to review at length in our next issue, this truly remarkable work. It is safe to predict that it will create a greater amount of friendly and unfriendly criticism and awaken a wider interest than any volume of short stories that has appeared in many years. Mr. Garland nowhere moralizes, yet almost every story raises some important question of a social or ethical character. It is one of those works which menace the old order of things by making people think.

"A NEW YORK FAMILY," Edgar Fawcett's latest novel, is in many respects his best work of fiction. Strong from an artistic point of view, rich in the color of real life, absorbingly interesting, and of great ethical value. Though not calculated to do as much good as "The Evil That Men Do," as it deals with wrongs of less magnitude, it nevertheless carries with it lessons of great practical value. The corruption of ring rule and the shams of fashionable society are vividly portrayed. The glory and eclipse of Tweed are ingeniously woven into the woof of the story, the interest being enhanced by a number of cartoons drawn by the inimitable Nast. The character of Everard is drawn with wonderful strength. The soul of every good man and woman must go out in love and admiration for the simple, plain, unostentatious, yet manly, noble, and loving husband and father. I can conscientiously recommend this book to the readers of THE ARENA, believing they will find in it both entertainment and profit.

"MISS WORDEN'S HERO" is a new novel by H. B. Salisbury, which belongs to the rapidly increasing literature of socialism. The author has chosen fiction as a vehicle for preaching a strong nationalistic sermon. His picture of the evil of our present competitive system is suggestive, and, to this extent, valuable. The work is as well written as the majority of the didactic novels of the day. It will doubtless be read with much interest by those who believe that nationalism would solve the present social evils.

"THE EPIC OF SAUL," by William Cleaver Wilkinson, is a sumptuously gotten up volume, published by the enterprising house of Funk & Wagnalls; nor is the work unworthy of the setting; it is without question the ablest religious poem by an orthodox author that has appeared in many years. I can fully agree with the late Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby in his estimate of this work as given below:

"The Epic of Saul" is a poem of high order. Its analysis of character is equal to Browning, while its clearness of expression makes it much pleasanter reading than Browning. The poetic spirit is maintained throughout in figure and style, and the introduction of Scripture is made with singular felicity. . . . It seems to me that the book will secure the claim of Prof. Wilkinson to the first rank of poets."

The publishers announce that this work is the product of over seven years of literary work, and the realization of a purpose cherished by the author from boyhood. "Long choosing and beginning late" are words that may fitly be borrowed from Milton to describe the author's

experience. A personal visit to Palestine was, in the course of preparation of the manuscript, felt to be indispensable, and was accordingly made. The subject of the poem is Saul of Tarsus, in the course of his career preceding and culminating in his conversion to Christianity. It is written in blank verse, is about 8,000 lines in length, and is divided into fourteen sections, or, as they are called, "books." The poem adheres to such facts as are furnished by the scriptural narrative, but allows full play to the imagination where that narrative is silent.

During the seven years that Mr. Wilkinson has been at work on this epic, extracts have from time to time appeared in *The Century*, *The Independent*, and other journals, as independent poems, and have called forth many expressions of praise from literary critics.

"WHICH WINS?" A story of social conditions, by Mary H. Ford, is a novel of special merit. As an extended review of this book will be given in an early number of THE ARENA, I will only add that though rather pathetic it is a volume of absorbing interest, thought-provoking, and richly worthy the attention of thoughtful readers.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CHILDREN?" by Charles A. Barry, is an admirable little work, aiming to teach how to find the true nature of a child, and educate it to a life of usefulness to the world and consequent happiness to itself.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A NEW YORK FAMILY," by Edgar Fawcett. Cloth, pp. 277, with numerous illustrations. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

"CREDIBILITY AND INSPIRATION," by Prof. J. W. McGarvey, Professor of Sacred History and Evidences in Kentucky University. Cloth, 224 pages, price, \$1.50, postpaid. Published by Guide Printing and Publishing Co., Louisville, Ky.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CHILDREN?" by Charles E. Barry. Cloth, pp. 35. Published by Occult Publishing Co., 66 Boylston St., Boston.

"QUESTIONS OF THE DAY," by Henry S. Chase, M. D. Cloth, pp. 166, price, 50 cents. Published by Twentieth Century Publishing Co., No. 7 Clinton Place, New York.

"FORCE AND MATTER," by Prof. Ludwig Büchner, M. D. Cloth, pp. 400, price \$1.50. Published by Peter Eckler, No. 35 Fulton St., New York.

"THE EPIC OF SAUL," by W. C. Wilkinson. pp. 386, large type, handsomely printed and bound. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Price, \$2.50.

"MISS WORDEN'S HERO," by H. B. Salisbury. Paper, pp. 140, price 50 cents. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"WHICH WINS?" by Mary H. Ford. Published by Lee & Shepard.

"THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL," by Wm. C. Gannett and J. Lloyd Jones. Paper, price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS." Six Mississippi Valley Stories, by Hamlin Garland. pp. 262, paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. Published by the Arena Publishing Co.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A VIVID PICTURE OF THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WESTERN FARM LIFE.*

ONE of the most valuable contributions to distinctive American literature which has appeared in many years is Mr. Hamlin Garland's new work, "MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS," the very title of which suggests its character and the location of the scenes portrayed, as those who have lived in the West will readily agree. Keep the "main-travelled road" till you come to — "a little red schoolhouse," — "a tall oak-tree," — "a little white house," — or "a lane leading to the right" — how often have I heard such expressions. "The main-travelled road" is on every tongue in the West, and it is of the West and her struggling children that Mr. Garland deals so vividly and with such power and sympathy in the six stories found in this work. With the rare power which distinguishes genius from mere scholastic training, our author reproduces scenes in nature and events in life, while he analyzes human emotions and invests his creations with so much real life that one never for a moment doubts the actuality of their existence, or that the master hand which deals with them is exaggerating or understating any detail in connection with his theme. One who, like the writer, has spent many years on a western farm will instinctively feel that "this is not fiction, it is biography." With the boldness of Tolstoi, with the originality in treatment of Ibsen, and with a wealth of tenderness, love, and humanity far exceeding either, Mr. Garland has in "Main-Travelled Roads" given a work destined, I believe, to hold a permanent place in our literature, and to be one of the most characteristic and valued contributions of the new school known as Impressionists. Emerson and Thoreau used to discredit travelling, because each man and each spot was a cosmos containing in essence the world. Mr. Garland, while by no means an Emersonian, seems to hold the opinion that if the life about us be closely studied, it yields a far greater interest than pictures of far-off scenes, and thus he gives us, as a camera reproduces the landscape, life as he has known it in the coulés of Wisconsin, the forest-clad valleys of eastern Iowa, the wide-reaching prairies of its western borders, the boundless and treeless plains of the Dakotas; pictures of life which have been so little dwelt upon by capable writers sufficiently acquainted with the scenes depicted to write truthfully, that they possess a rare charm by virtue of their freshness and the absence of conventionality.

Indeed, we have been so accustomed to hear of the "rare delights of

* "Main-Travelled Roads," Arena Pub. Co., Boston.

farm life," of the "idyllic and pastoral pleasures of the country," written by those who live in cities and know little or nothing of the reality, the stern and terrible reality, of the lot of the majority who dwell on the western farms, that it is wonderfully refreshing to meet with an author who tells the truth, especially when in so telling he evinces such marvellous power as does the author of "Main-Travelled Roads." Some critics complain that Mr. Garland has not described the happy, comfortable farmer, who enjoys life amid his numerous flocks and well-filled bins, and this is true, for the very good reason that our author has chosen to deal with the rule rather than the exception. The poets and romancers have surfeited us with portrayals of the happy farmer surveying from his hammock his oceans of golden grain or seas of emerald corn. The reality, as those who have dwelt on western farms know, is not the hammock scene, but something like the following: The fortunate farmer whose crops have chanced to escape the too common fate — failure through drought, chinch-bugs, rust, or the untimely hail, is found in the midst of his "golden oceans" from early dawn, through the blistering heat of midday, and long after the sun has departed from view, save when under the shadow of a rail fence or a clump of alder bushes he eats his frugal lunch and drinks his home-made lemonade of sorghum molasses, vinegar, and well-water, or when he hastily eats his noontide meal. What the world needs to-day is *truth* rather than dainty romances or pleasing fairy tales, which tickle the fancy of the dilettante who *do not want to think*, even when they have minds capable of rising above canvas-back ducks or the best brands of champagne. And Mr. Garland, with a power possessed by no other American author with whom I am acquainted, has pictured home life on the western farms as it is.

The following allegory introduces the book to the reader:—

The main-travelled road in the West (as everywhere) is hot and dusty in summer, and desolate and drear with mud in fall and spring, and in winter the winds sweep the snow across it; but it does sometimes cross a rich meadow where the songs of the larks, and bobolinks, and black-birds, are tangled. Follow it far enough, it may lead past a bend in the river where the water laughs eternally over its shallows.

Mainly it is long and wearyful, and has a dull little town at one end, and a home of toil at the other. Like the main-travelled road of life, it is traversed by many classes of people, but the poor and the weary predominate.

The first story, "A Branch Road," is likely to attract most attention. It is a novelette of seventy pages and deals with a lover's misunderstanding and its consequences. Its scene is laid near "Rock River" in northern Iowa, and contains a description of a threshing scene, which is written from intimate knowledge of all particulars. Marvellous is its fidelity to truth, as all will agree who, like myself, have witnessed in the West this annual event in farm life. I have rarely seen so perfect a word picture as the following description of a clear, crisp morning in early autumn:—

In the windless September dawn a voice went singing, a man's voice, singing a cheap and common air. Yet something in the *élan* of it all told he was young, jubilant, and a happy lover.

Above the level belt of timber to the east a vast dome of pale undazzling gold was rising, silently and swiftly. Jays called in the thickets where the maples flamed amid the green oaks, with irregular splashes of red and orange. The grass was crisp with frost under the feet, the road smooth and gray-white in color, the air was indescribably sweet, resonant, and stimulating. No wonder the man sang.

He came into view around the curve in the lane. He had a fork on his shoulder, a graceful and polished tool. His straw hat was tilted on the back of his head, his rough, faded coat was buttoned close to the chin, and he wore thin buckskin gloves on his hands. He looked muscular and intelligent, and was evidently about twenty two or three years of age.

As he walked on, and the sunrise came nearer to him, he stopped his song. The broadening heavens had a majesty and sweetness that made him forget the physical joy of happy youth. He grew almost sad with the great vague thoughts and emotions which rolled in his brain as the wonder of the morning grew.

He walked more slowly, mechanically following the road, his eyes on the ever-shifting streaming banners of rose and pale green, which made the east too glorious for any words to tell. The air was so still it seemed to await expectantly the coming of the sun.

Then his mind flew back to Agnes. Would she see it? She was at work, getting breakfast, but he hoped she had time to see it. He was in that mood so common to him now, when he could not fully enjoy any sight or sound unless he could share it with her. Far down the road he heard the sharp clatter of a wagon. The roosters were calling near and far, in many keys and tunes. The dogs were barking, cattle-bells jangling in the wooded pastures, and as the youth passed farm-houses, lights in the kitchen windows showed that the women were astir about breakfast, and the sound of voices and curry-combs at the barn told that the men were at their daily chores.

And the east bloomed broader. The dome of gold grew brighter, the faint clouds here and there flamed with a flush of red. The frost began to glisten with a reflected color. The youth dreamed as he walked; his broad face and deep earnest eyes caught and reflected some of the beauty and majesty of the sky.

How perfectly true to life is the following picture of a threshing scene on a western farm:—

"All ready. Hurrah, there!" said David in his soft but resonant bass voice that always had a laugh in it. "Come, come, every sucker of yeh, git hold o' something. All ready!" He waved his hand at the driver, who climbed upon his platform. Everybody scrambled into place.

"*Chk, chk!* All ready, boys! Stiddy there, Dan! *Chk, chk!* All ready, boys! *Stiddy* there, boys! *All* ready now!" The horses began to strain at the sweeps. The cylinder began to hum.

"Grab a root there! Where's my band-cutter? Here, you, climb on here!" And David reached down and pulled Shep Watson up by the shoulder with his gigantic hand.

Boo-oo-oo-oom, Boo-woo-woo-oom-oom-ow-owm, yarr-yarr! The whirling cylinder boomed, roared, and snarled as it rose in speed. At last, when its tone became a rattling yell, David nodded to the pitchers, rasped his hands together, the sheaves began to fall from the stack, the band-cutter, knife in hand, slashed the bands in twain, and the feeder

with easy majestic motion gathered them under his arm, rolled them out into an even belt of entering wheat, on which the cylinder tore with its frightful, ferocious snarl.

Will was very happy in his quiet way. He enjoyed the smooth roll of his great muscles, the sense of power he felt in his hands as he lifted, turned, and swung the heavy sheaves two by two down upon the table, where the band-cutter madly slashed away. His frame, sturdy rather than tall, was nevertheless lithe, and he made a fine figure to look at, so Agnes thought, as she came out a moment and bowed and smiled to both the young men.

This scene, one of the jolliest and most sociable of the western farm, had a charm quite aside from human companionship. The beautiful yellow straw entering the cylinder; the clear yellow-brown wheat pulsing out at the side; the broken straw, chaff, and dust puffing out on the great stacker; the cheery whistling and calling of the driver; the keen, crisp air, and the bright sun somehow weirdly suggestive of the passage of time.

One can almost hear the machinery boom and catch the odor of the grain and straw while reading this delicious bit of description.

This story will probably prove a distinct shock to conservative thinkers, and by many will be regarded dangerous, in that it raises an interrogation point after the wrongs of wife slavery. Mr. Garland nowhere moralizes. He has, as Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton aptly states, "the supreme art not to pronounce sentence on the men and women he has created." We do not know, from what the author says, whether he justifies Agnes for going out into the glorious sunshine with Will, guided by hope and love, or whether he would have advised her to stay where she was, day by day being killed by the semi-unconscious brutality of her husband, the persecution of his parents, and the frightful, never-ending drudgery of farm life, added to the ever-present pain, anxiety, and care of a motherhood unblessed by love. But while he does not preach, he does what is better, he compels his readers to think, and think earnestly; and this to me is the crowning excellence of his work. This story will be appreciated by thousands of wives who for weary years have hour by hour been dragged nearer and nearer death's door through the lust, the coarse brutality, and thoughtless indifference of husbands, painfully conscious that they were being killed by inches, vaguely aware that a great wrong was being perpetrated, yet dragging themselves through each succeeding day in the gloom of despair, feeling that for some unknown sin, or, perhaps, the sin of the first woman, as the man-made legend says, they were condemned by fate to be sacrificed. No tragedy in life to-day is so terrible as this which is being undergone by tens of thousands of women in the very sunlight of our nineteenth century civilization. To the men who are consciously or unconsciously slowly murdering their wives, this book will appeal with great power. It will soften and change those who have good hearts, but who have sinned more through thoughtlessness than aught else; while to others it will serve a notice that the right of man to ownership of his wife is being challenged, that an agitation has been inaugurated

that will not subside until woman is held to man by the bonds of love and justice rather than authority. Marriage is one of the holiest and most sacred institutions of civilization, and for this very reason, if no other, crimes committed within its sacred bonds are peculiarly heinous. The hour has struck when men should be made to understand that any thought of ownership in wifehood is more than degrading and immoral, it is positively criminal. To my mind there are few crimes that rise to such giant proportions as those which have for centuries been perpetrated against wives and mothers through the brutality and bestiality of husbands, and that other common and unrebuked sin,—bringing of children into loveless homes. This last is a crime against posterity, society, and civilization.

“Up the Coulé” deals with the estrangement of two brothers, Grant and Howard McLane. Howard, a brilliant young fellow, the elder brother, succeeds in obtaining a fair education and subsequently a good start in life, which releases him from the farm and at last establishes him in New York City; while upon Grant falls the drudgery of the homestead, and at the death of the father come to his lot the support of the mother and the entire management of the farm. The story deals with the success of Howard who, after many years of virtual neglect, returns to the coulé, when remorse, pity, and self-accusation overwhelm him at finding the condition of those who should have been in his constant thoughts. It ends with the gloomy reconciliation of the brothers. Mr. Garland has been heard to say that he considered this separation of families, this growing apart of brothers, this inexorable out-growing of parents by brilliant sons who migrate to cities, to be the most characteristic and sorrowful of American tragedies.

“Among the Corn-Rows” comes as the bursting forth of the sun after a period of rain and gloom. It is a radiant little love story, all the more charming in that it follows the powerful but gloomy “Up the Coulé.” The characters in this story are simple, humble, every-day people; the hero is a young Dakota farmer, the heroine a Norwegian maiden dwelling in Wisconsin.

“Under the Lion’s Paw” is one of Mr. Garland’s strongest pieces of fiction, almost as great as “A Branch Road” and “Up the Coulé.” It deals with the mortgage question, being a story of a farmer’s heroic struggle under the crushing weight of a mortgage. With slightly local variations it would be the story of tens of thousands of brave men and women in the West. Every farmer should read “Under the Lion’s Paw,” for it explains why the mortgaged and rented farms are barren of improvements. This is the story which Mr. James A. Herne, the actor, has made famous in his inimitable public readings when discussing the single-tax. The story does not preach, it states facts; and it is well to remember while reading it that according to the latest authentic figures, the amount of money on farms in six of our Western States is as follows: Ohio, \$1,127,000,000; Indiana, \$645,000,000; Michi-

gan, \$500,000,000; Wisconsin, \$357,000,000; Iowa, \$567,000,000; Kansas, \$235,000,000, or the enormous aggregate of \$3,421,000,000 held in farm mortgages in six States. When we take into consideration the immense amount of anxiety, misery, and dread of foreclosure that has been crowded into the lives of the army of poor who have been compelled to mortgage their little homes, we are made to appreciate the urgent need of measures for the brave, struggling, but sinking toilers in the West. This story is unquestionably one of the most powerful, *ease-destroying*, and *conscience-smiting* sketches of modern times.

"The Return of the Private" shows exactly how the common American soldier returned footsore, covered with dust, toiling up the hot August road between the shocks of wheat. "The romance, the blare of bugles, the flutter of banners, the cheers of multitudes, the flame of rhythmic steel are gone — the actuality, the scream of jays, the crickets' cry, the waving of corn banners, the buzz of leaping grasshoppers greeted the returning private." The private on the road "back to God's country" is a theme which all old soldiers will appreciate and understand. They will know how true is the picture of the tired veteran laying off his heavy shoes and stretching himself on the sitting-room carpet, asking questions about the crops, the cows, the neighbors. It is not necessary to dwell further on this delightful story, as most of THE ARENA readers have enjoyed it in this review.

"Mrs. Ripley's Trip," a charming character sketch, completes the volume. Every story deals with a road, and for the most part the main-travelled roads, as described in the author's allegorical introduction, which, in a unique manner, binds the volume together. In my judgment there are positive defects in this book; defects which naturally arise from Mr. Garland's enthusiastic acceptance of the tenets of realism or literalism. This is not surprising; reformers almost invariably run to extremes. I could wish that our author had dealt somewhat more sparingly with dirt, grime, and perspiration in his marvellously vivid pictures of western life. Not but what they are all present, but after the facts have been stated and the mental retina has received the impressions, it would seem unnecessary to dwell on them at length. Not even does fidelity to truth demand this, and I am inclined to think that some day Mr. Garland will, in a degree, modify his views and recognize as unnecessary blemishes, what he now deems essential to the ideal of truth. These imperfections are, however, so small in comparison to the superior excellence of the work as to be scarcely worth noting. "Main-Travelled Roads" should find a place in the library of every thoughtful person who is interested in the welfare of the great toiling masses.

There is always a peculiar interest felt by the public for the life story of a favorite author, and I feel that before closing this review an outline sketch of Mr. Garland's brief career will be of interest.

The author of "Main-Travelled Roads" was born in 1860, in the LaCrosse Valley, Wisconsin, and spent his boyhood in a coulé of the

sort described in his stories. When he was seven years of age, his people moved to Winneshiek County, Iowa, a beautiful wooded country just west of LaCrosse. A year later, the family moved to Mitchell County, Iowa, a prairie county. Here the scenes of many of Mr. Garland's stories are laid. His "Boy-life Series" which was published in the *American Magazine* some years ago, picture this life on the wild prairies. He literally grew up on horseback, herding and driving cattle, and riding horses without saddle or bridle. A few years later, he entered a small seminary near, and graduated at the age of twenty-one; graduated and turned his face to the East, while his father made one more remove to Central Dakota, there to renew his struggle with landlords on the one hand, and relentless nature on the other.

In 1883, after two years of travel and teaching "in the States," Mr. Garland joined the great land-seeker's "boom" of '83, and returning to Dakota "held down a claim" in McPherson County. The boom collapsed, but the novelist reaped a rich harvest of material for stories, poems, and plays. In 1884, he returned to Boston, and entering the Public Library began to study the development of American literary ideals. He has written a volume of twenty lectures, which he calls "The Evolution of the American Mind." For the past seven years he has been a lecturer upon English and American literature, but fiction is absorbing more and more of his time and enthusiasm. He spends a month or two of each year in the West, in order to keep in close touch with its life.

B. O. FLOWER.

A NEW LIFE OF LINCOLN.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, a Biographical Sketch, by Chas. W. French, is one of the most charming and instructive lives of Lincoln that has yet appeared. Few people in this busy age have time to wade through the voluminous biography of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, excellent and exhaustive as is their work, while the greater number of the smaller books, purporting to be "lives" of the great emancipator are partial views of his character or histories of the wars rather than comprehensive pen pictures of the great man, whose figure grows more colossal as the years vanish. Mr. French has skilfully avoided the errors of his predecessors, and has given the busy reader a volume not too large to be enjoyed, and yet sufficiently elaborate to furnish a well-rounded life picture. The reader's interest never wanes. From cover to cover he holds the attention, while he instructs and gives a vivid picture of one of nature's noblest sons,—a life that is at once an inspiration and a glorious heritage.

B. O. FLOWER.

* "Abraham Lincoln," by Chas. W. French. Published by Funk & Wagnall, New York.

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTION.*

"Canada and the Canadian Question," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, is an incisive and very readable "presentation of a case and a problem." It briefly marks out the boundaries of the provinces, and sketches their political history leading up to the confederation, then gives a brief account of the confederation with its political sequel, and finally propounds the problem of Canada's political and social future. The book is admirably concise in method, often epigrammatic in the sweeping generalizations. The method is modern, moreover, in that it takes account of social forms and prejudices, of popular thought, in short, as well as of the political plans of the few so-called leaders of men. But the book as a whole is marred here and there by a personal bitterness toward the French, and by an implied distrust of popular government. If the French form a majority in any section of Canada or the United States, it is rather difficult to gainsay their right (from a democratic standpoint) to have their own religious laws and society. The individualist cuts the Gordian (or any other) knot by saying simply "Liberty."

The author is most interesting in dealing with the provinces and their social life. He notes the growth of city at the expense of country, and the apparent increase of the landless classes. He deals with the growth of individualism in the distaste of servant girls for their menial tasks, but of course sees no way out of it. He praises the British Canadians for their respect for law without seeing that respect for law may be superstition. He shows that Canada has part in every reform that is moving society in the United States, and in fact that Canada is but a bay of the great ocean — the American people.

On most counts the book is sound. It shows that by the physical configuration of the provinces they are more intimately connected with the United States than with each other, and gets in a blow at the McKinley bill. If the United States is not annexing Canada, it certainly is annexing Canadians. He says at one point, after showing how large is the emigration to New England and to the West, that farm-lands are depreciating in value by reason of this depopulation, and he rightly lays the depression to the forced separation of the Canadians from their natural market to the South. While he does not go about advocating "annexation," he advocates and defends "commercial union." His whole statement of the case is so clear, candid, and genuinely patriotic that it is hard to see how any very violent objection could be offered, and yet there is an unconscious anxiety not to be misunderstood, which shows the majority feeling in Canada to be one of unreasoning opposition to the measure. However, this union is inevitable and not to be long delayed.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

* Canada and the Canadian Question, by Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. McMillan & Co., New York.

THE SILVER QUESTION.*

The silver question is a puzzling one, and it cannot be said that Mr. S. D. Horton has treated it in a concise and lucid style. The book is badly put together and annoys one with its failure to get at the point at issue at once. Mr. Horton is evidently a man of ability and possessed of special information on the silver question, but his book will not materially aid in the solution of the present problem. When the currency question is really mastered, the statement will be lucid and to the point.

H. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN," by Chas. W. French. Cloth, pp. 398, price \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnall, New York.

"A TRAMP IN SOCIETY," by Robert H. Cowdrey. Cloth, pp. 290. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, Ill.

"PASSION FLOWERS AND THE CROSS," a novel, by Emma Howard Wright. Calendar Pub. Co., Baltimore, Md.

"DR. HELEN RAND," by Lois Wright, A. M., M. D. Paper, pp. 117, price 50c. The Physicians Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE PEOPLE'S CHRIST," by Rev. Louis Albert Banks. Cloth, pp. 200. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"THE NEW RELIGION, A GOSPEL OF LOVE," by E. W. Gray. Cloth, pp. 230, price \$1.50. Thorne Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

"CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTION," by Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. Cloth, McMillan & Co., N. Y.

"SILVER IN EUROPE," by S. Dana Horton. Cloth, McMillan & Co., N. Y.

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A NUN." Paper, pp. 338, price 50c. Jordan Bros., 211 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE RIGHT KNOCK," a story, by Nellie V. Anderson. Cloth, pp. 308, price \$1.25. New Era Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.

"TWELVE LESSONS IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE," by Emma Curtis Hopkins. Price 25c. per lesson, paper. Christian Science Pub. Co., Chicago.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE," VOL. I. Cloth, pp. 365. Christian Science Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.

"THE ELIXIR OF LIFE," an allegory. Paper, pp. 124, price 50c. Christian Science Pub. Co., Chicago.

"LIFE IS WORTH LIVING." Paper, pp. 44, fourth edition, price 25c.

"ST. SOLIFER," by James V. Blake, published by Chas. H. Kerr, Chicago, Ill. Paper, pp. 180, price 50c.

"THE NEW LIFE," by Morrison I. Swift, Ashtabula, Ohio. Cloth, pp. 126. Published by the author.

"WHY SHE BECAME A SPIRITUALIST," by Abby A. Jackson. Cloth, pp. 264. Published by Alfred Roper, Minneapolis, Minn.

"WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE," by Grant Allen. Paper, pp. 238, price 50c. Published by Benj. R. Tucker, Boston, Mass.

"GLENCOONOGUE," a novel, by Richard B. Sheridan Knowles. Cloth, pp. 368. Published by Jno. Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

"PIZARRO AND JOHN SHERMAN," by Mrs. Marion Todd. Paper, pp. 168, price 25c. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.

* "Silver in Europe," by S. Dana Horton. McMillan & Co., N. Y.

I DO NOT REMEMBER HAVING EVER SEEN MORE THAN TWO PAPERS BY WOMEN IN ANY SINGLE ISSUE OF A LEADING REVIEW, save where a symposium on some special topic appeared. THE ARENA this month publishes papers from brilliant women of America, England, and France on the widest possible variety of topics, showing the splendid sweep and broad range of feminine thought at the present day.

I. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, one of the noblest figures in active life, writes thoughtfully on one of the most important problems that presses upon the intelligent mind to-day.

II. MADAME BLAZE DE BURY, the brilliant French essayist, so well known in the salons of Paris, where the profoundest problems of a political or social nature are discussed, the intimate friend of President Carnot and his family, writes upon "The Unity of Germany," showing a mind thoroughly abreast with the best thought of our times.

III. AMELIA B. EDWARDS, the world-famed Egyptologist and novelist, represents English thought, and in her charming paper on "My Home Life" gives one of those delightful papers, so interesting yet so rare, in which the popular character takes the public into his or her confidence, raises the veil, and gives those who have long admired from afar a glimpse of home life and daily habits.

IV. PROF. MARY L. DICKINSON, who for some time has filled the chair of *Belles-lettres* in the Denver University, and is at present only temporarily absent owing to her health, has long been prominent in educational and reformatory work. She represents educational thought in her excellent paper on "Individuality in Education."

V. HELEN CAMPBELL. Probably the most competent living woman to deal with problems affecting working women and children, is the earnest author of "Prisoners of Poverty." In her noteworthy paper on "Working Women of To-day" Mrs. Campbell speaks ably in behalf of her sisters who are toiling for their daily bread; her paper is an im-

portant contribution to the social literature of our times.

VI. DEALING ALSO WITH SOCIAL PROBLEMS, MRS. FLORENCE KELLEY WISCHNEWETZKY, the daughter of the late Congressman Kelley, of Pennsylvania, writes on "A Decade of Retrogression," drawing a sombre picture of the increase of police expenses, the relative decrease of money appropriated for education and the general moral lethargy in the Empire City of the New World.

VII. The field of psychic science is occupied in this number by SARA A. UNDERWOOD, who is scarcely less distinguished in the liberal world than her husband. It was under the brilliant editorial management of Mr. and Mrs. Underwood, that the "*Open Court*" exerted so marked an influence on thinking minds. As, however, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood have been so long known as leading materialistic thinkers, this paper will be of peculiar interest to the reading public.

VIII. Fiction is represented in the pleasing, semi-historical story by Miss WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, "Old Hickory's Ball." In order to have the historical details absolutely correct, Miss Dromgoole made a pilgrimage to the Hermitage, and spent some days collecting data and facts. The latitude permitted at informal gatherings and seasons of jollification in the Southwest in the early days may impress some as being peculiar, especially those who do not understand the relationship that existed between the faithful servants and their often over-indulgent masters at the date of this story. Miss Dromgoole is one of the brightest young authors of the South.

It will be seen that *political, social, economic, ethical, educational, scientific, and literary* topics are ably presented by a brilliant coterie of New and Old World women. What pious wrath and holy horror such an array of sound and earnest thought coming from women would have awakened in the souls of the average reader a few generations ago, when woman was so generally con-

sidered man's inferior, and when the wisdom of the admonitions of Paul was received without question. The world is growing broader and better.

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THIS MONTH WE OPEN A DEPARTMENT FOR THE CRITICAL REVIEW OF LEADING "BOOKS OF THE DAY." As will be seen, it is no part of the regular one hundred and twenty-eight pages of *THE ARENA*, but is given our readers in addition to what they have subscribed for, as it is our determination to make *THE ARENA* a library in itself, so complete and invaluable as to be absolutely indispensable to all thoughtful persons who are in touch with the weighty problems of the hour. In our Book Review Department each month two or more works will be carefully reviewed by competent critics, among whom we mention Mr. Hamlin Garland, Rev. Howard MacQueary, Prof. Jos. Rodas Buchanan, and the editor. In our next number Mr. Garland will review "A Plea for Liberty," one of the most noteworthy volumes of the day, recently issued by D. Appleton & Co. Alfred Russel Wallace's latest work on "Natural Selection" will also be reviewed by Mr. Garland. Rev. Howard MacQueary will contribute a careful criticism of Dr. Cone's new work on "Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity."

It is our determination to make this supplementary department of great interest and value to our readers. In the future, as in the past, no money or labor will be spared in our efforts to make *THE ARENA* the best and in every way most indispensable review published.

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I AM in perfect accord with Mr. Chambers' views, as set forth in "The Chivalry of the Press," which appeared in the June *ARENA*. My experience has convinced me that not only do the editors of the day represent the greatest educational force, but as a rule are noble, generous, and fair-minded men and women. There are, however, some pitiful exceptions to this rule; some pirates on the high seas of journalism, who discredit their noble profession and by their works tend to undermine the confidence of the people in the veracity of the press. Probably the

most notable example of this character that has appeared in recent years was recently witnessed in Detroit, in the office of the *Sun* of that city. In this newspaper was published under bold headlines—SOCIAL EXILES—SOME PITIFUL SCENES OF POVERTY IN THE STREETS OF DETROIT—ACTUAL FINDING OF THE *SUN*'S REPRESENTATIVE AND ARTIST;—two full columns, every word of which,—barring the heading and perhaps eighteen or twenty lines where local application was made to Detroit,—was taken bodily from my article on "Society's Exiles," published in the June *ARENA*. The writer even went so far as to have some wretched cuts made from our illustrations. Of course no mention was made directly or indirectly to *THE ARENA*, for this was intended as something more than mere appropriation. It was a deliberate attempt on the part of the management of the newspaper to impose on its constituency in a most flagrantly false manner. Not only did they injure *THE ARENA* by appropriating our property without credit, but they perpetrated a fraud on their own patrons by describing as actual scenes in Detroit which so far as locality was concerned were absolutely false. Michigan readers of *THE ARENA* were naturally indignant to find their State thus disgraced, and copies of the paper were forwarded me. One subscriber wrote: "I enjoyed reading your paper in the June *ARENA* yesterday. Imagine my surprise and indignation on seeing in the *Sun* of to-day, the enclosed shameless steal from your article!"

I at once wrote to the *Sun* and received the following astounding confession of guilt from the management:

"Our only plea is that of retaliation. It is a matter of weekly occurrence that articles originating in the *Sun* are copied bodily, by not only the smaller but the leading papers of the country, without giving us credit, appearing either as purporting to be despatches to the papers so publishing, or printed, as was that from *The Arena* in the *Sun*, so changed as to localize them. With this confession of faith, believe us, etc."

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A LETTER from the librarian of the St. Louis Mercantile Library claims that the library did not burn Miss Gardener's



novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" as published in the St. Louis weekly *Spectator*. The letter is peculiar in some respects, as, for instance, in the following quotation: "No objection could be made to your comments on the episode if it [*had been*] were true. So far from being burned or even suppressed, our copy of the novel [*has been in*] is in constant circulation." The words bracketed and in italics are scratched out of the letter after having been penned, for what motive I am at a loss to understand if the book was in circulation at the time when Cola Don's friends were informed that it had been burned. But I am glad to know that the book is *now* in constant circulation, as I believe it will do much good.

I HOPE to publish next month a very thoughtful paper by Kuma Oishi, A. M., on "Extrinsic Significance of Constitutional Government in Japan." Much has appeared in the reviews and magazines about Japan by European and American authors; this paper, however, possesses the merit of being a scholarly essay by a native Japanese, who, after leaving the Imperial University of Tokio, came to this country, where he graduated from Rutgers College and the University of New York, receiving from the latter institution the degree of A. M. An admirable photogravure of Kuma Oishi will accompany his paper.

I PURPOSELY refrained from noticing the extraordinary comments made by my friend, Rev. Francis Bellamy, in his interesting paper in the July ARENA, on the illustrations adduced by me in "Is Socialism Desirable?" because I preferred to have the reader form an absolutely unbiased opinion on the subject. I do, however, hope that all who have read Mr. Bellamy's paper will examine my illustrations and the bearing pointed out by me, side by side with what Mr. Bellamy seems to think I say, especially as they relate to the *religious and secular* press in the case of Mr. King; the case of Mrs. Post curing persons declared by regular physicians to be dying [which is not malpractice in any ordinary or for that matter any extraordinary sense],

and the case where the rural voters of Pennsylvania secured the enactment of a law which made a law-abiding citizen a law-breaker. All I desire is for my article to be read with Mr. Bellamy's.

If time permits, I will present in the September ARENA an illustrated paper on "Woman's Dress" considered from *ethical, æsthetic, hygienic, and common sense* points of view. This problem is one of great importance, affecting as it does most intimately the health and happiness, not of the present generation, but the countless lives that are to be born, and should challenge the serious consideration of thinking people. It will not be discussed from a conservative point of view.

THE author of the No-Name paper in the June ARENA is not, as two or three score of subscribers insist, Will Allen Dromgoole, nor yet is it Hamlin Garland. Only four persons guessed correctly, one from New York, one from Virginia, one from Jacksonville, Florida, and one from Michigan. The writer was Helen H. Gardener, the celebrated author of "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" I regret that in the July and August ARENAS it has been necessary to crowd out our No-Name papers, as well as several other papers that I had hoped to be able to give our readers in one of these numbers.

THE paper by R. B. Hassell on "The Independent Party and Money at Cost" is in my judgment by far the ablest sympathetic examination of the Farmers' Party and cheap money that has yet appeared. It should be carefully studied by both friends and foes of the new movement. It is careful, thoughtful, dignified, and very strong. Mr. Hassell is a scholarly gentleman, who has made a profound study of the problems he discusses, and has enjoyed special advantages for mastering his subject by a long residence in the West.

IN this issue of THE ARENA, C. Wood Davis presents a strong case for the governmental control of railways. The

cost alone of obtaining data for this paper was over \$125. It is without doubt the ablest presentation of the case from the side of those who believe in governmental control that has ever been made.

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REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE in this issue reviews Mr. Bellamy's paper on "The Tyranny of All the People," in an able manner. Mr. Savage is convincing as a reasoner, without being dull. The natural humor of his nature bubbles forth at intervals. All who are interested in the battle between centralization or paternalism on the one hand, and freedom and individualism on the other, should read this paper. Mr. Edward Bellamy continues to insist that I am "a nationalist, but do not know it;" all I can say is that I most heartily and cordially endorse Mr. Savage's position; and if that endorsement entitles me to fellowship among nationalists, it will be to me an agreeable surprise. I have always felt a profound respect for the leaders of the nationalistic movement, and I believe the agitation they have inaugurated will be helpful, yet I believe the triumph of military socialism would mean the establishment of an unbearable tyranny.

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WE shall publish in an early issue of THE ARENA a paper on "HEALING THROUGH THE MIND," by *Henry Wood*, the scholarly author of "Natural Law in the Business World," "Edward Burton," etc. Mr. Wood treats the subject of mind and its influence over matter in a manner which will command the attention of all thoughtful people. It is the ablest presentation of this great subject I have ever read. The treatment is broad, comprehensive, and impartial. Mr. Wood asks for *new thought*, what I have from the first insisted upon as the first requisite to progress, namely: the same intelligent and thoughtful consideration as that accorded old ideas. This the readers of THE ARENA will be ready to give, for they are men and women who think broadly and who realize the fact that as yet we are only in the ante-room of wisdom's temple.

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THE well-known author and essayist, Moneure D. Conway, has written a re-

markable paper for THE ARENA, on Madame Blavatsky in India, which will be a feature of an early number.

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I REGRET that Professor Brentano's paper on "THE LOGIC OF PORT ROYAL AND MODERN SCIENCE" has been crowded out of this issue of THE ARENA. French thought, however, is ably represented by Madame de Bury in "The Unity of Germany," which is the third paper of our European series of papers. EMIL CASTELAR will shortly appear in a very brilliant essay belonging to this series.

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A LETTER FROM A NOBLE-MINDED WOMAN.

I HAVE just received the following letter from ELLA WILSON MARCHANT, so well known on the Pacific coast for her splendid work in reformatory and liberal fields. I give it to my readers because it fairly voices the thoughts expressed in hundreds of letters that are constantly being received, and which indicate the strong hold which the important subject of marital purity has already taken upon the minds of thoughtful American women.

"This morning after reading your fine editorial in the May number, I can no longer refrain from carrying out a purpose which I formed when I first began to read your magazine, of writing to tell you how delighted I am to find that such a review as THE ARENA is being published. I first saw it only about two weeks ago, when a neighbor placed some back numbers in my hands. It seems to me *it goes right to the root of things*. Figuratively, I give you my hand, as you have my sincerest sympathy along the lines that you have been following in your work—the alleviation of the world's sufferings, an earnest inquiry into the causes thereof, and a fearless discussion of ways and means. My heart leaped out to you while reading the first one of your editorials that I chanced to take up, the one in which you denounced the 'age of consent' laws. This morning, while reading your May editorial, I almost sprang to my feet in glad surprise to suddenly and most unexpectedly find that what has for some time been a burning question with me, at present almost shut up within my own heart, but which I have been intending to bring out before the world, has already found pioneer champions. *I speak of marital purity!*

"But its promulgator has been arrested for doing what I verily believe

the world needs to-day more than any one thing beside, to be taught to begin at the very Genesis of all reform. God bless Mr. Caldwell for daring to lift his voice against the greatest crime of the age! Not only against the victims of to-day, but against posterity! And God bless you, too, Mr. Flower, for daring to second him, even though he be in bonds for the truth's sake!

"You say 'The prime cause of our social evils is lack of character,' and that lack begins, I say, right at the foundation of generation, and is very largely, to say the least, the result of marital impurity. Let every man respect the person of every woman; let every woman respect her own person, and be granted the right to herself [which women never have had], and the world will receive a mighty impetus toward universal reformation. We are cursed to-day with the accumulated curse of ages of lustful sexuality, and this is why there exists a condition of things which makes Helen Gardener's 'Is This Your Son, My Lord?' a timely book. To use my own words in a recently published article, 'Do not let us take refuge behind this fact, and make it a scapegoat for all our sins and deficiencies, but rather consider what a great responsibility rests upon us, not only toward the present generation, but particularly toward posterity. Our personal influence helps to make or mar this generation, and it will help to make or mar the next generation and many that are yet to come. What kind of influences shall we mingle with the waters of the stream of time, to either vitiate or heal coming generations? Let us be the turn in the siphon that propels the stream upward, rather than the inclination that gives but added impetus to the downward tendency.

"I consider it a good sign that so many are becoming interested in reformatory questions. May you prosper in your good work, until there shall be such an awakening throughout the length and breadth of the land that the golden age sung of and prayed for in the following poem by one of our new dispensation poets [Abraham Perry Miller] shall hasten the 'slow-wheeled years' with accelerating speed."

"Roll on, O slow-wheeled years, and bring the day
When men shall gather wealth to give away;
And spring to help when tempted nature falls,
As when a builder drops from city walls;
When to do good alone men shall be bold,
And seek out suffering as they seek for gold;
When Christian women shall not wipe their feet
Upon their fallen sisters in the street;
And calumny shall be a crime unknown,
And each shall make his neighbor's wrong his own.

"Begone! O hate, and wrong, and war, begone!
Roll on this way, O Golden Age! I roll on!
When men and angels face to face shall talk,
And earth and heaven arm in arm shall walk,
When love shall reign, and over sea and shore
The peace of God shall rest forevermore!"

I DESIRE to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," found in THE ARENA Book Department advertisement. This book is one of the few really great religious works of the present generation. It should be found in the library of all persons who value the best, broadest, and noblest Christian thought. We have only a few of the half seal copies, and can only fill orders so long as they last; so all money sent will be subject to return if our present supply is exhausted when the order is received. The half seal edition is very handsome and especially suited for libraries. The back is full seal, the sides dark seal-brown cloth. Price, until present supply is exhausted, \$1.00 postpaid.

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR.

Critical Literary Opinions on Hamlin Garland's "Main-Travelled Roads."

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND's new volume of short stories, "Main-Travelled Roads," is calling forth strong words of praise from the ablest critics of the new world. In the course of a two-column review of this work in the Boston *Herald*, Louise Chandler Moulton says:—

"Hamlin Garland's splendid qualities—his sympathy with humanity, his perception of the subtlest meaning of nature, his power to bring his people before you as if you had grown up in their doorways—these are his own.

"Mary E. Wilkins has given us the pathos of humblest New England; Charles Egbert Craddock has made known to us the secrets of the Tennessee Mountains; Rudyard Kipling has carried us to India; and now, at last, here is the story-teller of farm life in those western prairies, among which Hamlin Garland grew up, to which he goes back, now and again, with the child's heart, the man's insight.

"Main-Travelled Roads" is a bold departure from the highway of ordinary fiction; like Henrik Ibsen, Hamlin Garland tells his story as he sees it, and impartial as faith, offers no hint as to the puzzle thus presented. He has the supreme art not to pronounce sentence on the men and women he has created. *I do not think Ibsen has written anything stronger, and he has seldom written anything so human or possible.* . . . 'Main-Travelled Roads' is a book you cannot afford to pass by."

Of the stories in "Main-Travelled Roads," the *New York World* says:—

"They are worth a good many economical treatises for readers who desire to have some knowledge of the thoughts, aspirations, and purposes of the American people. He is perfectly aware 'that the struggle for a place to stand on this planet is eating the heart and soul out of men and women in the city, just as in the country,' but he makes the struggle to live by the soil clearer than any writer of American fiction has done before him, and in so doing has contributed to the elucidation of a good many things which comfortable people find puzzling in the social and political evolution of the West."

America, the ablest literary, political and critical review of Chicago, says of Mr. Garland's book:—

"For power, truth, and pathos it would be difficult to find six stories by another American author which would bear comparison with these."

The *Boston Beacon* declares that:—

"One has only to read a page or even a paragraph of the essays in fiction put forth by Professor Hamlin Garland to discover that he is to be classed at once with the most uncompromising of contemporary realists.

"Main-Travelled Roads' to a certain extent break new ground — at least they come closer to the actualities of the western farmer's ideas and aspirations, few and hard enjoyments backed by a martyrdom of worse than unprofitable toil, than any other literature of anything the same merit. The ethical purpose of the narratives is not unduly insisted upon, but it is clearly discernible. No one with a particle of capacity for recognizing the truth with regard to human existence in its humbler phases can fail to comprehend something of the infinite tragedy of these lives which the world loves to call 'peaceful and pastoral.'"

Says the *Chicago Tribune*, in reviewing "Main-Travelled Roads":—

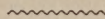
"Hamlin Garland holds the pen in a strong hand. Son of a poor Northwestern farmer, Union volunteer, and thoughtful, able, philosophical man, he inherits his father's plain common-sense strength, and has by his own efforts added to it education and through the combination has achieved a literary success pronounced and well earned. His

stories of homely farm life have attracted notice by their Tolstolian boldness, plain speaking, and accurate observation.

"His pictures and incidents of toil, and grime, and discontent are surely wonderfully touching and suggestive. . . .

"Mr. Garland's occasional flashes of humor are so delightful that one regrets that they are so rare. 'Mrs. Ripley's Trip' is unexcelled, in its way, by anything in our home-grown literature of homely things. Smiles and tears contend for dominion as one reads of the blessed old woman, her long-suffering old man, and her ingenuous grandson."

It is not surprising, however, that our best thinkers and ablest critics, who represent living thought have been quick to recognize the remarkable power of this unique volume of stories. They display something very rare at the present time, viz.: positive genius, and they will appeal with irresistible force to men and women of conviction. Every reader of *THE ARENA* should read "Main-Travelled Roads." Negotiations are now being made by a leading publishing house in London for the right to bring out this volume on the other side of the ocean. The English publishers having read one of Mr. Garland's stories published in a recent number of the *Century Magazine*, at once opened correspondence, looking toward publishing in England "a volume of short stories by this author."



THE growing popularity of *Herbert Spencer's* great works among thinking people, as is evinced by the constantly increasing sale, is most satisfactory to those who regard Mr. Spencer as the foremost philosopher of the century, the prophet of the coming civilization. Elsewhere in this issue we advertise a volume of Spencer, containing many of his best writings, which we will sell at \$1.00 a copy until the limited number of copies which we have is exhausted. It is a rare opportunity to secure the "Data of Ethics" and other writings at a mere nominal figure. We cannot, however, promise to fill any orders when the few copies we have on hand are exhausted.

OUR FUND FOR RELIEVING DESTITUTION AMONG THE DESERVING POOR.

LAST month we gave a detailed account of expenditures for the poor fund up to June 1st. In the October ARENA we will give our second quarterly itemized statement, carrying the expenditures up to September 1st. In this manner all friends who feel moved to help those who have fallen under the wheel, and who cannot give their personal attention to the matter, may see exactly how every cent is spent. It may be of interest to our readers to know that \$75 has been spent for ice for a large, public, cold water fountain, situated at a point easy of access by the most wretched dwellers in the West End. This fountain was erected a year ago. At stated intervals several tons of ice are packed in a large receiving vault, around and through which thousands of feet of water-pipe pass. Thus the water is cooled, and for the first time in the history of Boston the sick among the very poor have been able during the torrid nights to enjoy anything other than the hot water in the city water-pipes. This fountain last summer proved a wonderful boon to the fever-parched bodies of hundreds of poor invalids, as it did to a still larger number of poor factory girls and others who have suffered in hot, close quarters during June, July, and August. It has also in numbers of instances saved men from patronizing the saloons, who otherwise would have done so to quench their thirst. A few facts concerning this health fountain may be of interest. One day last summer, one of the earnest men engaged in the work of the Bowdoin Square Tabernacle [which has the honor of having erected this fountain] noticed a small boy attaching a short hose to the fountain, the hose communicating with a wooden pipe. "What are you doing, Johnny?" asked the gentleman. "Do you intend to sell that water?" "Oh! no, sir, this is for the L—— girls; there are fifty of them cooped up in the factory, and they have had nothing to drink but the hot water in the pipes; but now they have each chipped in a cent and bought this bucket and hose so they can have some *good* water." An investigation proved that the lad spoke truly. More than half a hundred poor girls were working in small, stifling quarters. The cool water was to them a wonderful boon. Quite a number of men who after a hard day's work were in the habit of taking one or more glasses of beer in neighboring saloons, regularly patronized the free, cool fountain, much to the disgust of the saloon-keepers, who found their revenues considerably lessened. One night my friend of the Tabernacle noticed a ragged little urchin filling several old cans with water. "You cannot drink all that water," he said, "what are you going to do with it?" "I'm gittin' it fur the ole woman." "Who do you mean?" "My mother; she used to strike the beer every night until she found out about this wonderful *spring*, and now she does without the beer and aint so cross." How much that little dialogue [the truth of which was subsequently verified] told of the wonderful possibility of environment and opportunity. If only an equal opportunity could be enjoyed by this vast multitude of society's outcasts, how great would be the diminution in *intemperance, crime, and moral degradation*. *We must do something more positive in the way of relieving the great misery, and lessening the degradation of this army who suffer so much and have so little; more in the way of palliation, while the still grander reforms which strike at the root of the evils are being moved forward.* MODEL APARTMENT HOUSES, CLEAN, INVITING COFFEE AND LUNCH HOUSES, PUBLIC READING ROOMS, PUBLIC COLD WATER FOUNTAINS, and other moves of similar character should be established without delay. They will help rather than retard the general progress, for they will enlist a deeper interest on the part of the people, and the very agitation and publicity of these moves will educate the masses in the right direction. I am delighted to see the general interest which the paper on "Society's Exiles" has aroused throughout the land. Numbers of letters have poured into my sanctum from every quarter, and the press both secular and religious have in numbers of instances published long editorials on it. I have only space for extracts from those which have appeared in the *Boston Daily Globe*, the *Washington Daily Post*, and *Zion's Herald* of this city. The *Daily Globe* says:—

TENEMENT LIFE IN BOSTON.

In the last number of THE ARENA Editor Flower has an article on tenement life in Boston, in which he describes the unspeakable misery, poverty, and degradation of the denizens of our local slums. Savages and barbarians are never the victims of such torturing hardship and deprivation as are some of the more unfortunate residents of the most civilized city of the most civilized land on earth. The Bushman or the Soudanese is never called upon to undergo such sufferings as do some of the tenement dwellers of Boston. In savage countries there is one uniform level of barbarism, and no one rises much above or falls much below the line of general average.

But civilization, it would seem, is growing more and more to represent extremes of undreamed-of luxury and of unspeakable poverty. Those women of Boston who make pantaloons for twelve cents a pair and support a sick husband and a family of children are crushed and loaded beasts of burden when compared with an Indian squaw. They are the merest machines and in every sense of the term their life is an absolute failure, from which death would be an infinite relief.

These people of course are social outcasts—as much so as the Pariahs of India—notwithstanding the fact that they live in a land which holds the truth to be self-evident that "all men are created equal," the corner-stone of whose religion is the Golden Rule.

A man can never be well as long as there is a cancer in his vitals, and a civilization cannot be healthy with this putrid sore upon its body. The tenement house disease must be treated before it becomes too chronic for cure. Mr. Flower recommends the building of large and spacious tenements like the Victoria Square apartment house at Liverpool, England, where the rents are \$1.44 a week for three rooms, which net a profit of 4½ per cent. on the amount invested. The building, as Mr. Flower describes it, is a palatial structure built around a hollow square, the major part of which is utilized

as a large shrub-encircled playground for the children. The halls and stairways of the building are broad, light, and airy; the ventilation and sanitary arrangements perfect. The apartments are divided into one, two and three rooms each. No room is smaller than 13x8 feet 6 inches; most of them are 12x13 feet 4 inches. All the ceilings are nine feet high. A superintendent looks after the building. The tenants are expected to be orderly and to keep their apartments clean.

Such a palatial tenement structure as this might not pay in Boston, but something of this sort should be constructed whether it pays or not. The slums of Boston are an indirect expense to the city which cannot be estimated. Any method for abolishing, or partially abolishing, the slums will be cheap, however much it costs.

From the *Washington Daily Post* :—

THE EXILES OF SOCIETY.

When in the city of Boston, a centre of wealth, intelligence, refinement, and humanity, whose most worthy boast has been its freedom from degrading and vicious poverty, when it has come to pass that in this city destitution and want have grown so frightful and clamorous as to excite the dismay of the most hopeful, we have certainly reached a period when the problems of uninvited and forced poverty must receive a far more serious attention than they have yet been accorded.

In *The Arena*, of Boston, for June, the editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, details a personal study of destitution in that city. His graphic story of a literal descent into the slums of Boston, and his experience of the social conditions prevailing in that wealthy and cultured city, will not fail to gain widespread attention and arouse far-reaching thought.

The study made by Mr. Flower was purposely confined to what he terms uninvited poverty, that is to say poverty decreed not of vice, crime, and debauchery, but of a vicious industrial system. It is a sorrowful story, a tale of helpless, hopeless, unrequited toil and suffering, work and want, sickness, degradation, and death. Nothing in the worst of the old world surpasses it. The slaves of the South were immeasurably better off than these. Starvation, misery, and vice is the trinity that rules here; over the heads of the poor hangs a dread pall of eviction, sickness, and failure to obtain work; day is not,—only mental, moral, and physical night.

Before the dreary picture the mind recoils; the senses revolt. And when we remember that these are the victims, not of drunkenness and debauchery, not of vice and crime, but of a social system that hurries countless thousands annually to worse than living deaths, something of the moment, something of the terrible injustice of these conditions becomes apparent.

The multiplied causes operating to produce this distressing disorder are recited at length in Mr. Flower's article; the mania for speculation, the glamour of city life, class laws and private grants, massing wealth in the hands of the few, and the power this wealth gives over the less fortunate. These are but minor causes, aggravants as it were. The appropriation of the fruits of the labor-saving machinery to the service of the few, so that the burdens of the working people, so far from being lightened, as they should have been, are augmented—this is a chief evil. But greater than all has been this swirling flood of immigration from the poverty centres of Europe, which, destroying its own, has likewise swept down with it the wages, the fortunes, and the well-being of American working people.

The result is seen in miners working at forty cents per day in Pennsylvania, and helpless women and children toiling in underground tenements in the cities making pants at twelve cents per pair, flannel shirts at forty-five cents a dozen, knee pants at seventy-five cents a dozen, and neckties at twenty-five cents.

Is it from this, as a ground work, that we hope to build a great and enduring civilization in America? Says Mr. Flower:—

"From the midst of this commonwealth [common poverty] of degradation there goes forth a moral contagion, scourging society in all its ramifications. The slums of our great cities are reservoirs of physical and moral death, an enormous expense to the State, a constant menace to society, the hotbeds of revolution and destruction."

The American people cannot remain inactive and indifferent before this growing menace. The annual expenditure for charities is enormous. Yet, great as it is, it is utterly inadequate. While we trifle with results half a million people are added annually to our population by immigration, eighty to ninety per cent. of whom go to swell the great army of unskilled labor, enormously augmenting the supply and inevitably decreasing the wage. From whence springs this large share of uninvited and forced poverty which, swelling the still larger population of the vicious, diseased, and depraved, make up the great army of the exiles of society?

The larger evil is apparent; its fruits grow and multiply. Will we attempt no check? Palliation of the evils is good, humane, but to attempt, through public and private charities, to effect a cure while the source of the evil is untouched is as idle as would be the attempt to dam the Mississippi River at its flood.

From the *Zion's Herald*, Boston :—

How the heart is stirred with unutterable pity as one turns the pages of Editor Flower's description of "Society's Exiles" in the June *ARENA*; the ten flash-light photographs giving a still darker shading to the sombre pen-picture he draws of Boston's poor—the deserving poor, whom neither drink nor vice has brought to such sore straits, but who are battling with life at heavy odds, and striving on starvation pay to keep the wretched underground or attic room over their heads, a few dirty rags on their thin bodies, and morsels of coarse food in their hungry stomachs. Think of a baby two and a half years old taught to overcast the seams of the pantaloons which the mother is compelled to make at twelve cents a pair! This child is now four years old, and can overcast the seams of three or four pairs a day. One woman was seen finishing off an enormous pair of custom-made trousers for which the generous (?) firm informed their "white slave" they would pay an *extra cent*, on account of the size. "Thirteen cents," exclaims Mr. Flower, in righteous indignation, "for fine custom-made pants, manufactured for a wealthy firm, which repeatedly asserts that its clothing is not made in tenement houses!" But look for yourself, my readers, through Mr. Flower's watchful eyes at these North End slums, and learn *how* the "other half" in Boston exists.

Of the many letters that have been received from all parts of the country since the appearance of "Society's Exiles" many of them have contained money for our fund. From the latter class we make the following extracts:—

ELIZABETH ASKEW, Tampa, Fla.:—Permit me to offer my tribute of thanks and appreciation of the noble work you are doing. Since reading the terrible facts of life to-day in the great cities, as presented by *THE ARENA*, I have been keenly impressed with the conviction that it is the duty of every one to carefully economize personal expenses in order to have something with which to help to alleviate the misery of others. I send herewith a check for five dollars and by express to-day

a package containing three pairs of shoes for the Arena Relief Fund. I wish it were more, but I hope to be able to continue to help. The world owes you a debt of gratitude, and allow me again to thank you in the name of woman and all poor oppressed humanity.

A FRIEND, Philadelphia, Pa.:—I trust your description of "Society's Exiles," and the manner in which they live, has affected many others as much as it has me. Enclosed please find \$25, which is all I can spare now. Unless my particular patient, the paralytic and his family, are fully provided for, I would thank you to let the whole of this money go to him. I think his poor wife needs help as much as he does now.

JOHN R. CAREY, Ohio Iron Co., Zanesville, Ohio:—Enclosed find New York draft to your order, No. 245704, for \$10, which please place to the Arena Relief Fund as a contribution from John R. Carey, \$5, F. S. Carey, \$5.

MARY H. JOHNSON, Louisville, Ky.:—Enclosed please find draft for \$5 to be applied to the fund for the relief of the deserving poor.

A FRIEND, San Francisco, Cal.:—Accept this \$5 for the fund from one whose heart beats with sympathy for all that are oppressed. Let me add that I honor the man that dares speak the truth so royally through the editorial pages of his magazine; who speaks it for the purpose of awakening and uplifting. The weary and unfortunate need not wholly despair when such brave souls are coming to the rescue.

TWO LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. JAS. A. HERNE.

From little JULIE HERNE, Ashmont, Mass.:—Some of this money that I send to you I earned. I'm very sorry about the North End people, and I cheerfully send it to you for them. As soon as I get some more I'll send it. P. S. Dorothy sends ten cents.

From little DOROTHY HERNE, Ashmont, Mass.:—I send the money to you for the North End. I know it is very hard working on pants for the poor little North End children. I like to send money to these poor children, and I know you will enjoy it too. Send it to the North End; they can buy some loaves of bread with it. Poor North End! I am coming to see you some day.

In connection with little Dorothy's letter, the following note, received a few days after I received her note, from my friend, the Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, of the North End Bethel, will be interesting:—

Copy of note received yesterday from the widow of an American sailor, left with three little children; she is industrious, sober, and tidy.

[COPY.]

Will you give me an order for a loaf of bread, as the children have not had anything to eat to-day, and I have been sick with the grippe. I have not been able to earn anything for two weeks; if you have anything, please send it, and much oblige,
MRS. B.

On investigation I found things worse than represented and of course gave help at once. She has an order for a loaf of bread daily for one month, and a present supply of groceries.

W. J. S.

REUELL B. JONES, East Providence, R. I.—I enclose \$1 to add to charity fund. Your excellent paper in June number should be read by the favored or more fortunate millions of the human race. It *cannot* fail to touch their hearts. Shall send you more occasionally.

Amount previously acknowledged		\$434.75
Renell B. Jones, Providence, R. I.	\$1.00	
A friend, Philadelphia, Pa.	25.00	
A friend, San Francisco, Cal.	5.00	
Elizabeth Askew, Tampa, Fla.	5.00	
Julie and Dorothy Herne, Dorchester, Mass.	1.09	
Mary H. Johnson, Louisville, Ky.	5.00	
John F. Carey, Zanesville, Ohio	5.00	
S. F. Carey, Zanesville, Ohio	5.00	
Mrs. M. L. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.	20.00	
Mrs. R. T. Reed, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	20.00	
Gertrude Binley, Boston	1.00	
	\$93.09	
		93.09

Total contributed to June 25th \$527.84

I trust the readers of THE ARENA will keep these exiles of society in their minds. Let us one and all agitate and educate, and while doing so let us be liberal in donating from our store for these very needy ones. It is our duty to help. It is criminal to remain indifferent.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A PLEA FOR LIBERTY.*

In these days of apparent swift drift toward socialistic legislation it is particularly important that *A Plea for Liberty* be given due consideration. It is time the Individualists took their inning, not merely men with tendencies toward Individualism, but men who soar above questions of trade and polity to the overlooking of vast world tendencies. For my own part I welcome the most radical statements of the doctrine of "Let be," so great is the need of an off-set to the well-nigh omnipresent governmentalism of the day.

"*A Plea for Liberty*" is a volume of essays treating of various currently discussed topics of vital interest.

In general terms it may be said that these essays form a powerful body of destructive criticism of current socialistic legislation. On general principles I find myself in perfect sympathy with them. Leaving Mr. Spencer's essay for the last, I propose briefly to notice the attitude of the more important papers in detail.

Mr. Robertson makes his attack moderately and with great acuteness upon the "Impracticability of Socialism."

He begins by saying that social problems admit for the most part of only partial solution. Inequalities may be mitigated but cannot be wholly redressed. He takes Dr. Schäffle as representing socialism, and proceeds to show the impossibility of working out formulas. The socialist's complaint against existing things is *Inequality*. (In this connection he quotes Henry George among the socialists, which will be interesting to Mr. George and the socialists.) He quotes Dr. Schäffle thus: "Socialism is a state-regulated organization of national labor into a social labor system equipped out of collective capital: The State would collect, warehouse, and transport all products, and finally would distribute them to individuals in proportion to their registered amount of social labor and according to a valuation of commodities exactly corresponding to their average cost of production."

This admirable statement of the principle, scientific in its brevity and conciseness, may be taken to represent socialism anywhere. It ought to be conclusive of its impracticability without further argument. The mere thought of the United States government assuming to produce and distribute products is appalling. It might be done on a little island somewhere where all coming and going could be regulated, and where population was stationary. But—

**A Plea for Liberty*, with Introduction by Herbert Spencer, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Mr. Robertson takes a single example, that of dress, and instances the difficulty of governmentally regulating the production and use of that without making it compulsory and *uniform*. He acknowledges that this is a "detail," but notices how Dr. Schäffle and others slide over these details. "The socialist is bound to show how he is going to organize his collection and registration of statistics in every single department of his State-controlled producing agency." Then there is the question of distribution even more difficult than production. Values must be "equated" in a vast nation of two hundred millions of people, say fifty years hence in America, throughout all zones and altitudes, through days, differing in length, in temperature, from Florida to Alaska. No unit of labor could be determined upon. "The fact is," Mr. Robertson goes on, "socialists invariably think of *factory* labor when they are speculating about labor time." This labor can be timed, but other labor cannot, as literary labor, shipping, domestic service.

Mr. Robertson observes that socialists speak of the socialistic state as a *close* economic community. The world is to be excluded from the participation in its philanthropic atmosphere. He asks what socialism would do with obsolete machinery, say its capital of steam-engines, when motors came in, and whether they would welcome great inventions which would displace vast bodies of machinery, etc. He instances the opposition of English officials to the introduction of better lamps into light-houses and concludes in a generalization, "functionaries are under chronic temptation to keep standing in old paths," and there are no facts upon which to base a reasonable inference that the socialist officials would not have the same tendency. He suspects also that socialists would not shrink from prohibiting foreign immigration. The choice of vocation would be necessarily confined to those already established, and in this connection and the closely related question of controlling population, he says, "It is wonderful in how many instances modern socialism is compelled to hark back to the methods of mediæval despotism, civil and ecclesiastical."

But all his many objections and criticisms, destructive as they are, sink into nothingness compared to these closing words in which the world-tendency is voiced: "All history, moreover, is the record of the triumph of individualism over something which was virtually socialism or collectivism. In early days, and under archaic civilizations at this day, the note of social life is absence of freedom; but under every progressive civilization freedom has made decisive strides, broadened down from precedent to precedent."

This paragraph leads naturally to Mr. Donisthorpe's article on the "Limits of Liberty," which is a crisp and spirited article with a touch of sly humor here and there. As a student of Henry George, I deny that he is a socialist, and ask Mr. Donisthorpe to read some of the violent socialistic attacks upon Mr. George in proof. It may be further

remarked that Mr. George does not say a man is born with a natural right to an acre of land. He is content to rest upon the philosophy of evolution, which says a man is born into a social organism, with the same right to space that every other unit of the organism possesses, with equal right to the earth, the air, and the sea.

Mr. George believes that "absolute freedom from State interference is the goal toward which civilization is making," and that the methods he proposes are mere media to that end. Moreover, all of the gentlemen in this volume, aside from Mr. Spencer himself, could with vast profit study Mr. George as a model of logic and lucidity of style.

The important question asked by Mr. Donisthorpe is: "What are the limits of group-action in relation to its units?" His answer is: "There is no definite general principle. We must give up all hope of deducing good laws from high general principles, and rest content with middle principles. We must search for these middle principles by observing the tendency of civilization." Applying the test he finds that "there has been an increasing tendency to remove the restrictions placed by the State on the absolute liberty of the citizen." He then shows how rigidly socialistic or collective have been the laws of the past. How rigidly socialistic the laws of the savage tribes, of feudal States, of Egypt and Turkey, to-day. He instances the drastic supervision of the theologic government, chronicled in Moses, and quotes from model socialistic regulation of labor through centuries of English history.

He generalizes at length: "While the State tends to suppress violence, and fraud, and stealth, with ever-increasing severity, it is at the same time more and more tolerant, not from sympathy, but necessity, of the results, good, bad, and indifferent, of free contract between full-grown sane men and women."

This is unquestionably true, and is splendidly led up to, yet the most essential fact of the whole question is left out of sight. Along with this undoubted tendency, there has gone on a temporary condition of society which keeps free contract only a phrase, with little reality beneath it. How much of freedom is there in the contract which the English peasant makes as he rents his little plat of ground from the Duke of Argyle? How much of *free* contract is involved in the contract of an American miner, who works for eighty cents per day in the mines of Andrew Carnegie? These things cannot be shuffled aside in this way. Contract is freer than it was in the days of Henry the VII., but it is not free and never can be, so long as the superficial area of the earth is owned by a small class, no matter how cultured and philanthropic that class. Labor is not yet free and a free contract between a millionaire and a man is a mockery. "The Liberty of Labor," by Mr. Geo. Howell, treats of historic labor legislations, and notes present tendencies to push labor legislation beyond due bounds. He brings powerful argument against all special and socialistic legislation. He states the problem of increasing

wealth shared only by the few, but so far as his printed words go, has no conception of the rent question, which is the great disturbing cause in England to-day, and sure to be the issue of to-morrow. He ends with a plea for law and liberty, but he leaves liberty but a name by his avoidance of the great question of the ownership of the land of England.

Mr. Fairchild, dealing with Australian socialism, is equally blind or equally disingenuous. At one point, he says, "Where land is abundant and nature propitious, workmen make work for workmen," and does not see that there is no real lack of land and no over-population in England, that the *available* land is owned and held out of right use. Neither does he see that the Australian "Socialists" are justified in the fear that the same bitter struggle now waging in England is sure to come in Australia under the similar system of land ownership, which has already raised the cry of over-population! Mr. Fairchild does see the iniquity of land speculation, which he admits is the only business not seriously affected by labor struggles, but he does not see that the apparent failure of the "lease-hold system" was due to the inducement to gambling in land held out by the "freehold system." It is omissions and failures like this that vitiate his judgment, and full of facts and powerful statements as it is, his paper is unsatisfactory,—it ends in nothing.

Edmund Vincent, writing of discontent in the working classes, speaks of the "congestion of population," causing great rise in rents, but goes no deeper into this side of the question. Why did he evade the question, "Why does population congest?" Why did he not consider the effect of "rise of rents for the most dilapidated buildings" upon wages? He passed this, the greatest problem of to-day, as if it were a mere incident instead of an inexorable law.

His opposition to the principle of trades-unionism meets my earnest approval. It is a survival of the ancient labor system, and is kept alive by the increasing need of the laborer for a job. Mr. Vincent says, "There was too little work and too many men." Why? Why was this trade (the docks) *so* filled to overflowing? Was it the only trade where men outnumbered the jobs? Mr. Vincent should look away to the soil of England for answer to these questions. He will find that work is scant, population congested, labor uneasy and desperate because a few men sit at the gates of opportunity in England and levy upon every laboring man and every merchant and producer a yearly rent of hundreds of millions of dollars per annum. Will he tell us what economic function a mere landlord fulfils to-day? He should open his eyes to the fact that if two hundred landlords should emigrate, England would not be over-populated.

A capital point which Mr. Vincent does make is that when people are really *brought into contact* with socialistic legislation they rebel. But on the other hand he is woefully wrong when he infers that a "diminu-

tion of the hours of labor, means a diminution of the earnings of labor." This does not follow. Invention not only comes in here to increase production, but juster distribution will make, if possible, for a shorter day, to bring a constantly increasing share of the product. His whole argument is rendered comparatively worthless by leaving the question of the lion out of the sharing. He constantly writes as if it were a struggle between two parties, Labor and Capital, the demand of the owner of the earth for the first and larger share, he seemingly loses all sight of.

Mr. Mackay, writing of investment, recognizes the difficulty of definitely describing property. He realizes that property in anything is based upon the mutual forbearance of the social units. When they refused to sanction property in slaves, slavery was out-lawed. So he recognizes that private property in land may at some time become unjust; that it is now the great source of unearned wealth he does not care to acknowledge, or at least he conceals his opinion under the attack upon various monopolies in which he has abundant support.

In speaking of the railway, he recognizes that its power lies in its special grant of right of way. So of the telephones and telegraph lines, and yet he does not see that government ownership of each of these *privileges*, in some form, is absolutely necessary to individual freedom and equality of opportunity. He says free competition would settle the railway question. Very well, let him refer to Mr. Spencer's words, that the iron road is a higher evolution of the dirt road, and should be as free to all under proper surveillance. "Given a fair field and no favor, an oppressive monopoly would not last a week," Mr. Mackay concludes. True, but the "favor" is invariably a grant of land — a privilege granted a few men, and therefore an infringement of individual liberty. Taken as a whole, Mr. Mackay's paper is disappointing, inconclusive, and based upon an unqualified impossibility. It is as impossible for *labor in general* to better its condition by "investment," that is by economy and speculation, as it is for a man to lift himself by his bootstraps, or for all the entries to win at a race.

I have no space to speak of Mr. Miller's article on the post-office, interesting as it is. I can only say that he destroys its value as a model argument for socialism. I pass at once to Mr. Auberon Herbert, whose true line of deliverance I'm afraid will not arouse any great hope in the minds of its readers. He indicates broadly the road which is toward free association and the abrogation of privileges, but as for any definite immediate work to which to set our hands, he is very vague. He calmly overlooks the question of rent, and supposes the employer and laborer dividing according to a ratio of 3 to 7, as if the land-owner did not come in for his share first, the fact that the employer is at the same time land-owner and employer making no difference. Rent is always present. Leaving out of the question the land, it is of small value to tell the laboring man "restriction is bad; what we want is freedom." He will

never abandon his views till he understands what it is that is pushing him to the wall. From the freedom which these men preach, a freedom which leaves the land of a nation in the hands of a constantly narrowing group of millionaire proprietors, no one can be blamed for turning to socialism. Such freedom is a mockery.

The book disappoints me. I expected much of it, and I really got but little. The day has gone by, at least in America, for any such half-way statement of principles. It places us at a disadvantage with our socialistic brethren, who have the courage of their convictions. As an individualist, I believe in definite, concrete propositions, such as the single-tax individualists of America, Australia, and England are offering to the workman.

We have the guiding principle magnificently set forth by Mr. Spencer in the introductory essay which designedly treats of the very broadest aspect of the whole question. It was not expected that any detailed facts should be treated by Mr. Spencer, but in these essayists, in their treatment of specific measures and conditions, there should have been some words on the land question. I don't mean to say that they should have treated of it as Mr. Henry George would have done, but we had the right to expect the land to be recognized as a factor. It savors of shiftiness and cowardice or a blindness that invalidates their argument, when the prime factor of all production, the most fundamental cause of disturbance is left out. What sort of individualism is it that calmly assumes the right of a few Scottish and English nobles to depopulate the crofts of Scotland and turn them into shooting grounds? What kind of individualism is it that ignores the monstrous wrong involved in three dukes owning vast areas of London, and receiving in rentals millions of pounds for no service rendered, while the docks swarm with the "congested population" of England, crazy to earn a sixpence? If these gentlemen expect to check socialism, they must meet these problems on a higher plane, or their writings will not be read, much less followed. I must admit, even though deeply in sympathy with them in their general attitude, that these gentlemen have failed to make the desired impression.

I do not find that the claims of the socialists are fairly set forth. The argument against the socialistic *tendency* is sufficiently strong, we do not need to assault a supposed ultimate condition.

I am content to rest on Mr. Spencer's own generalization that the sweep of civilization is toward the abolition of private property in nature, in land, air, water, and that while the sphere of governmental action is narrowing, it is intensifying. It will confine itself more and more to the policeing function and will ultimately exist merely to preserve the liberty of the individual, whose sphere of action will be self-determined so long as he does not infringe upon the equal liberties of his fellow-men. We believe with this great philosopher, the greatest in my mind that lives, that mitigation is to come along present lines of

development, that metamorphosis is the great law of nature, that the attempt to set up an artificial arrangement will fail; but we recognize that contract is not yet free, and that landlordism is simply a survival of the superstition of divine right, and of feudalism which must pass away.

"There will, I hope and believe, come a future social state differing as much from the present as the present differs from the past with its mailed barons and defenceless serfs," says Mr. Spencer.

I believe with him also that it is impossible to establish forthwith a satisfactory social state. I admit that there does not exist enough "sentiment of justice, which at once insists on personal freedom and is solicitous for a like freedom of others," to warrant us in expecting an immediate millennium; but I believe in another of Mr. Spencer's great statements, that progress goes on at a constantly accelerating pace, resulting from integration and self-cognizance of social masses, and I confidently look for rapid advance along lines leading to absolute liberty. I am content to rest my whole case as a single-tax individualist upon Mr. Spencer's statement of social evolution, and to work for the abolition of private *property* in land, believing in that way I can further the freedom of contract of labor, add to the security and wider distribution of private *possession* of land, and turn our nation of tenement-houses and mortgaged farms into a nation of free men and of private homes.

I confess I rise from the "Plea for Liberty" with sorrow and bitterness, so depressing is its melange of destructive criticism, so unsympathetic its tone, so manifest its delicacy in avoiding criticism of ruling classes. It shows me that the English laborer must blindly work his own way out, these men cannot reach him. I'm not at all sure that such writing will not confirm the trades-union man in his "close monopoly," hateful and selfish as it seems, and as for the socialist, such writing as this will not reach him.

In opposition to this formless plan, and in opposition to the excessively formal plan of the socialists and nationalists, single-tax individualism affords certain definite propositions leading to freedom and justice. It advocates free trade. It advocates the gradual abolition of all taxes on production, securing free production. It advocates the gradual shifting of taxes to land values irrespective of improvements. It will produce free land by levying as heavily on land held for speculation as land of equal value in use. It advocates practical free transportation by urging State control not of the carrying trade but of the road-bed, the use of which is to be as free as the ordinary highway under the like State regulation. It advocates the taxing to its full annual value every *privilege* granted one man over his fellows, thus reducing all monopolies to harmless industries. It has a definite plan which will secure equal rights to all and deny special privileges. It aims to equalize opportunity not possessions. It aims to secure Mr. Spencer's industrial ideal. Where

free scope is given to individual initiative, where government shall cease to say "Thou shalt do this ; thou shalt do that," and only say, "Thou shalt not do this ;" where each is paid his worth no more, and where special privilege to live off some other's product is not granted by the State nor sustained by the superstition of the people.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

A STUDY OF SECTS.*

Most theological works which discuss the tenets held by those who differ from the author are more or less tinged with prejudice and thus, to a degree at least, robbed of their value for students who seek to know the facts. Mr. Lyon's admirable work is, however, an exception to this rule. Indeed, I have never read anything more thoroughly impartial. It is a complete encyclopedia of facts as they relate to the various sects, containing in clear, comprehensive, but concise form just what each sect believes. The work is rendered especially valuable from the fact that after the author had prepared the paper on each religious body, he submitted it to recognized leaders and authorities in the denomination about which he wrote, for revision and correction. We therefore have in a small compass not only an outline of the belief of every church in Christendom, but the reasons for each peculiar dogma held. Theological students and all persons who desire to obtain a sympathetic view of each denomination should possess this work. Moreover, no one should seek to combat the views of others without surveying the field of his opponent in an impartial manner. "A Study of the Sects" is as charming as it is valuable and unique among religious works.

B. O. FLOWER.

BARs AND THRESHOLDS.†

Oriental Theosophy, as explained by the late Madame Blavatsky, has of late offered a fascinating field for writers of fiction; indeed, occult novels have been one of the fads of the hour. The strange power possessed by the mystics, or the wonderful things which some one has witnessed performed by the holy Mahatmas, who care not to mingle with the world, but hold aloof from humanity, have afforded much material for the more or less vivid imaginations of aspiring novelists. To many these novels have been accepted much as orthodox Christianity of the old school accepts the Bible, and the more marvellous the more unquestioning the belief of the devotees; while another and much larger class dismissed them as unalloyed trash, dealing with impossibilities, and dangerous, as being in essence as well as detail false. Both classes, doubtless, in most instances were wrong. The first for accepting even as probable much that was written by those who, perchance,

* A Study of the Sects, by W. H. Lyon, Unitarian S. S. Society, Boston, Mass.

† Bars and Thresholds, a novel, by Emma Miner; published by the author.

profoundly believed the central truth of Buddhism, but who, in most instances, have had nothing more than hearsay and their imagination to guide them. The second class for dismissing as impossible psychical phenomena of which they were ignorant, and which they have never investigated sufficiently to render them capable of giving an intelligent verdict.

There are many persons in the world who pride themselves on being scientific, and look down with something akin to contempt on those who do not believe they know all that is to be known about a special subject, especially if this subject is of a psychical or psychological character. These persons are *too dogmatic to be scientific*. They imagine that they know there is nothing in psychical phenomena, exhibiting much of that spirit of ignorant assurance, which characterized the Bailey commission a century ago, whose members *knew* there was nothing in what is now known as the phenomena of hypnotism. It seems impossible for this class of individuals to understand that a skepticism which arrogantly presumes that the last word has been spoken on any theme is as *essentially unscientific* as a blind credulity which accepts anything without a proper scientific or critical investigation.

One of the most difficult lessons for humanity to learn is that of humility in the presence of the unknown or unexplored, and an avoidance of extremes in an intellectual attitude towards a problem about which there is a question. Another obstacle one is constantly meeting with in the search for the truth is the inability of many people to discern and appropriate the truth while rejecting error in the investigation of any serious problem. Most great systems of thought, whether philosophical, ethical, or religious, contain an admixture of truth and error, of lofty, soul-elevating wisdom, and puerile and unworthy falsehoods. Because the gold is mixed with dross, it is not wise to reject the precious metal any more than it would be reasonable to assert that the dross was precious. But, leaving the question of theosophical fiction, which has of late enjoyed such a marked degree of popularity, we now come to notice a novel which deals with psychical phenomena, not as it occurs in far-off India, nor as is witnessed only in the presence of the mysterious Mahatmas, of whom we have heard so much but know so little. The psychical phenomena described in this novel are by no means uncommon or unusual, if we are to believe the deliberate testimony of tens of thousands of intelligent people, including such profound thinkers as Alfred Russel Wallace, Professor Crookes, of the Royal Society of London, Professor Varley, Gerald Massey, Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, and scores of others no less famed or scientific. Moreover, I am informed that the author of this work, who, since childhood, has occupied a position of honor and respect in her community, has herself witnessed in her own family circle, and in broad daylight, similar phenomena to that she describes. This, of course, gives an interest to the book aside from

that of the novel, considered purely as a work of fiction. "Bars and Thresholds" is a spiritualistic novel, an interesting story of New England life, told in a plain, simple style, depicting the trials of an orphan girl in the house of a grandmother of the rigid orthodox type. The struggle of the child in the bleak, loveless atmosphere, her temptations, battles, and triumphs, the sunshine and shadow which cross not only her life but those of the leading characters portrayed, are depicted simply, vividly, and with lifelike fidelity. The story holds the reader's interest from first to last, while the lessons of toleration, charity, and unselfishness it emphasizes are inspiring and wholesome. The author makes no special literary pretences, although her novel, considered from this point of view, is equal in merit to the majority of the popular novels of the day. The morals enunciated are those which the best and most advanced thought of the hour emphasizes—the ethics of the new dispensation,—the golden rule, life rather than creed, living for others and creating an atmosphere of love,—these are the lessons taught by "Bars and Thresholds," together with the doctrine of a future life, as set forth in the philosophy of modern Spiritualism.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE AFRO-AMERICAN PRESS," by I. G. Penn. pp. 556, cloth, stamped in gold and silver. Published by Wiley & Co., Springfield, Mass.

"VOICES IN UNDERTONES," by Wm. P. McKenzie. pp. 158, cloth. Equity Pub. Co., 9 West 14th Street, New York.

"THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN," by Carl Heinzen. pp. 173, cloth. Published by Benjamin Tucker.

"DIANA." pp. 56, paper, price 25c. Burnz & Co., 24 Clinton Place, New York.

"PROBLEMS OF THE NEW LIFE," by Morrison I. Swift. pp. 126, cloth.

"QUESTIONS OF THE DAY," by Henry S. Chase, M. D. pp. 166, paper, price 25c. Twentieth Century Pub. Co., New York.

"BARS AND THRESHOLDS," by Emma Miner. pp. 210, paper, price 50 cents. Published by the author.

"A STUDY OF THE SECTS," by Wm. H. Lyon. pp. 190, cloth, price 50c.

"EDWARD BURTON," by Henry Wood. pp. 199, cloth, price \$1.25.

"WOMAN'S WAGES," by Catherine G. Waugh, Rockford, Ill. pp. 54, paper, price 25c.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE contribution of Kuma Oishi, in this issue of THE ARENA, will be read with great interest, not only because it is one of the ablest presentations of a question which will command more and more the interested attention of American thought as our relations become more intimate with the progressive Eastern Empire, but because it illustrates most signally the magnificent grasp of the Japanese brain, in the presence of the most vital political problem that affects the welfare of the Asiatic continent. Another thing which will impress our readers as interesting and significant is the fact that in the brief space of a quarter of a century this conservative nation, once so hostile to the Caucasian civilization, has become transformed into one of the most progressive peoples in the world.

THIS issue of THE ARENA contains papers from American, European, and Asiatic thinkers. The three great northern continents are ably represented by such writers as Dr. Lorimer, Rev. Wm. M. Salter, Professor Willis Boughton, Rev. Carlos D. Martyn, D. D., Rabbi Schindler, Hamlin Garland, and others, speaking for America; F. W. H. Meyer, of Cambridge, England, representing European thought, and Kuma Oishi speaking for Asia. How small the world is, after all, since steam and electricity have knit humanity together in one great communion!

MR. HARBEN, the brilliant Southern author, whose "Almost Persuaded" and "White Marie" have called forth such high praise, contributes a thoughtful and suggestive sketch to this number of THE ARENA in his "He Came and Went Again." When will the Church awake to a realization of the fact that the position of wealthy and conservative theology to-day parallels the attitude of conservative religious thought when the great simple teacher appeared, emphasizing life rather than creed, deeds rather

than dogma, humility, unselfishness, justice, and love in place of criminal ostentation, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life's shallow vanities? Mr. Harben's paper is very timely and valuable. It raises an interrogation point where it should be raised, and forms an excellent introduction to the powerful paper by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, which will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA on "The Woes of the New York Working-Girls."

MR. PRESTON's thoughtful paper on "Pope Leo on Labor" will be read with interest, owing to its temperate, able, and just criticism of the Pope's recent utterances.

PROF. WILLIS BOUGHTON, of the University of Ohio, contributes an excellent paper on the subject of "University Extension," which is now holding such a prominent place in the popular mind.

DR. LORIMER, who has long been recognized as one of the foremost pulpit orators of the country, and one of the ablest thinkers in the Baptist church, contributes an able paper on "The Newer Heresies," by which we find that even this great orthodox divine is opposed to the withered hand of the dead past paralyzing the growth of brains to-day. It is a very significant fact that since the present theological revolution assumed gigantic proportions so many of the ripest Biblical scholars of various orthodox churches, who think deeply and are brave enough to express their convictions, have come out on the side of what is known as the higher criticism.

FEW papers in any recent review have attracted so much attention or been so widely commented upon, as Mr. Edgar Fawcett's bold, brave, and able essay on "Plutocracy and Snobbery in New York." I am pleased to announce that in an early issue of THE ARENA Mr. Faw-

cett will appear in an equally strong paper, entitled, "The Woes of the New York Working-Girls." An admirable picture of Mr. Fawcett will accompany his paper.

HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE will defend the McKinley Bill in an early issue of THE ARENA. Probably no Republican, unless it be Major McKinley himself, is better qualified to defend protection than Mr. Lodge. It is our policy in presenting all sides of great problems to secure the *ablest* possible thinkers regardless of any consideration of popularity or notoriety. In this way our readers have the benefit of the best thought of the century on all sides of the great problems of the hour, so condensed that by spending a few hours they are enabled to intelligently discuss the problem under consideration.

I TAKE great pleasure in speaking a word of praise for the Library of American Literature, edited by Mr. Stedman. It is, indeed, a library of eleven large volumes, containing the choicest specimens of American thought from our earliest days to the present time.

IN our advertising pages we give this month a consensus of critical opinion on Mr. Garland's "Main-Travelled Roads," which I trust all our readers will peruse. It is a merited tribute paid to one of the brightest and brainiest young men of the present day. The rare versatility of Mr. Garland is well illustrated in this issue of THE ARENA, where will be found his magnificent criticism of "A Plea for Liberty" and also an inimitable character sketch of western life.

KUMA OISHI, whose able paper appears in this issue of THE ARENA, is a representative of an eminent family in Japan. His father was one of the greatest physicians in the empire, having mastered medicine, as taught by the Germans at a period when the hostility of public opinion prevented all, save specially privileged persons, and those possessing progressive instincts and indomitable will-power, from reaping the benefits of Caucasian

civilization. His elder brother went to Germany where he was educated for a physician, but in that land he contracted a lung trouble which terminated fatally some years after his return to Japan. As noted in our last issue, Kuma, after leaving the Imperial University of Tokio, came to this country to complete his education in Rutgers College and the University of New York; from the latter institution he has received the degree of A. M., and next year will receive that of Ph. D.

OWING to the length of my paper on "Fashion's Slaves," I have omitted my usual editorial notes, that there might be room for the other important papers I wished to present.

OUR next issue will contain a paper by Mr. Garland on Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne and their relation to the realistic drama in America. This paper will be superbly illustrated, giving admirable half-tone pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Herne in their various impersonations.

THE delightful paper on Oliver Wendell Holmes, which elicited so much favorable comment, was, as I announced before, the first of a series of papers on the leading poets of America. Next month we will publish the second of this series, giving our readers one of the most charming papers on the grand old Quaker poet that has yet been published.

I INVITE the special attention of our readers to our department of "Books of the Day." This, as they will see, is given in addition to the regular one hundred and twenty-eight pages published in the regular body of THE ARENA. It will, I think, prove one of the most interesting features of THE ARENA, and like our full-page illustrations, is peculiar to this Review.

THIS month we give a paper of great interest, by Frederic W. H. Meyer, of Cambridge, Eng., entitled "Harvest and Laborers in the Psychological Field." Mr. Meyer is not only one of the most scholarly essayists of England, but has been

one of the most prominent workers in the English Society for Psychical Research since its organization.

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THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN will contribute a defence of Nationalism to the October ARENA, which will be a reply to the Rev. Minot J. Savage's paper, "The Tyranny of Nationalism," and my paper, "Is Socialism Desirable?" Mr. Wakeman is probably the strongest debater in the ranks of the Nationalists.

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THE Rev. J. B. Caldwell, whose shameful prosecution was noticed in my editorial in the May ARENA on "Is Socialism Desirable?" has escaped the penitentiary, owing to the fact that he was tried by a judge of intelligence instead of a mere apology for a man, such as is too frequently found on the judicial bench at the present day. It is fortunate for Mr. Caldwell that he was not tried before one of the low-foreheaded, hypocritical, narrow-minded, bigoted, incompetent, or immoral characters who are such plague-spots on our present civilization wherever found in life. It was evidently no fault of the modern pious inquisition that this CHAMPION OF *marital purity* is not to-day wearing striped clothes, as will be seen by the following extract from the *Christian Life* which has just been issued.

"*The Arena*, published in Boston, though young in years, has rapidly come to the front as one of the leading magazines of the day. It is carefully and ably edited, and gives the most advanced views of the ablest thinkers and writers. It believes in the sovereignty of the individual, in true justice, and the advocacy of all that is helpful and pure in art and literature. For these reasons, its kind editorial notice of the case against the editor of this paper, made in the May, 1891, issue, is all the more appreciated. It shows that the world is moving, and that the advance guard believes in the rights of motherhood to protection and loving consideration; in the rights of childhood to wise, welcome, desired parentage; in the rights of the young to reverent and chaste teaching upon the delicate and important subject of genera-

tion, and in the duty of men to be noble, true, manly, and chaste, in thought, word, and deed. We do not know that *The Arena* is correct in assigning the motive of our prosecution to revenge. We hope, for the credit of the Anti-Vice Society, that it had a higher and worthier motive. *But the fact is, the Attorney-General at Washington advised, AFTER READING THE Harman criticism, to place the case in the hands of the District Attorney. The case was known to the Postmaster-General and to Mr. Comstock, and these men were appealed to in vain to stop the prosecution. Mr. Comstock, in a letter to the Woman's Journal, characterized the mailing of our publications as violations of the law, and this before the trial occurred. We lay the blame upon their lack of moral discrimination and general unfitness for their positions, manifested in attacking CHRISTIAN LIFE.*"

It is impossible to conceive of officials or those who poise as members of the "holier than thou" communion appearing in a more shameful or disgraceful light than the above reveals Attorney-General Miller, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, and Anthony Comstock; yet it is by no means surprising when we remember that the Postmaster-General tried to establish a postal censorship and began by attempting to suppress one of the works of a man who is as much loftier, morally, than is the Postmaster-General, as the Rockies are higher than the Indian mounds of the Mississippi valley. Imagine Count Tolstoi gambling in Wall Street, making Keystone explanations, or raising an enormous fund for the closing days of a political campaign! It should also be remembered that the Rev. J. B. Caldwell was not molested until he criticised Mr. Comstock and the Postoffice Department. The whole censorship idea is a relic of despotism, and in the hands of the men who at present essay to be censors, its essential tyranny is strikingly emphasized. The intent counts for naught, and the noblest and purest minded reformers, if they are poor and injudicious enough to incur the personal displeasure of the censors, are liable to criminal prosecution.

THE ARENA FUND FOR RELIEVING DESTITUTION AMONG THE DESERVING POOR.

BELOW I give a letter just received from the Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, of the North End Mission, which will prove interesting to those who have contributed to this fund.

My Dear Mr. Flower:—Before leaving home for a short period, I think it best to send you a statement of money expended since my last report in connection with "The Arena Fund."

Rent paid for 8 families	\$16.00
28 pairs of new boots for children	17.05
Medicine and food for sick	13.75
Mending 25 pairs second-hand boots	8.60
Groceries for 18 families	24.30
Summer outings for the poor	42.28

\$121.98

We are busy getting the poor little children to the seaside and the country, and oh how they do enjoy it! Some of them came to see me after an outing, their little faces all browned, and they feeling so happy, as though a little of the sunshine had tarried with them and made them glad. Our funds are low and further work along this line must depend upon how money comes in. I trust that we may be kept supplied so that we can continue this blessed work. The Arena Fund has been a great help to us in our often trying work among the destitute. Could the contributors to the fund see the want and suffering their donations relieve, they would feel like thanking you for affording them an opportunity of engaging in this Christ-like work.

Yours very sincerely,

WALTER J. SWAFFIELD.

In addition to the above, and the expenditures already given in the report of disbursements in the North End, \$75 have been expended for ice for the public cold water fountain at Bowdoin Square, described at length in our last issue; also \$8.50 has been used for an aged lady with a little grandchild, who is practically without life's necessities, this amount having been used to buy necessary clothing and food. It was expended on this needy couple by the young lady who made the money and turned it into our fund. She, it seemed to me, was the proper person to act as an angel of love to brighten this home. And speaking of this amount, I must describe the manner in which it was made. Learning some years ago that Mr. Calman, of New York City, was purchasing old postage stamps (giving, it is true, but a nominal price for them), it occurred to this young lady that by saving all the old stamps she could, and interesting her friends in the work, she could do something for those who greatly needed aid. For three years she has engaged in this work, and, as a result, she now has \$3.50 to add to The Arena Fund, and through which she has been enabled to carry happiness, and to a certain degree comfort, to two lives that dwell in the shadow. I mention these facts hoping that the suggestion may stimulate others to work in a like manner.

I have space only for a few letters that have been received from friends whose hearts go out in love for the exiles of society, and who are willing to aid, as best they can, in mitigating the misery of these great sufferers.

THOMASVILLE, GA.

Enclosed please find draft for \$20 for your "Relief Fund" for the poor and oppressed in Boston. Use it as you think best, though I should like to feel that some poor soul who is longing for rest, fresh air, and a sight of the green fields in some quiet place could be permitted to do so. Your work in thus bringing comfort to this class of people is a noble one, and insures to you a rich blessing from our Heavenly Father.

Respectfully,

MRS. H. G. HACKETT.

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

PANSY CLARK.

My dear Mr. Flower:—Here is some more money for those poor children.

[The little girl who wrote an interesting letter, which was published in July ARENA.]

NEW YORK.

Enclosed my mite, \$10, towards The Arena Relief Fund.

NO NAME.

WINTHROP, MAINE.

To-day I send you five dollars more for the deserving poor. I feel more and more for their sad and cruel condition. Their fate is hard indeed. I have a pension of twelve dollars a month. I lost my son in the late war, so I am trying to do good with what money I have to spare from my own needs. I think much of THE ARENA. I don't know how I could get along without it.

MRS. LOUISE CUMMINGS.

WEST NEWBURY, MASS.

I enclose \$5.00 which please add to The Arena Relief Fund. Please credit it as a donation from a friend.

Enclosed please find two dollars for the "Relief Fund." My heart has always been very tender for the suffering, and the articles in THE ARENA have stirred it to its depths. As I can, I am in hopes to aid a little from time to time. Yours in the work, M. A. P.

Our receipts as published in full last month amounted to \$527.84

Since then I have received:	
Mrs. Louise Cummings, Winthrop, Me.	\$5.00
Mrs. H. G. Hackett, Thomasville, Ga.	20.00
Wm. M. Rider, 2513 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.	1.00
A friend in New York	10.00
A friend in St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
Pansy Clark, Highland Falls, N. Y.	.50
(A friend) W. Newbury, Mass.	5.00
A young lady for sale of stamps	8.50
M. A. P., Ashburnham, Mass.	2.00

Total receipts to date \$57.00

EXPENDITURES.

Expenditure as per the report of Rev. Walter J. Swaffield and Mr. English of the North End, up to May 27th, given in detail in the July ARENA	\$232.14
Amount contributed for ice to the Bowdoin Square free cold water fountain in West End	75.00
Amount expended by young lady, as given above, for destitute old lady and child	8.50
Amount expended in North End since last report, as given above, by Mr. Swaffield	121.98
	\$437.62
Balance in Arena Fund	\$147.22

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WALLACE'S "NATURAL SELECTION."*

It is probable, that for a long time to come Charles Darwin will be popularly credited with the enunciation of the Doctrine of Evolution rather than with his real claim which is priority in the discovery of the "Origin of Species" and promulgator of the theory of "The Descent of Man." Great as these services to science may seem, however, they are but parts and relatively small parts of the philosophy of evolution.

As a matter of fact this philosophy had its first as it has since had its fullest statement in the writings of young Herbert Spencer. The first edition of Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared in October, 1859, two years after Mr. Spencer's wonderful essay on "Progress, its Law and Cause," and more than this, in 1855, four years before Darwin's publication, Mr. Spencer applied the evolutionary principle to the study of mental phenomena, in his "Principles of Psychology." There can be no question of the inclusiveness of the principle there set forth.

Considering the matter of priority settled, it still remains to note that Darwin and Wallace are but specialists in the great philosophy which Mr. Spencer outlined in that epoch-making essay on "Progress, its Law and Cause." Great as were Darwin's discoveries, or Tyndall's, or Huxley's, they were all included within the mighty circle of Herbert Spencer's thought, and any new discoveries to be made will still be within the limits of his preëmpted territory. While Darwin and Wallace studied animal life, and the configuration of the globe, and the derivation of man, to Herbert Spencer had come the grandest intellectual conception ever wrought out in a human brain,—the conception of the law of progress. The law of a relatively simple cause producing a series of complex results to become in their turn causes. The law that progress consists in the passage of matter from a relatively simple state to a relatively complex state. In his essay on progress he said:—

"It is settled beyond dispute that organic progress consists in a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. Now we propose to show that this law of organic progress is the law of all progress, whether it be in the development of the earth, in the development of life upon its surface, in the development of society, government, manufactures, of commerce, of language, of literature, science, art, this same evolution of the simple into the complex through successive

*"Natural Selection and Tropical Nature," by Alfred Russel Wallace. McMillan & Co., New York, 1891. Price \$1.75.

differentiations holds. *From the earliest cosmical changes down to the latest results of civilization we shall find that the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous is that in which progress essentially consists."*

In face of an utterance like that made more than a third of a century ago, I say here is the man who not merely announced but taught as no other man taught, the philosophy of the new dispensation. Herbert Spencer stands for the illimitable extension in space and time, of the modern human mind. That mighty law brought order out of chaos. The work of Huxley, Tyndall, Hœckel, Darwin, Wallace confirmed it, specialized it, but they did not go beyond it. Directly or indirectly that conception has done more for the thought of modern times than any other whatsoever.

As one great scientist has said, Spencer cannot be left out. There is no field of inquiry where the mark of his fore-knowledge is not set. "The specialist comes to learn of him in his specialty." The amount of his thinking is prodigious, yet the plan of his work is greater yet. He is above seventy years of age and still his work goes forward. His true position in the world of thought is not yet generally perceived, but this much is certain, those whose devotion to truth never swerves to follow religious bias already recognize him as the greatest generalizing mind born on this planet, and the world is sure to come at length to the realization of the fact that he of all other men is the enunciator and the great teacher of the evolution philosophy, and his forty years' work will come to be the most monumental and amazing product of the century.

One of the most extraordinary coincidences in the history of special discovery in the law of evolution was the simultaneous working out of the thought of Natural Selection, by Darwin and Wallace. It was, moreover, an excellent example of the kindness and mutual magnanimity of really great minds working unselfishly in the cause of science. There can be no question of which was the greater mind, and yet to Wallace must be given the honor due him not only as a scientific observer but also as a man. Nothing can be more admirable than his attitude toward his great fellow-specialist, as shown in his recent work "Natural Selection and Tropical Nature."

The volume is the reprint of two volumes of essays first published in 1870, and is exceedingly interesting in style and arrangement, and ought to prove popular. The first section treats of Natural Selection in a lucid conversational manner, with nothing specially distinctive till the chapter on Natural Selection as Applied to Man is reached. Here the personal equation of the writer appears in his words, "The brain of prehistoric man seems to me to prove the existence of some power distinct from that which has guided the development of the lower animals through their ever-varying forms of being," and he returns to this thought several times—"that some intelligent power has guided or determined the development of man." He denies the application of the principle of

"preservation of useful variations to mental capacities," giving as example that capacity which correlates space and time, and yet these correlations must have been (as Mr. Spencer shows) incipient even in the lowest forms of locomotive animals. Another statement of his belief will illustrate the fact that too often where he departs from Darwin and Spencer it is at the risk of positive error or mere speculation.

He doubts the power of the principle to cover morals and restates the intuitionist theory of moral ideas, that a sense of right and wrong exists in the human mind antecedent to all experiences of utility, and he states this in the face of the facts that right and wrong are relative terms varying with the stage of social development and conditions of each people. In other words he lapses from the scientist into the man with a religious bias, for the facts he himself states destroy his intuitionist theory. His instance of "truthfulness" is an unfortunate one, for a careful study of lying would give an overwhelming mass of evidence to Mr. Spencer's idea of inherited ethics. The utilitarian theory of morals, as stated by Mr. Spencer, does not mean that they rose entirely from their usefulness during the *individual's* life, but that they are based upon the unconscious, inherited experiences of the race. If "intuitionist" is taken to mean this, then it is true that a large part of the code of right and wrong is based (as the ideas of space and time are based) upon intuitionist or inherited thought.

This would give rise to "the mystical feeling of right and wrong so intense as to overcome all ideas of personal advantage, or utility"—because in such case the "mystical feeling" is the race morality asserting itself, and it is very easy to cite cases where this outbreak of "mystical feeling for right and wrong" would be called an outbreak of savagery. As a matter of fact the truthfulness of a people depends upon the past and present conditions of that people, and the cases cited by Mr. Wallace can be turned against him.

Again the statement that "a number of man's mental faculties have no relation to his fellow-men or to his progress" is made, it seems to me, upon too little ground of evidence. The discussion of that point shows that Mr. Wallace is not a philosopher or even a psychologist; that he has ventured out of his biologic territory to do duty as a preacher of "acceptable doctrines." The real cause for these singular positions is seen later on in the significant words, "We must therefore admit the possibility that if we are not the highest intelligence in the universe, some higher intelligence may have directed the process by which the human race was developed, by means of more subtle agencies than we are acquainted with. At the same time I must confess this theory has the disadvantage of requiring some distinct individual intelligence . . ." This intelligence he conceives may be an intelligence higher than man's but beneath that of Deity. In other words he explains the (to him) inexplicable portions of man's development by the assumption of the personal direction of a race of intelligence higher than man but infi-

nately beneath the mind of Deity. I have no desire to ridicule this assumption, but I simply say there is no need of such an assumption to explain the difficulties Mr. Wallace instances — and that this race of intelligences may exist is *possible*, but it is no proof to allege their existence in order to explain a hard point in our philosophy — the argument for their existence must rise from far other considerations. This as a matter of fact Mr. Wallace admits in a foot-note.

The essays on tropical nature are full of interesting and exact observation that should be clear and easy reading for a beginner in scientific research. He has a capital habit of summarizing now and again, which the young reader will appreciate thoroughly.

But these points aside, the book stands for a very great specialist's life-long labor, and the cases of departure from purely scientific investigation are few. One cannot read it without a sincere feeling of admiration for the man, as well as gratitude for his indefatigable labors in the cause of truth. It is a book I should place on the shelf beside the "Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," with the synthetic philosophy just above it.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

AN IDEALISTIC NOVEL.*

In the August number, I reviewed Hamlin Garland's volume of brilliant, realistic stories. This month I wish to notice a novel which represents the other extreme in literature, — the idealistic. Mr. Garland believes that by an absolutely truthful portrayal of life as it is, a better civilization may be brought about. He holds in common with Ibsen, Tolstoi, Howells, and other leading realists that in fiction there is nothing higher or more essential than truth, — absolute fidelity to conditions as they exist. With hand as remorseless as fate he paints farm life in the West as he has seen and known it, holding that when people know and see the facts as they are, a better era will be inaugurated.

Mr. Henry Wood, whose novel, "Edward Burton," I am about to notice, also seeks through the medium of fiction to bring about a higher civilization, but his views are diametrically opposed to the school of which Mr. Garland is so brilliant a representative.

Mr. Wood believes that the ideal should be held constantly before the mental retina; that the noble, pure, and beautiful in life should be dwelt upon. He holds that the books we read and the minds with whom we come in contact all leave their impressions upon us; in other words that we insensibly take on the mental and moral conditions which surround us, and this being the case it is the duty of writers to hold up the highest ideals and dwell in the purest and most inspiring atmosphere possible, in order to make every reader better in heart, purer in soul, and nobler in aspiration.

Mr. Garland describes the present in order to make humanity press

* "Edward Burton," by Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., for sale by Arena Co.

on to something higher and better, instead of becoming sodden and satisfied with things as they are. Mr. Wood holds up the ideally beautiful, pure, and elevating, that the picture may lead his readers to climb to a higher spiritual plane. I am convinced that each school has its mission, and that *by each*, literature is enriched.

"Edward Burton" opens with a graphic picture of Frenchman's Bay. Mr. Wood possesses the happy faculty of describing scenery in a manner at once graphic and delightful. The following extract taken from the first pages will serve as an illustration :—

About three o'clock one sultry afternoon in August, 188—, a canoe containing two young men might have been seen slowly making its way southward upon that picturesque sheet of water on the coast of Maine known as "Frenchman's Bay." The paddles moved lazily, and the mirror-like surface of the water was disturbed only a short distance in the track of the light craft, which, on account of the placid transparency of its native element, seemed to be floating almost in air. That wonderful combination of sea, mountain, rock, and forest, which has made this fairest gem of the coast famous, was at its best, and the atmosphere seemed quivering with light, beauty, and color. The transparent azure of the sky was reflected in the crystal blue of the unruffled water, and nature was in its most serene and dreamy mood. To the southward, graceful cloud-forms were hanging over Green Mountain; but, with that exception, the afternoon sun was in full dominion, and the clear-cut forms of the evergreen shores were duplicated in the waters of the bay. In the hazy distance to the northward, the graceful slopes of the Sullivan Hills rose from a silvery foreground of water, backed by emerald mountains in the dim vista beyond. On either hand, down to the water's edge, the shore was decked with dark forests, relieved occasionally by masses of irregular brown rocks, whose long encounter with the waves had fringed them with clefts, coves, and fissures. Here and there, among the sloping evergreen spires, were glimpses of summer cottages, the variegated colors of which formed a pleasing contrast with their dark green surroundings. To the south was the fashionable and flourishing town of Bar Harbor, with its lordly villas, great hotels, busy wharves, palatial steamers, and graceful yachts; but above all, its background of noble mountains, which, like giant sentinels, keep guard over it, in sunshine and in storm. Out towards the ocean, whose mighty pulsations send in a graceful swell, loom up those unique islands known as the "Porcupines," which stand like huge forts to resist the rougher surges and assaults of old Neptune. The delicious air was laden with a delicate aroma of life-giving ozone, furnishing such an environment that bare existence seemed a luxury and an inspiration. Amid such scenery, Ruskin might have found new and graceful pictures of mountain grandeur, and Wordsworth have gained inspiration for rare songs of lake beauty and sublimity. In the direction of Bar Harbor lay a fleet of yachts and various other craft, some at anchor, and some lazily sailing, with scarcely enough breeze to fill their sheets or to give them perceptible motion.

Mr. Wood next proceeds to outline two of at least half a dozen characters which play very important roles in this fascinating novel. One of them is Von Roden, a materialistic medical student of Harvard; the other Adelbert Bonbright, the son of a wealthy Bostonian, a Harvard boy who is not strongly grounded in the higher ethics,—in short, one of the thousands of gay young men whose defective home and school education is largely responsible for the terrible mistake, as fatal as it is common, that young men are making and which holds that one can with impunity sow wild oats, can for a time debauch the soul for the momentary gratification of the bestial or animal nature; that he can

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enthroned sensualism without surrendering the highest and holiest essences of his being to that which ever debases when not held in strict subjection. In the scene described in a later chapter of young Bonbright brought home intoxicated from a gathering of young men, we catch a glimpse of that baleful influence which flourishes in college life at the present day, and which is a prime factor in blighting real manhood and producing the moral enervation and soulless or dilettante existence of our educated young men, presenting one of the saddest and most disheartening problems which confront the thoughtful student of human nature. In the Bonbright family Mr. Wood finds his heroine, Miss Helen, a splendid type of one of those noble spiritual natures, who live above the animal plane, and have developed soul culture and spiritual unfoldment in the highest degree. A young lady who fascinates with her essentially noble and lovable nature, ideal and yet not unreal if uncommon. We all have met at times such natures as Helen Bonbright and have through them felt our love for humanity perceptibly intensified; have felt ourselves made better and nobler by coming into their atmosphere, for it is a fact, which some day will be more seriously considered than at present, that from every life goes forth an atmosphere which is inspiring or depressing, which exalts or debases, which makes us nobler and more spiritual or more selfish and animal by the *mere contact*. As evil communications corrupt good manners, so evil associations, even when words are few, contaminate the soul; while a life that dwells in love, purity, gentleness, high-mindedness, a soul illuminated by a lofty love of justice and purity, will send forth an inspiring and uplifting influence. Such an ideal character is the pure and lovely Helen, who is serene and placid in the midst of joy and sadness, prosperity and adversity, while possessing a nature naturally intense and fervid.

Edward Burton, the hero, is a New Hampshire boy, born and reared in an atmosphere of Calvinistic orthodoxy. He is first sent to an academy in order to prepare him for a divinity course in some university. Andover being too heterodox he is sent to Princeton that he may be properly grounded in the simon pure Calvinistic faith. Here he is further taught that grim and terrible belief (which has so paralyzed the best impulses of the world) imbibing its soul-blasting, spirit-shrivelling influence. At length he falls ill. His nervous system gives way; a spinal trouble ensues; the best regular physicians give him up, when a former schoolmate at the Academy visits him and through spiritual science restores him much as Mr. Wood, the author of this book, was restored to health by a metaphysician after the flower of Parisian, Berlin, and London physicians had pronounced him hopelessly incurable. In the light of the radiant teachings of his old friend, William Tapley, Edward Burton comes out of the Calvinistic cellar into a purer and holier belief. He thus summarizes the faith he entertains in place of the dark and gloomy doctrine of election:—

After certain intervals, the merchant takes an account of stock. In view of recent events an inventory seems proper before leaving this place. What have I gained? Has anything been lost? Truth never changes, but our recognition of it may become fuller. My former theology was scholastic, dogmatic, historic; I reverently trust that it is now more definitely spiritual. God was an anthropomorphic God, infinite in power, but in some sense possessed of human characteristics; changeableness, passions, emotions, and having local habitation; now, He is "All in All" the only Real — the only Life; in the language of Scripture: "He is Love," not merely lovely. "He is Spirit."

Christ: is more than the personal, historic Jesus; He is the ever-living Divine manifestation of love to man; "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Heaven: is not a place, but a condition. It is harmony with God. It "cometh not with observation." "Behold, the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

The Church: is not an end, but a means; it is useful in just the degree that it awakens in man spiritual consciousness, which is "the mind of Christ."

Faith: is the practical exercise of the spiritual eyes.

Spirit: is the only true substance. The spiritual body is the real man. The material man, except as an external expression, is false, and in a deep sense unreal.

The Bible: is not a fetic, but a progressive revelation of God to man. Truth is eternal, but our understanding of it is progressive, which was also true of the Bible writers. Revelation was not closed with them, but is continuous: "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the Truth."

Miracles: are real, that is, the occurrences so denominated are true; the miraculous quality, however, belongs to the material standpoint. They are in full accord with unvarying spiritual law, which is superior to material law. They are peculiar to no age, for God does not withdraw any blessing once conferred. "He is without variableness or shadow of turning."

Inspiration: is spiritual, not verbal. "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

Prayer: is more than verbal petition; it is communion, oneness of spirit. "Pray without ceasing."

Scholastic Theology: is a burden to the church so far as it substitutes rituals, dogmas, systems, and their intellectual acceptance, for spiritual Christianity, which is Christ incarnated.

Mr. Wood is a profound believer in what is known as Christian Science, but, with the exception of a few passages such as the above, he refrains from foisting his ethical and religious convictions on the reader at the expense of his story which is so written as to hold the interest from cover to cover. It is true that in the scene where the dogmatic materialist, Van Roden, insists on knowing what the barrier is between the fair Miss Jenness and himself, the author's view of materialism flashes forth in the following words of the young lady:—

As you *insist* upon it, I will make answer. I implored you to drop the subject, but you refuse and demand my explanation. The absence of response by the heart is enough in the case of any woman, but, aside from that, you insist upon the definition of the barrier of which I inadvertently made mention. You are welcome to it. You are a materialist. Materialism shrivels all the activities of the spiritual and emotional nature, and develops only those faculties which are shared by the brute. With you there is no God, and nature is but an aggregation of blind forces moved by natural selection. The dust belief takes no account of the great entities of love, goodness, spirituality, harmony; and, including all, Divinity. Assuming to be scientific, it delves only in the mud beneath our feet. By its downward gaze, it becomes blind to the jewels hanging within its reach, but above the range of its distorted vision. My explanation shall be complete. You fancy that you love me, but it is impossible. You are incapable of affection in any true sense. You can love only my body. That is not me.

No real love is possible except between soul and soul. All else is its counterfeit, passion. You have driven me to speak earnestly. You have my definition of the barrier.

As a wholesome, bright, yet thought-stimulating work I can cordially recommend this volume, though I do not always agree with the author, especially in some of his social views. As a story, Edward Burton is far above the average novels of the day both in style and interest. It is characterized by high thinking and in style gives evidence of careful preparation by a scholarly mind.

B. O. FLOWER.

"THE NEW RELIGION." *

The spirit of the times is clamoring for the reconstruction of Theology. Science, Literary Criticism, Evangelistic Propagandism, and Philanthropic Humanitarianism have combined to make the old conceptions of Theology, Anthropology, Soteriology, and Eschatology appear absurd in the eyes of enlightened reason. Emancipated intellect has done in the empire of religious thought, what the Socialist, the Communist, the Nihilist, and the Anarchist are seeking to do in the realm of political despotism: to break the power and authority of established ideas and prepare the world for a reconstructed civilization.

The day of the iconoclast in religion is past. The force of old ideas has been broken. Men who think, no longer believe in a divine tyrant, a commercial atonement, an infallible church, or an infallible book, a totally depraved humanity and a material hell, for the vast majority of the race.

But the instinctive faith of man is impelling him onward to a reconstruction of his religious ideas, in harmony with reason, nature, and law. Various attempts have been made in recent years to accomplish this task, or to contribute something to its achievement. "My Religion," Tolstoi; "Literature and Dogma," Arnold; "Broken Lights," Frances Power Cobbe; "The New Religion," Gray; all seeking to free religion from the incubus of traditional superstitions, and invest it with the sanctions of reason rather than the authority of antiquity.

As final statements of the New Theology they must be pronounced woful failures; as contributions to the trend of thought on the greatest of all themes, nay, as exponents of the spirit of the times, the great world spirit, — which governs the progress of events, they touch the minor keys of that great instrument we call society, and give to us the first sweet strains of a divine harmony, whose infinite swell shall finally fill the world with the bliss which the shepherds of Bethlehem felt when the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men."

"The New Religion" must be regarded as a valuable contribution to the literature which must precede and prepare the world for the new theology. It begins where all adequate discussion of the subject must

* "The New Religion," by E. W. Grey. Chicago, Illinois, McClurg & Co.

begin, with the psychology of man. Religion is a psychological phenomenon, and as such it must be investigated as it unfolds itself in the nature of man. But psychology rests on physiology, and the author of "The New Religion" lays the foundation of his discussion in anthropology, embracing appetite, avarice, sensuality, intellect, sensibility, will, and faith, as essential elements of human nature to which all religious teaching and influence must adjust themselves to find permanent acceptance at the hands of enlightened reason.

The nature of man is regarded as a revelation of the purpose of God, and the design of beneficent wisdom in its organization, and the doctrine of "total depravity" is rejected as unworthy of credence in an age of rational investigation.

The anthropology of the book constitutes a series of pre-suppositions which taken together negative some of the cardinal conclusions of the old theology.

The religion of the present has its roots in the past, and can only be understood in the light of its ethnic affinities and historic postulates. So our author devotes a third of his book to the "Old Religions," with masterly analysis and critical determination of their relative merits. Perhaps the grave defect of this part of the work is that it does not sufficiently emphasize what I would call the law of evolution and fossilization which conditions the history of all religions in their organic capacity. Religions, like all institutions, pass through three phases of history, evolution, organization, and disintegration; and in estimating the value of the ethnic religions these three phases of history must be kept in mind, as well as the state of society out of which they arise. A religion studied simply as such, out of all relation to the general type of civilization out of which it grew, can yield but little information as to its value for the age in which it attained its organic form.

Still it is but just to the author of "The New Religion" to say that he disclaims all sympathy with those who denounce the ethnic religions as inspired by the prince of evil, and recognizes in them the partial revelation of an infinite father's love and grace, which was more fully disclosed in the person of Christ, when the fulness of the time had come. He often finds, if he does not always follow, the golden thread of beneficent purpose which runs through all the changes of history, and constitutes the everlasting bond of union between the old and the new in the history of religion.

The third part of the book is devoted to an analysis of Christianity as unfolded in the life and character of its founder and great exponent, Jesus Christ, embracing the Christ character, and the Christ mission, and covering the entire field of "Christian Evidence." This part of the author's work is entirely unique and pregnant with his own individuality. While breathing a devout and Christian spirit it fearlessly departs from the old landmarks of theological orthodoxy, and without antagonizing the old methods, sets up canons of criticism and interpretation which

makes faith in the old dogmas of the middle ages impossible. It quietly unfolds a constructive theory of revelation which drops off as superfluous the notion that inspiration is either verbal or plenary; that miracles are violations or suspensions of Nature's laws, and that the atonement is a judicial or commercial transaction between God and His Son.

It emphasizes repentance and regeneration as essential pre-suppositions of Eternal Life, and places the God-ward efficacy of the atonement in its persuasive power over the sensibilities and will of man; thus satisfying at once, Law, Justice, and Love. It places the essence of faith not in credence given to a series of dogmatic propositions, but in the moral attitude of the affections and will of man toward the will and work of Jesus Christ. It emphasizes love in contradistinction from fear, as the ruling passion of a soul under the influence of the "New Religion." It makes charity rather than faith—the communicative rather than the receptive instinct—the highest law of Christianity.

The radically false position of the book is in its attitude toward education and culture in their relation to moral and spiritual reformation and reconstruction. The author brings to his task scholarship, science, and the experience of years; and his work will live to be blessed and blamed respectively by the two types of intellect, the scientific and the dogmatic, for years to come.

REV. JAMES MILLER.

THE AFRO-AMERICAN PRESS.*

This most interesting work reveals the wonderful strides made by the colored man in the last quarter of a century. Marvelous indeed has been his development in so short a time and amid such trying surroundings, yet no more remarkable than the wonderful development which has attended this race during the comparatively short period since they were taken from the forests of Africa. Surely such progress is a prophecy of a wonderful future. This work gives a well-written sketch of all the leading newspaper men among the colored race of America. There are about one hundred fifty portraits. The volume contains over five hundred pages and is richly bound. This author, Mr. I. Garland Penn, who is a leading educator among his people, has produced a work of positive value and which reflects great credit upon himself and his people.

B. O. F.

LITERARY NOTES.

AMONG the new books to be issued early in the fall by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, besides new works of fiction by Opie Read and Ignatius Donnelly, are the following: "Personal Reminiscences of Thirty-five Years in Journalism," by Franc B. Wilkie ("Poliuto"); "Francis Bacon

* Willey & Co., publishers, Springfield, Mass. Cloth, \$2.00, Morocco, \$3.75.

and His Secret Society," by Mrs. Henry Pott, editor of Bacon's Promus; "Sex and Life," by Eli F. Brown, M. S., M. D., author of "The House I Live In;" "The Queens," a drama, the authorship of which will be disclosed later on; "The Exile," a story of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837, by Forrest Crissey; "Washington Brown, Farmer," by LeRoy Armstrong, author of "An Indiana Man;" "A Honeymoon and Other Moons," by Stanley Waterloo; "An Honest Lawyer," by Alvah Milton Kerr; "With Hooks of Steel," by Angela, and a number of other novels, all by Western and Southern writers.

The first story of Mr. Garland's "Main-Travelled Roads" is creating considerable controversy through the press, some writers regarding it as immoral in its tendency, others holding that it breathes the highest morality and simple justice. It largely depends on whether one views the problem through conservative or progressive glasses.

The enterprising publishing firm of F. J. Schulte & Co., of Chicago, have just issued a new novel by Ignatius Donnelly, the author of "Cæsar's Column," which is said to be a very strong story. It will be reviewed at length in an early issue of THE ARENA.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"LITERARY INDUSTRIES," by Herbert H. Bancroft. Cloth, pp. 446. Price, \$1.50. Published by Harper Bros., New York.

"MIND IS MATTER; OR, SUBSTANCE OF THE SOUL," by William Hemstreet. pp. 250, cloth, price, \$1.00. Published by Fowler & Wells, New York.

"THAT UNCOMFORTABLE SHOE," by Avard J. Moore. Illustrated. Paper, 25 cents. Published by M. T. Richardson, New York.

"THE WHEREWITHAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION." Cloth, \$1.00. Published by the Wherewithal Publishing Co., Girard Building, Broad & Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

"OUR UNCLE AND AUNT," by Amaralia Martin. Cloth, pp. 224, price, \$1.00. Published by G. P. Putnam & Sons. New York.

"JOHN AUBURN TOP," by A. U. Hancock. Paper, pp. 276; price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Chicago.

"TOO MANY WOMEN AND WHAT CAME OF IT." Paper, pp. 54. Published by Clark & Zugalla, New York.

"WOMAN'S WORK IN AMERICA," by Annie Nathan Meyer. Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. Cloth, pp. 458. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"RUSSIAN TRAITS AND TERRORS," by E. B. Lanin. Paper, pp. 288; price, 35 cents. Published by Benj. R. Tucker, Boston, Mass.

Society's Exiles.

The widespread interest which has been created by THE ARENA's illustrated paper on "Society's Exiles" indicates the presence of a true altruistic sentiment among our people. In Boston, one clergyman read a large portion of the paper and spoke at length upon it; while another clergyman immediately upon reading the paper visited our office to obtain necessary particulars for making an extended investigation, the result being a series of excellent and thrilling sermons on the *white slaves of Boston*, which have been extensively noticed by the daily press and have led to a demand for the addresses in book form. One of the daily papers has also recently exposed the tenement-house horrors in a series of excellent papers. The interest awakened by "Society's Exiles," however, has by no means been confined to Boston, for the excellent reason that the horrors depicted by THE ARENA as found in the Modern Athens are to be found duplicated in every great city in America. As my excellent friend, Mr. Herne, observes, the very fact that a leading paper of Detroit could make a two column article of matter literally appropriated from "Society's Exiles," and by the addition of only twelve lines, where it gave local streets and addresses, make it apply to Detroit, shows how universal and true is the picture of abject want in America to-day. From all parts of the country have I received earnest and enthusiastic letters, many of them containing sums of from twenty-five cents to fifty dollars for our fund for relieving destitution among the deserving poor. In many instances it is evident that readers of THE ARENA are determined to substantially assist in revolutionizing the condition of the very poor in their immediate localities, and many letters of inquiry are constantly being received in regard to

THE MODEL APARTMENT HOUSES

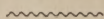
described in THE ARENA. An example of these communications is given below. It is from A. P. DeCamp, 411 Olive St.,

St. Louis, Mo., and is dated August 5, 1891.

My wife and I read THE ARENA with great interest, especially your articles on the condition of the poor in Boston. We believe the case is just as bad in St. Louis, surely bad enough to need serious attention. We heartily agree with you that the most pressing necessity is to provide better homes, and we have studied with great interest the description of the Liverpool tenements. Upon discussing the subject with a few of our friends, young people like ourselves, none of us wealthy, we have determined to see what can be done here in this direction. Our plans are yet in the rough; we have no estimates of cost, but our idea now is to form a corporation with capital stock of say \$50,000, shares \$10 each. With such an amount invested in improved real estate, there would be no difficulty in borrowing \$25,000 more. Perhaps the money may be raised more easily than we anticipate, and a larger sum be realized. We believe, however, that a great deal can be done with \$75,000; of course, on a small scale compared to the Liverpool experiment. We consider that the ideas of the "interior court," the "one room," "two room," and "three room" tenements, the laundries, water closets, etc., are excellent. If possible, we think we would add bath-rooms, and a system of heating all the rooms and hall, either by steam or hot water, and substitute gas cooking stoves for the ranges. A general heating arrangement, we believe, would prove not only convenient and comfortable, but economical. The advantages of gas for cooking purposes are many, especially in warm weather; believe it would cost no more than coal. The bath-rooms seem indispensable. We believe we can supply all of these things and charge no more than is paid for the same space in an ordinary tenement. It may be our rents will be lower. We are not proposing a charitable movement. We simply desire to make it possible for those who cannot afford to pay more than three to eight dollars per month rent, to get what they pay for, to have homes at cost, that is, at a rental that will yield a fair return on improved real estate; not more than six per cent. per annum. I might say much more, but this will give you an idea of what we desire to accomplish. We shall be very thankful to you for suggestions.

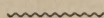
I have given this as an example of many letters called forth by "Society's Exiles," and because it may be stimulating and suggestive to others who are interested in this great work. If some philanthropic and wise business men would start this movement in any of our great cities, the horrible tenement houses, which are to-day such a crying shame in every great city, would gradu-

ally disappear. I do not intend to be silent on this question until Boston has tried the experiment, and from the great interest aroused since the publication of "Society's Exiles," I have strong hopes that before another year passes, the west and perhaps the north end will have model apartment houses.



Two Remarkable Papers by Mr. Fawcett.

Two papers of great interest will appear in early issues of THE ARENA from the strong pen of Edgar Fawcett. One is entitled "A Paradise of Gamblers." In it Mr. Fawcett depicts boldly and vividly the iniquity of that most baleful commonwealth of gamblers of the new world—Wall Street. This contribution should be read by thinking people from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. We can have no stable commercial prosperity while the shadow of Wall Street darkens the business horizon; while it is doubtful if anything is more vicious or morally enervating in its influence than the baleful atmosphere that emanates from this region. The second paper by Mr. Fawcett is on "The Woes of the New York Working Girls." All who have read that wonderful book, "The Evil that Men Do," will understand how well qualified is its author to write ably and feelingly on this most important subject. The paper is a fit companion to "A Paradise of Gamblers," both dealing with great crying evils. They will be important contributions to the social literature of the present day.

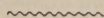


Our Richly Illustrated Paper on Mr. and Mrs. Herne.

This month we give a profusely illustrated paper on Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne, written by Hamlin Garland. The noble personal qualities, no less than the remarkable ability of these faithful artists, are in no way overdrawn by Mr. Garland. I know of no more perfect or ideal home than theirs. Such artists are not only ornaments to the dramatic profession of America, but their influence is necessarily wholesome and inspiring.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Claims of Mental Healing.

"Healing Through the Mind," by Mr. Wood, is the clearest and ablest presentation of the belief of Christian Scientists and metaphysicians that has ever been given in a magazine paper. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a more competent essayist could be found than the scholarly author of "Edward Burton," to present the claims of the system of healing which rescued him from death after the first physicians of France, England, and Germany had pronounced his case hopeless.



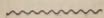
Mr. Stanton's Notable Paper on the French Republic.

Theodore Stanton's position as the Paris representative of the Associated Press of America, has given him the opportunity to study the true condition and tendency of political thought in France enjoyed by few scholars; while his position, being that of a non-partisan or onlooker, who is within the inner circle, as it were, gives him an especially fine opportunity to write impartially and ably. His paper will, I think, prove one of the most interesting and instructive of our series of European papers.



Rev. C. A. Bartol.

A very thoughtful paper by the venerable C. A. Bartol, D. D., will be a feature of the November ARENA. Dr. Bartol is one of the really great and thoroughly good men whose life, no less than his thought, has been an inspiration to thousands of struggling fellowmen.



Emil Castelar.

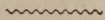
A brilliant paper by Emil Castelar will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA, being one of our series of European papers. Another contribution to this series has been prepared by Dr. Emil Blum on the present condition of Austria.



The Poet Whittier.

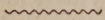
The timely paper by Dr. Geo. Stewart on the poet Lowell, together with the magnificent portrait taken from one of

the last photographs of the great poet, which are features of this issue of THE ARENA, will be followed by an equally brilliant paper by Dr. Stewart, and a portrait no less lifelike of the poet Whittier. These papers belong to our series on American poets, which will be an attractive feature of THE ARENA for several months to come.



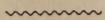
The Claims of Buddhism.

A comprehensive statement of the claims and teaching of Buddhism, prepared for THE ARENA, has been crowded out of the last two numbers, owing to its length. I hope, however, very soon to be able to publish it, as I think it will prove the most intelligent and sympathetic exposition of the religion of the East that has yet appeared in a single issue. This paper will be the third of our series on the world's great religions, a series which aims to bring out the leading features and claims of the great systems of religious thought which have shaped the lives of millions of human beings.



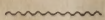
Dr. Richard Hodgson.

In the November ARENA I hope to present a paper of great interest to all persons engaged in psychical research, by Richard Hodgson, LL. D., secretary of the American branch of the English Society for Psychical Research. This paper will give a number of well authenticated cases of remarkable psychical phenomena, recently investigated by the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research.



Dr. Stewart's Paper on Lowell.

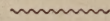
Our paper on James Russell Lowell and the admirable picture of Mr. Lowell in this issue of THE ARENA are very timely. Dr. Stewart, whose sketch of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes called forth so much favorable comment, has handled the life and writings of Mr. Lowell in a remarkably intelligent, critical, and yet sympathetic manner.



Our Book Review.

Our readers should bear in mind the fact that in addition to the one hundred

and twenty-eight pages, THE ARENA publishes from ten to sixteen pages of critical book review each month, under the title, "Books of the Day." These reviews are carefully prepared by leading critical scholars, and are a most valuable as well as unique feature of THE ARENA. Thus the reader of THE ARENA receives on an average *over one hundred and forty pages* of solid reading each month.



Mr. Wakeman on Nationalism.

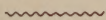
In this issue of THE ARENA we give Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman's reply to Mr. Savage's criticism of Mr. Bellamy's paper in defence of Nationalism. Mr. Wakeman is an able thinker, indeed by many is considered the strongest reasoner in the ranks of the Nationalists. He is a brilliant and astute lawyer, so I was scarcely prepared to find him so shortsighted mentally as his words would indicate. He seems to imagine that because my expressed views are adverse to Nationalism, therefore the contest, so far as THE ARENA is concerned, is practically over. He "protests and appeals" against what and to whom? I have never intimated that I regarded my views as being worth more than those of any other person who has thoughtfully and sympathetically studied the problem, and as far as permitting my personal views to interfere with a free and full discussion of the problem, my employing Mr. Bellamy to answer my stricture and Mr. Wakeman to reply to Mr. Savage is sufficient answer to such an intimation. As a matter of fact, THE ARENA contains far more Socialistic papers than Individualistic. Not that I so desire it, but because, as I have before observed, *Socialistic* thought is more popular with reformers at present than individualistic.

It seems strange that so brilliant a lawyer as Mr. Wakeman should imagine, as he seems to, that because an editor does not indorse a peculiar position, his magazine must necessarily display a partisan or hostile spirit in treating it. In this respect, his short-sightedness is almost equal to the spirit of intolerance manifested by Mr. Bellamy, when after assuring us that he was by nature a most

tolerant man, argued the right of the State to prevent a Christian Scientist from treating a person who wanted to be so treated, until the said Christian Scientist should convince the majority of people by data that this system of practice was safe; and this was said in extenuation or defence of a governmental outrage against a Christian Scientist who had CURED two persons after they had been given up by REGULAR PHYSICIANS, and for which the enraged regular physicians had had her arrested for violating *their protective laws*. Now, put the case as you will, the fact still remains that the vanguard of all ages have been in the minority, whom the majority has sought to crush. One of the ablest Nationalists of America, a few weeks ago, said to me that he thought the State ought to imprison Mr. King for working on Sunday instead of Saturday, because the *majority* thought Sunday should be the rest day. Another Nationalist, almost as eminent, said if Mr. Wanamaker represented the wishes of the *majority* of the people in suppressing Count Tolstoï's work, his action was right. Yet this rule carried out would inaugurate the supremacy of mediocrity, and the destruction of progress and liberty. These facts Mr. Wakeman will not see, and for that reason his position seems to me as weak as it is false. If we quote Laurence Grönlund, whose works are, in my judgment, the ablest treatises on this subject ever published in America, we are told that he is a foreigner, that there is a difference between Socialism and Nationalism, and we are advised to read Mr. Bellamy's novel, which our Nationalistic friends seem to regard as a sort of Bible, *until* we show what inevitable and intolerable tyranny would ensue under Nationalism, if humanity remain in nature as it is to-day. Then we are instantly informed that we must not take "Looking Backward" too literally; it is only a novel, only a conceit, etc. And if we use the term "military," in counter-distinction to "voluntary co-operation," our friends see a windmill in the word "military"; yet if Nationalism means anything, it does contemplate the reduction of mankind to a governmental vassalage,—a

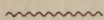
servitude as rigorous as any military rules and discipline exhibited in the army. The great point has been emphasized time and time again, and never been satisfactorily met, that in proportion as the power of government is increased, and laws multiply, persecutions increase, and iconoclastic thought or unpopular ideas become more and more outcasts. As laws are repealed and the people enjoy greater liberty, progress and advancement mark man's onward march. And while it is obvious that humanity is far from the point where *no law* is necessary, our faces should be set toward freedom. And we should steadfastly oppose the law-making mania which is so cursing our people with onerous and unjust legislation. When we have undone the *evil of legislation* (of class, protective, paternal, or Socialistic legislation), and established something like equal opportunities, poverty and misery will be minified. But our Nationalistic friends seem to be firmly grounded in the homœopathic philosophy, and would apply the hair of the dog to cure the bite. Now, I do not wish to imply that I believe they are insincere or any less earnest or conservative than we who believe in Individualism. For the leading spirits among Nationalists, I cherish only respect and sincere regard. I have studied Nationalism in the light of the present despotic disposition of civilization, as evinced on every hand, when laws have made persecution possible, as well as the spirit evinced in the presence of unpopular thought, with the result that I have been forced to the conclusion that progress, advancement, and happiness lie in the wake of less law and wider liberty. I am aware that the popular drift of thought among reformers is toward Nationalism, and this is strongly reinforced by the centralizing tendencies of the dominant political party. I have long felt that it was quite possible, if not probable, that we would have to reach a truer and nobler individualism in a reaction from the tyranny of Socialism, and I do not think that Mr. Grönlund is visionary in prophesying that the Republican and Nationalistic elements will ultimately be one. Yet in the face

of this, I cannot defend or advocate what I believe, in the light of the history of to-day, no less than the history of the past, would mean the suppression of the vanguard of progress, and because I see more justice and freedom in less legislation, and the repeal of all class laws than in more laws, a stronger political machine, and an increased army of office-holders.



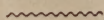
A Special Feature of The Arena.

In addition to the regular one hundred and twenty-eight pages of solid reading matter a month (or fifteen hundred and thirty-six pages a year), THE ARENA during the past year has published something like forty pages of portraits and full-page pictures, which have been printed on heavy plate paper and used as insets, thus greatly increasing the price of production, but also greatly enhancing the worth of the review. This feature is peculiar to THE ARENA and will be continued in the future.



The Arena Poor Fund.

During the past six months THE ARENA has raised and disbursed among the suffering poor of Boston between six and seven hundred dollars, the greater portion of which has been distributed by the Bethel Mission of the North End, and the Bowdoin Square Mission of the West End. We believe not only in discussing and advocating great reforms, but in practically aiding in carrying them out, and it is gratifying to note that THE ARENA agitation of the question of model apartment houses has started movements at various points which promise to bear fruit at no distant day.



Our Magnificent Premium to Subscribers.

Readers of THE ARENA should not fail to send at once to us for descriptive circular of our magnificent premium to subscribers — THE ARENA Art Portfolio of Eminent Personages, and our mammoth club list. The premium for per-

sons subscribing after October 1st to THE ARENA is without question the most magnificent and unique present ever given by a great review. It contains twenty-four portraits printed on the heaviest and most expensive coated plate paper, 8x10 inches. Each picture is printed over a delicate India tint impression, giving the richest possible effect: autographs accompany each portrait. Among the eminent personages in this portfolio are Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and Alfred Russel Wallace, the great apostles of evolution; Gladstone, Tolstoi, and Camille Flammarion, the most eminent statesman, philosopher, and reformer, and the greatest astronomer of Europe; Bishop Phillips Brooks, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, the most prominent representative clergymen of the Episcopal, Unitarian, Jewish, and Baptist pulpits of Boston to-day; J. G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the late James Russell Lowell, representing the splendor of the departing greatness of New England poets; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore, Miss Frances E. Willard, probably the three best known and most widely loved and respected among the multitude of great American women; President Eliot, of Harvard University, and Professor Buchanan, the author of the most enlightened and progressive work on education of this generation; Edgar Fawcett, the great novelist, essayist, critic, and poet. Rev. Lyman Abbott, the successor of Henry Ward Beecher, Bishop J. L. Spalding, etc. It will be seen at a glance that this collection contains a coterie of pre-eminently brilliant and illustrious thinkers in almost every field of thoughtful research. The portfolio containing the pictures is very beautiful, being pearl gray, with corners and back of white vellum; the sides stamped in gold or silver, and three sides tied with white ribbon. The retail price of the portfolio is \$4.00, but we send it postpaid to all yearly subscribers who, after October 1st, remit *five dollars* for THE ARENA and add *twenty cents* for packing and postage on the premium.

OUR FUND FOR RELIEVING DESTITUTION AMONG THE DESERVING POOR.

Total receipts for Arena Poor Fund as reported last month	\$584.84
Receipts since last month:	
Benjamin Thompson, Chattanooga, Tenn.	5.00
A friend, Lunenburg, Mass.	10.00
James W. Farrington, San Francisco, Cal.	10.00
A friend, Duluth, Minn.	5.00
Mrs. R. T. Reed, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	50.00
Mary A. Thurston, St. Paul, Minn.	10.00
Mrs. Maggie Peak, Lexington, Ky.	2.00
Lucy P. Moore, Lexington, Ky.	2.00
E. M. Hawley, Toledo, Ohio.	2.00
	\$96.00
Total receipts for our Poor Fund	\$680.84

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE WORK WE ARE DOING.

It is impossible to take the space to give our readers anything like a full or detailed statement of how each individual is aided by the money given for this fund. We do, however, give full reports of its disbursement that each person may know how his money is spent, and that every cent is faithfully used for the purpose for which it is given. One case of how we have helped a single family will prove interesting, and also give our friends an idea of the way in which these destitute are being cared for, and the great good a little money thus spent does, while we are pushing forward the campaign of educational agitation, which will result in a better civilization and a corresponding diminution of uninvited poverty. In the JUNE ARENA I gave a picture of a poor man who for two years had occupied a pile of rags on the floor in one of the most wretched North End tenements, his lower limbs having been absolutely helpless during this time, and when I first saw him he was one of the most pitiable objects I ever witnessed; heroic and uncomplaining in the midst of such pitiable surroundings. Through THE ARENA fund a comfortable bed was procured, the apartment was supplied with many comforts, and good food was provided. Next this poor man was sent for two weeks to the hospital, where his condition was much improved. The physicians declaring that a sojourn in the West India Islands would in all probability restore him to health and enable him to once again provide for his family, the Portuguese minister, to whom the case was mentioned, kindly volunteered assistance and again by the aid of THE ARENA fund money has been provided to send him to the sunny isles, where under proper care, such as will be given, it is confidently expected that he will recover. I could fill a volume many times the size of THE ARENA, giving detailed descriptions of the happiness, comfort, and help given to society's exiles by the money so freely given by generous friends for this fund, but our space prevents it.

SOME RECENT LETTERS.

Among the letters received this month with contributions we have only room for the following:

Office of *The Blue Grass Blade*, LEXINGTON, KY.

I read the story of Maggie and Constance to my sister, Mrs. Maggie Peak, of Scott Co. and she gave me two dollars for them. I add two more. We read THE ARENA with much pleasure. My husband has written some highly complimentary editorials of THE ARENA. Enclosed you will find P. O. order for four dollars. Wishing you great success, will subscribe myself your friend,

LUCY P. MOORE.

DULUTH, MINN.

Having read with much interest of the work done by you and your associates among the "Deserving Poor," I enclose draft for five dollars to aid in this noble charity. I think I would prefer that it should be added to the "Fresh Air Fund," but please use it where it will do the most good.

Cordially yours,

A FRIEND IN THE ZENITH CITY.

TOLEDO, OHIO, Aug. 21, 1891.

What a happiness the editor of THE ARENA must enjoy in the consciousness of the grand work for humanity in which he is engaged. Purity unrestricted by sex or condition, and beneficence to the suffering and deserving poor, commend themselves to every true, earnest Christian nature, especially to that of woman. Would he were a trifle more orthodox, but he is certainly not wrong in asking with St. John, "How can a man love God whom he hath not seen, who loves not his brother whom he hath seen? 1 John iv. 20. In regard to the first above-mentioned virtue, hints in Josephus are not obscure as to what God required of his ancient people, to which teaching is probably due their comparative superiority, in this respect to-day. Enclosed find two dollars to be bestowed according to your judgment.

Yours, with admiring appreciation,

E. M. HAWLEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 3, 1891.

It gives me genuine pleasure to send you ten dollars for your fund for the relief of deserving poor. I feel that the money will be judiciously expended, which feeling adds much satisfaction to the pleasure. THE ARENA has been a great delight to me every month since it started, and I wish to add my praise of its good work to the many others. As someone else suggested, please do not cut short the editorials, for they usually contain more sterling worth and real help to a person of ordinary brain power than so much deep argument.

Thanking you very much for all the pleasure I have received from THE ARENA.

JAMES W. FARRINGTON.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 11, 1891.

To say that I am delighted with THE ARENA, its fearlessness and independence, encouraging all lines of the progressive thought of the day, many of which are so unpopular, would be small praise; but I am sure that you must find the reward to which you are certainly entitled in knowing that it is not only stimulating thought in all directions for good, but opening the eyes of people to see, and their consciences to help the helpless and hopeless poor to whom Christ bade us go, and I do rejoice that there is one magazine in the world to whom his teachings are not the dead letter they seem to be, not only the world, but to the Church which professes to follow him. God will bless the work you are doing for the "truth as it is in Christ Jesus." Please find enclosed ten dollars, which I take great pleasure in contributing as my mite toward your good work.

M. A. T.

In our November issue I hope to be able to present an itemized statement of the money expended in giving the children of the slums a vacation in the country and by the seashore. Those who contribute to this fund little know how much real sunshine, gladness, and comfort their contributions yield, and in many instances how much bitter suffering is prevented owing to the food, rent, clothing, and fuel provided for those who are in dire need.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

PERHAPS nothing better indicates the wonderful hold THE ARENA has taken upon thinking people in every walk of life and in all parts of our great country, than the immense mail which daily deluges our office, filled with words of appreciation for THE ARENA and the work it is doing. To quote from a tithe of these letters which are weekly received would fill many more pages than we can devote to our Publisher's Department, but by giving a quotation here and there from persons in all walks and stations of life, and dwelling in every section, will indicate in a measure how great a moral influence this review wields among earnest, thoughtful, and progressive thinkers throughout the United States. From a letter just received from the editor of a leading Boston weekly literary and society paper we take the following: "What a splendid magazine you are making of THE ARENA. It contains, as I never knew any periodical to do before, intellectual brilliancy with true and generous zeal for humanity. You are doing a work that all earnest people should pray for."

A WORD FROM MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

I feel that I must express to you my entire satisfaction with the August ARENA. It is thrilling, stirring, and thought-compelling.

A LEADING LIBERAL THINKER'S OPINION.

B. F. Underwood, Chicago, Ill., August 25: — I congratulate you on your great ability and deserved success. *You are the progressive mind* that was so much needed in magazine literature.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

A thousand thanks for your manly Twentieth Century article on Dress Reform. You are indeed "a brother born for adversity." Yours with best wishes for success.

JUDGE MINTER'S VIEWS.

Henry C. Minter, Judge of Probate Court, Keytersville, Mo.: — I read with admiration and appreciation your able production, "Society's Exiles." I have frequently thought of writing a word of encouragement for THE ARENA. I regard it *the ablest defender of the people's liberties and of our fundamental principles of government now in the field*. Furthermore, it is an efficient, *practical friend of the poor and oppressed*. It is a veritable rifle pit. Would that we had more like it.

A PHYSICIAN SPEAKS.

S. F. Deane, M. D., Carleton, Thayer Co., Neb.: — In renewing my subscription to THE ARENA, I cannot do otherwise than speak a word commendatory of its course. *There was a necessity for a journal that should dare and should have the courage to speak the words of truth* in relation to the injustice practised by the strong against the weak. The secular press, silent as to fundamental causes, only dealt in narratives of detail of crime, without giving an idea of what too often leads to its commission, the degra-

dation of the lower strata of society, through the greed of capital to lower the compensation for labor below what will give even a tolerable support for the laborer, whether male or female, and more particularly the latter; the crowding of the sexes in close, unwholesome tenements, where decency is an impossible thing; where from lack of nourishment the thirst for stimulants is strengthened until it becomes an overmastering appetite, and the beastliness of intoxication is added to the horrors of the sufferings from intolerable surroundings. Only now and then a faint voice from the secular press is heard. It is encouraging that at this late day even, a journal like THE ARENA has been introduced which *dares to publish facts* relating to the vicious, and to connect those facts and the condition of the downtrodden with the causes that have so largely tended to produce the extremes of society. It is encouraging that THE ARENA dares to not only uncover the squalor of the poor, showing it in all its deformity to the public gaze, but that it can with unsparing hand hold up to the just scorn and indignation of every true man and woman, the hollow emptiness, the worthlessness for all humanitarian purposes, of those whose ambition is to spend in lavish display in a single evening what would save hundreds, perhaps thousands, of virtuous poor from entering the downward "paths that slope the way to crime." *Go on in your grand career.* You may be overborne. The odds against you are great, but remember this: *the seeds you have planted will bear fruit in the endless procession of events*, and the shade that will come from their growth shall be for the refreshing and healing of the people.

FROM THE WIFE OF THE LATE B. S. HEATH.

Louisa M. Heath, wife of the author of "Labor and Finance Revolution":—I am glad that we have one magazine that speaks the truth though the heavens fall. The philanthropic work you are carrying forward there in Boston is an example others would do well to emulate.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "HIS HONOR."

Cynthia E. Cleveland, Washington:—I think with Coyne Fletcher that you are the most exalted writer of the day, and that THE ARENA is *worth more than all the other monthlies combined*, in its breadth of thought, its liberality in meting justice to the downtrodden, and its fearlessness in advocating the rights of woman. To me its literary style is the finest, its tone the most elevated.

FROM NEW YORK.

H. F. Paul, Mansion House, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.:—It is with pleasure that I send subscription price of THE ARENA for another year. It is to me an encouraging sign of the times that so radical a magazine is so well sustained. *My copy is read by numbers besides myself every month.*

AN EDITOR IN MISSOURI.

John P. Dopf, Editor *Journal*, Rock Port, Mo.:—I desire to congratulate you personally for the good work you are doing in the editorial management

of THE ARENA. The advance thought of the age is deserving the best medium of making itself heard, and I am glad to find in THE ARENA that organ.

FROM TEXAS.

W. G. Pierce, Bonham, Texas :—I have been a constant reader of THE ARENA from its first number, which was sent me by a friend in the East ; since have been taking it through News Company. I have *but one objection to it, that is, I can't have a new one every week to read.* I consider it by far the best review published. Hoping THE ARENA may outlive all its enemies, I remain your friend.

THE EDITOR OF THE WOMAN'S CHRONICLE.

Kate Cunningham, Ed. *Woman's Chronicle* :—Pardon if I trespass on your valuable time long enough to say, thank you for your August ARENA. The brave recognition and the timely appreciation awarded women by your splendid magazine. For once I felt, when proclaiming it, that I am glad to be a woman. The latter I have always done, however little the assertion was founded upon conviction, and the evidences that it is a good and a profitable thing to be a woman.

There are thousands of women, educated women, even of those who possess the tenderly revered white satin graduating dress, yellowed, lavender-scented, stowed away under lock and key, to be displayed only to the appreciative elect, to whom your August ARENA, could they be persuaded to reflect upon it, would be a revelation, so little do they know of what women are doing in the world, or realize to what heights of culture and usefulness they are ascending. Once more allow me to thank you in the name of thinking women for your August ARENA.

A MERCHANT IN MARYLAND.

Chas. A. Zipp, office of P. C. Zipp's Sons, 1403 and 1405 E. Madison St., Baltimore, Md. :—I became a reader of THE ARENA in January this year, and intend having the copies bound, and regret very much that I am not in possession of every copy since its issue. The able articles on psychic matter, as well as others, are intellectual cream, and *my Arena is loaned from friend to friend* in order to acquaint them with the manly, fearless, moral utterances of the magazine of the age.

A SCHOOL TEACHER IN WASHINGTON.

W. A. Thomas, Ellensburg, Wash. :—THE ARENA is food for the soul. It has brought me out from among the "Orthodoxical Church," it has developed my soul, and given me a higher conception of life.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

R. R. Haines, Los Angeles, Cal. :—I am in warm sympathy with your noble work, and wish to mention to you farther that *your magazine is rapidly growing in favor*, and through our excellent library is having many readers.

FROM KANSAS.

Chas. E. Welch, Official Stenographer, Wellington, Kans.:—I am a subscriber of THE ARENA. I want to tell you that you have got *the best magazine on earth to-day*. It is brim full of thought upon soul-stirring themes. I am glad to know that such a magazine is appreciated. A copy of THE ARENA ought to be in every home in America.

A WORD FROM AN EDUCATOR.

Prof. M. W. Wolfe, Superintendent of Public Schools, of Dicksonton, Ohio:—Could not do without THE ARENA. I regard it the *most brilliant, brainy, and stimulating* review on the American continent. As an editorial writer, Mr. Flower leads them all.

A PROMINENT MERCHANT OF NEW ORLEANS.

V. L. Zorn, of Anderson & Zorn, Fruit Brokers and Commission Merchants, New Orleans:—You deserve every congratulation upon and encouragement in your noble work. The distribution of such literature as THE ARENA magazine and *The American Spectator* must tend towards the education of the masses, and the education of the masses will inevitably lead to the amelioration of their condition. If I can be instrumental in increasing the circulation of your excellent magazine and equally excellent paper I will rest satisfied under the conviction that I have rendered a service to mankind.

A WORD FROM AN EDITOR IN TEXAS.

Thos J. Middleton, Ed. *Mirror*, Waxahachie, Texas:—You are doing a glorious work for our common country in THE ARENA. God bless you.

FROM MINNESOTA.

23 East 3d St., Civil Engineer, Duluth, Minn.:—I have studiously read THE ARENA through eighteen numbers, and consider myself benefitted by it, though its tone, somewhat “heterodox,” does not meet my convictions very often. It is a masterly review and certainly causes its readers to think.

Respectfully,

E. K. COE.

FROM INDIANA.

T. S. Mayall, Connersville, Ind.:—Your magazine grows in favor with every issue, finding in it, as I do, so many sentiments in direct harmony with my own. I have been so deeply interested in your articles in THE ARENA and *Spectator* that I am led to ask as a personal favor (and trust as I do so, you will not think me pertinent) that you give me your religious views. As for myself I have always been what I suppose might be termed an infidel, a non-believer in the inspiration of the Christian Bible, and a materialist. Having read the experience of B. F. Underwood and wife in your recent

edition of THE ARENA, together with other articles bearing upon psychical subjects, I have become considerably enthused with a desire to further investigate the subject.

FROM OREGON.

W. H. Breese, Talent, Jackson Co., Oregon:—I have interested quite a number in THE ARENA, a few have subscribed for it, and others say they will soon.

FROM TEXAS.

A. A. Clarke, Attorney at Law, Albany, Texas:—Herewith I hand you bank draft on New York for \$5 to cover my subscription to THE ARENA for ensuing year. Permit me to add that in my judgment THE ARENA is doing more for liberty and humanity than any monthly published in this country.

FROM A LEADING AUTHOR AND EDUCATOR.

Alice Stockham, Chicago, Ill.:—I write to thank you personally for the conspicuous place you have given woman and her work in the August ARENA. I am very proud of THE ARENA, and if I have not told you so each month as it comes, it is because I am one of the busy women, and also know you are too busy to read all the good things I might say.

FROM BOSTON.

John Ransom Bridge, of Noyes & Bridge, Investment Securities, 125 Milk St., Boston, Mass.:—I also want to add a word of commendation. You are doing a missionary work, the influence of which will spread and be felt long after we have finished here our day's work. Not only are you one of the pioneers of advanced thought, but the literary quality of the work you are doing I consider to be of a high order, and I am only too glad to be able to contribute my mite to assist you in your battle against that superstitious ignorance which has darkened all the past of which we have any record.

FROM IOWA.

Joseph Mekota, Iowa City, Iowa:—Enclosed find money order for five dollars, a year's subscription for THE ARENA. I had the opportunity of reading several issues of this magazine, and am highly pleased with its tone and spirit. Hoping that the honest, aggressive, and praiseworthy efforts of THE ARENA in championing the great social and ethical reforms of the day will meet with full success and be duly appreciated by the literal intelligence of the American people.

FROM THE EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

J. B. Caldwell, Ed. *Christian Life*, Chicago, Ill.:—I read with pleasure and appreciation your kind and generous notice of our work for purity in both your publications, THE ARENA and *Spectator*. I am glad to think

that the cause of justice and truth has such an able and fearless advocate, and hope that you may live long to battle for the right. Your papers are able heralds of a better era — a time when justice and equal rights will prevail.

FROM NEW YORK CITY.

Ward Fitzgerald, Counsellor at Law, 11 Park Row, New York: — I can't exist without THE ARENA.

ABLAZE WITH THE LIGHT OF THE DAWNING DAY.

Mrs. Cora A. Morse, Minneapolis, Minn.: — Your July number is at hand, and as I read I marvel as it dawns upon me that each succeeding number is better than the last. J. Rodes Buchanan's matchless article is forty years ahead of the times. His far-seeing mind and valuable suggestions crown him "the prophet of our Israel." Too much cannot be said in praise and encouragement of such contributors. Your own editorials are ablaze with the light of the dawning day. My heart is filled with gratitude that there is an avenue open for the expression of the honest thoughts of ripe minds and courageous souls, who believe in the possibilities of humanity. I am thus persuaded that in the hour that demands it, *our* Moses will appear and lead his people through the wilderness of wrong and oppression to the borders of Canaan. May the spirit of truth bless you and your host of brave contributors with continued revelations, and the wisdom to express them, till every shackle shall fall and the great heart of humanity pulse even.

WAITED FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR A MAGAZINE LIKE THE ARENA.

Mrs. Martha McWhister, Belton, Texas: — Enclosed you will find \$5.00 for one year's subscription to THE ARENA. I have for a long time admired the advanced thought and freedom of conscience that flow through its columns. For twenty years I have anxiously waited and hoped to see the time that men and women would have the strength to speak fearlessly against the tide that has swept freedom of thought and almost action from the earth.

GROWING IN POPULARITY.

Charles W. Thomas, Counsellor at Law, Woodland, Cal.: — Your own articles have moved me to greater activity, and may God bless you in your work. I shall do all I can to get THE ARENA in the hands of as many as possible. I have organized and managed literary clubs at Cross Roads, towns, etc., and know what good a little culture will do to revolutionize a community. I have made it a close study and believe that the remedy lies in this direction. I would like to be able to thank Mr. Garland for this good work, to know more of him. I shall do all I can to promote his interests. THE ARENA is growing in popularity here. Where I can help you command me.

SOME RECENTLY EXPRESSED OPINIONS OF LEADING CRITICAL PAPERS.

Never Dull.

The Arena is never dull. — *Review of Reviews*, London, Eng.

A Chief Among Educators.

Not alone a chief among educators, but a powerful, active, and moral force as well. — *Washington Daily Post*, Washington, D. C.

Its Contributors Represent the Elijahs of the Age.

The Arena is the most outspoken and progressive American monthly now published. It is ably conducted, and on most subjects it voices the ideas in vogue among those who are the very Elijahs of the age. — *Daily Republic*, St. Louis, Mo.

A Giant Before It Is Done with Its Youth.

The Arena has grown to be a giant before it has done with its youth, and bids fair to jostle one or other of the slow coaches out of the track to make room for its own triumphal march. — *New York Saturday Review*.

A Great Educational Authority Speaks.

It has grandly won its way to popular favor, proving that the American people are generous patrons of a magazine that has for its purpose the discussion of the great fundamental principles of social and political life and action. — *Journal of Education*, Boston, Mass.

Indispensable to All Live Thinkers.

The Arena must be numbered among the comparatively few periodicals indispensable to all persons who would keep in the van of current discussion regarding the important questions of the day. — *Beacon*, Boston.

Its Magnificent Success Well Merited.

Unlike the majority of magazines, this review is given largely to the discussion of the great root problems that intimately affect civilization. Its contributors number many of the boldest and most brilliant thinkers of the day in the fields of social and economic science, education, ethics, and religion; and it is gratifying from a national as well as from a philosophic point of view, to hear from the publishers that the subscription list has more than doubled during the past six months. — *Daily Standard Union*, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Voice of Boston's Highest Literary Authority.

They hold that this magazine has taken upon the public is due wholly and solely to its intrinsic merits, and not to any elaborate or shrewd methods of advertising. It has won its own way, and in a straightforward and legitimate manner. No magazine in the country has taken higher ground in the treatment of questions dealing with social and political reform. Its contributors include some of the best known men of the day in the walks of science, theology, and general literature, and there is no topic of public interest but readers may look to see broadly, thoroughly, and impartially treated. — *Evening Transcript*, Boston, Mass.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A REMARKABLE THEOLOGICAL WORK.*

THE records of the great Nazarene's life were never more earnestly and enthusiastically studied than they are to-day. What might be naturally considered a "dismal science" has been made to glow with interest by the learning and eloquence of able scholars. The supreme importance of the study, too, is being more and more widely realized. Reverent skeptics want to know, either from a historical or literary interest, what the great Teacher really did say and do, and who are responsible for the reports of his words and actions; while his professed disciples are vitally interested because they draw from him their spiritual nourishment. He is undeniably the greatest moral and religious influence at work in modern civilized society, and no one should be indifferent as to whence this power has come and whither it will carry us,—whether it is divine and permanent, or human and transient. The primary question, of course, concerns not the *inspiration* of the records of this life, but their authorship and authority. Who wrote the Gospels? When were they written? Are they histories, or is there more or less legendary unreliable matter in them? Until these questions are answered it is wholly impertinent to talk about the inspiration of the documents. And manifestly, these questions can be answered only in the same way in which similar questions about other books are answered. It must be done by a process of historical investigation and literary criticism. Time was when the Scriptures were supposed to be above criticism; to stand apart from all other books as the infallible and unquestionable oracles of God. But that day is long since past and students of various religious and philosophic tendencies have for at least a century been reverently but searchingly subjecting our sacred books to the severest tests of criticism. Of course, they differ on many minor points, but certain important general results have been reached, and the time has now come when they may be safely given to the general public. That is a false notion which holds that the laity are not sufficiently well-informed and rooted and grounded in religious belief to receive with safety the results of the higher criticism of the Scriptures. The educated laity are hungering and thirsting for new light on Biblical questions, and the uneducated may be informed by judicious teaching. Many religious teachers realize this and are doing all they can towards popular enlightenment. Among the most recent and valuable contributions on the sub-

* "Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity," by Rev. O. Cone, D. D. G. P. Putnam & Sons, N. Y.

ject, is a book just published by the Putnams on "Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity," by the Rev. Orello Cone, D. D. Doctor Cone is well known as the president of Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, and brings to the study of his subject a ripe scholarship, a chastened judgment, and a reverent spirit. In the work under review he gives us the results of the truest and best German criticism in a most readable form.

First of all, he considers the text of the Gospels, discussing the manuscript versions, principles of textual criticism, etc., closing with the statement: "It is evident from the foregoing brief survey of the fortune of the text of the Gospels that textual criticism has to do with facts and phenomena purely human and historical. Whatever may be the conclusion which men reach respecting the original composition of these writings and the inspiration of their authors, there does not appear to have been any divine intervention for the preservation of their words from the common fortune of ancient literary productions in rude and uncritical ages. Accident, carelessness, caprice, and dogmatism have contributed to embarrass the scholar in his unachievable task of restoring the original text."

In the second chapter, the author discusses the Canon of the New Testament, and this, of course, is one of the most important chapters. He finds no evidence in the writings of the "Apostolic Fathers," Clement of Rome, Barnabas and Hermas, sufficient to prove their acquaintance with our Gospels. In Polycarp's Epistle to the Philippians (about A. D. 150) he finds "no reference to any one of our Gospels by name," although it is admitted, he may have been acquainted with them — or the substance of them. The Ignatian Epistles are believed to have been composed "in the latter half of the second century," but the author confesses that dogmatism on the subject is not allowable. The date and authorship of these Epistles have been and still are hotly debated. The writer of them "appears to presuppose a written Gospel or Gospels," but "he makes no mention of Gospels by name." "He has some knowledge of the evangelic history," and was probably "acquainted with Matthew in its completed form."

He may, Dr. Cone thinks, even have known of the fourth Gospel — a questionable opinion this. Papias (about A. D. 150) refers to "a sort of Gospel writings, but he speaks of only two works" — Matthew and Mark — and there is no reason to believe that they were our present Gospels. "Of writings as canonical, — that is, exclusively to be received — he betrays no conception." Justin the Martyr (A. D. 150) is the most important of the early writers. "He frequently informs us that his quotations as to the life and teachings of Jesus, are taken from a work, or works which he calls 'Memoirs of (by) the apostles,' but he does not designate the authors of these memoirs by name." He was doubtless familiar with the first three Gospels, and possibly with the fourth Gospel, but "he nowhere intimates that they are to him anything more than

ordinary historic documents: he does not regard or treat them as exclusive sources of information, but draws freely from other sources." "The relation of the writer of the Clementine Homilies (latter part of second century) to the evangelic history is very similar to that of Justin Martyr, with the exception that while Justin expressly mentions that his sources are memoirs of the apostles, this writer refers to no sources whatever in a general way, and does not quote any Gospel by name." Our author adopts Hilgenfeld's opinion that "the author of the Homilies used our four canonical Gospels along with an uncanonical one." "The distinction, however, (he well adds) between knowing and using the Gospels, and recognizing them as an exclusive source of information regarding the life and teachings of Christ, cannot be too sharply drawn." The Muratorian Fragment is believed to date from the end of the second century and to show, simply, that "the progress towards a real formation of the Canon was well under way." The testimony of Irenæus (end of second century) is clear, but it "shows nothing more than the fact that in his time our four Gospels were uncritically accepted and ascribed to writers whose names were traditionally associated with them." The consolidation of the various Christian societies into a Catholic or universal church, about the beginning of the third century, was the condition of the settlement of the canon of the Gospels. "The chief promoters of canon forming were probably the bishops." The conclusion, then, of our author is that "our four Gospels after having remained unnamed and undistinguished in the mass of early Christian literature for about one hundred years, are found to have made their way by the beginning of the third century, to a general recognition in the church as exclusive historical sources of the life and teachings of Jesus." This conclusion is of immense importance.

In chapter third, Dr. Cone deals with "the Synoptic problem." The question is, Why do the first three Gospels contain so much matter that is *exactly* the same in all, while each one of them, nevertheless, has much that is peculiar to itself? Several hypotheses have been framed to solve this problem. (1) It is held the later writers copied from the earlier; (2) all drew from a common written source or an original Gospel; (3) a fixed oral tradition was the primitive source. Our author thinks there are insuperable objections to all these theories.

The great German critic, Schleiermacher, sought to explain the synoptic phenomena by the assumption of several sources, embracing only parts of the history, which were variously combined by the three writers of the Gospels. Mark and the Aramaic *Logia* by Matthew, referred to by Papias, were among these sources, Mark being older than Matthew or Luke. Dr. Cone agrees substantially with Schleiermacher. He says: "The logia-source written by Matthew and understood according to Schleiermacher's interpretation of Papias and the priority of Mark which may be regarded as an incontestable conclusion of recent Gospel criticism, furnish the key to the solution of the problem of the

relation of the synoptic Gospels." Mark, according to this view, wrote his Gospel, substantially as we now have it, "in the last years of the sixties," probably at Rome, from notes on Saint Peter's sermons, the *Logia* by Matthew, oral tradition and perhaps other sources. We can only partially endorse this opinion. We doubt whether Mark furnished as much of our Gospel as our author thinks. His view of Matthew, however, we may safely adopt. The *Logia* of Jesus, Matthew doubtless wrote, as Papias says, and this together with Mark's Gospel and oral tradition constituted the sources from which our present Gospel was derived, which was compared by a later *redacteur* and written in Greek. The Gospel as it now stands, Dr. Cone thinks contains considerable legendary matter. "Such are probably the accounts of the birth and infancy of Jesus; the details of the temptation in the desert; the episode of Peter's walking on the water; the story of the piece of money to be found in the fish's mouth; the rending of the veil of the temple; the resurrection of the saints at the time of the crucifixion; and the corruption of the guard placed at the tomb.

The Gospel assumed its final shape not earlier than A. D. 70, probably later, and was composed apparently by a Jew of the Dispersion in Asia Minor. The author accepts the traditional authorship of Luke's Gospel, holding that it was written by Saint Paul's companion about A. D. 90. We cannot subscribe to this opinion, for neither the external nor the internal evidence seems to us to justify it. Luke probably furnished the *substrata* of the Acts and the third Gospel (both were written by the same author) which were subsequently wrought up into their present shape by a friend of Theophilus.

The prologue to Luke's Gospel, which Doctor Cone ascribes to the hand that wrote the other parts of the Gospel, differs entirely in its style from the rest of the book, and was probably added by the last *redacteur*. Davidson's view of this Gospel satisfies us better than that of Doctor Cone. It is a composite work and the product of several hands. The authorship of the fourth Gospel is the *pons asinorus* of Biblical criticism. The man who holds that Saint John the Apostle wrote it is *pro facto* excluded from philosophical critics, and placed among the special pleaders for traditionalism. Both the external and the internal evidences are overwhelmingly against the Johannine authorship of the book. No tradition ascribes it to the Apostle for a century after he is supposed to have written it, and this late tradition is wholly untrustworthy. There is no adequate evidence to show that it was in existence before Justin Martyr's day, A. D. 140-50. But above all the style, the theology, and the general character of the Gospel make it impossible to accept it as the work of one of the Sons of Thunder. It is rather the mystic musing of a Philonic philosopher, who may have belonged to the Ephesian school, and have gathered together some of the sayings of Saint John, and woven them into his work about the beginning of the first century or a little later.

Dr. Cone nowhere shows more critical ability and philosophic insight and discrimination than in his cautious yet masterful discussion of the Johannine problem. He concludes that "the problem of the authorship of the fourth Gospel is not one to be solved offhand by radical criticism or to be pronounced upon *ex cathedra* by conservative dogmatism. If the external evidences are indecisive of its early origin (and he thinks they are); if from internal grounds we cannot regard it as the work of an apostle; if it plainly has a composite character, then the unbiased critic may still be just to the ancient tradition of the Ephesian Church and to the profound spiritual sayings of the Gospel in holding that, while on any hypothesis of its origin many critical problems remain unsolved, there is at least a strong probability for a Johannine nucleus in the book, for frequent 'words of the Lord' handed down from the Apostle without connection, probably without a historical setting, which have in this remarkable work found a literary embodiment in the midst of much mysticism, it is true, and overlaid by Greek-Christian, second-century speculation, but distinguishable from these by their unique quality and surprising originality."

After discussing, with much clearness and discrimination, the eschatology of the Gospels, Baur's celebrated "tendency theory" of their composition, and the use their writers made of the Old Testament, the author considers the very important question, What is the historical *value* of the Gospels if the modern critical view be accepted? Are the foundations of Christianity sapped when these documents are shown to be ordinary human productions with more or less error in them? The tyro in Biblical criticism thinks that this is true, but only a tyro can take so superficial a view. Professor Huxley well says: "The rule of common sense is, *prima facie*, to trust a witness in all matters in which neither his self-interest, his passions, his prejudices, nor that love of the marvellous, which is inherent to a greater or less degree in all mankind, are concerned." Any thoughtful student of the Gospels can apply this rule in separating the chaff from the wheat in their writings, and Doctor Cone does it admirably. According to him the *Logia* by Matthew, which probably constitutes the substance of the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v. 7), and other such aphoristic sayings of Jesus, the parables and the greater part of Mark, form the substrata of the Gospel history and may be fully accepted.

"In the midst of all the chaotic elements which the flood of oral tradition rolled along," he says, "is clearly discernible an historical grouping of salient facts, the appearance of the Baptist, the Galilean ministry of Jesus, the healings, the teachings, the travels with the disciples, the gathering multitudes, the conflicts, Cæsarea Philippi, the fateful journey to Jerusalem, Gethsemane, the trial and tragedy, the consternation of the little flock, and the mysterious birth of a great hope."

We agree, then, with the author that "the real criticism of the Gospels, the criticism that has stood the test of a long and fierce conflict, and is

sure to make its way finally to general recognition in the church, is conservative and constructive. It establishes the kernel of the history of Jesus in an inextinguishable position. It does not exclude God from history, but finds it no wonder that, since he has designs to work out in man, exceptional manifestations of his revealing spirit should betimes appear."

We consider this book one of the very best contributions which rational thought has made to Biblical criticism. The style is clear and fluent, the arguments are cogent, the conclusions conservative, the spirit reverential, and the whole result reassuring. The radical critics may learn from it soberness and the timid conservatives may find in it assurance. The book should have a wide reading among all those who are interested in the religious palinogenesis now taking place in our midst.

REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY.

MR. GEORGE'S WORK ON FREE TRADE.*

SOME months ago a club was formed in New York called the "Hand to Hand Club," whose special purpose was to issue and distribute Henry George's *Protection and Free Trade*. W. J. Atkinson, 835 Broadway, is its secretary, and Logan Carlisle (son of Senator Carlisle) is its president. The club has already issued their first hundred thousand copies of a special edition of Mr. George's great work, and it is their design to issue a half million copies before the next presidential election. Prominent Democrats all over the country are deeply interested in this movement for its bearing upon the farmer's vote, but the real significance lies deeper than that. Mr. George has approached the problem of the tariff from the standpoint of a philosopher unhampered by scholastic economies and treats of a dull and intricate subject with the beautiful clearness of style that makes all his writing a delight. This clearness of style is not so much in externals, it arises from the character of his thinking. He knows clearly and all-sidedly whatever he sets himself to write about. He has a sureness of touch and a straight-away swing that evidences the admirable thinker he is. He has a grasp of essentials possessed by few living writers.

The book stands for freedom, freedom in trade and freedom in production. His presentation of the inequity of protection and the natural justice and sure promise of free trade has not been surpassed in conception and in the matter of statement has not been equalled. The effect of this book on the thought of the next ten years will be immeasurable. Its author realizes that mental revolutions proceed slowly, that free trade is the great present issue, but he also states the abolition of the tariff will tend inevitably and surely and naturally to the abolition of all individual taxation, to the abolition of all taxes upon production. The sequence, as he conceives it, is free

* "Protection and Free Trade," by Henry George. Price 35 cents.

trade, free production, free land, free men. No other living American stands for these ideas of freedom as does the author of *Progress and Poverty* and *Protection and Free-Trade*.

One of the best known of Mr. George's disciples in St. Louis is Henry S. Chase or "Pa" Chase, as his friends call him. I heard him speak once, and he impressed me as one of the most strongly marked individualities in the single tax movement. He looks like General Grant's middle-life portraits, and he has not a little of Grant's epigrammatic style of discourse. As he spoke there was a terseness, strength, and weight to his simple Anglo-Saxon words that delighted my literary sense. He was absolutely fearless. He said what he thought without haste and without rage, and his audience laughed at his quaint phrases and cheered his unescapable logic. He has lately issued a book, *Letters to Farmers' Sons on Questions of the Day** which sounds just as he talked that day. While Mr. Chase does not claim to add anything in way of economic thought to Mr. George's theory, he certainly adds the charm of his quaint personality, which is no small thing.

The book is simple, epigrammatic, logical, and comprehensively radical. It has a direct personal tone likely to make its reading pleasurable to the farmers' sons to whom it is addressed. There are few men who can talk so clearly and logically upon so many subjects as "Pa" Chase, who has made his house a school for the teaching of the new political economy.

Mr. George Loring fully recovered his health, is at work upon his new book on Political Economy, which will form a book for popular reading as well as a text-book. The book is likely to become an authority upon the tariff and many questions as well as upon taxation.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

REALISM IN NOVELS.†

THE novel of the past dealt in the fictitious, the unreal and remote. The novel of to-day is coming forward into the realm of reality, and portrays the real conditions of society, not merely as an amused spectator, but as an ethical teacher, a social reformer and political counsellor. The most powerful appeal ever made upon the ethics of chattel slavery was by a novel, — "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The latest discussion of social conditions and *financial* slavery, which the *Woman's Tribune* calls the "Uncle Tom's Cabin of Industrial Reform" is also the work of a woman, Mrs. Mary H. Ford of Kansas City, and bears the singular title of "Which Wins?" The hero of the story, Thurston, is a highly gifted and romantic young gentleman, with a wealthy mother at New York, who finishes his education in Germany and

*Twentieth Cent. Pub. Co., New York.

† "Which Wins?" by Mary H. Ford. Boston: Published by Lee & Shepard. For sale by The Arena Publishing Company, price 50 cents.

comes home profoundly dissatisfied with the social conditions and social ethics which prevail everywhere, and resolved to live a nobler life. Unfortunately his generous ideas are unrestrained by financial prudence, and he begins by giving twenty thousand dollars anonymously to a gifted and beautiful young woman to enable her to complete her musical education. Why he did not marry her is a mystery.

He goes west with his mother to enter on practical life on ideal principles, and does everything nobly, makes a fine farm, treats his workmen as gentlemen, but encounters the fate of many other farmers, being ruined by the low prices of agricultural produce, and sinks into bankruptcy under a mortgage held by a pretended friend, who planned his ruin, while his mother loses all by a bank failure at New York, and dies overpowered by her losses and privations.

He is driven to accept employment under an old college acquaintance, who proves to be the cold-blooded and crafty knave who got hold of the farm and grows rich in loaning money and swindling his patrons. He marries the musical genius whom Thurston had patronized, treats her wretchedly and thus drives her off. Thurston figures as a political orator of People's Party principles, but exposes himself unnecessarily and dies of pneumonia, attended by the broker's wife, who finds too late her mysterious benefactor.

But which wins?—evidently neither—the knave gets money and office, but loses his soul, and the hero loses his fortune and life for want of a little common prudence. The story is a pathetic warning against reckless generosity as well as knavish avarice. But it interweaves with this a picture of the hardships of a poor struggling farmer, shrewd but illiterate, who battles with fate more successfully than the hero. The whole story evinces a descriptive ability and genuine pathos which maintains the reader's interest and illustrates the struggle between honest industry and financial skill and treachery. The *New Nation* says of this novel: "The author of this book has put the situation in a story which is calculated to hold the attention of the most careless reader. Tending as it does to explain the west to the east, to make the wage-worker understand and sympathize with the grievances of the farmer of the grain state, it is a particularly valuable book at this time, when the masses of both sections are beginning to join hands in their revolt against the money power, the common oppressor of both.

"Which Wins?" is one of the best possible campaign documents for the new party's propaganda. We should like to see a hundred thousand copies of it circulated."

J. R. BUCHANAN.

[Additional book reviews, together with "Book Chat," "Literary Notes," and the "List of Books Received," are crowded out of this issue.—EDITOR OF ARENA.]

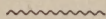
NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Volume IV. of The Arena.

With this issue THE ARENA closes Volume IV. with a subscription list almost triple that of a year ago and sales constantly increasing. Among our contributors during the past year have been many of the most eminent thinkers of the present age, such for example as Alfred Russel Wallace, Camille Flammarion, Count Leo Tolstói, Thomas G. Shearman, Edgar Fawcett, Pres. E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., Rev. M. J. Savage, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Felix L. Oswald, Moncure D. Conway, Max O'Rell, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Prof. Jas. T. Bixby, Gerald Massey, Julian Hawthorne, Hamlin Garland, Prof. Alfred Hennequin, C. Wood Davis, Helen H. Gardener, Prof. J. W. McGarvey, of the Kentucky University, Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D. D., LL. D., Helen Campbell, Dr. Geo. Stewart, D. C. L., Prof. W. S. Scarborough, Frederic W. H. Myers, Prof. M. L. Dickinson, Kuma Oishi, Prof. Willis Boughton of Ohio University, William Salter, Prof. Sheridan P. Wait, Rev. Carlos D. Martyn, Emilio Castelar, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, M. C., Amelia B. Edwards, and numerous others scarcely less eminent as leaders of thought, but these names are sufficient to indicate how thoroughly THE ARENA reflects the best of the most advanced thought of the present time.

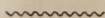
The arrangements already perfected for 1892 are such that we are enabled to promise our readers an array of papers from the greatest masters in the democracy of brains, especially among the thinkers most awake to the needs of a higher civilization, such as we believe has never before been equalled between the covers of a single review. No expense will be spared in securing the best talent in the world to discuss the great vital problems of the hour in a masterly and authoritative manner. As in the past, THE ARENA will be absolutely independent and perfectly fearless. Its impulses are as they have ever been, with the people, the great struggling masses,

and no plutocratic power hampers its free and determined exposure of wrongs tolerated by society and injuries wrought by monopolistic or organized power. During 1892, THE ARENA will continue to be the leading exponent of progressive and reformatory thought among the great reviews of the English speaking world.



Some Notable Papers.

Of the good things in store for our readers, we can only give a hint at the present time by mentioning a few of the able writers whose papers will appear in the December and January ARENAS. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, who will discuss *Human Progress, Past and Future*, in the lucid, brilliant, and yet profound manner, which ever characterizes the writings of this great *savant*. HON. DAVID A. WELLS will contribute a masterly reply to the exhaustive paper of the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge which appears in this issue. Mr. Wells has long since been recognized as one of the ablest, if not the ablest advocate of *Free Trade* in the world, and his paper will doubtless prove one of the most valuable contributions to this subject that has appeared in recent years. EDGAR FAWCETT, whose recent paper on "Plutocracy and Snobbery" called forth such general comment, and whose fearless paper on "A Paradise of Gamblers" is a feature of this issue, will write on *The Woes of the New York Working Girls*. It will be one of the manliest pleas that has ever been made for a great struggling army who are among the noblest yet most tried children of our century. GERALD MASSEY, popularly known as the people's poet of England, will contribute two charming poems entitled, "The Poet's Prayer, and The Answer to the Same."



A Brilliant Series of Educational Papers.

We have made arrangements with Prof. J. R. Buchanan for a series of papers on *Moral and Industrial Education*, which will be among the most notable maga-

zine articles appearing in any review during the next year. The vital defects in our nineteenth century educational system, lie in the lack of moral and industrial education, and the tendency on the part of educators to crush free inquiry and the natural development of genius and originality of thought in the young. All these points will be brought out in Professor Buchanan's papers.

The Divorce Problem.

"25,000 divorces granted in a single year and the majority of them demanded by women!" Such is the startling language of a recent Congressional report. In the next issue of THE ARENA Mr. James Realf will ably examine the moral and legal aspect of the divorce movement toward the Dakotas. Mr. Realf has spent the last eight months in South Dakota. He has given the divorce problem careful and critical study and presents a paper which will awaken much serious thought.

Hon. Lionel A. Sheldon on the Mississippi Levees.

A paper which will prove of great interest to all serious minds interested in the prosperity of our whole nation, but of special value to the citizens of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi, will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA. It is an exhaustive and authoritative discussion of *The Levees of the Mississippi System*, by Ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon. In the preparation of this paper, Mr. Sheldon has not only had access to all congressional and state documents relating to a question of first importance to the States interested, but has also been at pains to secure all important data and facts bearing on the questions. It will, therefore, be a contribution of great importance for thoughtful readers.

Series of Papers by Leading Southern Thinkers.

A feature for THE ARENA for 1892 will be a series of papers by leading thinkers, statesmen, and writers of the Southern States, who will ably discuss problems, conditions, resources, and needs of that rich and nature-favored region. Whatever enriches and builds up one section

of the Republic necessarily benefits the nation as a whole; hence no true American can be other than keenly interested in the prosperity of all parts of the great Republic.

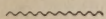
Hon. David A. Wells' Plea for Free Trade.

The paper of Hon. David A. Wells in the next issue of THE ARENA will be one of the most authoritative and powerful examinations of the questions of *Protection and Free Trade* that have appeared in recent years. Mr. Wells will examine at length the points advanced by Mr. Lodge. Thus our readers will have both sides of this problem presented by men eminently qualified to argue the question in a masterly manner.

Sunday and the World's Fair.

I am pleased to note that Bishop J. L. Spalding, known to our readers as one of the contributors of THE ARENA, has recently come out strongly in favor of opening the World's Fair on Sunday. The position taken by this great Roman prelate will impress most thoughtful readers as far more in accordance with the spirit of American institutions than the persistent effort made by certain Protestant sects to close the great fair on the only day of the week when tens of thousands of working men and women can enjoy it. The plea advanced that the employees should have one day to rest would have force if it was not coupled with the insistence that that day be *Sunday*, but their demand that a *special* day be observed, and that day the only one in seven on which hundreds of thousands of other working people could possibly attend, reveals most palpably the true inwardness of these persons who would deceive the working masses into the belief that they are their special friends. The shallowness of the pretence is apparent to the dullest observer. If they were sincere in seeking the closing of the fair one day in the week for the simple purpose of giving the attachés of the exposition a day of rest, they would be ready to unite with those who are so ably advocating following the example of France and closing the fair on *Monday* as this [1] would give the employees the

one day of rest. [2] It would allow tens of thousands to enjoy the wonderful sights and be benefited by this unequalled opportunity to see the world in miniature who otherwise would be deprived of this important education and beneficent recreation. [3] The receipts would be immensely increased by this arrangement, as Mondays at expositions are always blue days, sparsely attended, while Sunday, for the reason given above, would be one of the heaviest, if not the heaviest day of the week. [4] The closing on Monday would enable the scrubbers to cleanse the grounds and clean the machinery. It will also be observed that no one need attend who does not wish to do so. The pleas advanced by the members of the Sabbath Union do not seem to me to bear the ring of an honest solicitude for the laboring people, when they would, by their provision, rule out hundreds of laboring men, women, and girls from the privilege of enjoying the exposition, to where they would secure rest for one attaché. *Be honest, gentlemen, do not longer assume the roles of pharisaical hypocrites;* oppose the opening on Sunday on purely religious grounds, if you wish, but do not pretend that you are actuated by motives which do not enter into your opposition. The purely religious aspect of this case is most ably handled in this issue of THE ARENA by Mr. Armstrong. It should be carefully read by all religious persons who may have been more or less biassed by theological prejudice.

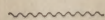


A Christmas Hint.

No more appropriate present can be made for the holidays than books. Those of our readers who wish to gladden the hearts and improve the minds of their friends cannot do better than look through our mammoth list of books in this number, and especially would we call attention to the presentation list and the half Russia and Levant editions. Here will be found a rare collection of the best works at surprisingly low prices. As a wise precaution, we would suggest that you make out your list early, the earlier the better, and forward them so you may receive the volumes before the holiday rush sets in.

The Power of Good Books.

Few parents appreciate the power of good books, or the solemn duty devolving on every one who has brought other lives into the world to do more than feed and clothe them. Books carefully selected will prove a powerful aid in molding aright the character, afford a never-ending source of entertainment, and keep the young at home when otherwise they would be seeking amusement through other and often downward-leading channels. At this time of the year it is especially important that the home should be well provided with a carefully selected list of good books; the long winter evenings should be improved, and what infinite wealth of enjoyment and instruction can be afforded by a judicious expenditure of a few dollars in this direction. We have carefully arranged a bulletin of valuable works which we publish in this issue of the THE ARENA, and which we earnestly urge our readers to carefully examine. We feel confident that they will find in this list many attractive works while our special offer affords a rare opportunity to all who wish to make appropriate holiday presents, or who are collecting works for private libraries, or who desire to supply their homes with a fine collection of the best works at remarkably low figures. Do not fail to carefully read our book bulletin, also bear in mind that those who wish to take advantage of our special book offer, must remit *directly to this office* in order to enjoy the heavy reduction in prices given. All orders will be promptly filled. Money orders, registered letters, bank drafts and express orders sent at our risk.



Doubters and Dogmatists.

One of the most valuable contributions to the theological problem of the hour is found in Professor Bixby's *Doubters and Dogmatists*. Few writers on religious topics are in more perfect touch with the broadest and most reverent thought of the age, or better understand how to handle a subject in a scholarly and yet interesting manner than Professor Bixby. Earnest and thoughtful clergymen will ever find in THE ARENA the ripest and most helpful thought of the day.

New Testament Symbolisms.

Prof. Sheridan P. Wait, whose paper on "Symbolic Characters in the Old Testament" called forth much discussion, and was received with such marked favor, writes in this issue on the "Symbolic New Testament."

The Era of Women.

We have received hundreds of letters from earnest women from all parts of the Republic expressing their great appreciation for THE ARENA. "Now," writes one of the foremost American thinkers, "have we a magazine that grandly champions and nobly represents the bravest and best thought on all problems most intimately affecting women." Another lady writes, "I send you five yearly subscriptions to THE ARENA; the August number was an inspiration to the best women of America, and your paper in the September ARENA, has, I am sure, been read with deep sympathy by thousands of the most thoughtful women of our time." In this issue we publish a strong paper on the "Woman Movement," by Lucinda B. Chandler.

How to Make a Happy Christmas with a Small Outlay.

Before selecting your Christmas presents, do not fail to read carefully our Book Bulletin in this month's ARENA. Special attention is called to our *Presentation list*, our *half Russia* and *Levant editions* and our *Special Offers*. Our readers will find in this Bulletin a rare opportunity to secure rich, choice, and appropriate holiday gifts at *very low figures*. It would be wise to order early so as to receive the books before the mails are overcrowded, as is always the case in December.

Our Portfolio of Eminent Personages.

Our magnificent portfolio of eminent personages is meeting with the most enthusiastic reception; indeed, it could not fail to delight all lovers of the beautiful; it is a premium which, I believe, will in no case prove a disappointment. "How is it possible for you to give such a magnificent premium?" has been asked

by many delighted subscribers. We make an extract from a letter just received from a leading educator at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "*The portfolio has just arrived; to say we are delighted with it is expressing very mildly our pleasure. Mrs. ———, who is quite an art connoisseur, says it is the most artistic set of pictures of the kind she has ever seen. Every admirer of the beautiful certainly ought to have this portfolio.*" Another subscriber writes, "I look with distrust on premiums given by magazines, for as a rule, they are 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' books, or cheap pictures which only disappoint, but your portfolio is *all you represent and more*; it is something every person of culture will prize and what is more, it is something unique, quite out of the common."

Blots on Boston's Civilization.

I hope to be able at an early date to give our readers a series of papers on "Blots on Boston Life," in which I shall describe the actual social condition of thousands of the unfortunates of this great city. The relation of intemperance, vice, and crime to poverty; the pressure downward toward the abyss, constantly bearing upon those who are condemned to dwell in the realm of uninvited poverty; the measures now being put forth to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunates *and what should be done*. In speaking of conditions in Boston, I will be describing similar conditions in almost every city in the Republic. My object is to acquaint our people with the true condition of a constantly increasing commonwealth of poverty and misery in metropolitan life and if possible to awaken sufficient interest in the minds of the earnest men and women of our country to bring about practical and beneficent reform.

The October Spectator.

The October *Spectator* contains Rev. Carlos Martyn's paper on "*Churchianity versus Christianity*" which created such a profound sensation when published a year ago in THE ARENA. Never has real Christianity been more vividly con-

trasted with the pseudo-Christianity which flourishes at the present time. The fact that Dr. Martyn is an orthodox clergyman gives special interest to his truthful and fearless arraignment. This number of *The Spectator* also contains "The Froth and the Dregs" written by the editor of THE ARENA which as fearlessly exposes the shams of social life of to-day. In addition to these remarkable papers this number of *The Spectator* contains the "Free Lance" by the editor, noticing insanity and suicide, how these evils may be lessened, need of ethical culture, Colonel Ingersoll's recent tribute to liberty, houses for the poor, and a word on censorship in literature; "Progress of the World" by Prof. Buchanan, noticing the emancipation of woman, France to lend her farmers money, our social condition, peace on earth, progress of the telephone; also two exquisite little poems by Gerald Massey. Price of this number of the *Spectator* is ten cents, or one year's subscription with a copy of paper edition of "Lessons Learned from Other Lives," only \$1.00.

Mamelons. by W. H. H. Murray.

We have received numerous inquiries for Mr. Murray's exquisite prose poem "Mamelons" which ran through several numbers of the first volume of THE ARENA, and in many instances orders have been received for the volume in which our correspondents have expressed a desire to secure this wonderfully fascinating work, but as the first volume of THE ARENA is out of print we have been unable to fill the orders. Recently, however, we have been enabled to purchase a small edition of "Mamelons" printed in large, clear type, bound in paper cover which retails at fifty cents. We have purchased the entire unsold edition, and until exhausted, will send copies postpaid to our readers for forty cents a copy, and as a special inducement to introduce the *American Spectator*, we make the following special offer for the next thirty days: We will send this work "MAMELONS" by W. H. H. Murray, the October *Spectator*, containing "FROTH AND DREGS," by B.O.FLOWER, "CHURCH-

IANITY VERSUS CHRISTIANITY," by REV. CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., and the thirty-two page pamphlet of PROF. BUCHANAN'S containing his two great papers on "REVOLUTIONARY MEASURES AND NEGLECTED CRIMES," or if desired, in the place of this last pamphlet we will send PROF. BUCHANAN'S paper on the "COMING CATACLYSM OF EUROPE AND AMERICA," all for *fifty cents*. The regular price of "Mamelons" is fifty cents, that of *The Spectator* and the pamphlet is ten cents each, making seventy cents' worth of choice literature for fifty cents.

Austria, by Prof. Emil Blum, Ph. D.

In this month's ARENA, that peerless writer and magnificent thinker, Emilio Castelar, writes on Bismarck, this being the fourth paper in our series on European themes. Our next paper in this series will be by Prof. Emil Blum, Ph. D., on Austria, and will be highly instructive and entertaining.

Uncle Ripley's Speculations.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has written a remarkably strong character sketch rich in subtle humor, which will be a feature of an early number of THE ARENA. In "Uncle Ripley's Speculations," delicate humor and touching pathos chase each other through the entire sketch, as sunshine and shadow on an April day.

Our Book Bulletin.

Do not fail to read our Book Bulletin printed in deep blue ink in the advertising pages of this issue of THE ARENA.

Women's Dress Reform.

The reception accorded our recent paper, entitled "Fashion's Slaves," leads me to believe that the day for woman's emancipation from cruel, deforming, and inartistic dress is at hand. I believe the thralldom of conservatism in social life is doomed. The publication of such an article as "Fashion's Slaves" twenty years ago would unquestionably have aroused bitter hostility and much ridicule, but in this instance no opposition to speak of has anywhere appeared, while several of the leading dailies, such as the Chicago

Tribune and the *New York World*, have published from one to three columns of commendatory notices, and have reproduced many of the cuts. In a great many of the leading journals have appeared long commendatory editorials. Many of the ablest young men among our writers have written enthusiastic letters; while I have received hundreds of words of the strongest commendation from thoughtful ladies from almost every State in the Union. As many of these communications contain excellent suggestions and because I think it will be gratifying to the thousands of earnest women who are working for hygienic, artistic, and healthful reforms in dress, I give a few extracts from the letters recently received:

ELIZABETH ASKEW, Tampa, Fla., writes in the following thoughtful manner: "The motive which inspired you with the splendid courage to write 'Fashion's Slaves' ought to give to every woman who reads that brave article the grace and courage to thank you from her heart for having written it, and many, many women will, I believe, feel, as I do, that it is imperatively their duty to rise above conventionalism and tender you an unstinted measure of sincere gratitude. 'Fashion's Slaves' you have rightly called us; and wear they their bonds smilingly or scornfully, all women are conscious of their slavery and many are eager to free themselves from their bondage. The problem is how to do it, and I believe your timely and sensible suggestions will prove a *veritable bugle call*, arousing women to concerted action in a strong and steady effort to emancipate themselves from this slavery. Valiant friend of woman, you have given us courage, hope, enthusiasm, and confidence; now, I beg to suggest that you offer a page of *THE ARENA*, and invite all women who are willing to enlist in your brave army to inscribe their names thereon. I feel assured that the publication of 'Fashion's Slaves' will mark an epoch in the progress of woman."

ELLEN S. HILDRETH, wife of the editor of the *New Decatur Advertiser*, New Decatur, Alabama: "I cannot refrain from telling you how much I appreciate *THE ARENA*, and how profoundly thankful I

feel for your great interest in the uplifting of women. 'Fashion's Slaves' will be a wonderful help. The comparison of the illustrations is worth tons of argument."

MRS. FRANK STUART PARKER: "It is needless to say, am delighted with your article. It is so comprehensive and covers the ground so completely, and is, all in all, so telling an argument that it must be broadly circulated. I saw the president of our club yesterday, and she expressed her great satisfaction with the article, which she keeps on her centre table in her drawing-room, showing it to every one who comes in. Again thanking you most sincerely for your splendid article, I am."

MRS. FRANCES E. RUSSELL, ST. PAUL, MINN.: "Miss Frances E. Willard writes me: 'THE ARENA article is admirable. Such a lot of monstrosities as Mr. Flower exhibited will set many people thinking. Why cannot you induce him to bring out his article as a leaflet? I think that no end of good would result from its general circulation.' If you give us the 'leaflet' or tract on 'Fashion's Slaves' we want the pictures, too, as they are most powerful arguments and hit the most persistent point, 'the mission to be beautiful.' I do not think any man can give the cause better help than you have given."

MISS ELIZABETH DEERING HANSCOM, Lowell, Mass.: "As one of the younger women who look forward to a day of better things, and are grateful for all the help that hastens its coming, allow me to thank you for your article on the dress question in the last issue of your magazine. I venture to enclose two contributions to my father's paper, the *Times* of Lowell, in which I have expressed my ideas on the same subject."

HENRY WOOD, author of "Natural Law in the Business World," "Edward Burton," etc.: "I cannot forbear to congratulate you upon the excellence of your paper, 'Fashion's Slaves.' It is a shining mark and you hit it squarely."

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, Evanston, Ill.: "A thousand thanks for your manly, 20th century article. You are indeed a 'brother born for adversity.'"

WILL N. HARBEN, author of "White

Marie," "Almost Persuaded," etc.: "I think your 'Fashion's Slaves' one of the best things I have seen for years. I have heard it spoken of often. By the way, I am glad to hear in the South that THE ARENA is growing rapidly in popularity. One of the best literary judges I know in Georgia told a few days since that it was far ahead of any other magazine published."

A young lady of fourteen years of age, from Tacoma, Washington, writes: "I have just read your 'Slaves of Fashion,' and I cannot help thanking you for it. Ever since I was a wee thing, I have always had advanced ideas 'unbecoming a lady,' and conducted myself horribly, even down to my chirography! For two years I have been threatened and implored to don corsets, for my figure was growing 'really too shocking,' but I have firmly refused, and now, in my own humble opinion, my large waist and free shoulders form a not displeasing contrast to those of most girls and young ladies I see; though, of course, in points of style and symmetry, I'm away behind. Your article has proved a very great stimulus to me, and I thank you again with my whole heart. Adieu, Your little friend."

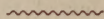
SUSAN P. FOWLER, Vineland, New Jersey: "Pæans of joy are ringing through my soul, and gladness so fills my heart after reading some of your editorials and 'Fashion's Slaves,' that I want to extend both hands to you in hearty congratulation for, and warm appreciation of, the good work you are doing. You will not wonder at my enthusiasm when I tell you I have had forty years' experience as a dress reformer. Making my own way in the world in the various occupations of teacher, merchant, and farmer in the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States, with poor health, a natural shrinking from notoriety, and my own living to earn, carrying an unpopular reform has been no easy task, but the power of truth has sustained me. Years ago I adopted as my own these lines from an unknown author:—

'Oh, give me light and strength to bear
My portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.'

I saw that the dress question was basic, underlying all the grand possibilities to which the human race is destined through better conditions of motherhood, and, therefore, it must be carried at whatever cost. Hence, from my standpoint, the woman suffragists made a great mistake when, years ago, they gave up the reform in dress, saying, 'Let us get the ballot first.' They thought it too hard to carry on both reforms, and the result is, we are still waiting for the ballot. For the past twenty-five years I have paid an annual tax on my little farm property, always under written protest, and my last protest contains words something like these: 'While I persistently demand that taxation and representation go hand in hand, yet I would rather to-day see the prohibitive tariff of conservatism so removed that the millions of working women everywhere could be free to adopt a healthful, comfortable, and convenient working dress, than to see the barrier to the ballot removed; because, when woman develops the moral courage to free herself from slavery to dress, and other ills which are self-inflicted, I feel sure that she will demand her right to the ballot with voice and manner that will be heard and obeyed. It has for years been very clear to my vision that we shall never be able to stay the terrible tide of prostitution that sweeps like a maelstrom through every civilized country, until woman has a seat in legislative halls and demands marital purity. More than thirty years ago, when my attention was called to the subject of unwelcome motherhood in married life, I well remember how my blood seemed to boil within my veins, and I exclaimed, 'If there is any right under God's heaven that a woman should have, it is the right to control her own person and the conditions of maternity.' In those years, feeling the burden of the great wrongs that were borne by the mothers of the race, I used to say I wanted to get a lever under the world, or the structure of society, and turn it over. But, with shattered nerves and physical conditions that needed a quiet, out-door life, I could not earn my living by trying to talk unwelcome truths to unwilling

ears. I suppose the time was not ripe for these things, as I was told I was a hundred years in advance of the age. So, seeing that the first essential for me was to seek better health and stronger nerves if I would help to lift the world out of its ignorance and degradation, I conceived the seemingly wild scheme of coming to the then new settlement of Vineland, N. J., and buying a little piece of wild land on which to earn my living while resting my tired nerves. But schemes are not always as wild as they seem to the lookers-on, and so, while coming here with one foot in the grave, as I sometimes say to strangers, yet I am still here, working out the hard problem of earning a living by the sweat of my brow, but with heart and brain always full of spoken or unspoken thoughts for the uplifting of the race. And now, with added years but somewhat better health and stronger nerves, the question arises within me, what can I do to help on this rising tide of dress-reform? Are the women of Boston thoroughly aroused to the importance of this movement? Are they imbued with the high moral courage, the wisdom, patience, perseverance, and good strong common sense that are essential to meet the obstacles that will be thrown in the way? I should be more

than glad to join hands with them if I could be of service, and now I will explain how I came to learn of the good work you are doing. Being pretty well known here from my radical thought, a woman sent me several copies of the *Spectator*, saying she was sure I should like it. I did like it very much and handed them to my neighbor, Mrs. Thompson, who also was so much pleased with it that she at once subscribed for it. So I have had the reading of her papers, also her copies of the August and September ARENAS. May God bless and strengthen you to go on in your grand and noble work until the light of truth shall permeate the world."



Citizenship and Suffrage.

Hon. Francis Minor, of St. Louis, Mo., has prepared a powerful argument in favor of woman suffrage which will challenge the thoughtful consideration of every earnest reader of THE ARENA. Few men have done more than Judge Minor and his noble wife to prevent the reduction of age in the infamous age of consent laws of his State. His able and conspicuous service in behalf of chastity and defenceless womanhood should earn for him the loving respect of every true man and woman.

OUR FUND FOR RELIEVING DESTITUTION AMONG THE DESERVING POOR.

REPORT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS.

TOTAL RECEIPTS FOR ARENA FUND TO OCTOBER 1, 1891.

Miss R. T. Reed, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	\$170.00
Mrs. M. L. Jackson, Philadelphia	30.00
A friend, Philadelphia	80.00
Gertrude Binley, Boston	4.00
W. R. Hale, Greenville, S. C.	5.00
A. F. Jewett, Worcester, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Louise Cummings, Winthrop, Me.	5.00
Editor of ARENA	110.00
A friend in Livingstone, Montana	2.00
Reuell B. Jones, East Providence, R. I.	2.00
Mr. J. A. J., Newport, Ky.	1.00
C. E. Watkins	100.00
C. W. Beale, Arden, N. C.	1.00
R. G. Smith, Pittsburg, Pa.	1.00
Edward Mack, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
A friend, Boston, Mass.	1.00
R. B. Jones, Providence, R. I.	1.00
A friend, San Francisco, Cal.	5.00
Elizabeth Askew, Tampa, Fla.	5.00
Julie and Dorothy Herne, Dorchester, Mass.	1.09
Mary H. Johnson, Louisville, Ky.	5.00
John F. Carey, Zanesville, Ohio	5.00
S. F. Carey, Zanesville, Ohio	5.00
Benjamin Thompson, Chattanooga, Tenn.	5.00
A friend, Lunenburg, Mass.	10.00
James W. Farrington, San Francisco, Cal.	10.00
A friend, Duluth, Minn.	5.00
Mary A. Thurston, St. Paul, Minn.	10.00
Mrs. Maggie Peak, Lexington, Ky.	2.00
Lucy P. Moore, Lexington, Ky.	2.00
E. M. Hawley, Toledo, Ohio	2.00
Mrs. Louise Cummings, Winthrop, Me.	5.00
Mrs. H. G. Hackett, Thomasville, Ga.	20.00
Wm. M. Rider, 2513 Folsom St., San Francisco, Cal.	1.00
A friend in New York	10.00
A friend in St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
Pansy Clark, Highland Falls, N. Y.	.50
(A friend), W. Newbury, Mass.	5.00
A young lady for sale of stamps	8.50
M. A. F., Ashburnham, Mass.	2.00
C. J., Waterloo, Ontario	10.00
Edward Wenning, Cincinnati, Ohio	2.00
"Pansy," Highland Falls, N. Y.	.25
A friend on steamer Pomona, Pacific Ocean	20.00
Isaac H. Hahn, St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
A friend, Long Beach, Cal.	.50
W. G. Royland, Columbia Falls, Mon.	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Wheat, Starbuck, Washington	1.00
Emma Schultz, Lancaster, Pa.	1.00
A friend, Kennebunk, Me.	5.00

\$693.84

Balance in ARENA Fund

\$43.88

Report of disbursements as given by Rev. Walter J. Swaffield, Rev. W. J. English, and Rev. H. R. Deming, whose labors are given to relieving the suffering of society's exiles in the north and west of Boston, up to Aug. 1.

Rents paid for twenty-seven families, who would otherwise have been evicted, owing to lack of funds induced by sickness and inability to secure sufficient work to meet their meagre needs.	\$62.50
One-fourth ton of coal for twelve families.	16.56
Doctor's medicines and nourishing food for the sick	22.45
Wood for six families.	4.30
Bed and bedding for poor paralytic, who had been lying on a pile of rags on the floor for two years.	6.50
New shoes for sixty-eight boys and girls.	56.55
Mending forty-eight pairs of second-hand shoes. They were shoes donated by families who gave old clothes, shoes, etc., to our workers in this vineyard. Three pairs of shoes were sent us from Florida for this purpose.	16.00
New shoes for women.	4.00
Money expended for unfortunate families.	3.00
Tickets for a loaf of bread daily for five families.	4.25
Sixteen sacks of flour.	13.76
Other groceries for fifty-six families.	86.22
These groceries consisted chiefly of cod-fish, barley, rice, beans, meal, sugar, and soap.	
Work done by lame man at Bethel sailors' refuge and home.	5.00
To help men in getting work, and getting to where they could obtain employment, such as paying expense out of town. No money was thus given without the parties were known to be reliable.	3.25
Cash given in extreme cases.	7.50
Outing for the poor in country and at seashore in early July.	42.00
For enabling the children of the very poor to spend two weeks at the Seaside Institute Home at Beachmont.	50.00
For aiding the free cold water fountain at Bowdoin Square.	75.00
785 children and mothers to seaside or country for from one to three days each.	75.00
Food for children and parents when from home.	21.64
Medicine for twenty-five sick people.	14.70
Aid to pay rent for twelve families.	13.25
Mending forty-two pairs of old boots.	9.80
Last payment on furniture to save it for sick woman.	1.15
Groceries to thirty families.	25.58
Cash to Mr. Noon (gone to Western Islands).	10.00

Total disbursement

\$649.96

In addition to the above statement 125 + 5 have been given by subscribers of THE ARENA directly to the laborers for special cases and although brought forth by THE ARENA agitation, is not accounted for in this report.

During the past six months we have received from earnest and noble-hearted friends of the poor among our readers almost seven hundred dollars to ameliorate the condition of and bring sunshine into the lives of society's exiles. From the above report our friends will note that we have but \$43.88 in the treasury of our poor fund, while winter with its real terrors for the poor is at our door. Those who find it in their hearts to contribute to these exiles of society who are suffering so terribly and enjoying so little, can rest assured (1) that every dollar will be spent for the deserving poor and spent in a conscientious and judicious manner. (2) That every cent will be spent for the

purpose for which it is given, as not a dollar thus contributed is spent in printing, in salaries, or in any expense connected with the disbursing of the money. (3) The money is spent by noble men who are giving their lives to uplifting and ameliorating the condition of these dwellers in the social cellar. They investigate every case and expend money in such a way as to do the greatest good. (4) At stated intervals we publish itemized statements of how every dollar is disbursed, so that the donors may know that their money is being spent for the exact purpose for which it is subscribed. Of course it is the duty of every true-hearted man and woman to ceaselessly labor for a radical change in social conditions, such as when inaugurated uninvited poverty will be almost impossible. But it is none the less a sacred duty to aid those who are to-day in the ocean of dire distress. While laboring for radical and just social changes, let us not forget to aid those who have fallen under the wheel.

As I have before observed I know that every cent accounted for has been conscientiously expended on the deserving poor by gentlemen of the highest integrity; tireless workers who are giving their whole lives for these dwellers in the dark and mournful realm. Not a penny has been carelessly given, every cent has been used to relieve the suffering by adding to the scanty comforts and enlarging the vision of hope for those lives over which broods a cruel adverse fate. I ask our readers in the name of humanity, in the name of the great brotherhood below, to aid this work, even if it is only with a mite.

Liberal donations should be made during the next two months, so that the holiday season may bring gladness and comfort to those whose lives are ever in the shadow. Everyone can aid in this great work, and every cent contributed will assist some needy fellow-being. Will not every reader of THE ARENA contribute something during the next two months for this fund? We appeal in the name of the great brotherhood of humanity, to those who have been reasonably fortunate to extend their aid to those who are falling into the pit of despair. Great is the moral responsibility resting on those who have, and yet withhold from those who cry for work, that they may earn bread.



